Harper's magazine.
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Painting by Howard Giles Illustration for "The Portrait of Chicago"

THE CASINO, IN ITS ADVANCED ELEGANCE, IS ONE OF THE SMARTEST OF CLUBS

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SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER



WHERE THE SENTINEL PEAKS GUARD THE DIVIDE

The Park of the Many Glaciers

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE lure of the prairie, the lure of the rolling plains, the lure of the sky-blue mountains! We had left the East and the midland cities behind, on our way to that bit of Switzerland in America which is tucked away in a corner of northwestern Montana, and is known as Glacier National Park. Now there was nothing but prairie, endless wheat-fields level to the sky with little domestic oases where house and barns snuggled into their encircling grove, perhaps to escape the summer sun, perhaps the inquisitive eye of the next-door neighbor a mile away. Night came on the prairie, a dusky emanation from the ground, and dawn came with a wonderful orange glow, and night again. Then, at the second dawn, we looked on a different world, no longer an infinite calm ocean of grain. A great ground swell had crossed the universe in the night, and the green land was slowly settling down to rest again with the heaving of ten thousand billows; wave after wave of grassy slope, heave after heave of the restless land, all day beside the rushing train. And then the miracle, the sky-blue mountains!

They have no foot-hills, these Rocky Mountains of ours in northwestern Montana. Naked and sudden, they leap up out of the prairie grass, a vast blue range of them vanishing into the north, vanishing into the south, on their march from the Arctic ice to the Equator. They march beside the prairie flowers, their snow-fields glittering white above the

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carpet of lupines and gallardias, and whisper of the mysteries their blue folds hold. At three o'clock you see them sharp and clear, but not till eight do you reach them, and as you leave the stuffy train a wind is coming down from the snow-fields, over the fringing forest of fir, cool, caressing, fragrant. "Open your eyes," they say to you. Then, "Open your lungs and breathe, deep, deep!" But the twilight rose is blushing now on the snow-fields, a pearly blue to the eastward has made the rolling prairie as the sea. "Now, open your heart," they say, "for you are doomed to be our lover."





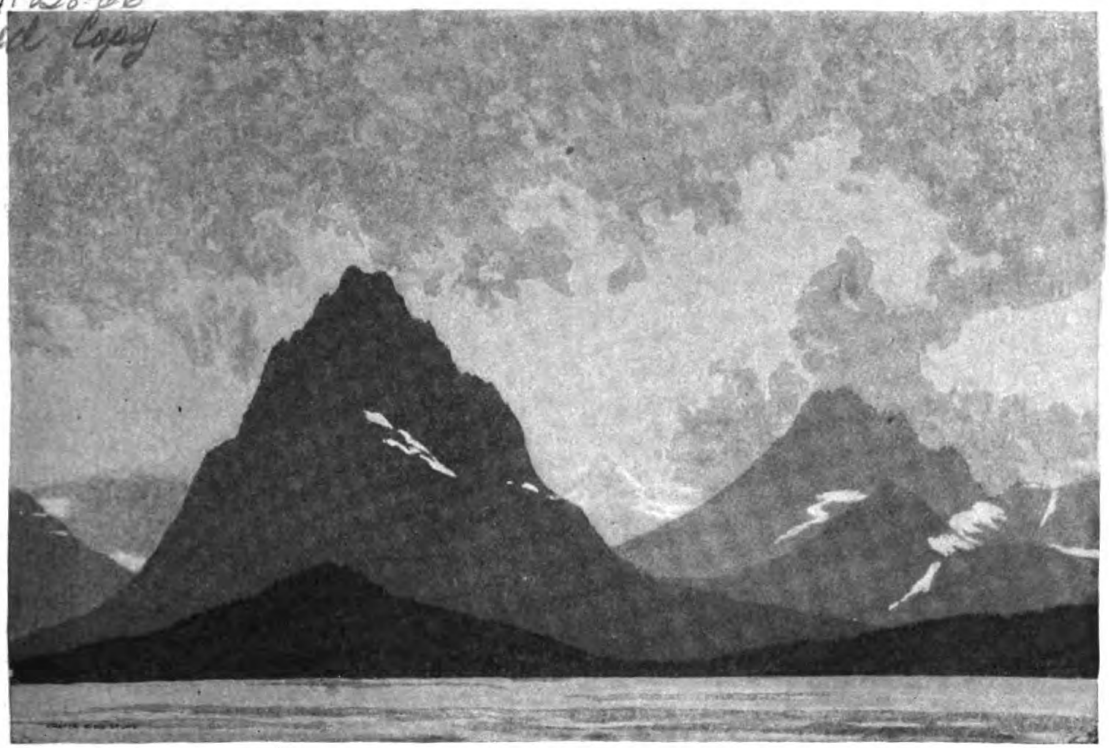
THE SNOW-FIELD OF CHANEY GLACIER BEATING LIKE SURF AGAINST THE CLIFF WALLS

The road northward into the depths of the range, once only a dim trail but now passable for motors, runs for a considerable distance over the prairie, as if looking for an opening where it could squeeze into the blue wall. No entrance could be better devised, for a mountain, a lovely vale, a rock-walled lake, resents too sudden an approach. Even in so little a thing as a garden, the wise man knows it must not all be visible from the veranda, or a secret magic has escaped. There must be climaxes and surprises, and at least one nook which shuts out all view save of itself. So the mountain range, even the individual peak, must be seen afar, then nearer with the play of different lights upon it, then skirted, perhaps, to observe its varying contours (for the beautiful mountain, like the perfect statue, must give pleasure from any angle), before it becomes intimate, familiar, and ready to disclose its secrets. So we traveled up the northward road, over the rolling prairie where gallardias, blue lupine, orange paint-brush, lavender bergamot, and many other flowers growing thickly in the grass made the treeless slopes one vast expanse of magic carpet, and the blue range marched with us, wearing its upper snow-fields like shoulder mantles, and thrusting out rock buttresses to our feet, red and brown and green and gold with the colors we were soon to know so well.

Now and then, as a cañon opened west-

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THE FIR-FRINGED LAKE AND THE TOWERING PYRAMID OF JAGGED PEAKS

ward toward the main ridge of the Continental Divide, we saw a lake embosomed, and now and then some peak arose of peculiar dignity which captured our admiration. It is odd how potent over the spirit are certain contours. The span of the Brooklyn Bridge whispers of infinity, and holds the same beauty as the misty view down the Lower Bay where the great ships go out to sea. The span of the Williamsburg Bridge is so ugly that nobody looks at it a second time. Mountains are seldom so ugly as that, but it is only the rare summit which sweeps up in domelike serenity and seems a symbol of the infinite. Such a mountain is old Rising Wolf, beside Two Medicine Lakes on the eastward side of the range. How romantic its name, to the American who from earliest boyhood has thrilled to the tales of trappers and Indians! Rising Wolf was the Indian title for Hugh Monroe, an Englishman born in Montreal in 1798, and probably the first white man to behold these mountains. He was a trapper for the Hudson Bay Company, married a Blackfeet squaw, and spent most of his long life in this region, dying in 1896, and resting now beside the Two Medicine River, under the shadow of that great red rock pile which bears his name, a pyramid such as no Pharaoh ever dreamed. Almost nine thousand feet in height, standing free of the range to its base, four-square and self-sufficient, with the curve of infinity over its doming summit, old Rising Wolf sentinels the Great Divide, the Mousilauke of the Rockies, the promise of that benignant sweetness and splendid spaciousness which is to come.

By riding thus free of the range, too, we gained an insight into its topography. Possibly others are not like me, but I fancy many are. For my part, at least, I cannot be happy in a new country till I know, as we Yankees say, "how the land lays." First I must know which is north and which is south, and if I arrive by night, or get turned about on the train, I am miserable till the compass directions are straightened out in my mind. Once, I recall, a perverse sun rose for three days in the west, till I found a map and went carefully over my line of approach. Next I must know which way the water flows, and get the feel

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of the division ridges, the contour of the country. Many a time after riding in a motor-car over a new region I have been miserable until I could walk a few miles, to catch from my own exertions the sense of rise and dip, to explore with a quiet eye the valley ramifications. Hence the long ride up beside the Lewis Range was, for me, a necessary introduction. I was getting my bearings. I was seeing for myself the truth of what the literal Park folders had told me.

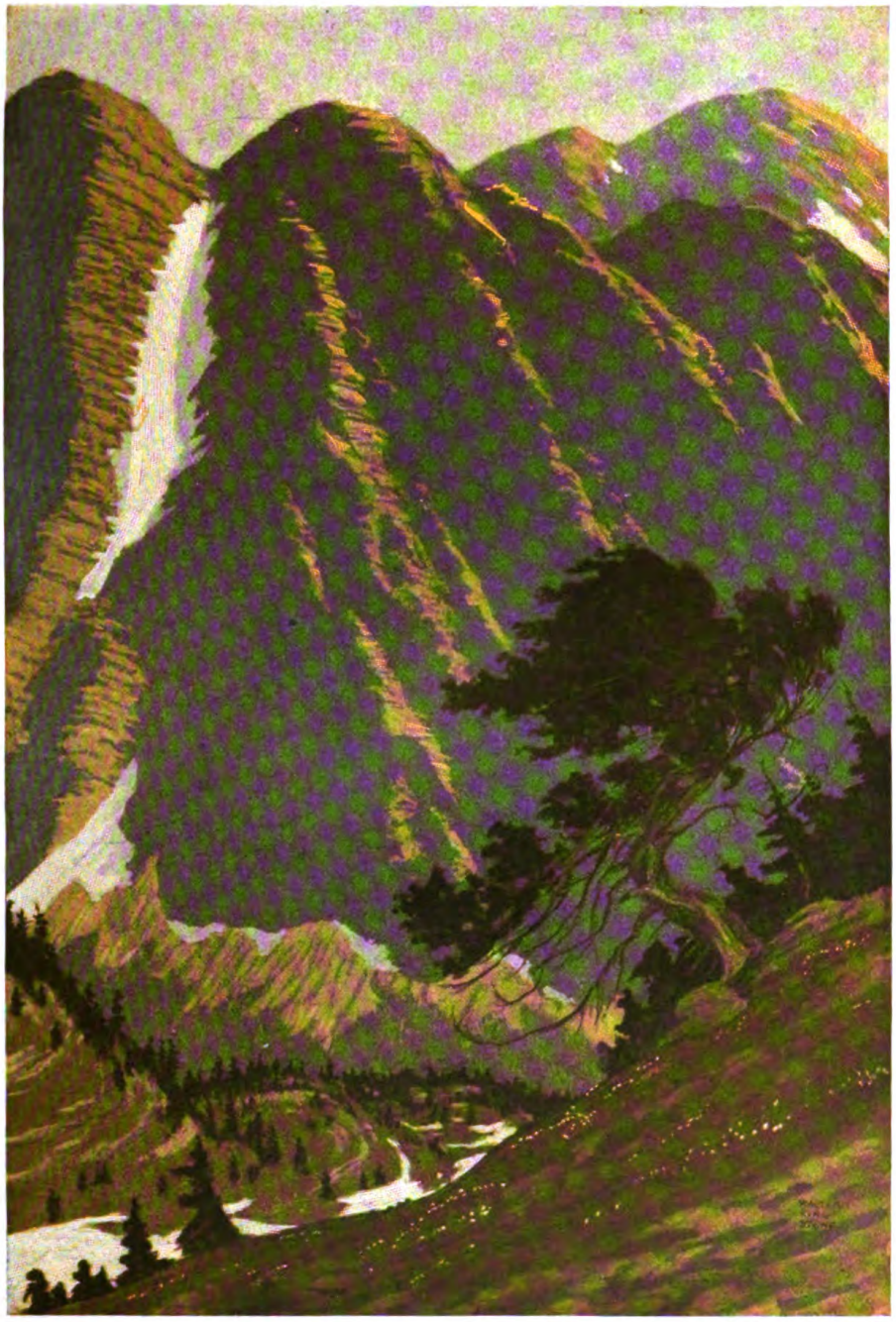
Both the great northwestern prairie and the area now split by mountain ranges were once lake or sea bottom. By some pressure on the earth's crust a great crack was formed, and one edge of the crust came up over the other, sliding eastward from twelve to fourteen miles. In Glacier Park it is called the Lewis Overthrust. As this crust was thousands of feet thick, it is easy to see that a vast line of precipice was formed, exposing every stratum of soil and rock deposited during untold ages before. Behind this precipice, for many miles, was the hump made by the overlapping earth crust. Untold ages since this upheaval have broken down this precipice and carved this hump. Melting snows have made vast erosion valleys. Frost and storm have swept down shale slides into heaps at the base, the ice masses of the glacial age ground out punch-bowls of cirques and excavated cañons. But even to the casual eye the line of the Overthrust is still visible to-day—a vast, broken, pitted wall of petrified earth crust, stratum after stratum of pink and gray and brown and green and white and red stone laying their parallels one above the other up the face of precipices, with the abrupt headwall of the Continental Divide at the end of every erosion cañon, shooting straight up three or four thousand feet to the castellated knife-blade summit ridge where only the goats and eagles dwell.



SHOWS SHARPLY THE MAGNIFICENT RETAINMENTS POWER OVER TWENTY-FIVE MILES OF THE LEWIS OVERTHRUST

Up one of these cañons we turned at last, climbing to a beautiful sheet of milky green water in an evergreen frame, and bearing the silly name of Lake McDermott. Here, on its shore, was a great

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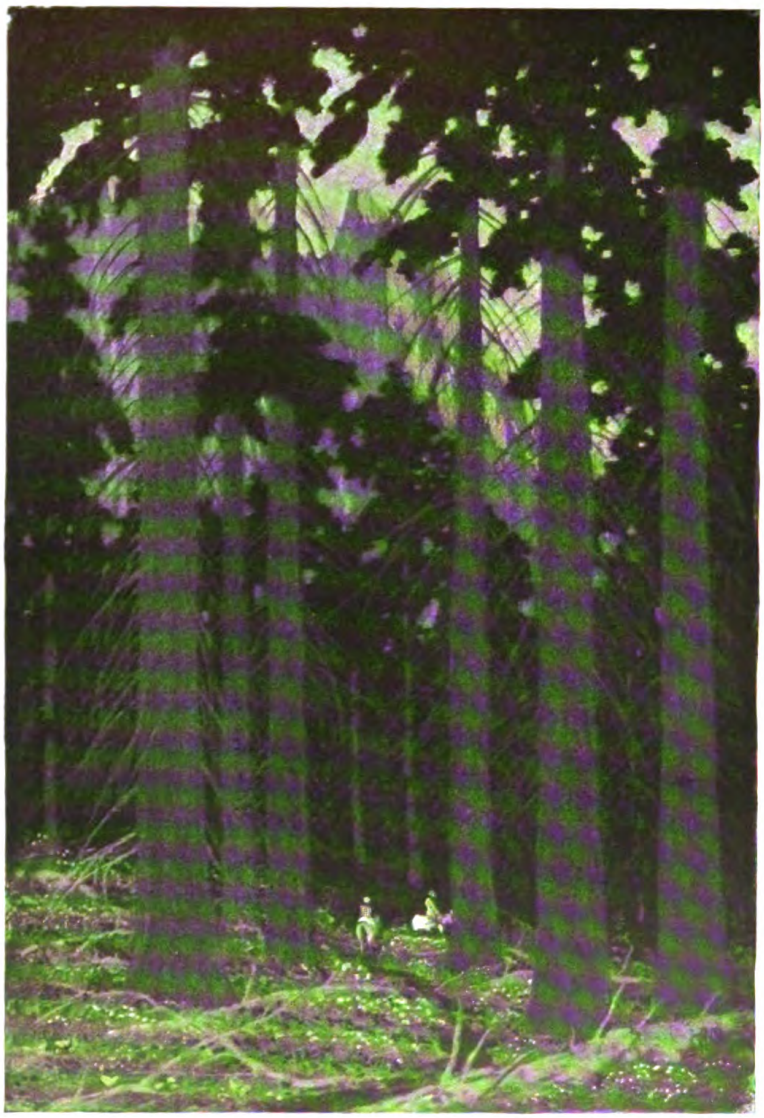


VIEW FROM MOUNT LINCOLN THROUGH THE STORM-DWARFED PINES

hotel. Standing at our window in this hotel, at sunset, we looked out across the milky green lake and its dark fringe of firs to the pyramid of Sharps Peak towering over us. Behind that, to left and right, we saw the saw-tooth cliffs of the Divide, holding to the south the snows of Grinnell Glacier high on its shoulders, and then leaping up to the lofty rock ridge-pole of Gould Mountain, feathery white now with a fresh fall of snow, on the north climbing to the blue-gray pyramid of Mount Wilbur and then curving in a magnificent circle of castellated ridges around the hole where Iceberg Lake lay hidden. Over them all was a sweet sunset sky, flecked with every tint of mother-of-pearl. The

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green lake, the dark firs, the stupendous nakedness of rock, and yet the sweet, clear calmness of the whole composition, was such a combination as we had never experienced in the high hills, at once awesome and benignant. Later, as we came to know these mountains as our friends and comrades, we knew that effect to be the soul of Glacier Park.



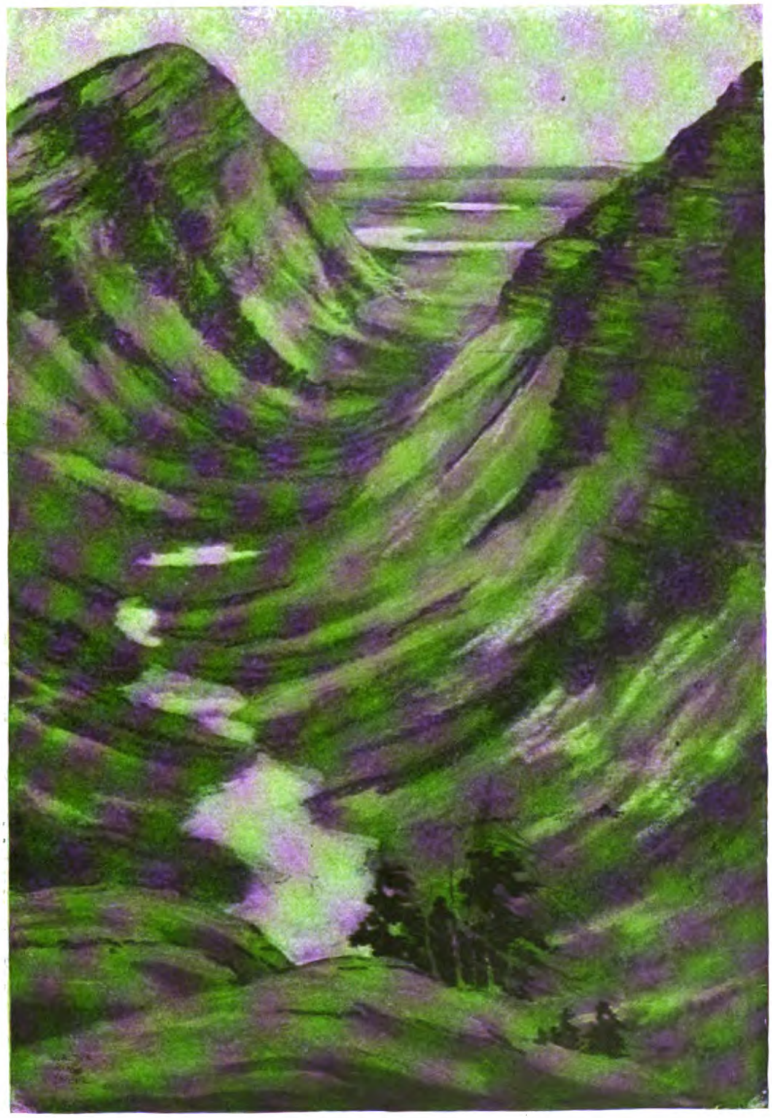
THROUGH THE FIR-TOPS, THE PARAPETS OF RED EAGLE TAKE THE SUN

When you mount your horse for your first day on the trail in the Rocky Mountains you feel a Columbus embarking for the Unknown which calls you deeper into the shadow of those towering cliffs. You are intoxicated with the air, lured by the summons of the high places. Put a boy in a pasture, and he makes for the top of the largest boulder. Go into Glacier Park, and your feet itch for the upland passes. And if, by chance, you are not a horseman (or horsewoman), your first day's emotions are likely to be somewhat complicated. Your cowboy guide, who knows no more of mercy, so the woman declares who is sitting a horse for the first time, than he knows of the names of the peaks or the wild flowers (and that is very little!) sets off at a brisk trot at the head of the procession, and his motley cavalcade come bouncing along behind him, strewing hairpins by the way. But no trot lasts long in Glacier Park. Set out whither you will, a grade awaits you that pulls your horse down to a walk—a patient, weary walk carefully calculated to take you as close to the abrupt edge of the narrow trail, where it creeps around a precipitous slope, as it is possible to go without falling off. Women give up their ancient prerogative of screaming after an hour or two, in sheer weariness (all but the "womanly woman," who keeps it up for a day), a set expression of terrified resignation taking the place of oral appeal. Always here, as in most other mountains, the first few miles of a trail are through timber, with only occasional glimpses between the tree trunks of the peaks beyond, standing up now in the morning light, at evening, on the return journey,

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taking the rose of sunset on their snow caps. A mountain summit seen through the columnar aisles of a forest, however, its lower slopes screened out, rises with an isolated majesty against the sky, ethereal and alone. Up the first few miles of the trail it beckons you; down the last few it bids farewell.

But it was when we broke out of timber into a glimpse of our first upland-meadow that I knew I was lost; I was a slave forever to the Rocky Mountains. The sirens were singing beside the path, little brooks of ice-water tumbling down from the snow-fields just above. Upon a cliff sat the Lorelei, and combed her hair of spun silver, which came streaming down the dripping ledge of red and green and purple rock—and she, too, was singing. At her feet grew yellow columbine, blue larkspur, lupine, and false forget-me-not. In her hand she held a dark red monkey flower. Over her, dwarfed like a print by Hiroshige, a twisted lumber pine flaunted its pink cone buds. And she looked up to a towering cliff wall three thousand feet high, and she looked down over the trail deep into a rich glade carpeted with green grass, a carpet pricked with golden dog-tooth violets, on which snow patches lay like great bear rugs, and evergreens in groups were the figures forming for a minuet. This glade rose in a series of terraces, and over each terrace poured the white cascade of a brook. The last terrace led to Iceberg Lake, which we now could see ahead of us, lying at the base of a vast semicircle of naked rock, a precipice four thousand feet from the glacier at its foot to the castellated battlements which cut against the sky, red its predominant color, a great smash in the face, an astonishing revelation in one sheer jump of the Great Divide—and it frowning down upon a meadow starred with violets, where fir-trees were the stately figures in a minuet, where little ice-water rills sang seductively, where sky-blue forget-me-nots looked up from the crannies and columbines



THE CHAIN OF LOVELY LAKES SEEN FROM SWIFT CURRENT PASS

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nodded in a wandering wind! There is nothing wonderful in the fact that we molded snowballs in our shirt-sleeves by the shore of the lake, which in mid-July was still a sheet of snow-covered ice, and chopped up its frozen greenness to make our iced tea. The wonder is this conjunction of the stupendous with the delicate, the Grand Cañon with something even softer, greener, and more intimately alluring than the Berkshires or the Lake Country. The dog-tooth violets come up as fast as the drifts disappear; many an impatient one we found blossoming bravely through two inches of snow, in fact; and they sometimes star the ground for acres, a veritable cloth of gold, at the feet of Dantean shale piles, frowning red precipices, or hanging masses of the snow that never melts. When they are gone, sister flowers take their place. Always there are bloom and color, always the soft tinkle of water and the wine of a wandering wind.



WATERFALLS DROPPING FROM GRINNELL GLACIER TO THE MEADOW LEVELS

All days are not fair in the Park, of course, though the proportion to one who has been accustomed to the White Mountains or the Adirondacks seems very high, and it is strange at first to waken morning after morning and find the daybreak rosy on cloudless summits, while a good camera will pick out the pattern of a man's clothes half a mile away, so brilliantly sharp is the atmosphere. Clouds do come, however, settling down in a vast, dun pall over the Divide, and forming a restless roof over the cañoned amphitheaters which lie in the curves of this majestic wall. On such days the color seems to go out of the rocks, only a streak of dull red here and there remaining. The wild-flower carpet loses its vividness. The snow-fields look sooty and cold. You are chiefly aware of the great precipices hemming you in and shooting up into the driving scud, their tops invisible, prison walls of a height that might be infinite. The spirit, on such a day, is unspeakably depressed, and yet there is a strange joy, too, of

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facing anything in nature so indescribably stupendous.

For two such days we waited, impatient, for the clouds to lift from the Great Divide that we might cross by one of the high passes. Far to the eastward we could see the sun on the prairie, and at length we decided that by the same token it might be shining over the range; so at noon we set out, with a pack-train and guides—twenty horses in all—up the switchbacks of the headwall which leads to Swift Current Pass. There are no gaps in the Continental Divide; a pass is merely a col, as low as possible, between two higher summits. Swift Current Pass, just above a hanging glacier of the same name, is over seven thousand feet above sea-level; but at this point the Divide is perhaps a quarter of a mile wide—not, as in many places, a knife-blade ridge. We came up the steep switchbacks, past the glacier, into a dense cloud, the horses picking their way carefully over extensive snow-fields, and entered a small, level meadow, ground-squirrels chattering at us and a ptarmigan hen and her chicks, the color of the rocks, scattering away into the low shrubbery. We crossed the meadow to the western side, and suddenly, without warning, we looked out under the cloud across ten miles of hole to the Livingstone Range, which stood up nobly in full sunlight, peak after peak of mysterious blue, snow-capped and snow-mantled, stretching northward out of sight! Directly opposite stood Heaven's Peak, which, when snow-blanketed, has real Alpine quality. The whole western range, in fact, more nearly merits the term Alpine than the eastern, but only so long as the snow caps last. Between us and Heaven's Peak was a hole of unfathomed depth. As we began to descend, realizing that the storm had been entirely centered over the crest of the Continental Divide, we could see into this hole, which was disclosed as a double cañon entirely wooded with huge evergreen timber. We camped that night in the clouds, above the tops of the primeval forest.

The next morning the descent began to the bottom of the cañon between the two ranges. The good trail had ceased. Uncle Sam doesn't care what becomes of you beyond the pass. We scrambled down three thousand feet, walking our horses most of the way and chopping out fallen logs, getting into larger and larger timber as we dropped. This forest is not comparable, of course, to the stands of Oregon fir in the Cascades, but it is a splendid wood, none the less chiefly white pine, fir, and tamarack averaging at least sixty feet of clear stump before a limb is reached. At the bottom of the cañon we turned up Mineral Creek by the dim trail which leads ultimately to Waterman Lake and Canada, a trail known of old to the smugglers, and plodded on for a dozen miles through the forest, seeing no wild thing, hearing no birds, hardly glimpsing, even, the walls on either side. Then, in late afternoon, we began to go up again. We saw the Continental Divide above the trees to the east. To the west we saw the cliffs of Flattop Mountain—the long, low ridge which splits the cañon. The timber rapidly stunted till we were in open groves of balsam only twenty feet high, but at least fifty years old. We began to cross little silvery brooks of ice-water every hundred feet. The horses were weary, and the women were dangling on the horns of their saddles when we reached our camping-place on the shoulder of the Divide where it dips to six thousand feet and crosses from the western range to the eastern. The horses were turned loose and driven up toward the snow-fields to graze, their herd-bells tinkling. Tents were pitched, balsam beds cut, and supper cooked. The total absence of hardwood in the Park makes cooking a smoky and difficult task, but that is the only drawback to camping bliss. Rills of purest ice-water ran past our tents on either side, the lingering northern sunset painted redder the red rocks of the Divide to the east and put a blush on the snow-white face of Heaven's Peak, while under a salmon sky to the south all the huddled mountains twenty miles or more away, including the precipices of Cannon and the ten-thousand-foot peak of Jackson, were like burnished billows of gun-metal, turning slowly to amethyst. No one thought of the war; no one missed his evening paper. In

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this exquisite solitude, while night stole over the eastern bulwark and the brooks whispered in the cool dark and from the ghostly snow-field far above us the tinkle of our herd-bells dropped faintly down it was utterly impossible to bring the mind to think of "civilization" and its complexities. At nine o'clock the camp was still. I heard one lone coyote barking just before I dropped to sleep.

The next day we climbed a peak that promised, according to the topographical map, a splendid prospect. A rope was necessary on part of the climb, over slippery snow-fields and around certain transverse ledges of treacherous shale rock, but probably only the academic climber is interested in such details unless the climb is made up some peak of peculiar fame or danger. Every step of the first conquest of the Matterhorn is, of course, an epic! Our first objective was a col in the Divide, on the eastward side of which we knew lay Chaney Glacier. We reached this col in two hours, finding the Divide here but a few feet across. On the other side we looked directly down on the glacier, now but a vast, unbroken snow-field which swept against the red cliff walls in long white slides like surf beating up the coast of Maine. Half a mile out the glacier dropped off into space, and beyond the rim we could see the cañon of the Belly River holding in its depths a lake of iceberg green, which turned to vivid lilac when a cloud shadow crossed it. North of the cañon, and not more than ten or a dozen miles from our perch, rose the grim rock pyramid of Mount Cleveland, 10,500 feet, the highest mountain in the Park, though far from the most impressive. To the northeast, beyond the cañon mouth, was the infinite ocean, still and level to the horizon a hundred miles away. Reason told us it was the Alberta prairie, but the illusion of the sea was too perfect to give reason a voice.

From this col four of us kept on up the peak, now but a steep, naked pyramid of shale stone, with exquisite tiny gardens of pink moss campion, mountain saxifrage, mist maidens, rosewort, and other Alpine flowers half hidden in sheltered crannies. We could see nothing but the sky as we climbed, and the rock in our faces. The prospect we sought remained for a climax when the apex was reached. In his address, "In Praise of Omar," John Hay tells how he rose one morning in camp on the summit of the Great Divide and heard a frontiersman quoting:

"'Tis but a tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest:
The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest."

The guide of our party was a frontiersman, a lover of this mountain world, blue-eyed, lean, taciturn, efficient. Another member was a well-known mountaineer and mountain lover, one of the few men who have ever scaled the north wall of Mount Baker. Another was an Eastern artist. The fourth has known the *Rubáiyát* by heart for twenty years, and is not unacquainted with other exalted expressions of emotion. But, as our faces came up over the crest, as we crouched in the high wind on the summit rock, no larger than a good-sized clothes-closet, and faced the first shock of that prospect, not one of us quoted Omar Khayyám. Not one of us gave expression to an exalted emotion in supposedly fitting words. On the contrary, what each of us said is unfit for print. We swore! Each according to his capacity, we swore—reverently, heartily, though with gasping breath, and the frontiersman was the most expressive. There are moments when formal rhetoric does not seem to fit!

To our right, on a high shelf of the Divide, hung a small glacier feeding a white stream which leaped out over the precipice and vanished. Directly under our feet the mountain fell away in a clean drop of at least three thousand feet, so that we lay on our bellies in the high wind, to toss a stone over. Far beneath us, at the bottom of the hole, lay a peaceful green lake. Out of this lake, on the other side, rose the steep debris pile from the sides of Mount Merritt, and then the sheer gray-and-brown battlements of the mountain itself, so steep that not even a snow-field could cling to them, up, up, to the level of our faces, and then up still another thousand feet to the almost ten-thou-

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sand-foot castellated summit, a mile-long ridge of battlements. No house, no trail, no human thing was visible from this perch—only a vast hole into the earth with a sweet green lake at the bottom, only rearing precipices and distant, tumbled peaks and glaciers, and far off the green ocean of the prairie. There was no sound but the rushing of the summit wind and the faint roar of water falling three thousand feet.

Presently we suggested to the artist that he make a sketch, but he sadly shook his head.

"It can't be done!" he answered.

There are times when Man is humble.

A great deal has been written by mountaineers about the joys of climbing. The joys of climbing are often a good deal like those of heavy dumb-bell exercises. In Glacier Park you want to sing the joys of coming back to camp in the afternoon and loafing on a bed of balsam boughs, with your tent-flap open wide to the view of lupines and violets in the meadow and distant, snow-capped peaks beyond. You want to sing the joys of fragrant food and steaming tea, of twilight slowly gathering as though so fair a day were reluctant to depart. To ascend a peak, to see the tumbled world at its wildest, to sit again in camp, tired and warmed with food, to hear with one ear the camp cook telling bear stories, with the other the bird-like calls of the ground-squirrels; to smell the resinous wood smoke and the balsams, to catch now and then the tinkle of little ice-water brooks from the snow-fields, to watch the sunset blush on Heaven's Peak and the stars come slowly out above the battlements of the Divide—well, that is, I fear, to spoil you for any other life. The little ice-water brooks sing a siren song in the uplands starred with violets, and woe to him whose ears have heard! He can never be quite happy again east of the Great Divide.

So I might continue the tale of the days when we drove our pack-train through the Park, over high passes, across precipitous snow-fields where a slip meant death, but too confident of our horses now to worry; camping by glacier lakes of milky green, scrambling over goat trails on the backbone of the continent, cooking our luncheon in gardens where by careful count as many as thirty wild flowers grew in a space the size of an ordinary room—chalice-cups like white *Anemone japonica*, lupine, larkspur, pink spiræa, orange paint-brush, forget-me-not, columbines, tiny twin flowers, and the stately spikes of the Indian basket grass like an army with banners. But the names of the hills and passes would mean little to the reader who has not seen them, though to one who has each name is a magic invocation, bringing the memory of some splendid rock pile, some alluring meadow, some camp-fire doused with wistful reluctance. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy"; but beyond Gunsight Pass lies Logan's Pass, and beyond that another, and beyond that another. The range is endless, and the image of tumbled peaks and magic meadows, each with its own individual charm, stretching into the north, into the south, mile after hundred mile, captures the imagination like nothing else.

Two names, however, I cannot forego to mention, one the name of perhaps the most beautiful rock pile on the continent; the other of the most beautiful meadow, the meadow where Pegasus must once have browsed and the white feet of Aphrodite twinkled on the grass. Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, by some happy miracle, bears a name that is worthy of it. It rises abrupt and sheer out of the green mirror of St. Mary Lake, five thousand feet of naked wall from the lake shore, its summit almost ten thousand above sea-level. It is devoid of timber, even of visible vegetation, and loses its snow early. In color it is gray, flushed with pink, and from the lake shows as an almost perfect pyramid with the apex removed, making a level summit. Viewed, however, from up the cañon, its shape is totally different. Then its sides are far more precipitous, its summit wider, and as the low afternoon sun strikes along its great buttressed flank vast masses of lavender shadow and thousand-foot high lights mold it into an architectural structure of ethereal solidity, a vast cathedral of the primeval earth spirit. Some day its name will be famous among mountains.

Piegan Meadow! All the morning we

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had plodded up the long trail over Piegan Pass, at first directly under, and then across the cañon from, the absolutely precipitous wall of Gould Mountain where a silver waterfall was descending for three thousand feet, like the hair of Mélisande, its soft thunder windborne to our ears. We crossed the summit in deep snow, amid a jumble of naked shale heaps like a Doré dream. We descended, long past the noon hour, under a hot sun, by a trail which was dug into a shale slide—an hour to reach the little figures which we saw plodding up, even their faces distinct a mile away, another hour to reach the bottom of the shale, where the limber pines began and the smell of ice-water rills was good in the horses' nostrils. We swung at a trot around the base of a precipice—and the meadow lay before us.

It was, perhaps, a mile wide, a pocket between beetling cliffs which held glaciers in their upper pockets. On the southerly edge it dropped off into space. It was carpeted with lush emerald grass, plentifully studded with gnarled, Japanese-like limber pines gay with red cone buds, sprinkled everywhere with nodding, golden, dog-tooth violets, and criss-crossed with tiny rills of ice-water from the patches of white snow, rills which sparkled and flashed silver in the sun. But that was not all. Looking out over the green-and-gold carpet, beneath the frame of some twisted pine branch, you gazed across the hole where the meadow disappeared in space, and ten miles away at the end of the vista rose serenely the ten thousand feet of Mount Jackson, a pyramid of white and blue, with the great snow mantle of Blackfeet Glacier glistening on its shoulder. Piegan Meadow! It has no rival in mountain loveliness. The hour was perilously late when we poured the nectar from one of the ice-water rills on our camp-fire and heard the embers sizzle, saddest of sounds when the camp has been a happy one. We paused at the edge, looking down into the forest far below us, where already the shadows were gathering. Behind, in the meadow, the sun was still bright, the yellow lily bells of the dog-tooth violets were nodding in a vagrant wind; we could hear the murmur of the little brooks that flow softly over grass. I never took a downward step with more reluctance.

I am back in the East now, but I cannot forget that magic meadow of green and gold on Piegan Pass, nor a certain camp-fire under Rising Wolf, nor the evening shadows on the noble flanks of Going-to-the-Sun, nor the faint, far thunder of waterfalls in the night, nor the siren song of the little ice-water brooks in the uplands starred with violets, nor the vast rock walls which make you humble in your flush of health and happiness. There was a small boy in our party who, on his return to his home in the Berkshires, took a long look at Mount Everett, at all the hills about his dwelling, at the pastures and plowed fields, and then remarked, sadly, "Father, this is practically a prairie!" I know exactly how he felt.

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The Sea Call

BY LAWRENCE PERRY

I WAS one of the crowd whom Stewart Peyton invited for the New York Yacht Club cruise on his big steam-yacht, the *Siren*. The jaunt was to involve practically the month of August, as Stewart contemplated proceeding up the Maine coast in leisurely fashion after the disbanding of the cruising squadron at Marblehead.

Steam-yachts are not much in my line; I'm a windjammer, the owner of an able thirty-footer which in her day had filled my study with mugs and trophies of all sorts. So, ordinarily, I would have regretted and stuck to the *Blatherskite*. But Herreshoff outbuilt the little fellow the past season, and she had trailed so sadly and consistently in regattas of June and July that I put the sloop in heavy trim for the cruise and knocked along in the ruck to Newport, where I left her at moorings and joined the Peyton leviathan.

The *Siren* was a handsome, stately craft, seaworthy as an ocean-liner, and with as many conveniences and luxuries as the modern naval architect has been able to set afloat in a single hull. She towered over the modest little dink like a ship-of-the-line as my professional rowed me under her bows and brought up at the starboard gangway.

Almost the first person I encountered as I stepped to the deck was Sara Cavendish. She must have caught my fleeting expression of surprise. At all events, she colored vividly, greeted me a trifle coldly, I thought, and continued on her way aft. Peyton, who was following along in her wake, hailed me hospitably and, in fact, accompanied me to my cabin, where he loafed about until the deck steward had stowed my luggage. Then he turned to me eagerly, which in itself was an unusual proceeding for this *blasé* young gentleman.

"I didn't know you knew her," he said.

Of course he meant Sara Cavendish. Well, *he* had no advantage there; I didn't know he knew her, either. But I didn't say so. Evidently the Cavendishes had climbed higher than I had realized.

"I've known Sara Cavendish for several years—that is, fairly well," I replied, at length. "She was a Westerner, and her people for years had a summer place near Narragansett. I had a letter while I was in South America saying that they'd come to New York to live." I stared thoughtf[illegible] out a port-hole as Peyton nodded. "Do you know Derric Tench?" I asked, abruptly. The name followed so logically upon thoughts of Sara Cavendish that the question came absolutely without effort. But Peyton shook his head.

"No," was his indifferent reply, "I don't."

He wouldn't. Derric—who is the salt of the earth—belongs to a quiet Westchester family of fairly comfortable means; well established, but not socially inclined—even in Westchester. He was a classmate of mine, and after leaving the university made a great hit with old Urias Stetson, of Stetson & Co., bankers.

The Tenches had a place at Narragansett, not far from the Cavendishes, and he and Sara had seen a lot of each other from childhood. I never knew two persons so ideally suited. She was a good sailor, and Derric was—and is—the best small-boat man, amateur or professional, I ever saw. You would see them off Point Jude in a no'theaster, or driving through the Vineyard reefs with a twenty-knot wind abeam. And on land, as on sea, it was the same way; they fitted. Then, as the South-American letter—of which I had spoken to Peyton—informed me, Dave Cavendish cornered an enormous supply of an extremely desirable raw product and

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moved East with greatly amplified means. Later, his wife got hold of Angie Lee—or old Cavendish got his clutches on Cephas Lee, I don't know which. In any event, the Cavendishes advanced east from Riverside Drive by leaps and bounds; they also crossed the bay from Narragansett to Newport. Now they were on Stewart Peyton's steam-yacht; at least Sara was—and her mother, of whose ample form I had caught a glimpse when I came aboard.

No, Peyton didn't know Derric Tench—and it was dollars to doughnuts that the Cavendishes, to all practical intents and purposes, no longer knew him, either. This thought came as a shock, but I recognized the truth of it. The entire situation was perfectly clear. Peyton, when he spoke, made it even more so.

"Sara Cavendish is a ripping fine girl, Gellatly." He spoke with the drawling inflexion of a connoisseur.

"She is," I agreed. But I was thinking of Tench. They had been such pals, he and Sara. When you saw them together the thought came, how divinely well at least one affair of this life had been arranged. And now — Stewart Peyton, wealthy as Caligula and hardly more moral; a little, overbred whippet, whose social position must have been his only asset in the eyes of Sara Cavendish! It was disgusting. Surely, events of the past year must have worked an extraordinary miracle with the girl I had known Sara to be.

"Yes, she is—a corker," I went on, catching up with myself. I glanced at Peyton. "Anything serious?" I asked.

He grinned—and when Peyton grins he always reminds me of a little verd-antique joss I have on my desk. That was all, and that, I might add, was enough. A moment or two later he departed to dress for dinner.

When I came on deck in my evening mess uniform, Oriental gongs were clanging and the party were filing into the saloon. Peyton took Sara in and seated her at his right. Mother Cavendish fell to old Silas Peyton, Stewart's uncle. The rest of us arranged ourselves as we saw fit.

I never saw such a flat crowd. Trust Peyton for that. He cares nothing for sport, save as a casual looker-on, and doesn't train with the polo or hunting or yacht-racing crowd, nor, in truth, with any people who are deeply interested in things other than the mere act of living and gratifying appetites. The men were nonentities—soft, sleek, sensual; the girls were physically attractive, which was about all that could be said for them. Old Peyton, with his walrus mustache and rounded proportions, his wheezy humor and perpetual thirst, shone by contrast; he was at least positive. Mrs. Cavendish I had always regarded as nothing if not positive, but I fancied her subdued by her environment. There was where I wronged her. She wasn't subdued; not a bit of it. I didn't realize it then; I did later.

As for Sara, I felt I hardly knew her. Physically she was even more perfect than she had been, but mentally there was an absence of the old color and verve. She didn't ripple and sparkle. She used to do both. They were characteristics, and, besides, I missed that undefinable impression of recklessness, that untamed strain which had always impressed me as one of the most interesting notes of her personality.

Silas Peyton plied her with unceasing badinage—his way of being social—and left himself open a dozen times for the quick, lancing riposte which Sara could so unerringly deliver. But each time she evaded her opportunity and left the old fellow unscathed, permitting Stewart to come to her rescue with his banal wit.

Stewart Peyton was hard hit; never a doubt. He revealed this in every glance at the girl and in almost everything he said. It was all striking because Peyton's marital instincts had never impressed me as at all pronounced. Yet now he sat there, his little, seamed, weazened face and his bleak gray eyes expressing the very abandon of adoration.

The affair, apparently, was well advanced. I was curious only as to whether or not the alliance of the old and distinguished house of Peyton with the more recent house of Cavendish was actually contracted for or still in the stage of preliminary negotiation. I

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could get no impression one way or the other from observing the girl, but I thought I detected a strain of defiant triumph in the mother.

We all sat about deck for an hour or two after dinner, watching the brilliant harbor scene, with the moon protruding its luminous brow over the terraced heights of the city and the water slapping lazily under our stern. All too monotonous for this crowd, though; there soon came a general cry for auction. I had just worked my way over to Sara's side, but she arose obediently as a spaniel when Stewart called to her.

"Are you in, Jack?" he called, as he led the way to the card-room.

I shook my head. "No, thanks. I'm enjoying this Whistlerian nocturne."

But I wasn't. I was, as a matter of truth, meditating in dour vein over the irony of things mundane. And so I continued, I suppose for two hours, when clicking footfalls and the rustle of skirts aroused me. Sara Cavendish was coming down the deck.

She had never looked more attractive as the glow from a cabin door caused her to stand out against the darkness with detailed distinctness. Her light blue velvet cloak fell from her shoulders to her feet, making her appear taller than she really was. Her hair, which suggested new corn-silk, fairly gleamed in the effulgence. She smiled slightly as she caught my look—and Sara has the most beautiful smile in the world.

"Don't stand," she said, dropping into a chair by the rail. "I was developing a head in there. I prescribed myself a dose of salt air—"

"And of me?" I laughed.



SHE TOWERED OVER US LIKE A SHIP-OF-THE-LINE

"Well, I did want to see you, Jack. It's ages since—" She glanced out into the darkness.

"Yes—ages." Sara and I had always been of the frank, good-friend sort. I felt I could say things. I did.

"I suppose you were as surprised to see me pop up so unexpectedly as I—"

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"Oh," she interrupted, "we, of course, knew you were to join us here. What you really meant was that *you* were surprised." Her voice was a trifle sharp.

"Yes, I *said* I was," I replied. "You see, I didn't know you knew Stewart Peyton. In fact—"

"In fact," she broke in, "you didn't realize how we had advan—"

"Sara," I lied, "I didn't think anything about it. Stewart Peyton never impressed me so terribly that I—I—" I paused abruptly. She laughed rather unpleasantly.

There was a moment's silence. Evidently she had no intention of pursuing the subject. I certainly hadn't.

"What's become of Derric Tench?" I spoke quite naturally. "Have you seen him lately?"

She glanced at me sharply, but her reply was altogether casual. "Oh, Derric? Why, no, not recently." She paused. "I really haven't seen him all summer. That is," she added, "except at a distance. I mean I've seen him sailing about in his new sloop—the *Tern*, I believe she is called."

"New, eh?" I remarked, encouragingly.

"It's an awfully ugly craft," she went on, "but stanch. I imagine she could cross the Atlantic. In that northeaster from New London here yesterday she led the sailing-yachts in. At least they were talking about it on the float at the yacht station." There was a certain note in her voice, whether of suppressed pride or mild interest I couldn't determine. "You brought your sloop through it, didn't you?"

"I did not," I replied, fervently. "I put into Stonington and was towed up this morning."

"Why, then"—she paused, thinking—"but you asked about Derric; yet you must have seen, must have known he was with the fleet—"

I gestured. "Yes, I knew it. In fact, I had a long talk with him at Glen Cove. I trailed along with him a lot of the time."

"I see. Then you knew all the time I hadn't—"

"Yes," I supplied, in a solemn voice, "I knew you hadn't seen him. He said you hadn't. That was all he said when I asked about you." I waited a moment and then continued: "He said it in a way that caused the subject to drop. I don't know why."

"I can't imagine," she returned. "Derric and I have always been wonderful friends."

"So it had always struck me." I puffed upon my pipe, waiting for her to speak; but she remained silent, staring out over the luminous waters. "Derric—" I began at length, but she arose with surprising petulance.

"Oh—Derric!" she cried. "I came out here to talk to you, Jack Gellatly, not to have you moon and mutter over your pipe."

"Well," I laughed, heartily, "I'm perfectly willing to—"

But she turned suddenly and swept back to the deck-house. I was relieved, distinctly. In her very act and expression, in every word she had not said, was the confession that she had thrown Derric Tench over; that she had gone into the market prepared to knock herself down to Stewart Peyton. It gave me sort of a nausea and I was glad to be rid of her.

Yet, in the days that followed, I had cause slightly to readjust my impressions of her. It became quite clear that Peyton still occupied the position of a suitor. His attitude was sufficient evidence as to this. Before him, obviously, was something he very intensely desired—something as yet denied him. This served materially to heighten Sara in my estimation—until the thought came that any sensible girl with the slightest knowledge of character would play this surfeited young man precisely as she was doing. Peyton valued nothing with any degree of finality that he could have for the taking, and Sara Cavendish, manifestly, was not holding herself as cheaply as all that.

The situation drifted along as the *Siren* made the Vineyard, Provincetown, and finally Marblehead, where the flagship set her farewell signals and turned her graceful bows toward the Cape Cod canal. We went on by easy stages, finally dropping anchor off Portland, where we remained for several days. Had it not been for Peyton playing the unusual rôle of pursuer, the voyage

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would have been intolerably dull. As it was, the central situation grew in interest and suppressed thrill day by day. Every person and every incident was subordinate to it. It seemed to take the color out of all of us—such color as we originally owned.

Sara and I were not alone together after that night at Newport. Whether she was avoiding me, or whether Stewart's attentions occupied her fully, I could not say; but certainly his demands were insatiate, the girl responding alternately with noticeable absence of luster and a vivacity that struck me as manifestly specious. But her mother's moods were undeviating and wholly genuine. I had long abandoned the idea that she was submerged in her environment. On the contrary, she was quietly, calmly, persistently inexorable. Unobtrusive as she outwardly was, the dominance of her influence over her daughter, over Peyton—over us all—was portentous in its effects. She was less a woman than a grim, irresistible state of mind. She radiated her design. I was convinced that her influence upon Sara, possibly upon Peyton, was carried and made effective—not by word nor by deed, simply by sheer dynamic mentality. She was rather a large woman; her hair was but slightly gray, her face pasty and marked by myriads of hair-lines, with eyes as cold, blue, and expressionless as trap rock.



SHE HAD NEVER LOOKED MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN SHE DID IN THE GLOW FROM THE CABIN DOOR

On the last day at Portland we went ashore and motored. Peyton and Sara went off alone in a runabout which Stewart drove. We were all back on the *Siren* and dressed for dinner when the two returned. We had, of course, understood that Peyton would bring matters to final issue; at least I had, and I rather expected that their return would mark the passage of the crisis and the preliminary jingling—jangling, I should say — of wedding-bells.

But as they came up the gangway Peyton was plainly out of sorts, while Sara greeted us —yes, we crowded the rail—with an ebullience decidedly forced. I turned instinctively to glance at the mother and beg to record that never in the years of my life—which have been crowded with experience of various sorts —have I seen upon human visage an expression so utterly, ineffably thrilling. It wasn't wrath; it wasn't despair—it involved none of humanity's registered emotions. I can describe it merely as a Look—which disappeared as suddenly as a flood of steel light vanishes from a February landscape. What I had begun

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to suspect was now perfectly plain—that whatever Sara's original impulses had been, the past weeks had seen her an automaton, a creature absolutely of external control. Actually I shivered for Sara as the woman gestured slightly at the girl and the two went into their cabin.

Neither was at table for dinner; nor was Peyton.

But breakfast next morning found us reunited. Sara was beautiful as the new day; her mother was complacent, and Peyton's geniality taxed the jovial resources of his little soul.

"Something has happened, evidently." I whispered this to one of the Allison girls who happened to sit at my elbow. She nodded vigorously.

Every one manifestly felt this, and Peyton was the center of all eyes. Eventually he rewarded our interest. It was just as we were about to rise from the table. He rapped upon his coffee-cup with a spoon and cleared his throat.

"I wish to announce—" He paused, while we all sat, staring at him, hardly breathing. "I wish to announce," he repeated, "that to-day is Sara Cavendish's birthday. To-night will be a state dinner in honor of the great event." He paused and then, as silence fell, old Silas Peyton chuckled stertorously.

"At which time, no doubt," he wheezed, struggling to his feet and glancing meaningly at Sara, "my nephew will perhaps have something of very acute interest to communicate. I—aha—ahem—" He sat down.

We sat for a moment as though stricken; then Peyton slowly turned his head toward Sara and smiled that hideous joss smile of his. Most of us bayed hysterically.

I turned to study Sara, but her eyes were fixed upon my face. As I looked, she glanced meaningly toward the door and then, arising, passed out on deck. Peyton had transferred to Mrs. Cavendish's side and was talking earnestly. I arose in a moment and went out. Sara was by the gangway beckoning impatiently.

"So," I said, approaching her jauntily, "it's to be congratulations!"

Her eyes flamed. I regarded her curiously. She seemed beside herself.

"Congratulations! Not yet—not for several hours." She spoke in a suppressed voice. "I've said nothing—not a word. But mother! Did you ever see any one so—" She paused. "I—I was flattered, allured—at first. I was a fool, Jack Gellatly. A fool! You understand how a girl—how I—mother—might feel. But only *feel*—dream, Jack. It got—got beyond me. What nonsense I'm talking!" She laughed half hysterically. Then she glanced out over the waters. "Derric Tench is here in Boothbay Harbor. I—I saw his boat come in last evening."

"He was registered at the yacht club at Portland," I said.

"I know, but he's here now." She nodded toward a single-sticker lying a hundred yards or so away. "There she is."

I nodded. "Yes, that's the *Tern*."

She faced me impulsively. "Jack, I want you to take me over there in the dinghy. I want to—"

I interrupted sharply. "Are you crazy, Sara?"

"Yes, crazy — absolutely." She laughed mirthlessly. "Will you take me, Jack, or shall I have to row over alone?"

I knew *this* mood. Without attempting argument, I stepped down the gangway and caught the painter of the dink which was rasping against the mahogany gunwales of the *Siren's* speed launch. Sara followed me down and I helped her in. She didn't utter a syllable on the way over, and I myself plied the oars and wrestled with my own thoughts.

The day was dull and soundless. Curiously enough the early morning had begun with a smoky sou'wester, which had fallen flat, an unusual proceeding. The bay and all perspectives were slightly veiled in blue mist. There was a sultry cast to the atmosphere. It was not until we were within a biscuit toss of the *Tern* that the girl moved. Derric sat slouched on the after deck, his pipe hanging from between his teeth. He had seen us; for, as I turned around, he was laying aside his binoculars. He arose to his full lanky height, and came to the rail as we drew alongside. I don't know what I expected of the two—I think perhaps a long and prolonged ululation

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WE ALL SAT ABOUT DECK WITH THE MOON BRIGHT,
AND THE WATER SLAPPING LAZILY UNDER OUR STERN

from both would have met my expectations. The absolute lack of anything startling or dramatic came as a shock. Derric, attired in a khaki shooting-coat and flannel trousers, stood at the rail and in point of fact greeted me first.

"Hello, Jack!" he said, quietly. "Hello, Sara!"

But Sara Cavendish, who had remained tense in the stern, didn't reply. She arose and stretched out her hand to be helped aboard. Once upon the deck she cast her glance aloft as a true sailor will, and then her eyes traveled over the deck. The situation was becoming decidedly oppressive when she smiled and nodded at Derric.

"What a beast of a boat you have, Derric!" she said.

"Yes"—his voice was strained—"she is a brute. I—" He paused.

She confronted him, speaking abruptly. "Derric," she said, "I want one more sail with you—a real one. I want the sea, and a hand on the wheel. I want—"

But I interrupted, laughing, hoping to break the spell under which most obviously she was laboring. "You've certainly chosen a rotten day for a real sail," I jeered. "The wind has all—"

"Not such a rotten day." Derric's voice contained faint traces of amusement, and I followed his glance to the northwest, where some huge blue-backed clouds were building. "Not such a rotten day," he repeated. "In fact, Sara, I think you had better postpone—"

"I know. I know." She spoke breathlessly. "There's going to be a blow; that's what I want—a fight; the last — do you hear, Derric?" She stamped her rubber-soled foot on the deck. "Derric!"

Tench shrugged, but I could see him growing rigid. He looked at me, perhaps expecting a word of dissent; possibly he hoped for it, for, obviously, he didn't like those clouds. But far be it from me to alter the processes of fate—especially when directed by an imperious, fiery-eyed goddess.

"How about you, Gellatly?"

"Oh, go ahead," I growled; "don't

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mind me—unless," I added, "I'm in the way."

"No," cried Sara; "I want you to stay. Go up forward—and cast off, Jack. Let's go out by Monhegan," she went on, turning to Tench, who without a word began to pay out the main sheet.

As for me, I confess my emotions were mixed as I went forward. I am no fair-weather man, but at the same time I greatly prefer to choose my sailing conditions with reference to the elements of hardship, comfort, and danger involved. I didn't know much about Maine coast conditions, but Derric's attitude was enough for me. However — I had to stick.

Then, too, the boat seemed able enough to do almost anything or go anywhere. She was about twenty-two feet water-line, eight foot beam — a good, full-bodied sloop built like a cask. There was a small cabin with perhaps five feet head room. Derric, beyond question, had built her to take a buffeting from almost anything the summer seas could brew.

When we got under way Sara's mood seemed to change. She stood at the wheel while Derric handled the sheets at her side, heading the *Tern* a few hundred feet from the stern of Peyton's yacht and making toward Squirrel Island, which we eventually passed to starboard. She talked ceaselessly, feverishly, exclaiming over the ease with which such a stanch craft handled, and plying Derric with questions concerning his summer's cruising.

Derric answered briefly. It was clear he, too, was under a strain, as well he might be. I don't think he ever took his eyes from her face. A last sail, she had said. I wondered if he was oppressed by the tragedy of the affair, and, much as I pitied her, I could not withhold indignation. In her selfishness she had merely considered herself—not Derric—in a situation that she herself had created. It was criminal. And this wild-eyed exploit added the final note.

So occupied was I with my thoughts that I took clear note of nothing until we were gliding past the precipitous cliffs of Monhegan, with the sullen moaning of the whistler off the south end of Manana Island. There was something portentous in the air—something felt rather than seen, although, for that matter, the Monhegan cliffs seemed to swim in a sinister glow, while that confounded whistling buoy groaned and wailed like a creature released from a limbo of the damned. I had no recollection of anything Derric and Sara had said; but I knew there had been nothing personal; that anything of the sort certainly would have aroused me and brought me to attention. No, their talk had been technical, relating to navigation, boat-handling, and cruising grounds.

It was thus that I started when Derric suddenly arose and called to me sharply.

"Stand by, Gellatly! I want to put a couple of reefs in the mainsail."

One look at the sky to the northward obviated the necessity of question. I sprang to the sail and gathered in the slack as he lowered the peak and throat halliards. Sara stood at the wheel; her eyes glistened.

"Well," I could not help saying, "you're going to get what you came for."

She nodded and smiled vividly. From shoreward there came a moaning sound, and the towering, rolling clouds ahead formed a background against which the ocean and the islands in our vicinity were invested in a strange, unnatural glow, a heightening of the curious color effect I had already noted. I saw Derric turn to Sara.

"We're going to have a peach, Sally," he said. "Shall we claw in—or—"

He stopped abruptly as the murmur which had been playing about our ears developed suddenly into a vast organ note, swelling ever into piercing crescendo. I slid down into the cockpit. Derric gave me the sheets and jumped to the wheel, Sara moving over to make way, but not relinquishing her grip on the spokes.

"Trim your sheets flat!" called Derric, and his voice, rising clear against the silence which had fallen as suddenly as it had been broken, sounded harsh and unnatural.

As though working in perfect understanding, Sara and Derric threw the *Tern* about. I watched them; a curtain of blackness had lowered itself over us and the two figures were blurred vague

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until Derric leaned forward and switched on the binnacle light, when their faces were brought into pallid relief. The stillness endured. It was portentous; it was as though Nature had paused to gather herself for supreme effort. We glided into the gloom like a phantom ship, tense, alert, waiting. Then, suddenly, it came—a stunning onslaught which partook more of the nature of an explosion than a tempestuous outburst. Straight out of the northwest it came, lashing furiously at ninety miles an hour. There was a sharp crack, a fluttering impression in the darkness ahead as the jib blew out of the eyelets and disappeared. A solid mass of black water crashed over the bow and, racing aft, tugged venomously at our bodies.

Derric touched me on the shoulder and I put my ear to his mouth.

"Slip those extra hasps over the cabin door." His shout was like the small voice of a child. "Hurry; don't leave that mainsheet too long."

I did as I was told, and then leaped back to my station by the cleats, my eyes fastened upon the vague figures at the wheel whose faces in the wet glow of the binnacle were the merest outlines. They were still stabbing the sloop into the seas. In a minute I saw Sara glance overside and then turn to Derric, who had not moved. I knew what the matter was. We were not going ahead. *We were making sternway.* We all knew it.

"Let go your mainsheet, Jack!" Sara's voice had a carrying power that defied the uproar of the elements.

I obeyed, while they threw the wheel off and let the *Tern* wear about until she squared away and began to run for it. She went like a frightened bird for a few minutes, and then, before I knew what had happened, the sloop was floundering in a riot of seas that seemed to come from every direction. I saw a black shape rising forward, caught a glint of white. I shouted a warning, my voice mingling with a sharp exclamation from Derric. The *Tern* tried to claw up the wall, but slipped back. It was like falling down-stairs. But we landed right side up in the trough, the sloop twisting and shaking like a dog after a bath. Our staysail split into ribbons.

We drove on and in the course of ten minutes it seemed certain that the wind was ironing out the seas. I manned the hand pump which lay in a rack at my feet, and pumped about a foot of water out of the cockpit. Sara had left the wheel and stood erect by Derric's side, clasping and unclasping her stiffened fingers. Presently I went up to give Derric a lift, but Sara intervened.

"This is our fight, Jack," she said.

"All right." I stepped aside. I had no fool notions of gallantry concerning this daughter of the Argonauts.

Derric gave her room as she came to the wheel, but he did not relinquish his grip on the spokes. In fact, steering the *Tern* just now was a two-handed job. Then, too, an occasional quartering sea would dash at us, and there was need to navigate the fugitive craft strictly with reference to it.

It was all utterly wild, utterly elemental. I was lonely; loneliness rested upon my soul like an incubus, for I was really alone. Sara and Derric were living in each other, fighting together, willing, perhaps, to die together. But I—I figured as little in their thoughts as the soggy deck at their feet. And so, such fear as I knew — and I *was* afraid, because I saw no way in which the *Tern* could outlive this ordeal—such fear, I say, as I knew I had to share alone, without the comfort of a mutual sympathy or the sustaining force of an indomitable will, to which, by the way, I would readily have reacted. Sara and Derric of course didn't know, or didn't think. They couldn't; they were together, wrapped up in themselves.

So I was, to all intents and purposes, alone in the howling gloom, with the deep *vox humana* of the tempest rising from a groan to a piercing shriek. Phosphorescent lights gleamed along the waves, defining their height and their infinite number. Tench and the girl turned occasionally to each other. I couldn't see them very well; but I knew they were exalted, living in the spirit, living far above the power of anything of the earth or of the sea to harm. They never glanced at me.

But their bond, or whatever it might be called, was a silent one. In the in-

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frequent lulls they would exchange a word or two relating to the behavior of the sloop or the velocity of the wind, but otherwise they seemed immersed in the problem of fighting the elements—joined in the great purpose. I hung upon them, fascinated, for, frankly, I was *in.* I had been rendered supine, humbled by a storm such as I had never before experienced. It was a mental condition; physically I was alert for any call, but inwardly I had accepted defeat and dissolution as foregone, believing implicitly that my apathetic mood was merely nature's anodyne against the inevitable end. I caught the indomitable poise of the two as it were objectively; that is, I recognized it without either understanding or applying it to my benefit. As a matter of fact, as I recall, I pitied them as fatuous in their unyielding hardihood. But I was impressed, powerfully impressed, too.

Sometimes the glow of phosphorus was so luminous that it limned us in a bluish, ghastly outline in which Sara, in her white, bedraggled blouse and flannel skirt, distorted and enlarged, reminded me of some figurehead of old, endowed with life, breasting waters over which she had been wont to preside in her dignity of gilt and paint. And Derric, beside her, loomed stark, unscathed. It was all my mood, perhaps, but I am none the less setting down what I felt and saw—or fancied I saw—and I should like also to record that as my senses were deadened to the terrors of the turmoil, so in proportionate degree my fancy builded upon those two figures at the wheel, endowing them with superhuman attributes and inextinguishable vitality. The elements might claim the *Tern*, claim me, but my mind held no idea of its claiming them. They were aloof.

The hours dragged on. I had sat practically in a daze, my hand grasping the sheet just beyond the cleat, knowing only that my companions were still rigid at the wheel. Once the sky appeared to be lightening, and I remember hearing Sara Cavendish call attention to it. But it was only a grin of mockery which crossed the face of the inexorable heavens. The clouds gathered into renewed blackness, the waves snarled with increased venom, and the sloop shivered from stealthily delivered blows.

Yet we went on, wallowing into the night. Could we proceed thus until the elements wearied of their riot and subsided into comparative peace? Could we? I raised my face, glowing with recrudescent hope, when, glancing astern, I saw a dark object hanging over us. I cried sharply and seized a stanchion. The wave fell with the roar of a cataract. Sara was hurled into the cockpit, her face buried in black water, but Derric, abandoning the wheel, dragged her to her feet.

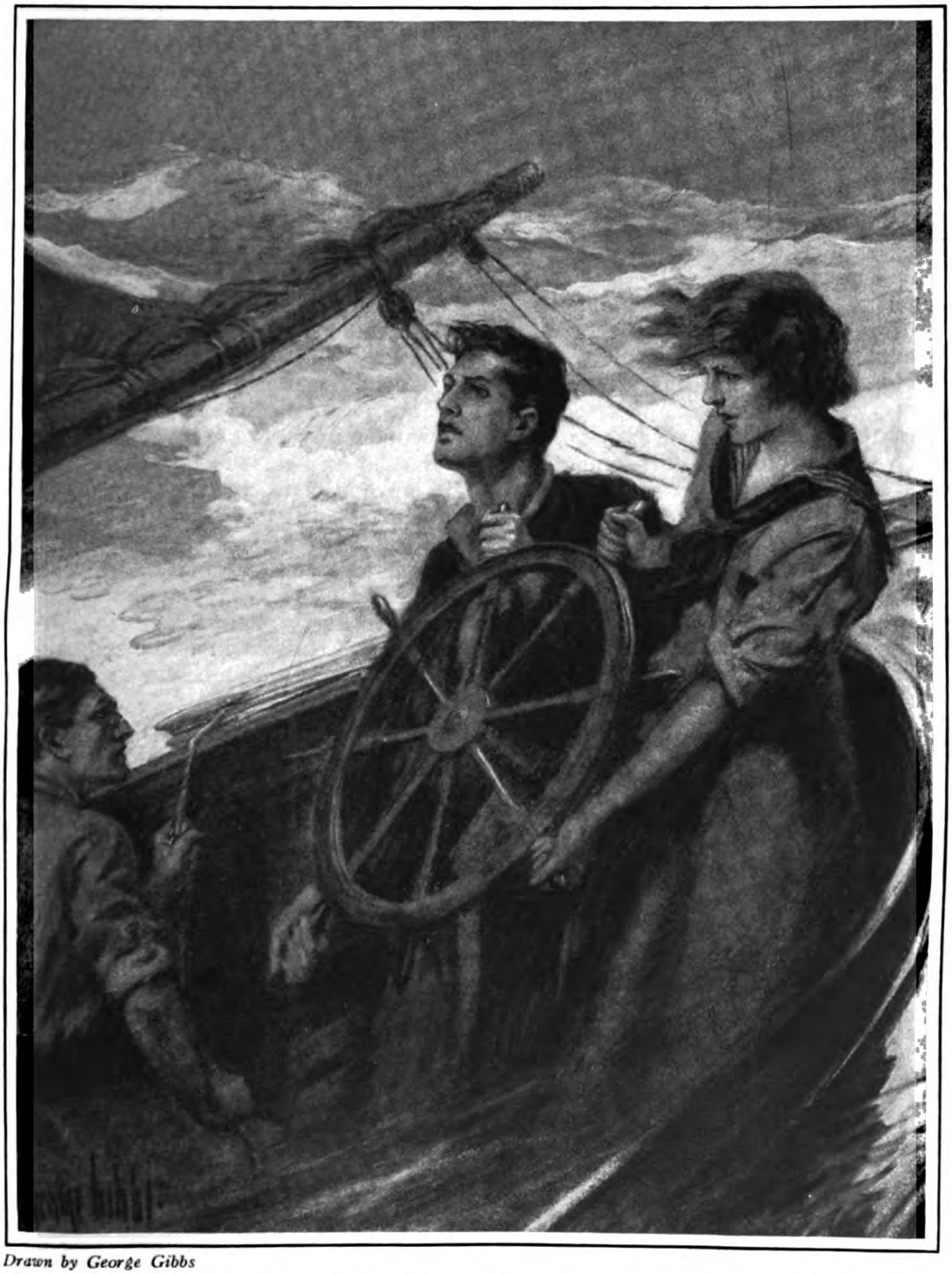
"Thanks. We'll have—"

Another comber crashed upon us. The bowsprit snapped off and the mast went down with it, slewing around so that it lay over the bow. It ought to have served as sort of a sea anchor, but it didn't.

But the cabin door held. And as long as it withstood the crashing we were safe. My eyes were riveted upon it, my mind concentrated thereon, so that the infernal roar and rush of wind and wave and the shock of solid seas came to me as to a man under an anesthetic. Or perhaps it was that my mind was incapable of receiving further impressions. At all events, the very intensity of my being centered upon that oaken door. And while we flailed and pitched and rolled, it held, God bless it! And, watching it, watching the stanch barrel-like hull holding its integrity, shuttlecock though it was in the angry waters, hope came to me—hope at the darkest moment.

Yes, we lived. I don't know how the racking hours fled. I know that a time came when I raised my head, thrilled by a curious sensation. I dragged my brain into action, listening, straining every nerve. It was a great silence—this it was that had struck me. The wind had gone. We waited, crouching, holding on, still reeling and flailing, waited nearly half an hour. Yes, the wind had gone. Finally there came a gentle puff from the southward, and then over the waters filtered a line of lambent light. Again came a gentle puff of wind, while to seaward a loud siren wail grew dim in the distance. As suddenly as the storm had come so suddenly had it gone. The

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Drawn by George Gibbs

AS THE SEAS PILED DOWN LIKE CATARACTS, STEERING WAS A TWO-HANDED JOB

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path of light broadened, and to the westward appeared the half-veiled face of the setting sun.

A cry escaped my lips. The storm had gone—beaten. I glanced at Sara Cavendish. Her face was turned to the storm-stripped deck with its litter of spar and sail and gear and splintered furnishings. Then, as I watched her, she turned slowly to Derric. Her hair was falling over her shoulders and bosom; there was a cut upon her forehead; her waist had torn open at the throat, and her sweater coat hung shapelessly. Her flannel skirt, soiled and soaked, clung to her figure. Her face was thrown back, and the light, breaking through a rift, illumined it so that her teeth gleamed through her parted lips—and her eyes were glorified.

Derric faced her. Not a word was spoken—just that look from one to the other; the look that springs from two souls welded in travail, two souls emerging triumphant from a common cause. It was not for me, mortal that I was, to see. I went forward and began to prepare a jury rig. But still I knew that they remained silent after I had turned away.

When Derric came forward to assist me he said nothing, and neither did I. We worked in silence, and presently Sara came and helped us. Then, with our spar in place and canvas stretched, we headed for land with the stars overhead.

I don't know when I fell asleep, but it must have been at midnight when Derric relieved me at the wheel. At any event, when he touched me on the shoulder and I awoke, the dawn was fulfilled.

Abeam, old Monhegan's benign cliffs swam in the morning light and the ocean, blue as turquoise, sparkled in the serene rays. And to port was the *Siren*, water curling high from her bows, black smoke billowing from her big funnel. Eagerness, haste, was written in every stroke of her impeccable hull, in every strand of metal rigging as she headed down-coast toward Portland.

Sara moved close to Derric, shivering. He tried to speak and his voice clogged. He cleared his throat.

"Shall I hail her, Sally? They're looking for you—I suppose."

She glanced at him full, saying no word. A vivid light swept across his face. He turned his face from the *Siren*—and we hobbled on our way to port.

To a Logician

BY DANA BURNET

COLD man, in whom no animating ray
Warms the chill substance of the sculptor's clay;
Grim Reasoner, with problems in your eyes,
Professor, Sage—however do they call you?
Far-seeing Blindman, fame shall yet befall you;
Carve you in stone—that Winter of the wise!—
And set you up in some pale portico
To frown on heaven above, on earth below.

I shall make songs, and give them to the breeze,
And die amid a thousand ecstasies!
I shall be dust, and feel the joyous sting
Of that sweet arrow from the bow of Time
Which men call Spring.
And out of my dead mouth a rose shall come like rhyme!
But you, in your eternal state of snows,
Shall thrill no more to life's resurgent flood,
Nor cast death's laughter into April's rose!
You shall be marble, who were never blood.

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Patriotism

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

Author of "The Life and Letters of John Hay," "The Life of Cavour," etc.

THERE is a belief abroad to-day that many Americans, whose number can only be conjectured, have never thrilled with patriotic emotion, have never said to themselves, proudly and gratefully, "This is my own, my native land!" They feel no dread of forfeiting fair renown because of their lack of patriotism. However they may disguise the fact to themselves, they are the victims of egotism, of a peculiarly mean and depraving egotism. When you hear men say, "The country has no claims upon us," you can be sure that they have either been misled by sophists and by the sly and secret enemies of the country, or that their hearts have become too incrusted with selfishness for any noble impulse to penetrate.

There are, of course, radicals who, in this age of dissolution, hold that patriotism, like religion and like the most sacred family ties, are worn-out ideals, pretty but fatuous survivals of a superstitious stage in human development. They argue, too, that because morals vary in different lands, morality is "a mere question of latitude," and, therefore, that it may be disregarded. They had no part in shaping the laws, religious or social, which have been handed down and still govern public affairs and private conduct; why, then, should they heed them? With these and similar pleas they justify their egotism.

In truth, however, the man or woman who reasons thus is the most pitiable of human beings. Not to feel that you are part of a community is really to be unhuman; for the animals have this feeling by instinct, and in ants and bees it produces results which rival those of the highest type of men. To be shut up in the prison of your own self, without even a peep-hole through which you can look out upon others or communicate with them; to pass your time in such solitary confinement, unsustained by any fellow feeling, unstirred by any motive except the gratification of selfish desires, is a form of punishment more cruel than any devised by medieval torturers.

In general, persons who announce, often somewhat boastfully, that they have discarded patriotism—as if by so doing they proved their superior intelligence—do not philosophize. They pursue their own ease and comfort. Most of their days, until an emergency comes, they give little thought to the country, which remains an abstraction for them except when it calls on them to pay taxes. They grumble if the local government allows the streets, or the water-supply, or the policing, to run down; but even then they do not take the trouble to go to the polls and vote for a better mayor. If they are in business, they probably regard the national Government as a vast purveyor of benefits, through appropriations or through the tariff, for those citizens who know how to get them. They usually take no more thought of what the country does for them than little children take of the means by which their parents supply them with food and clothes. Children pay back in affection, but the unpatriotic egotists feel neither gratitude nor affection; instead of being thankful for what they have, they complain that it is so little.

Is the alleged decay of American patriotism of recent growth? Since the outbreak of the atrocious war in August, 1914, powerful influences have been at work loosening the spiritual fiber of Americans. Some of these influences were accidental, some sprang from lack of leadership, others from ill-judged and

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possibly misconstrued advice, and others from deliberately malign propaganda.

The undermining, thus begun, was carried on from two different directions, both aimed at the same goal. The Prussian propagandists, almost frantically bent on preventing this country not merely from joining the Allies, but even from selling them food and munitions—a perfectly legitimate trade—circulated doubts, falsehoods, misrepresentations, all of which tended to plant in the American mind the assumption that there was no distinction between right and wrong. Such insinuations, accompanied by the suggestion that it was the Allies who made Germany seem harsh to the United States, led to the blurring of the moral sense—the moral sense in which patriotic emotion grows.

Most efficient accomplices of Prussianism were the champions of Pacifism. The minority of the Pacifists consisted of devoted zealots who, like the rest of the world, outside of Germany, regard peace as a final blessing and object of mankind, an object so transcendent that it must be striven for even at the cost of national honor, and of private obligation to family and friends. Since the Witchcraft Delusion over two centuries ago there has been no obsession like Pacifism. This, too, like the belief in witches, renders its victims insensible to moral considerations and impervious to the affections which govern normal men. The majority of Pacifists, less sincere than these fanatics, made Pacifism a screen for their cowardice, for their indifference, and for their greed. "Peace-at-any-price" was their motto, anything to prevent war was their endeavor. Many of them were secretly conniving with the Prussian propagandists, for whom these doctrines summed up the goal of German desires over here.

If you believed the militant Pacifist, he would stand by and do nothing when a ruffian assaulted his wife on the street; and the Pacifist mother would allow a kidnapper to snatch her child from her arms without resisting him. Fortunately fate does not always allow us to be as wicked as the doctrines we profess.

Amid the contradiction of these various opinions the ideal of patriotism inevitably suffered. What was the average man, to whom patriotism was as much an innate ideal as was his love for his mother, to think when he heard it either disparaged or left to be obeyed or not according to the preference of each individual? What should he think of a patriotism made to conform with business interests? Whatever he thought, these contradictions perplexed him, and his perplexity cooled his ardor.

Let us examine whether the apparent decline in patriotism during the atrocious war be only a symptom of a long-standing disease. Ordeal by battle is the final test of character, and character is an accumulative product. Could American manliness be sapped in only thirty months? What, we may ask, was the general character of Americans in the years preceding the world-wide conflict?

At the close of the Civil War in 1865 patriotism glowed in all the Northern States; and by degrees the Southerners, who had paid the full measure of devotion to their section, renewed their loyalty to the Union, and nobody dreams that they will ever again organize an armed conspiracy against the national existence. By 1880, however, several causes had come into play which, as it turned out, were seriously to affect American patriotism. The first of these was immigration; foreigners poured into this country in ever-increasing numbers, until the rate of inflow surpassed our powers of assimilation. After a while countries more and more remote in space were combed by the rapacious dealers in labor and by the agents of greedy steamship companies, for those multitudes more and more remote in language, customs, and ideals, which they dumped upon our land. And now the United States has assembled the largest collection of illiterates of different tongues that exists in the world. We have opened a clinic in which superstitions, hereditary feuds, and race differences can be studied. Instead of being transformed into Americans, these immigrants have transplanted to our social soil their own churches and customs, and they retain their own lan-

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guages; in other words, they are so thickly coated with their foreignness that they remain insoluble in our American life. And we, be it said to our shame and to our shortsightedness, have hardly made an effort to absorb these millions of potential Americans. Potential? Most of them are already legal Americans, as it requires only two years for them to become naturalized, whereas a native-born American must be twenty-one years old before he is allowed to vote. All this reflects, not upon the immigrants, but upon ourselves who have permitted immigration to pour in in too great volume and have done nothing to Americanize it.

Patriotism can never be based on what a man earns. It lives in the heart, not the purse. I once heard Senator Villari, the Italian historian, say that in traveling beyond the Alps he came upon a gang of Italian laborers at work on the Austrian highroad. Being deeply interested in the problem of emigration, which was then threatening to deprive Italy of her excellent peasants, he talked with the road-makers, and asked them whether they were not homesick for their mother country. "My mother country," one of them replied, "is the country which gives me bread to keep me alive." For the student of patriotism there is deep significance in that reply. It means, among other things, that until a man, forced to go abroad for his sustenance, succeeds in earning a livelihood, he does not trouble himself about patriotism. We have many millions of foreigners in the United States, who came here primarily to seek to better their fortune; their relations with the country are also purely commercial. Their stake in America is measured by their wages. You would not care to avow that your love of your mother, wife, and children had the same monetary source. The immigrants' knowledge of Americans comes chiefly from their dealings with their employers, who may be foreigners like themselves.

Extremes meet. The second cause assigned for the decline in patriotism is the amazing wealth heaped up during the last quarter of a century. We hear it alleged that certain plutocrats, like the immigrant proletaire, measure their patriotic duty by the dollars-and-cents scale; in other words, they care for the country only in so far as it promotes their business interests and affords them conditions under which they can get rich. Why should they take time from business to perform a citizen's duties if, as the cynical allege, they hire more expert lobbyists to see that legislatures and Congress pass laws for their benefit?

But while under this aspect wealth lowers civic standards by corroding the morals of the briber and of the bribed, the numbers involved in such transactions may be small. The deterioration of the large class of rich, however, spreads through that class to all its ramifications. It is as true to-day as when Goldsmith first wrote the lines:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

Men grow strong through struggle and competition; wealth saps them by providing the means to gratify their appetites without effort. It stimulates selfishness. By killing healthy incentive, it quenches zeal. Spartans were not bred on lotus-eating nor the minute-men trained by luxury. Wealth is proverbially timid. The multimillionaire shrinks from plunging into the unknown ventures which idealists say can alone lead to the bettering of the masses, or to the stamping out of social evils. Why change? the multimillionaire asks; and he knows that the existing system allows him to flourish. So we must regard material prosperity as a cause of the weakening of the civic and ethical vigor which finds its highest expression in patriotism.

We must count as a third reason for the decline the spread of socialism. The socialist would do away with love of country, because he would do away with the country as an exclusive national unit of selfishness, which wars on the other collective units of selfishness. Remove the partition lines, often arbitrary, and you remove the cause of national antagonism, usually illogical and always destructive. The socialist, therefore, is international, and so he consistently discourages patriotism which creates and glorifies national units of selfishness.

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William Lloyd Garrison, who was no socialist, summed up this doctrine most seductively in his famous phrase, "My country is the world; my countrymen are mankind." A glittering ideal and one which has replaced that of being "a citizen of the world," which Socrates described himself. But to sympathize with the people of other countries, to wish to treat them with all the honor and justice you would show your neighbors, does not require that you give up your affection, your obligation, and your duty, as a son of *your* mother country.

When the "citizen of the world" was in fashion the person who aimed at being such a "citizen" implied that he was a man whose cultivation and manners fitted him to appear in any society in any country. No local prejudices, no provincial narrowness, no barriers of language or creed, hemmed him in. He had no convictions to be rasped. These "citizens" who shed their worldly wisdom on the eighteenth century were followed by the "cosmopolitans" of the nineteenth century and of to-day—most agreeable companions, especially if they come by their cosmopolitanism naturally instead of adopting it as a pose.

But the socialist and Garrison and the rest, in hoping that by blotting out the limits which inclose nations they can annul national antagonisms and establish an international Utopia, overlook what seem to be permanent conditions in the improvement of mankind.

Probably the propaganda which has steadily grown louder during the past twenty years, "that democracy is a failure," has poisoned some minds, and to that extent it has contributed to the eclipse of patriotism. The worship of efficiency—a crassly materialist cult—has been promoted to the disparagement of the United States, because it has usually been illustrated by a comparison between Germany, the efficient despotism, and the United States, the inefficient democracy. The unspoken but intended moral is that if Americans hope to be efficient they must give up democracy and organize despotism. The Germans are ready, nay eager, to save them the bother of working this change.

With these facts before us, we must recognize that in 1914, before the war began, influences and conditions which were by no means recent had corroded the patriotic instincts of many Americans, and had predisposed them to listen indulgently to the anti-patriotic appeals of Pacifists and to the moral sedatives of neutralists. Neutrality, too, has been conjured up to persuade slackers and the indifferent that they have no patriotic duties. But it remains eternally true that those who are not with the truth are against it.

In earlier stages patriotism, being a necessity, developed as a matter of course in every one. So long as the tribal stage existed, each member of a tribe must cleave to it for self-preservation. All he was, his fortune in peace or in war, depended upon the prosperity of his tribe, and his devotion to his chief was unquestioning and unreserved. Tribal patriotism flourished not only among the American Indians and the Scottish clans, but among the tiny city-states of antiquity and similar communities elsewhere. The mere fact of being a stranger was equivalent to being an enemy; the customs or laws of a tribe applied only to it; accordingly, persons not of the tribe were outlaws, liable to be enslaved or killed for no other reason than that. So a man stood by his clan and obeyed his chief as a matter of course, requiring no demonstration that duty as well as self-interest admonished him to patriotism.

When the smaller and often isolated state gave way to larger political combinations—to kingdoms and empires—patriotism continued to be the natural ideal of every citizen, and the ruler, who symbolized the state, received the obedience and the loyalty of all. The great empire protected its members just as the small clan had done, and in return they honored and supported and almost worshiped it. They felt a mighty pride in being members of a mighty empire. The best service that monarchs have rendered has been to personify the state; the average human being finds it so hard to burn with zeal for an abstract ideal and so easy to idolize a person! As rulers, the last Stuarts were incompetent and ignoble; as men, immoral—and yet infatuation

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for them and their line persisted for nearly a century after they had disappeared.

When constitutional government came and parties managed national affairs, we might expect that devotion to the sovereign would weaken, because his subjects could not fail to note that the leaders in parliament and the dominant political party actually ruled the state. In fact, however, though the prestige of the monarch, for the time being, may have weakened, patriotism has not. In England, for example, love of country never slackened, but the recognition of the obligations which that love creates did grow dim. And that is the case here.

Loyalty, the outward expression of patriotism, has for its reverse, treason, the most detestable crime of which a citizen can be guilty. And justly so, because the person who betrays his country puts its very existence in jeopardy, and is, potentially, a murderer on a vast scale. His baseness has neither parallel nor palliation. The final bond between man and man is mutual trust. The traitor breaks trust not merely with one man, but with all his countrymen and women, and in order to achieve his crime he resorts to deceit. Dante, an infallible appraiser of human wickedness, assigned traitors, as being the most depraved of criminals, to the deepest pit of hell. Type of them all was Judas, who added supreme deceit to his supreme guilt, betraying his Master with a kiss. By the magnitude of the punishment we measure the preciousness of the object betrayed.

In all countries traitors have been accursed. Even monarchs who plot treason against their rivals hate or despise the traitors whom they employ. Benedict Arnold's treason proved to be insignificant, so far as concerned the outcome of the Revolutionary War, but it brought him an immortality of infamy which all his remorse could not wash out, and which will carry his name, odious and loathsome, to the latest posterity. For patriotism is not the sentiment of a few of the overfastidious, but of the great mass of men and women whose instincts are healthy, whose aims are worthy, and whose judgments are sound. They revolt against treason as against filth.

How could it be otherwise? How could we fail to love our great mother—our country—to whom we owe all that we are? Our country is our larger home, and home, for every creature who is not a slave or a pitiable human derelict, orphaned and outcast, is a sacred abode, unlike any other, not to be exchanged for any other. The Swiss peasant finds home in his bleak chalet, with no comforts, with many deprivations, very scantily provisioned, cut off in winter for weeks it may be from his nearest neighbors; and yet, transplant him to the city, surround him with luxury and repose, spare him from drudging for tomorrow's meager fare, and he will pine of homesickness—pine, and perhaps die. The Arab takes his home with him wherever he pitches his tent; and he, too, would languish were he forced to exchange his nomadic freedom for any dwelling, were it a palace, fixed on immovable foundations. And so of each of us; there is no place like home. The triteness of the maxim confirms its truth.

The outer habitation does not make the home; nor do the furniture, clothes, and food. Home is a complex of whatever has shaped our life—in childhood, the love and discipline of father and mother, the comradeship of brothers and sisters, the intimacy of playmates, and all sounds, sights, impressions, and emotions which we were drawing in unawares from nature and the world outside of us; as we mature, home means wife and children, and the friends at table or by the fireside, the dreams, the labor, the sorrows, joys, and aspirations which are the lot of man. Wooden walls and plaster ceilings are but the shell that holds us while we absorb these experiences, which memory preserves when they are past. Associations almost unobserved in the making bind us forever, having become an indivisible part of ourselves.

Not less noble and scarcely less instinctive should be the love we feel for our larger home, our country.

The claim of patriotism will not be denied. The sophists who would steal away your belief in courage, in honor,

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in your duty to your country and land, the perverts who would argue away your devotion and ridicule your ideal of chivalry, are spawned by and do the bidding of Belial, who can make the worse appear the better reason.

Modern assailants of the family suppose that by destroying it they can emancipate the individuals who compose it. In their delirium they conceive that the goal of life is the throwing off of all restraints. Nothing could be more mistaken. Normal restraints, those which build up a man and make him master of himself, are really the means by which he gets his true freedom. A little water in a boiler will generate enough steam to run a locomotive; the same volume on the ground is a puddle, and no more. Discipline is the barrel of the gun, the rudder of the ship. The same law applies to human beings, and such an institution as the family has proved itself indispensable to the highest development of its members. The man who thinks that by casting off its ties he gets a larger freedom deceives himself. At most he exchanges a higher plane for a lower and secures whatever privileges that descent implies. He retreats toward the plane of the beast, out of which it has been man's mission to rise and climb. He accepts the bondage of a more insistent selfishness.

Does not the same happen in the case of those who deny patriotism? Patriotism is not an institution like the family; rather is it an emotion, a passion, the flower of man's communal life. Not to feel it is to be dead indeed! is to suffer a loss which for the citizen is like incapacity to love for the individual.

Destiny works through natural processes by larger and larger groups toward the unification of mankind. From the individual as the central point rounds the first circle—the family. Girdling this the next, with a longer radius, incloses his community, village or town or city. Next, of still wider diameter, his business and professional interests and his religion; finally, the all-embracing circle of his country. The true man does not shut himself up in any of these, but lives in them all, drawing from each of them its particular inspiration. And just as the body develops its strength by the exercise of its different members, so he rounds out his potential self by exercising his powers in each of the spheres which infold him.

Cosmopolitanism has no such formative purpose. It is like a freshet which overflows fields and meadows, but lacks dynamic usefulness and cumbers the ground until it has evaporated or sunk into the soil. If its waste waters had flowed through the banks of a canal they would not have been lost. Internationalism seems to me similarly ineffectual. If a man cannot love his own country with a vigorous, noble, unselfish love, I suspect the value of his love for twenty or thirty or a hundred foreign countries.

The range of a man's sense of duty measures his level on the moral scale. Now patriotism is a duty just as love of parents or of children is. The wretch who deserts his wife and children or leaves his needy parents to starve, saying that he feels no obligation toward them, can find no one to defend him except another wretch as base as himself. How shall we qualify those who declare, often with bravado or with a tone of superiority, that patriotism does not concern them? What sort of a heart—if he have a heart at all—must his be who repudiates his country, his mother?

The normal child repays affection with affection; the normal man and woman tingle with gratitude and desire to show it to those to whom they owe much. They do not think of it as a duty; they do not dissect their motive or reason over it; they obey it as a high intuition which justifies itself. Likewise, though patriotism be a duty, every right-minded soul regards it as an ideal and rejoices that he can give everything—his life if required—in its service. "He alone is base," says Emerson, "and that is the one base thing in the universe, to receive benefits and confer none." "Dear God," exclaimed the French peasant mother, on learning that her last son—the fifth—had been killed at Verdun, "I wish that I had five more to sacrifice for France!"

Do you, whoever you are, refuse to recognize your patriotic duty to this, your mother country? You have received from her everything—your par-

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ents, your home, your associations, your opportunity, your fortune, your ideals; have you nothing to pay back? Is your heart dead, unstirred by the feeblest throb of affection? Is your conscience dead, beyond the faintest whisper of duty? Bereft of heart and of conscience, do you still call yourself a man? Who enabled you to dwell in this Republic? Was it not George Washington and his associates, who created the Republic regardless of cost or sacrifice? If Washington were alive now and gave you an estate of priceless value, would you not thank him? Would you not strive to keep it safe? He has given you this Republic to guard and love—for he still lives, both in his gift and in his imperishable influence. Who preserved the Republic for you? Was it not Abraham Lincoln? If he stood beside you now, would not shame stop your lips from saying, "I do not believe in patriotism which calls on me to risk my life in battle"? Could you bear to look in his face, to see his expression of amazement that any one born an American should deny his mother? And beside him, risen from his martyr's grave, would rise up the four hundred thousand slain in that war, for whom? For *you*.

Like all other forms of devotion, patriotism is not merely a fine sentiment nor a noble wish, but it manifests itself in service—in service that neither doubts, nor counts the cost, nor asks recognition. In peace or in war the patriot serves his country joyfully, because it is the natural thing to do.

Life is not worth living unless your country is founded on principles worth dying for. The estate which every American inherits he holds in trust. On him it depends whether his share in the Republic shall be handed on unsullied to his descendants—and not only unsullied, but increased and strengthened as is necessary—or whether, shorn and corrupted and shrunken through his unworthiness, it shall bear the seeds of decay for the entire fabric. Lack of imagination alone causes us not to see our obligation toward posterity. If we did see it, the sense of our responsibility to the future joined with that to the present would overwhelm us. "All men on whom the higher nature has stamped the love of truth," says Dante, "should especially concern themselves in laboring for posterity, in order that future generations may be enriched by their efforts, as they themselves were made rich by the efforts of generations past."

"The sense of obligation!" Is not that the most widespread and pressing need of this age? Selfishness, egotism, has brought us to the pass where we turn our back on every duty which tries us, on everything annoying, unpleasant, dull. "I don't care to hear accounts of the sufferings of the wounded. They disturb my peace of mind; they don't concern me, anyway," said one of these egotists who was asked to subscribe to the American Ambulance Fund. But the final and unapproached example of this egotism was given by Germany, when she declared that the most solemn treaty which a nation can enter into was only "a scrap of paper."

The patriotic obligation which every native-born American should acknowledge ought to bind even more tightly the alien who has become naturalized as an American. The native, we may say, had no part in determining what country he should be born in, whereas the foreigner, having found his native land unsatisfactory, and having looked over the world, chooses to plant himself in the United States, as a country which best satisfies his ideals, and offers most to his material needs and desires. As the choice is his, so is he doubly bound to be loyal to the land of his adoption.

Let whoever lacks patriotism be warned that, though he knows it not, he is a slave to selfishness. He may hope to evade his duty by pleading prudence, or lack of conviction, or his disbelief in war, or any other excuse; but he is refuted by the actions of patriots in every country and in every time — actions which shine as stars to guide and inspire mankind forever. Peace-at-any-price is constructive treason. Cowardice can no more do the work of courage than putty that of steel.

As we are all parts of a larger group, so must we set the welfare of that group, be it village or city, above our own. Each of us is a twig on a many-branched tree, but the twig dies if it

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be cut off from the tree. On every tree there are dead branches into which the sap, which feeds the rest, has ceased to flow. Do not mistake the rustling of the dead leaves on those branches for whispers of life-bringing messengers. Least of all mistake for true prophets those seducers who urge you to set comfort above honor, cowardice above valor, visions of an imaginary Utopia above love of your actual country. Life is a commodity allotted to every creature—to snail and snake, to tiger and hawk, and to all the myriad sorts of men. It is the stuff out of which each weaves his particular fabric—the wicked his iniquity, the wretch his baseness, the good his benefits, the noble-minded his heroism. Therefore was it said two thousand and more years ago that "not merely to live, but to live nobly" should be the end of man. And therefore did our supreme American seer sing in a crisis like the present:

"'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

A Personal Desire

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

FOR Light and Air and Space I ask,
And paths that upward climb;
And heart and hand to do my task,
And Silence, half the time.

The Light and Air and Space I crave,
And news of deeds sublime;
And winds to fan me, though they rave,
And Silence, half the time.

Light, Air, and Space, and sun and stars,
And moons that reach their prime;
And thunder-storm, and rainbow-bars,
And Silence, half the time.

Light, Air, and Space, and swift pursuit
Of echoes, ringing chime on chime;
Then old, and blind, and absolute,
Gray Silence, half the time.

Light, Air, and Space, and tear and scar,
And friends of many a clime;
And broken sword and simitar,
And Silence, half the time.

Then Light and Air and Space again,
And end of rust and grime;
And Music, making love to men,
And Silence, half the time.

Light, Air, and Space, and fire and ice,
And windows white with rime;
And Saints that sing of Paradise,
And Silence, half the time.

Light, Air, and Space, and Faith and Love,
And Time's last peak to climb;
And then, in world all worlds above,
Great Silence, half the time.

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Two Generations—1850-1917

BY E. S. MARTIN

RECKONING three generations to a century, *Harper's Magazine*, begun sixty-seven years ago, is two generations old. That it is still going strong any one can see. No other American magazine of its type has matched its honorable longevity or shows more authentic evidence of ability to go on in good works.

One need not be very old to remember when the stand-by of American readers of current periodical literature was *Littell's Living Age*, a publication that still flourishes, and is still, as formerly, made up mainly of articles transplanted from the English magazines. *Littell* was a general reliance of reading people who wished to supplement the information that the newspapers gave them about what the great world was thinking of.

The great world before 1850 was Europe. It is still Europe. We have been reading Europe and little else for nearly three years. But it is not so preponderantly Europe as it was two generations ago. More of it, a larger proportion, is America. These States alone, the census-man says, have four times as many people as they had in 1850, and—do you believe it?—twenty-six times as much "wealth." You may guess for yourself what the census-man means by "wealth," and you are entitled to your own opinion as to whether or not it really is riches, but such as it is, he is probably right in estimating that we have raised, dug out, manufactured, saved up, or built twenty-six times as much of it as we had two generations ago. Where there was one United States American in 1850 the census-man encouraged us last year to look for four, and to expect to find on each of them a fortune of two thousand dollars, whereas the man of 1850 had but three hundred.

If we look in the right places we shall find the four, and they will have the fortunes; and if we look in other places we shall find the man of 1850 gone and his dwelling in decay, and of course we shall find that our vast increase of "wealth" has not been spread out even. We shall also find that to some localities and to some people it has been costly, because those places are less attractive than they were two generations ago, and the people who live in them now seem less interesting than those who lived in them then. The spread of cities has destroyed some charming countrysides, and a lot of villages and small towns that had character and quality—like the Quincy lamented by Mr. C. F. Adams in his autobiography — have either had their best population drawn away or have faded into parasite suburban communities. Organization and industrialism have so affected us that the proportion of upstanding individuals in this country is probably smaller than in 1850, and the proportion of human cogs larger. The West was not developed and settled without cost to the East; the cities have not developed without cost to the country; the railroads have not developed without loss to the places that were "off the main line"; the more enterprising and acquisitive people have not got rich and risen in life without loss to the neighbors they rose away from. There are losses for most of our gains, as the good poet Stoddard would have admitted, and change has its sad side even when it is for the better. But human life is so arranged, and perhaps it is lucky that it is so, since otherwise we might want to live forever.

I suspect that there are fewer cultivated Americans than there were two generations ago when *Harper's Magazine* started partly with borrowed literature and largely with the aid of British writers. It has kept on with the British writers, more or less, ever since, but it has varied them with an increasing proportion of American contributors.

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There is little or no prejudice against British writers in this country. We read them greedily if they can write, and a good many of them can. There are very many more American writers now than there were in 1850, and *Harper's Magazine* has done its share—a large share—to bring them on. But as to cultivated readers, the case is not so plain. There have to be writers so that in most current publications (though not in *Harper's*) there may be reading-matter to go next to the advertisements, but most advertisers do not insist on having only cultivated readers. What they want is readers who will buy goods, and they get them. Writers who can attract and interest readers who will buy goods are always in request, and sure of access to the public. Some of the best writers have this profitable gift. Others lack it. Some indifferent writers have it.

Mr. John Jay Chapman, in the last chapter of his life of William Lloyd Garrison, laments the passing of old American cultivation, but he is not despondent. He expects it to return some time, and doubtless on a much larger scale. Everything is on a large scale now. When we regain cultivation no doubt we shall get huge consignments of it. When we attain to civilization it will be civilization for the hundred million. The wonderful Ford automobile is the example of how things are furnished to us in these remarkable times.. We are getting the most marvelous apparatus of duplication the sun ever shone on. All we need is good patterns and we are going to reproduce them by the million. We have been busy these last two generations in providing the materials of civilization. We have got them in immense store, and factories to keep up and increase the supply, and, unless our raw material is exhausted before the civilization comes, we shall have it, and more of it, than any people who ever lived.

Why not? Haven't we got the people, and the land, and the iron ore, and the coal, and the oil, and the schools and the colleges, and the hospitals and sanatoriums, and even the churches? Certainly we shall have lots of civilization and cultivation, too, if the market for them holds out. Everything that interferes is to be abolished. Rum must go—is going fast. The selfish habit of male voting is being rapidly abated. Everybody is to get what is coming to him—to every man instruction and an opportunity, to every woman a vote and a job. If that is not civilization, what is?

Nevertheless, that is not quite the view Mr. Chapman holds about it. The decay of learning in the United States he finds to have been due to two causes, one being the withering influence of isolation and of commerce; the other, the present preoccupation of our noblest minds with philanthropic work. Following close after the Civil War, "when our intellectual blight was the worst," there started the new gospel of love and philanthropy that now, he says, "absorbs whole classes of people in American life, and swallows the young as the crusades once swallowed them." It is to this prevailing gospel of love rather than to our notable apparatus for duplication that Mr. Chapman looks for American regeneration.

And truly love is the important matter. The other day when the little dog who for seven years had inhabited my family was accidentally killed, every tire in our household went flat. Not any detail of our apparatus of modern civilization was disturbed. We still had hot and cold water, telephones, newspapers, meals, and electric light. Our incomes were unimpaired; our health not much affected. But suddenly the appetite for all these blessings was not. A little aspiring dog with a purpose to get to the front, but who could not answer the telephone, nor read the magazines, nor run the Ford, nor do any useful thing, had quit his employment and left all his human comrades disconsolate and in a heap. For the moment nothing mattered to them that was in the paper, nothing that was on the table. The water might run hot or cold; the Edison lamps glow bright or not; no one cared. For the little dog's employment had been to love us and to show his affection, and he had worked at it ceaselessly and with fearless activity and ambition, and had got back from all of us what he gave.

The awful slump in our hearts that followed his departure told a story that applies to civilization. Love is the most

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Painting by Anna Whelan Betts

A GENTLE READER OF ANTE-BELLUM DAYS

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precious product of anything that produces it. It is the spark that makes the human motor go, the current that carries the message. Civilization is good and lasts in just the degree that it is based in it and fosters it. With it, life may lack most of the material embellishments and still be good. Without it, all the findings of science and products of practised art and industry cannot make life palatable. We can measure the changes of two generations by the test whether they have made love more to abound in our world, or made it scarcer, more elusive, harder to come by and to bind to life. If an increasing pressure of competition and the organization and mechanization of everything is going to make us too hard, too busy, too engrossed in acquisition and "progress" to love one another and our neighbors, our world is not going well.

Knowledge of certain kinds has increased abundantly in two generations. The doctors know appreciably more. They fight consumption better, for example, and scores of other ailments, and invade, excise, and repair the human frame in a way that would have been unthinkable in 1850. They have learned a great deal that is so, and apply it to the benefit of human life. Also, no doubt, a good deal that is not so and will presently be discarded as unprofitable knowledge.

The ministers also have learned something. Old as their calling is, and concerned with facts and records that have been in use and under interpretation for many centuries, both the calling and the interpretation of the facts and records have had an enormous revision in sixty-seven years. In 1850, dutifully instructed persons knew by computations based on history guaranteed by revelation that this world was four thousand and four years old. They had much other like knowledge, derived from consecrated literature, and not to be disputed by persons who valued their reputations. Most of it is gone now. The Bible, on which it was based, is a greater book than ever, the best seller of all the books, and the most read. But while it never was a more potent means of grace than now, its power as a theological slung-shot has been reduced in various particulars, and as a record of geological chronology its standing is impaired.

Advance has been made, too, in the ability to distinguish between the Jewish and the Christian religions, the basic books of both of which are included between its covers.

The ministerial calling has had hard jolts while all this readjustment has been proceeding, and has had to shift emphasis from doctrine to philanthropy, but its case is improving and there seem to be better days ahead of it. For doctrine is a great matter, with tremendous consequences, powerful for regeneration when it is sound, and direful when it is not. And philanthropy is not quite a religion in itself, nor able to maintain itself without religion to sustain and feed it. Men never needed more than now to find the clue to the mystery of life, nor were more disposed to value the good offices of persons qualified to teach them where to look for it.

And lawyers have changed, too. Lawyers have been organized, and are men of business now, with stenographers and typewriters, and telephones, and all the apparatus for getting work done without doing it. That is one great aim of this generation of men—to get their work done without doing it, and then go out and rest their nerves at golf. No longer than forty years ago a lawyer still had an inkstand and pen, paper, and some books. But now a truly great lawyer needs only a chair and table and a telephone. The mechanisms of his office do the rest.

The old-time blacksmith shops are about gone. There must be some, for the farmers, at least, still have horses. But I don't know where they hide. There are still wagon-factories, and there must be wheelwrights, but their industry has decayed and few men can live by it. The great name of Smith will soon be dying out of the world and will be succeeded by a patronymic compounded from "gasolene" and "garage." Loafing, that used to be done profitably in smithies, has been transferred to golf clubs.

Not any modern improvement has moved our world as much as the automobile. Coal and kerosene, railroads,

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telegraphs, cotton-gins, sewing-machines, plumbing pipes, telephones, trolley-cars, typewriters, cash registers, kodaks, electric lights, aeroplanes, golf, baseball, and the movies, have all affected our habits, some of them very seriously. But nothing has equaled the automobile in power to chase us out of the beaten path. When one thinks of it, he almost wants to go back and live in trees again. He cannot imagine a world that is not chased in motor-cars, and with the war burning up all the money and all the supplies, where are they coming from, and the rubber and the gasolene and the money to keep them going?

This modern life draws heavily on all resources. Three years ago next fall an eminent American historian watched the beginnings of the war of all the nations with forebodings that if it lasted long enough it would end in the collapse of national credit, followed by the collapse of private credit, and then a return to primitive conditions, and the support of what life remained by personal agriculture. It has not come to that yet, in this country at least, but it has made undeniable progress in that direction. Up to lately the opinion prevailed that our civilization, with all its defects, was certainly on the right track, and far better and more promising than any civilization that had preceded it. Men saw its incomparable progress in mechanics and scientific knowledge, and its apparent extrication from dreadful errors that had harassed their fathers' fathers, and looked for such a multiplication and exchange of commodities as would abolish poverty, and for such an expansion of liberty, order, and the rule of wisdom as should presently stabilize the happiness of mankind. But all those expectations have been very rudely shaken. Everything to which we trusted to smooth the process of universal salvation is now again under critical scrutiny. We doubt that this age of mechanisms will turn out to be a valid millennium. We doubt that, after all, coal and iron and copper and organization and efficiency are destined to save mankind. We see all the resources of science, all the products of all brains and all factories, applied either to destroy humanity or to palliate a little that destruction. We see the world that the doctors were busy making germ-proof suddenly overwhelmed by a horrible disease that neither medical nor scientific nor theological acumen at all avails to check. Raging and ravaging it spreads from nation to nation; till observers call its course the greatest tragedy in recorded history.

Mankind is sick. The war, like any other disease, is a symptom. What is going on is a tremendous effort to throw out some poison from the human system.

But what is the poison? If we call it Prussianism — militarism — that is only half an answer. Germany may be the sickest of the ailing nations, and her cure may be a necessity precedent to the cure of the others, but all the other nations are more or less sick with the same disease, and their immense struggles to cure her will not be truly successful unless they cure themselves as well.

What is this disease, that makes us wonder whether the thirteenth century was not, after all, a better period than the twentieth? What is it that, developing in these two generations we are contemplating, has laid mankind so low? Is it commercialism? Is it materialism? Have we lost touch with the spirit, and thought, like the builders of Babel's tower, to buttress ourselves against destiny by material resources and defenses? Or is it the final struggle of democracy against the selfishness of autocratic ruling powers and all the vultures that sustain them?

All of us are doctors now, and each is entitled to make his own diagnosis, but this disease, whatever it is, of which the world is sick, is a commentary, not to be avoided or ignored, on the two generations that we are considering. However detached we Americans have been from Europe, our isolation has not been so complete but that the development of our life has followed in the main the same processes as the development of the life of Europe. Things may have gone faster here or slower; our separateness has protected us from some dangers and doubtless exposed us to others; but the same new knowledge, the same material development, the same increase in wealth and numbers which has wound up

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Painting by Anna Whelan Betts Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

TRAVEL OF TO-DAY IS A TWO-FOLD ADVENTURE

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in Europe with a universal *mêlée*, is precisely what had quadrupled our population and multiplied our wealth by twenty-six. Everything, pretty much, that has affected Europe has happened to us; but, having fought out a civil war fifty years ago, we have not had, as Europe's nations have, to go to war with one another. Our unity and our continental separation have protected us for nearly three years from the prevailing epidemic. Nevertheless, we have been living very much the same life that Europe has led, have pursued very much the same ends in like ways, and the ailment which has convulsed and prostrated her runs in our veins, too. It is only our good luck that we are not as sick as she is. But we will be if we keep on as we have been going, and it behooves us to watch for the cure of this disease and take it earnestly as soon as we can find it.

One thing is plain enough. A multiplication of people and material things—the "wealth" the census-man keeps tab on—does not bring safety. The more people the more danger if once they are lined up to destroy one another. The more railroads, cities, factories, laboratories, armies, efficiencies, and organizations, the bigger the fire if once they get ablaze. Our strength protects us only from enemies outside of our nation and may not protect us even from them. If we get overstrong so that they fear us, if we get overstrong so that our pride becomes overbearing, our very strength and wealth and numbers and efficiency may be our undoing. There is more than a chance of it; there is almost certainty that, given the causes, it will happen so. We shall be very imperfectly defended by mere material devices of aggression and defense. We dare not go without them; in the present opinion of most of us we have been foolhardy as it is in our neglect to provide them. But in themselves they will never make us safe. Our security must rest not in armies nor in navies, but in the spirit that is back of them; in the character and leadership of our people.

Wealth makes a country worth robbing, and compels it to protect itself. But that isn't the worst of it. Inside of the country the distribution of it is always unequal, and usually inequitable, and that makes for internal troubles. We know that in these two generations since *Harper's Magazine* started there has been in this country an unprecedented development of wealth, but just how great has been the corresponding development of jealousy and ill-feeling we cannot so easily estimate. The census-man does not tell us. If it has increased twenty-six times we must be seething with hatreds, but probably it hasn't. For one thing, these have been mighty busy generations, and our people have not been able to give much of their time to hating. For another thing, almost all of us are richer than we were, and that has made the inequalities of fortune more bearable. Then, the churches have done something, the schools have done something, every one has been taught to read, and newspapers and other lively and sometimes meritorious publications have been so cheap and so enormously diffused that reading them has left folks less time to bring forth works meet for discontent. And then there has been the rise of baseball and all athletics and lately of the movies; and, above all, the large latitude of public regulation permitted by our institutions to people with a turn for improving their neighbors, has let off a great deal of disapproval and dislike in ways that, though uncomfortable, are not fatal.

It may be that this last peculiarity of ours is the greatest safety-valve we have invented. Heaven knows that it involves much discomfort, and that the remedies it administers to us are only very slightly, if at all, to be preferred to the diseases they essay to physic. Grave have been our sufferings and our losses, and narrow our escapes, in the course of popular reformation. Very serious in that score is the outlook ahead for us. We have had the Civil War, which was necessary but severe, and carpet-bag reconstruction, which was severe without being necessary; we have fought the good fight with bad money and have won it; corporations have alarmed us by their encroachments, and we have alarmed ourselves even more by our efforts to stand them off; railroads have threatened to own us, and we have

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fought them till we are faced with the appalling possibility of owning them; legislatures were to defend our rights, and nowadays we practise to be defended from legislation; labor unions, constrained to organize for the protection of workmen against employers, bid fair to compel an organization of the general public for protection against the unions; suffragists marshal hosts to dilute our vote, and teetotalers band together to cut off even the least obnoxious of our intoxicants. Our schools are being made over; our colleges, hospitals, and libraries cry out for money with ceaseless energy of solicitation. Every man's hand is in his neighbor's pocket, seeking the means of moral and mental improvement for the race. What is ahead for the churches is not yet disclosed, but they are not dead yet, and it is doubtful if they are dying. Distracted with reformations and improvements, we may turn again to them in a mighty rush for solace and salvation.

That there is safety in numbers applies at least to reforms. When there are so many and all going so strong, they will temper one another in the end, and human life will manage to squeeze through between them. Only those that are sound can last, and the danger is greater that good ones will be lost in the crush than that bad ones will last too long. It is comparatively easy to palliate reformation. All our vices and all our human leaning toward relaxation work to that end. If we must suffer from vast experiments with novelties, still we may get off cheaper than Europe in her experiment with the horrible old remedy of war. It is not going to happen with us as the historian so much feared, that our whole apparatus of comfort and entertainment will be scrapped. Our machines will be left to us and the power to make them will remain, but somehow we shall compass it that we shall drive them and not they us.

Man will never be saved by a mechanism, and surely we may believe that he will never be permanently damned by any number of them. The spirit will prevail in the end.

Once there was a great reformation against ecclesiastical mechanism. What is going on now is another great reformation against governmental and material machines. But the Reformation of Luther did not destroy the church, and our reformation will not destroy the Ford. It will only put material things in their place again, and money in its place along with the rest. Nothing is more striking at the close of two generations of impassioned money-making than the way money has lost its distinction. The next great phenomenon is the decay of the power and prestige of social rank. The kings are toppling and the bankers are servants of the people.

Astonishing times! Astonishing, immeasurable, incalculable. Very dimly can any one see what processes of reconstruction are ahead, or how they will work out or how long it will take. But we can believe, without too great a strain of faith, that they are working toward civilization, and civilization, we know, consists not much in mechanism, but mainly in the diffusion of love.

To love our neighbor is the great task ahead for all of us who are left in this world; and it is not easy, for our neighbor is not always lovable. If the best we can do is just to get along with him, we must practise to do that. There must be order in the world and we must do our share to bring it. There must be some approximation to justice, and we must stand for it. But love is the main thing, and without it, even a just and ordered world would be a mere purgatory that we lived in for our sins.

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The Boy's Mother

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

FOR many days, off and on at frequent intervals, Merington might have been seen striding up the path of a certain garden. Then there was that one day when she met him in the library; the day when her lame brother limped out of the room on his crutches and left her and Merington and a perfectly dead silence.

Merington never knew exactly how he got to the subject; very few men who make a success of it ever do. Why should a man remember just what got him to the point where he is as melted wax before the woman he loves? Merington probably could not have told you any more than that at last he took her in his arms with his own clumsy fierceness, and said a few broken sentences.

It might be recorded that Merington floated home that night. When he got home he sat and floated some more for a long time; and finally, toward two o'clock, he went to bed.

During the next week there was news for him. Merington was probably twice as surprised as the world at large, barring the German Empire, when the world broke into war. Nobody was more confident that there could not be war:

"Good Lord! my dear, we've got past fighting! Why, the murder machines themselves are the best protection. Besides, it would involve everybody! There can't *everybody* go to war! And with the war-machines we've got nowadays—Oh, well, it won't happen! Don't disturb yourself, my dear. Don't you look anxious!"

And, having settled the question to her comfort, he stirred his tea and took another of the jam sandwiches she offered him and put a kiss on her white forearm before she set the plate again on the tray.

Two weeks later he had answered his country's call. He showed some swagger at his club that day and expressed profound relief. England was coming to her senses, thank Heaven! She had been asleep too long. Look how she had shilly-shallied over the Irish affairs, and bungled and muddled everything else. She had been too patient; and such a lot of talk! But now, by George! there really would be something done! For himself, he asked nothing better than to be permitted to do his share. "For it's not going to amount to more than a jolly good beating for them. We'll be back to tea and jam sandwiches almost before we're there. Look at the Powers they've got against them!"

All this to young Brookby, who was, Merington knew, hard hit by the news. For if young Brookby went—and of course he'd have to go!—there was young Mrs. Brookby to leave, and that new first baby—with five names and just three weeks of life to its count.

"Gad! I hope they won't dawdle about it! A lot of red tape, you know, and all that sort of thing. I'd like jolly well to start right off!" Merington declared.

By all of which any one not knowing the inner workings of Merington's mind would have judged he had for years past lived with a soldier's hope—the hope of active service.

The fact was Merington never hesitated to tell an untruth when it could do no one harm and could ease the minds of others. It would certainly make things easier for everybody, which was to say for Gwendolen and his mother, if they believed he was really eager to go. Merington's entire moral code was built in a very personal way on others. He had no religious objection whatever to breaking any of the ten commandments. But if the breaking of any one of them brought sorrow or even discomfort to any one else, then the breaking of it

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was wrong; that was for him the decalogue in a nutshell.

So Merington talked a good deal, by and by, about the wisdom displayed in the ordering out of his regiment. "They've been deucedly slow about it," he observed. "Two whole months! They ought to have sent us out at once."

But for all these harmless lies which he indulged in at the club, at dinner, at tea, here and there and everywhere, Merington did not lie to himself. He knew he hated to go, *hated* to go. He knew he would infinitely rather crack rocks for the rest of his life—if they would only let him crack them on a certain road, where he could get up now and then and run up a certain lovely lane, past the hawthorn hedge to a certain garden, typically English, where she sat, and where the larkspur and prince's-feather and mignonette of her tending, and roses of an incredible loveliness bloomed, but slight and negligible things, frail and on their way to wither, compared with that ever fresh and ever renewed loveliness of her.

"Oh, hang it!" Merington said, sitting down heavily in his arm-chair one night, with an absent, glazy stare. "I can't go!" Then, more softly, "I can't go!" Then, in a kind of whimpering whisper, "I can't, can't, can't leave you, my dear!"

There was a gentle knock at the door. Merington raised his head sharply:

"Yes?"

His mother came into the room. As an excuse, she had a toddy in one hand. She wore a long dressing-gown of a nondescript color. She was a slender woman, and a little gaunt, with a quiet, subdued air about her. The slight stoop of her shoulders, the softness of her step, the little rather dreary gentlenesses and hesitations in her manner, the little inopportune kindnesses that she was forever rendering absently, and the waiting inflections of her voice—all these bespoke a nature unassertive, a character indefinite and receptive rather than positive or self-made. It was as though upon what had once been a fair blank sheet Life had jotted down, through the years and in fine script, many memoranda, but of matters rather commonplace and of no very great consequence to remember.

The face, which was white and beginning to be old, was to-night unaffectedly tired. Anxiety had drawn its hands over it. She had hardly slept the night before. She had spent the hours between wakefulness in the moonlight and sundry trips down the hall to his door, where she would stand with her head bent to the door-crack, listening. And because each time, tiptoe as she might, Merington's acute hearing was aware of her, she heard him snoring soundly as she stood. This he supposed would comfort her, and it did. Moreover, he could not have borne to have her come and sit by his bed as he believed might be her intention; for in the low wicker chair there beside it in the moonlight his fevered fancy seemed to see the girlish figure, slight, slight and delicate, of Gwendolen—there exquisite and lyric as a stave of song, unbelievably beautiful, yet real as every throb of his heavy pulses; there near to him she seemed to be, and by an exquisite torment that he allowed himself, just so far from him that he could not draw her to him, body and soul both; there like some sacred chalice in the moonlight, waiting the touch of his lips, but not to be touched—not yet—until he had known the baptism of fire.

So, his own face was gaunt a little, and worn, and the likeness between it and his mother's, which was usually a very slight and shadowy thing, was strong now. You looked from one to the other and you seemed to see time pass, and seemed to know what it had been about.

"Reginald—"

He looked up, but did not stir from his arm-chair. She put the toddy on the table and turned the lamp a bit higher. She was just a little too dull, too preoccupied, too timid, to know he had turned it low purposely.

"The evening is so cool. I only wanted to come to see if you had enough fire," she said, absently. She looked so wholly irrelevant standing there behind him, so unwanted. She was like a solitary tree on a sandy dune. She took no notice of the fire whatever, but turned her head very little, and glanced from one point to another of the shadowy

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room as you have seen a sea pine-tree turn its head ever so slightly to some mysterious moving air-currents unfelt by any one but itself. It was as though, standing there above him, she felt some presence of calamity, some ominous moving of the great currents of the world that had not yet touched him as he sat there gazing into the fire, but which she knew soon must do so, bowing and quenching his young strength.

"Enough fire?" he said, and raised his head. "Oh, I've plenty, thank you."

It was foolish of them to put each other off. He knew perfectly well, as well as she did, what she had come for.

She came and stood beside him, and remained there mute, gazing into the fire, she also now.

He took one of her hands in his and patted it. It was a thin, worn hand, loaded above its wedding band with a lot of ill-assorted rings.

"Too bad, little Mater," he said. (He liked to call her "little Mater.") "Too bad. But never you mind. We'll come back covered with glory, provided we're not covered with earth first."

She took a quick look of horror at him, which he did not see. Then she forgot herself again and tried to enter into his thoughts.

"It will be very hard indeed for you, Reginald."

"For me? Oh no. I'm itching for it." He dropped her hand and rubbed his own hands together. "*Itching* for it!" He put a hand on each knee and stared into the fire as though there he could picture and see the coveted struggle.

"But I mean just *now*." Her glance went to a picture of Gwendolen on his table.

The coals crumbled together. He withdrew his gaze from them. He reached for his tobacco-pouch. There were hunger and need in his soul that some one should speak to him of her, yet he pretended not to know just what his mother meant. He began filling his pipe with great nicety.

His mother walked away from him with her peculiar, quiet, subdued step, the train of the dressing-gown trailing along after her softly, dutifully. She paused for a moment at the end of the room by a table, then walked back again and stood near him. With an exceedingly careful forefinger he was pressing the tobacco down in his pipe, very neatly indeed. She watched him, a little dazed, hardly attentive while he lighted it at last and got it going.

"Don't bother about me, Mater," he said when he had let out a long trial puff. "I'll sleep like a top and pack up in the morning. You're a brick!" He said this pressing and relinquishing the pipe-stem with his lips and his eyes once more on the fire.

His mother noted the delicacy and strength of his hands on the chair-arms. She stood close by him, and took the uncommon liberty of putting her hand on his heavy, blond hair.

"My son! My son! If I were Gwendolen— "

He responded quickly. He was not afraid now. He looked up with a light in his eyes. "I wonder if you'd be goose enough, eh, Mater, to love a fellow as she does? Do you know she thinks I'm wonderful." He half closed his eyes dreamily. "Do you know, when I think that when I come home she'll marry me—! That's why I'll come home. Don't you see? I was only speaking in fun before. I feel as though a bullet couldn't hit me with that around me!" Suddenly his face was sober, beautifully sober, as though an unsuspected curtain somewhere were withdrawn, allowing light from a hidden altar to shine on it.

"I suppose not," his mother said, in a bewildered way. Then she slipped into a strange, dreary monotone. "How proud she'll be! Almost as proud as I!"

"You!" Merington was recalled to himself and laughed. "Oh, Mummy! You are foolish about me, but you don't begin to be as foolish about me as she is. Why, she thinks I'm perfect! And you couldn't, couldn't make her see anything else."

His mother was bewildered again. "Yes, I see," she said, not seeing at all, and trying to smile.

They were both silent for a moment, then she spoke:

"I don't think men ever know exactly what it means to a mother. Your father was a very fine man; but I don't believe even your father could guess. Those long days and nights, I mean."

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She was looking into the fire intently now, one hand closed on her cheek, dragging her lips down a little bit. "I used to pray so, before I saw you. And I was so afraid you'd be a girl! Of course, if you had been," she said, with quick apology, "I would have loved you. But oh, I wanted a boy. I wanted a boy!" She paused. "And now you are so big and strong! You had a way of reaching up and putting your hand right over my mouth as I held you. You loved to do that. Isn't it ridiculous? And now you are so tall! And I used to hold all of you in my arms, and I'd put your hand spread out on my palm, and it was so soft and so little!"

His thoughts were not with her. His lips no longer tightened and relaxed on his pipe-stem. Indeed, he had taken his pipe from his mouth; the bowl of it was held forgotten in one hand. He was looking into the fire. When he spoke his eyes were narrowed as though better to visualize something:

"Have you noticed her hands, Mummy? Such hands! They are the most wonderful little hands—*wonderful* little hands!" He remembered, with a sudden swimming of his senses, the soft touch of them in his own.

His mother did not speak at once. When she did, her words, too, were wide of the mark:

"I must not forget to warn Gwendolen that you cannot take iron. You never could. It always made your head ache. And I wonder if she knows how to bandage. You remember how I bandaged your arm that time you hurt it so badly? Doctor Harkness said I did it well. Every one ought to know how to bandage."

"By Jove!"—his eyes were still narrowed speculatively—"if I didn't come back! There is almost something awful in getting a girl's love like that. Hardly seems right. Why, I'd die a thousand times over to save her pain. And here this damnable war—of nobody's making— Sometimes, do you know, I'm not altogether sure it wouldn't be the finer thing to stay at home—"

His mother's eyes were on him strangely now. "My son, you couldn't honorably," she said, softly, as though to herself. "I couldn't let you. It's a mother's duty to give even that—even her son."

"That may be," he said, with a little laugh, "but it is different with her. I tell you, Mater, you can't realize how she loves me!"

His mother started slightly and took an anxious look at him. He seemed to her strangely changed. They had never spoken in this way nor of such things together.

"Why, yes, I could; I could let you stay at home." She glanced anxiously toward the shadows, almost as though some one might have overheard her. "Or you and I could go away somewhere together. We could simply say—"

"I was in jest," he said, abruptly.

She walked away from him. "But aren't we foolish to talk so gloomily! Here, my dear, take your toddy."

He allowed her to put the glass in his hand. He held it on his knee, still looking glazedly into the fire. His mother walked away from him again into the shadows of the big room and up and down slowly, quite apart from him. Once she raised her eyes in a kind of mute horror in the shadows, and put her gaunt hands over her face.

"We mustn't be gloomy," she murmured, "but oh, it would be horrible, horrible!" She began her walk again. As she came near to him he heard her words the plainer that they were so soft: "You see she is young and fresh—she has her whole life ahead of her. I don't mean it would be easy—but in time—"

"It would kill her," he said, distinctly.

She paused and then resumed her steps. "Oh no, it wouldn't; no, it wouldn't, my son." Her voice was gentle, monotonous. "She would take it fearfully to heart one year, two years. But she is young. Men do not understand. There is one kind of love that you may get over—there is another that you never, never, never can. She would travel and study and meet new people, and have other men to love her."

His voice struck out sharply:

"Mummy!"

She was near him. She came to his side. Her voice, though it had in it something far-off, was full of anxious apology.

"Now, my dear, it's *too* absurd to

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suppose I meant any one could ever be to her what you are! But you know perfectly well what I mean. Study and travel and new people, and— You see, she *is* young. Compare her with me, for instance. I'm old; at least I'm getting old. I would never care to travel. I am too old to undertake such things. And study— So many studies open nowadays to young people—law, and medicine, and suffrage, and day nurseries—a thousand interests."

"Mummy!" He turned in his chair, but she was at the other end of the room. Certainly she was talking a little daft. He returned to the fire. Gwendolen study medicine! Good Lord! The pink-and-white perfection of her!

His mother came again to his side. Her voice was easy, conciliatory, explanatory. "I mean just this: there are so many *general* interests for young people. That's what I mean. Lectures, you know, and a hundred more things. Now I had a very good education in my day, but think what a foolish spectacle it would be for me to study now—at my age. I'm too old to have any interest in study at all. Then, you see, she's got her music. Now, of course, I can play only those few little things, 'Flow Gently, Sweet Afton,' and the 'Cachucha,' and 'The Fisher's Hornpipe'—the things your father used to like. And even if I could, my hands are getting stiff, really quite stiff." She rubbed one hand absently over the other.

He was thinking suddenly of the "Chopin thing," and the "Grieg," and the adorable droop of Gwendolen's face above the keyboard, and the way her hand, white as a tuberose, small and sweet, reached down reverently for the last note, and stayed there a long moment before it dropped at last by her side.

"Don't you see?" his mother was saying, and was walking away from him again. "Surely you see. She's got her music."

Merington turned and looked at the retreating figure. He was keenly sensible, for the first time, how stooped the shoulders were, how old she looked. He felt the unreasoning revulsion with which the mind defends itself against a too keen feeling of pity. How utterly without grace old people can be!

"She's got her music," his mother was saying again. "And there are other people coming into her life every day. Whereas when a woman marries and has children— Of course, some people trust their children to nurses. I never could. I never went anywhere. I've never really gone anywhere to speak of since you were a baby. But she is so young. She would go among people all the while. And some day, just as I did, she would marry some fine man and have a child, and—"

Merington rose, stung, bewildered, shocked, angry. He could hardly believe he heard aright. His hand on the back of the chair trembled, and his voice trembled a little, too.

"Mummy! You're making a great success of this! For a man to love a girl, by Jove! like that, and be ordered away to war, and to have his own mother take the trouble to tell him that if he's killed the girl is going to console herself strumming Chopin and Grieg, meeting people, loving another fellow—yes, and marrying him and having children—" His words broke. He glanced angrily at the floor, then back angrily at her. "It's too much of a success you're making!"

This was his exact speech. He could have told it to you himself, up to the day of his death, word for word, accent for accent.

His mother stopped. The train of her dressing-gown seemed to shrink hurriedly about her feet, as frightened as herself. She stood with a dazed look in her eyes, and said, softly:

"Reginald! You *couldn't* think I meant to rob you. You *couldn't* think I meant she does not love you, better than any one! Of course she does! Why, if you did not come back—of course you *will!* It would be too horrible! But if you didn't—you would break her heart. Just think what it would mean to her! Of course I didn't mean that! But I couldn't help seeing that, no matter how broken-hearted she might be—there are other things; never just the same things —no one like you ever in all the wide world, of course—but— Why, she has that lame brother to love, if it's no one else. She is young; she is beautiful; she has soft hands; she has her own self to look at in the glass." She looked

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around the room. "She has many, many interests—she has music. I only meant that if it happened— It won't!"—she raised her thin hands a little, as though forbidding Heaven to admit the bare thought—"but if it happened, I'd— I'd have—nothing! She has known you just one year, one year this midsummer, at Henley, wasn't it? And don't you see for twenty-eight years and all the nine waiting months before, I've had you—only you—nobody else; no other interests in the world; only you, filling my life. I don't mean—you couldn't think I meant, what you said. But look around my life. Is there anything else in it? Isn't it bare, perfectly bare, except— Don't you see? Don't you see?"

She looked all around the big bare room outside himself and the grate-shadows, as though to show him the emptiness.

But Merington's eyes were on her, and his old self was rushing back, rushing back stumblingly. Good God! Could he have been as dull and as brutal as that! He stalked over to the slender, lonely figure and put his arms about it. He drew her over tenderly to the chair in front of the fire. Then he got down on his knees somehow beside her. He had never done such a thing before, yet it came easy to him now.

"Mummy," he said, kissing the thin fingers and then reverently her wedding-ring, "of *course* I know what you mean!" He patted the delicate veined hand with little soft pats such as he might possibly have given it as a child, but never since.

She looked uncertain, not sure of anything, very unused to such demonstration. She seemed to want to explain it all to him again, but he had explanations to make of his own.

"Did you think I imagined I'd ever get from anybody else such love as you've given me all these years?" He spoke eagerly. He looked solemnly into the fire. "No other woman on earth will ever give me such love as that."

She groped her other hand along the chair-arm and put it on top of his own. The little act was greatly demonstrative in a woman of her type.

"Oh, I didn't mean, my dear, that she doesn't love you better than she loves any one in the world," she said, insistingly.

"But, Mummy, how *could* she love me as well as you do? Everybody knows what a mother's love is. That is a thing you don't even have to talk about. Everybody knows."

The lines were altering in her face. Something—an expression, a shade of happiness—something was coming into it. Perhaps he did understand, in a way, as much as a woman can ever expect her children to understand.

"Why, I was talking to Barton the other day," he ran on—"you remember Barton, don't you? Barton who went to Spain, you know, to study Spanish literature and the history and all that. Well, Barton was telling me an old Spanish folk story, and, by Jove! do you know it impressed me a lot. It was about a man who loved a girl—and she put him to several severe tests to prove his love for her. Well, he met them all—glad to, you know. Then by and by"—he looked into the fire again and dwelt a little on the words, as a good teller of tales would do, though he had never before told a tale in his life. His mother watched him, as absorbed as a child. He began again impressively—"By and by, as a *supreme* test, she asked him to bring her in a silver casket the *heart of his mother!*"

She gave a little shocked start. "Oh, my dear!"

"Well," Merington again slowed down, well pleased with himself and with her attention. "Yes, if you will believe me, the brute even did *that*. Yes, he did." Another pause, and then lightly, almost glibly: "And then do you know what happened? On the road"—this more slowly and very tellingly—"while he was taking the heart of his mother to the girl he loved—he stumbled and fell, somehow. And right away, from inside the casket, he heard the voice of his mother's heart crying out, distressed: 'Oh, my son! my son! Hast thou hurt thyself?'"

Merington, really pleased with himself, left the tale there, where it fell in dramatic silence. There was nothing to be said; the story said it all. To tell the truth, his mother scarcely grasped it.

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It was to her son rather than the story that she was listening; she was tasting anew the old, unbelievable wonder—that this grown young man, with his heavy hair and broad shoulders, was the same as the little son of old, once wholly dependent on her. He noticed her abstraction.

"*That's* what mother love is like," he said, with a fine finality.

"Well, of course," she reiterated, "I've had you all these years. Of course a mother never calls such things sacrifices, but I've done—I've done a good *many* little things for you."

He put his head back and laughed—a short, hearty laugh. She was delicious in her naïveté. He could see now why his father had loved her.

"Well, I should say you have! Haven't you nursed me through the measles and scarlatina and mumps and malaria? And do you think I'd ever get any other human being in the world to do for me all that you have done?"

"Oh, well, dear, a wife's duties are very great—*very* sacred." She could afford to be a little generous now.

"Oh, but Mummy, no man with a mother like you *expects* his wife to do for him what his mother did." They sat a moment silent. He recalled the cruelty of his first rebuke, the harsh words he had spoken. "Mummy dear," he said, slowly, "I want to tell you something. You must never think that I love her as I love you. I love her as a man ought to love the woman he marries, but no one tells you you've got to love the woman you marry as you love the woman who brought you up. The Bible tells you you've got to leave your mother and father and cleave to her, and that's a good precaution to keep a man from running back to his mother." He smiled a little at his own cleverness. "But that's not meaning a man loves his wife better than his mother. Why, just think how long you've had me! As a rule, a man has only known a girl a year or two." Merington felt very clever somehow in handing back her own argument, with the handle turned toward her.

"Well, of course," his mother said, slipping her hand up to his head, "it really isn't like being a mother. You see, I've had both." (He winced secretly at the implied and absurd assumption that she had ever loved his father as Gwendolen loved him.) "Gwendolen will understand that herself after a while. I know she loves you. But she has never watched you grow each day, nor helped you to learn to walk, nor bought you toys, nor waited for you after school. You see, I was always horribly afraid something might happen—"

"No; and she hasn't nursed me through croup and measles and Heaven knows what," he said, indulgently, rubbing one big hand comfortingly over her thin ones.

She sat a moment looking into the fire. She had hardly dreamed life could be so good. At last she got up. He got up, too, and put his arms around her. Bending back her head, he kissed her on the lips as she had never before been kissed in her life. It was a kiss—he knew this with a clear disloyal consciousness—such as he gave only to the one woman he loved.

She put her arms about him and clung to him passionately like a gentle and old bride. "I've been foolish, so foolish!" she murmured. She brushed one hand over her eyes. "It's the first time I've ever talked like this to you or to any one. We don't usually talk to our children this way. But to-night — the thought of your going away—of your perhaps—"

He broke in on her words very nearly gaily, "But I *am* coming back to you!" Then, very soberly, "But if I don't—listen— You'll remember that I love you best! You'll never, never forget that!"

"Oh, my dear" (how generous she could afford to be now!), "I wouldn't say that! It might—I don't see how it ever could, but it just *might*—get back to Gwendolen." She clung to him an instant, then she slipped away, took up the untouched toddy from the table and again handed it to him, and said the little commonplace things that crowd in after great moments. "Take this, my dear; it will make you sleep."

"Yes, I will take it right away," he promised, and smiled.

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She left him and went to the door. He sat down in his arm-chair facing the fire. With his fingers still around the glass he waited tensely for the click of the latch of her door down the hall. At last he heard it snap softly. Then he pushed the glass away from him. He put out a big shaking hand, drew the framed photograph of the shy-eyed girl of eighteen toward him until it was hid against his breast, ran his fingers up into his thick hair, bowed his head on his arms like a man in some agony and said, softly:

"Oh, my dear, I can't, I can't, I *can't* leave you!"

When Lieutenant Brookby dragged Merington back from the charge in which his men had behaved like the Englishmen they were, he was staggering badly himself. He stopped a moment for breath, took his friend under the armpits again, and dragged him a few yards farther. When he had at last got him behind a rock, Brookby staggered around a little dizzily, and finally settled down hard beside him.

There was a dead silence between them for a space, except once a gruff "Damn it!" from Brookby when he flung some blood from his hand as it trickled from a wound in his breast. His lips were beginning to be drawn back.

"Say, Merington, if you get there, go to see her, will you? Tell her— No, there is no need; she knows. But tell her— Oh, good God! the little chap!"

Merington opened his eyes heavily and looked at his friend. "That bad? Oh no, I won't get there. But maybe you will, after all. Say, Brookby, if you do, there are two women, you understand; *two*. You'll find their names here." He felt blindly for his breast. His breath was coming hard. "Two women, you understand, and they are both going to break their hearts for me. I'd like you to tell 'em both—the—same thing. See? Tell each of them I loved her best. Do you understand? Tell each of them that when I was dying— See? It was with *her* name— You understand? You're not to let the other one know—"

Brookby did not lift his eyes from the trickling blood now. It seemed to have fascinated him.

"I'll be damned!" he said, thickly. "The little chap is eleven weeks old today." His knees and arms contracted in a spasm of pain. He turned over on his face and clutched at the ground. "But I'm damned proud there's no one else but the boy's mother."

There was a moment of dead silence, despite the fearful crack and boom.

Merington's lips were black. They drew together, and once he said, "My dear, I can't!" Then they opened over his white teeth and remained so.

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Living Landmarks of the Russian Revolution

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN

THE Russian revolution was a thrilling surprise to the world no less by the smallness of its cost in human life than by the immensity of its success. But then the one is intimately connected with the other.

The triumph of the uprising would scarcely have been possible without its comparative freedom from bloodshed. It takes two to make a great revolutionary bargain in these days of machine-guns. The army must be as ready to refuse to fire upon the people as the people must be to rise. This co-ordination was lacking in the revolt of 1905, and that uprising was a failure. When on Sunday, January 22d, of that year the working-men of St. Petersburg, led by a priest, marched to the Winter Palace humbly asking for reforms, they were met with a rain of bullets that fixed the day in history under the name of Red Sunday. True, eight months later an effective general strike cowed the Czar into signing a constitution accompanied by a partial amnesty of political prisoners; but this was followed by new scenes of bloodshed, thousands of men and women being treacherously shot down in many cities. This was the beginning of a reign of terror that revived the bloody memory of Ivan the Terrible. Tens of thousands of people were shot down, hanged, or jammed into overcrowded pest-holes in which they died by the hundred. But the army in general remained loyal to the despotic throne.

As a consequence, it was not long before the Czar disregarded even the "dwarf constitution" of October 17, 1905, till the Liberal majority of the first and second Dumas was transformed into one of Black Hundreds.

In the revolution which broke out and came to a triumphant conclusion in March of this year the army joined hands with the people. Even the dreaded Cossacks met the marching workmen and university students with good-natured jests. The infantry and cavalry guarding the capital, regiment after regiment, joined their ranks, and the imperial guards were among the first to rally to the revolt. Thereupon it was recalled that some of these very troops—the celebrated Volynsky regiment, for example—had achieved unenviable distinction by the exceptional brutality and bloodthirsty zeal which it had displayed in suppressing the uprising of 1905.

How did it all come to pass? How was the magic transformation brought about?

That the revolutionary movement had been making headway not only among the rank and file of the army, but also among its officers, was well known, and yet the ease with which aristocratic regiments were won over to the cause of democracy, and more especially the responsive attitude of officers of the court battalions and of the General Staff, was as much of a surprise to the revolutionists as it was to the Czar. Something had apparently occurred behind the scenes the nature of which has not yet been disclosed.

The new revolution was effected at once "from above" and "from below." Indeed, the Duma committee of twelve which has assumed the reins of power is composed chiefly of Liberals and Moderates and includes only two Socialists. As for the ultra-Conservatives, or Blacks, they are not represented. The new revolution, however, like the revolt of 1905, was begun by working-men, and their representatives, the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies so often mentioned in the press despatches,

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form something like a semi-official body to the official Committee of Twelve, which is the companion Provisional Government.

There is a tendency in some quarters to trace the triumphant upheaval to foreign sources, to label it "Made in England." This is chiefly based on the fact that Professor Milukoff visited London and Lord Milner visited Petrograd some time before the outbreak took place. But momentous events in the inner life of a nation are not imported. The upheaval itself was undoubtedly of domestic origin, the outcome of purely Russian conditions. It was the culmination, in fact, of a long chain of revolutionary movements full of lofty idealism and martyrdom, extending over a period of more than half a century.

An Associated Press despatch published in American newspapers on the day following the Czar's abdication told of the appearance of a gray-haired revolutionist named Lopatin at the first session of the victorious Duma. Lopatin, whose first name and patronymic are Herman Alexandrovich, is one of the striking figures in the annals of what was once known as Nihilism as well as of the Terroristic movement which succeeded it. After a long revolutionary career, interspersed with arrests and bold escapes, he was immured in the celebrated fortress of Schlüsselburg, in which he bore the terrors of solitary confinement for twenty years and from which he was released after the uprising of 1905. He emerged from his living grave a man of sixty, full of fight as ever. His health was completely broken, however, and he spent most of his time abroad.

At last, then, he saw the ideals to which he had consecrated his life realized. He went to the Taurid Palace to take a look at the great historical assembly that had just put in execution the program for which he had suffered. He came, and was received with cheers from the representatives of a freed nation, the most divine kind of cheers that had ever been heard in Petrograd.

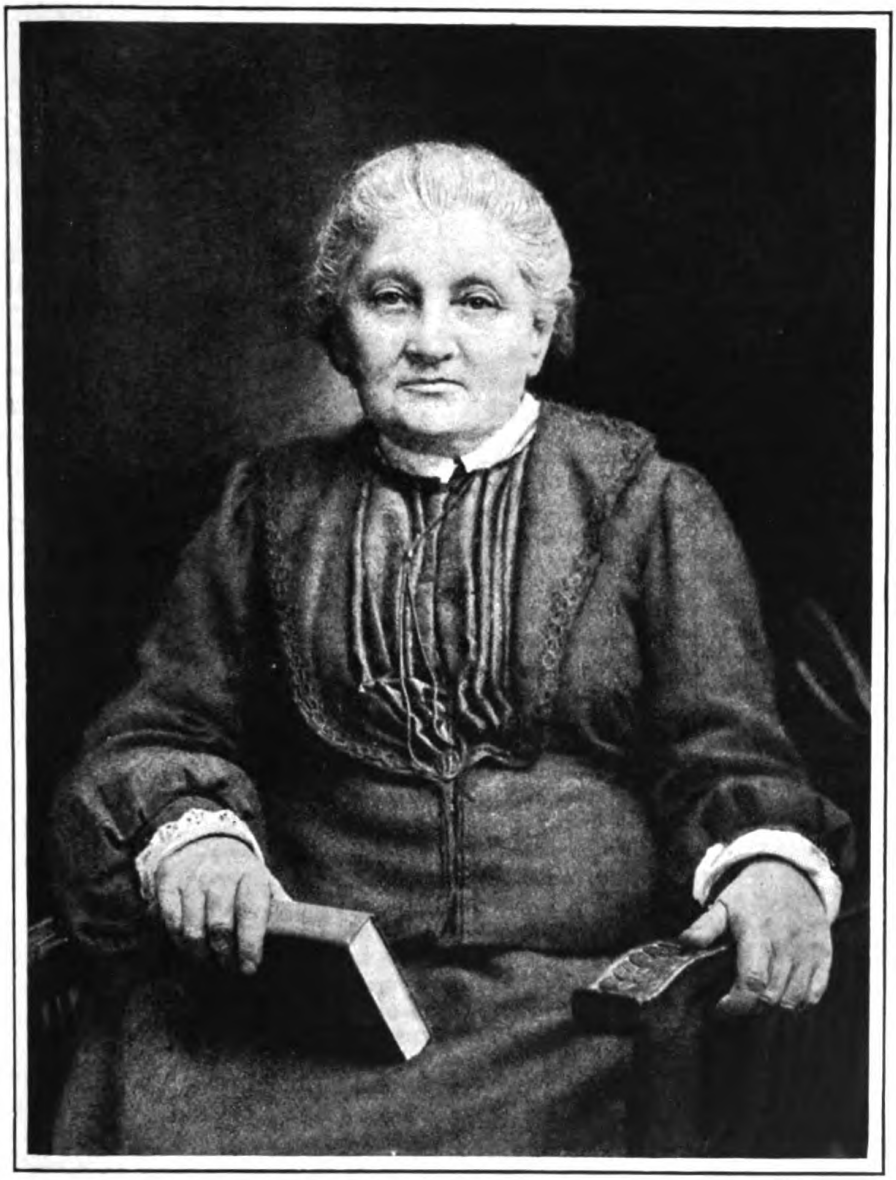
One of the first things done by the new Government was to grant liberty to over one hundred thousand victims of the defunct order of things, among them Catharine Breshkovsky, the celebrated "Little Grandmother" who is well known in New York and Boston, where she lived in 1905. The successful revolution found Mme. Breshkovsky languishing in exile in a far-away Siberian village. The Provisional Government telegraphed her an official invitation to come to Petrograd as the guest of the emancipated nation. On April 1st she came, and was escorted to her hotel by cheering multitudes. The welcome she received was a tribute paid by free Russia not to her only, but to two generations in a glorious campaign without which the victory of liberty would have been impossible.

Gathered in Petrograd and lionized by a grateful public are other men and women, each of them a living tale of amazing self-denial and courage, of thrilling adventure and suffering. To know something of their lives is to know something of the events that paved the way to the dethronement of despotism and to appreciate what is going on in Russia in these interesting days.

Chernyshevsky, the critic and publicist, was removed to Siberia, where he was practically buried alive, for no other crime than the influence he had exercised upon the minds of intellectual Russia. That was in 1864. Two years later a wealthy young nobleman named Karakosoff made an attempt upon the life of the Czar, Alexander II. Karakosoff belonged to a secret group of idealists, all young nobles like himself, who had mingled with the common people, teaching them to read and to write and disseminating ideas of justice and liberty among them. The movement was unconnected with violence in any form. Rather, it resembled the university settlement movement which later developed in English-speaking countries. Indeed, Karakosoff's attempt upon the life of the Czar was a surprise to his own "circle." He had aimed his pistol at the Czar upon his own initiative. This was his way of protesting against tyranny which the Czar followed instead of the reforms he had promised and against the wanton exile of Chernyshevsky.

Lopatin was connected with the Karakosoff "circle," and was cast into prison, but he succeeded in impressing the po-

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MADAME BRESHKOVSKY, THE "LITTLE GRANDMOTHER" OF THE REVOLUTION

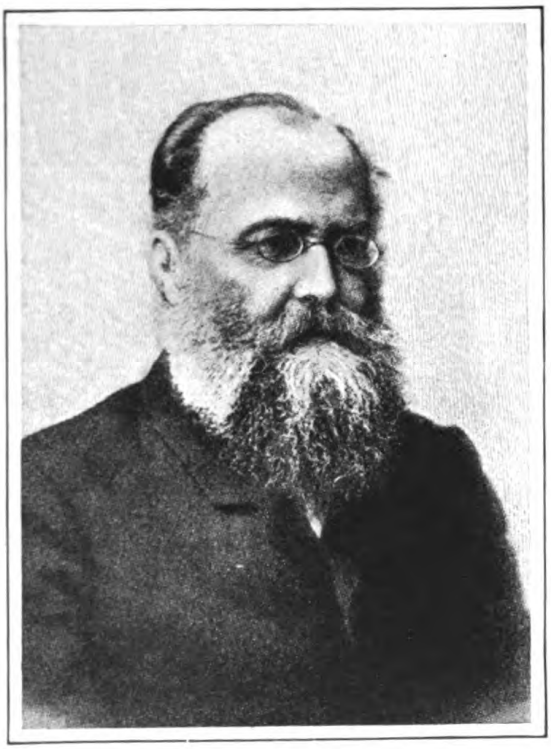
litical police as a frivolous lad utterly incapable of being interested in a revolutionary agitation, and he was released. He was in his twenty-second year then, having recently been graduated with high honors at the University of St. Petersburg. Upon regaining his liberty, he assumed charge of the interrupted affairs of the "circle." It was not long before he was arrested again, but he again succeeded in deceiving the authorities and obtaining his freedom. His education and his brilliancy, added to his social connections, then procured for him the position of confidential aide to the governor of a southern province, an office which he used in the interests of his revolutionary activities, till he fell into the hands of the gendarmes once more. This time he broke jail.

This was the beginning of his "underground" life. He conceived the bold idea of liberating Chernyshevsky, and went to Siberia, traveling as a geographical explorer. The first problem was to discover the name and location of the village in which the famous writer was kept. The very name of the distinguished exile was tabooed, and to betray curiosity about him was apt to

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attract dangerous attention. Still, by the time Lopatin reached the city of Irkutsk he had contrived to learn that the man he had set out to free was kept in a distant isolated hamlet named Villuisk.

Lopatin's plan was to forge an order from the chief of gendarmes, or from the Minister of the Interior, for the removal of Chernyshevsky to St. Petersburg. Armed with such a paper and wearing the uniform of a gendarme officer, he was to call upon the head of the district in which Villuisk was located, to present the sham document and carry off the celebrated prisoner. But his identity was somehow discovered before he left Irkutsk and he was arrested.



H. A. LOPATIN
Whose life has been a tissue of amazing daring and adventure

After spending several months in the Siberian prison, he made his escape in a rowboat, and after a long journey through some of the wildest parts of Asia, a journey full of danger and adventure, he reached Tomsk with the passport of a physician in his pocket. Here he completed his preparations for the liberation of Chernyshevsky. He was about to start on his journey to Villuisk, however, when he was seized by a policeman who recognized him as the original of a photograph that had been sent out by the gendarme office of Irkutsk. With a well-acted burst of indignation as the victim of a case of mistaken identity, Lopatin had himself taken to the governor's office, and upon finding himself in the presence of that official he forestalled his escort by demanding his punishment. And so convincingly did he play his part that the governor rebuked the policeman before the latter had a chance to tell his story.

"But the gentleman looks exactly like this picture we have received from the gendarme office of Irkutsk," the policeman pleaded, pointing at Lopatin's photograph.

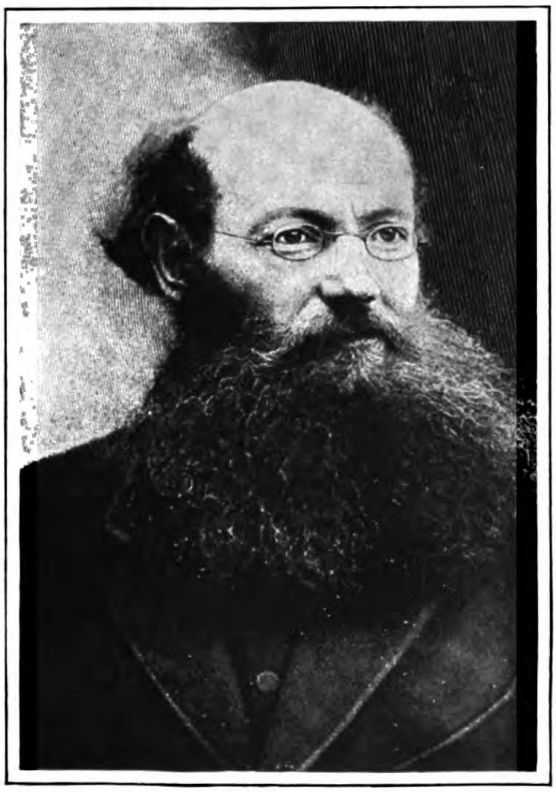
"What? I resemble that photograph?" Lopatin shouted, with mixed fury and mirth. "Why, this is a portrait of the assassinated President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln."

The governor, who had perhaps never seen a portrait of Lincoln, was "convinced," and begged the "doctor's" pardon for the error; but the policeman was persistent, declaring that there was a man in Tomsk who had seen Lopatin in the Irkutsk prison. The upshot was that, to the governor's amazement, the "indignant physician" was definitely identified as the man wanted by the gendarmes, and he was taken back to Irkutsk.

In the prison of that city again, this time under the vigilance of a special guard, Lopatin soon contrived to put himself in communication with the local revolutionists. The result was that one morning, as he was taken across the courtyard of the gendarme office where he was to be questioned by an examining magistrate, he found himself close to a saddled riderless horse, supposedly the mount of some gendarme messenger, and the next minute he was galloping through a side-street to liberty.

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A few months later, in the latter part of 1873, he was in Paris, where he became a close friend of Turgenieff the novelist, who warmly sympathized with the revolutionary movement and secretly supported it with liberal contributions. Turgenieff saw in Lopatin's writings evidence of literary gifts of a high order, and urged him to write fiction, but the young revolutionist was more interested in philosophy, sociology, and political economy, and devoted himself to translating books and magazine articles on these subjects from French, German, and English sources into Russian. The Russian version of Karl Marx's *Capital* which later appeared in St. Petersburg was, unbeknown to the Russian authorities, from Lopatin's pen. He also wrote for the "underground" Russian magazine *Vperiod* (Forward), and made frequent visits to his native land where he kept in close touch with the movement.



PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN
A man of great and varied gifts, who for half a century has fed the flame of revolution

This was the period of what is known in the history of Russia's struggle for freedom as "going to the people." Educated young men and women, mostly children of the nobility and some of them belonging to the higher aristocracy, would leave the comforts of their homes, learn some trade, don peasant garb, provide themselves with peasant passports, and settle in some village as blacksmiths, carpenters, or nurses for the purpose of permeating the rural population with ideas of liberty.

The contagion grew rapidly, spreading over as many as thirty-seven provinces. Nor was it confined to the young generation. It included men and women of middle age, people of standing in the professions or in the army.

The Government took alarm and set about suppressing it with wanton ferocity. The jails were soon crammed with suspects. Of the men and women held for what is known as "the trial of 193," but which actually involved the fate of more than a thousand persons, and which lasted about four years, nearly one hundred men and women died from ill-treatment, committed suicide, or went insane before their cases were disposed of.

So far from achieving their purpose, the atrocities by which the Government tried to crush the agitation added fuel to the flames of ecstasy that it was spreading. For every propagandist arrested there were several new recruits to carry on the propaganda. But the situation could not last long. It was inevitable that sooner or later the futility of this phase of the movement should come home to its leaders and give way to other policies.

There followed a notable series of attacks on high officials. General Trepoff, the prefect of the capital, was shot but not killed, by a young noblewoman, Vera Sossulitch, as a protest against his treatment of an imprisoned student. General Mezentzeff was stabbed to death in broad daylight in the streets of the capital.

On March 9, 1879, the governor of

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Kharkoff, Prince Kropotkin (a cousin of Peter Kropotkin the revolutionist), was shot and killed by a propagandist named Goldenberg, and less than a month later Solovieff, a school-teacher, made a bold attempt on the life of the Czar.

All these attacks were undertaken by individuals or by small groups, and had nothing to do with the general character of the movement, which was still true to its policy of peaceful propaganda. In the summer of the same year, however, a secret conference was held in the town of Lipetsk at which the Terror was formally adopted as a system. As a result of that conference a new revolutionary party was formed, the Party of the Will of the People. "Instead of sacrificing our lives in a fruitless effort to disseminate ideas of liberty," the founders of the new organization argued, "let us sacrifice them in an effort to wrest from the Government those reforms without which educational work is impossible."

Thus the hitherto peaceful, unresisting apostle became a Terrorist—a stern, passionate warrior, as relentless as he was fearless. The result was a series of conspiracies and assaults that amazed the world not only by their daring, scope, and ingenuity, but also by the sympathetic attitude of the public which they indicated. Attempt after attempt was made on the life of the Czar. Finally he yielded to the pleas of a liberal-minded minister and accepted the draft of a constitution. The Terrorists, however, were unaware of his readiness to yield until it was too late.

One day, in February, 1881, the attention of the St. Petersburg police was called to the proprietors of a cheese-shop on Little Garden Street whose ways and mode of living seemed to belie their peasant dress and passports. A city engineer was then sent to the shop, ostensibly for the purpose of investigating its sanitary conditions, but in reality to ascertain whether the place was not the scene of some "underground" operations. After an examination of the walls of the shop and an adjoining room the official proceeded to question the cheese-dealer, in the rear room, whereupon the latter politely offered him a seat on a large sofa. The engineer's report to the police was of a reassuring nature. He had found nothing wrong either about the premises or about the peasant couple who occupied them.

Three or four days elapsed. It was a bright Sunday morning, March 1st, and the Czar took his wonted Sunday trip to the riding-schools. As his carriage was passing along a street known as the Catharine Canal, a bomb was thrown under the vehicle, badly injuring it. The Czar emerged from the carriage unhurt. The man who had thrown the missile was detained.

"How does your Majesty feel?" an army officer asked the monarch.

"I am all right, thank God," was his reply.

"Maybe it is too soon to thank God," remarked the Terrorist.

The Czar was retracing his steps to his damaged carriage in order to resume his journey when there was another explosion. For some moments the emperor was concealed from view by a great cloud of smoke. When it cleared away he was seen lying on the ground, his legs torn off, in a pool of blood. A few hours later he was dead.

The next day the cheese-shop was deserted. Upon an examination it was discovered that the sofa upon which the engineer had sat during his talk with the cheese-dealer covered the mouth of a subterranean gallery leading to a dynamite mine under Little Garden Street, with electric wires running back to a battery in the cheese-shop. The mine was found intact (and about a year later it was discovered that the "peasant" couple were a nobleman and noblewoman, both of whom had previously taken an active part in the rural propaganda).

Several of the leading figures of the plot were soon arrested. As was subsequently brought out at their trial, they and their fellow-conspirators had taken steps to provide for any possible change in the Czar's route. The emperor was to be assailed whichever way he went. There was no escape for him. These four men, an electrical engineer who was assigned to the duty of closing the battery in the cheese-store, and several revolutionists who kept track of the imperial carriage, were under orders

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from Sophia Perovsky (the daughter of a former cabinet minister), who acted as commander-in-chief of the attack. Mlle. Perovsky received reports as to the movements of the Czar's equipage and gave signals to the bomb-throwers and to the people in the cheese-store. The mine was left unexploded because the vehicle was following a course from which Little Garden Street was excluded. Mlle. Perovsky appeared on the Catharine Canal. Presently she raised her handkerchief to her face. That was the signal for a college student named Rysakoff to hold himself in readiness and for another college student, a Pole named Grinevitzky, to walk over to a crossing in the vicinity of Rysakoff's post. Some minutes passed. At last the long-awaited carriage came dashing along, followed by a mounted escort. Rysakoff fired his bomb. Seeing that the Czar was unhurt, Grinevitzky hurled his deadly missile at him as he was returning to the carriage.



VERA FIGNER
One of the dauntless revolutionary heroines

One of the many Terrorists who were connected with this plot as members of the celebrated Executive Committee that had organized all attacks upon the Czar after the Lipetsk conference was a noblewoman named Vera Figner. She retained her liberty longer than most of the other members, and during two years she was the head and front of the Party of the Will of the People. Among her achievements after the assassination of Alexander II. was the building up of a strong secret organization among officers of the army.

One of the army officers whom Vera Figner had won over to the secret movement was a man named Degayeff. He was an ardent agitator and Terrorist. He was soon arrested. When he found himself in the hands of Colonel Sudeikin, the shrewdest detective ever employed by the Russian Government in ferreting out "politicals," he broke down and bought his liberty by betraying a number of revolutionists, Vera Figner among them.

Mlle. Figner was tried and immured in one of the dungeons of Schlüsselburg, where she languished for more than twenty years.

She was released under the partial amnesty which followed the revolt of 1905, and for several years she lived in France and in Switzerland.

Another member of the Executive Committee of the Terrorist party is Nicolai Morozoff. Like so many others, he began his revolutionary career as a peaceful missionary of Socialist ideas among the peasantry and subsequently became a fervent advocate of Terrorism. He was one of the leaders of the new movement, and took part in the blowing up of the imperial train near Moscow. He was arrested in 1881 and spent twenty-four years in the "stone coffin" of Schlüsselburg. M. Morozoff and Mlle. Figner are now in Petrograd, the

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idols of a public that is in a position at last to give free vent to its admiration for men like him and Lopatin, or for women like "Little Grandmother" or Vera Figner.

To return to the year of 1883. After the arrest of Vera Figner, Degayeff, the



VLADIMIR BOURTZEFF
Who is writing the secret history of the revolution

army officer who had betrayed her to the gendarmes, took her place as the head of the revolutionary organization. At the same time he was in constant communication with Colonel Sudeikin, the chief of the Government's spy system.

At heart Degayeff was not disloyal to the revolutionary cause, but he was a weak man, and Sudeikin knew how to intimidate and make a tool of him, till he came to play the unique double rôle of being the leader of the revolutionary groups and the Government's chief *provocateur*. Revolutionists were arrested by the score.

Finally, smitten with compunction, Degayeff took a leave of absence, went to Switzerland, called a conference of the old revolutionists who resided abroad, and made a full confession to them.

"I am willing to atone for all my crimes," he concluded, in a voice shaken with emotion. "Have me shot, if you see fit. Or, if you wish, I shall kill Sudeikin."

His offer to remove the crafty detective was accepted, on condition that after freeing the revolutionists from their worst enemy he should leave Russia and never take part in the movement again. To make sure that the penitent traitor made good his promise and did not break faith with the organization once more, it was decided to place him under the tutelage of some revolutionist of exceptionally strong character whose moral force would safeguard him against succumbing to Sudeikin's influence again. That revolutionist was to accompany Degayeff back to the Russian capital, help him organize the plot, and keep an eye on him until the plan had been put in execution and Degayeff was safely beyond the frontier.

Lopatin, who took part in the conference, was chosen as the man best fitted for the errand. He accepted the assignment and the program was carried out in every detail.

Arrived in St. Petersburg, Degayeff invited Sudeikin to his residence where a revolutionist named Starodvorsky, a man of gigantic figure and great physical strength, was concealed in a side room. This was deemed advisable because of the immense physique of their quarry.

The next morning Sudeikin was found dead, and shortly after every railway station in the vast empire was placarded with an official advertisement containing six portraits of Degayeff in as many different positions and the offer of a large reward for his capture.

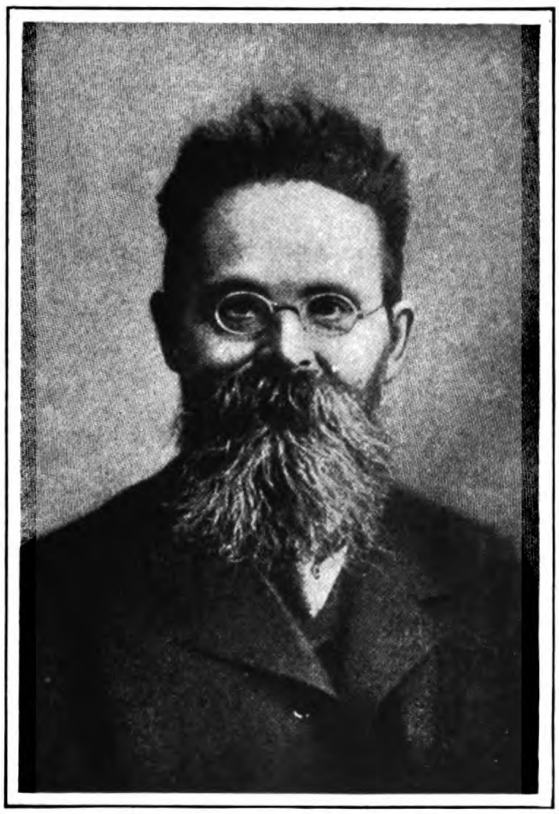
Degayeff was never caught; but Starodvorsky was, and after many years of confinement in the Schlüsselburg fortress he is now celebrating the triumph of democracy over the old régime.

Lopatin remained in St. Petersburg, assuming the leadership of the Terrorist organization, but that body was infested with Government spies now, and after a brief period full of the pluckiest under-

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takings he was betrayed and arrested. There was another epidemic of arrests, completely decimating the ranks of the secret party.

Lopatin was tried and sentenced to life imprisonment at solitary confinement in Schlüsselburg, where he remained for twenty years. This was practically the end of the Terrorist crusade that had taken the place of the peaceful "peasantist" movement.



N. MOROZOFF
A champion of terrorism

The next phase of the movement was chiefly based upon the widely influential teachings of George Plechanoff, who was recently invited to Petrograd by the Provisional Government. It was essentially a working-class movement with the Marxian economic doctrine, applied to Russian conditions, for its underlying principle. The central idea of Plechanoff's doctrine was that it was not the rural population, but the laboring masses of the cities to whom it was given to work out Russia's political salvation. And it was beginning to look as though his prophecy was destined to come true. While the agitation of former years was confined to hundreds, the new crusade embraced hundreds of thousands; and while that agitation was a head without a body, the Social Democratic movement inaugurated by Plechanoff had both—multitudes of responsive workingmen and a vigorous Social Democratic organization to direct them. By 1903 the movement had become so portentous that the police openly encouraged the infamous massacre of Jews in Kishineff as a means of diverting popular attention from the crimes of the Government.

About this time a new revolutionary party came into existence, a rival to the Social Democrats whose program it opposed. It based its hopes upon the peasant population as well as on the city proletariat and declared for a revival of terrorism. The name of the new organization was Socialist-Revolutionist Party. One of its members, Gershuni, organized a series of startling political assassinations, his first victim being Minister of the Interior Sipiagin, who was stricken down in 1903. Duke Sergius, an uncle of Nicholas II., then the Czar of Russia, was killed in February, 1904, and Prime Minister von Plehve, the organizer of horrifying pogroms on Jews and of an atrocious campaign against revolutionists, fell five months later. Attempts, many of which were successful, were also made on a large number of other officials.

Among the leaders of the Socialist-Revolutionists was Mme. Breshkovsky, the "Little Grandmother." After many years of confinement at hard labor in the Kara mines and in other Siberian prisons, she returned to European Russia as full of life and enthusiasm as she had been when she was a missionary among peasants in the 'seventies. It was as an emissary of the new revolutionary organization that she visited

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the United States in 1905 and fascinated every American she met.

Shortly after the "Little Grandmother" returned to Russia she was arrested, and after about three years of incarceration she was again sent to Siberia, where she was kept in miserable exile until the present Government brought her back to Petrograd as an idolized guest of the nation.

The new Terrorists were doomed to have their Degayeff. This was an agitator named Aseff, a much stronger man than his prototype of the 'eighties. It was he who organized and brought about the killing of the Czar's uncle, among other victims. And all the time he was thus engaged he was in the employ of the political police, drawing pay as a spy. In point of fact, he used his secret connection with the Government as a shield for his work as a Terrorist. As his movements were secure against interference or suspicion on the part of the other spies, his work in connection with the plot on the life of Grand Duke Sergius was often mistaken by the police as part of his work as a police agent. He even made the Government pay part of his expense bill as a Terrorist. On the other hand, however, he gave it its "money's worth" by betraying a number of revolutionists, mostly such as seemed to have a dawning suspicion of his duplicity or of whose record in the movement he was jealous. But if the Terrorist organization had a spy for its leader, it also had an able revolutionary detective to discover that leader's real character.

Vladimir Bourtzeff, subsequently known as the "Sherlock Holmes of the Revolution," gradually collected evidence enough to convict Aseff before the revolutionary council, and the traitor had a narrow escape from a fate similar to the one which he had meted out to the Czar's uncle.

The revolt of 1905 was extinguished in rivers of blood. Thousands upon thousands of people were mowed down in cities; "punitive expeditions" slaughtered multitudes of the village population; pogroms, inspired and organized by the Government and carried on under the open protection of the police and the military, killed or maimed hundreds of Jews, violating their wives or daughters, tearing their babies to pieces, pillaging their property, setting fire to their homes—all of which was accompanied by the wholesale slaughter of revolutionists, by overcrowding the prisons to literal suffocation, by the frenzied activity of hangmen. The revolt was crushed. But the mental attitude of the people toward their rulers was changed irretrievably.

Time had been when one regarded autocracy, with its concomitant outrages, as something inviolable and immutable as a law of nature. That feeling had been slowly dissipated by fifty years of revolutionary sacrifice.

Twelve years have now elapsed and that conviction has been confirmed. The triumphant revolution of this year was a concluding chapter in a history of struggles dating back to the days of Chernyshevsky, if not to those of the Decembrists of 1825.

Among the many old revolutionists now in Petrograd there is a man who has devoted a quarter of a century to collecting material for a history of the revolutionary movement. It has been the dominating passion of his life. That man is the above-named Vladimir Bourtzeff, the "Sherlock Holmes" of "underground" Russia. As long as the old régime remained in power, M. Bourtzeff's sources of information on his favorite subject were extremely limited; for the most valuable data—reports of gendarme spies, copies of old "underground" publications, photographs, confiscated letters, and the like—could only be found in the archives of the political detective bureaus, and these were, of course, inaccessible. Now, however, that the function of these bureaus as a means of hunting down radicals is a thing of the inglorious past, the new Government has not only placed their treasures at Bourtzeff's command, but it has made him the official head of a special department of historical research to be conducted in these erstwhile bulwarks of despotism. If proof were lacking that the new Government fully appreciates the connection between the past revolutionary movements and the final downfall of Czardom it has been eloquently supplied by this little episode.

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Where the Road Forked

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

WHERE the road forked, turning from the sea toward the Montara hills, Rufus Knowles stopped quite short and sat down. He was not a massive man, yet he halted, in much the same manner as he walked, rather ponderously. His head was thrust slightly forward, his shoulders contracted with singular tenseness, and he moved his feet like one dragging a load, in the slow, heavy manner of a truck-horse. His face, his figure, the disconsolate droop of his battered hat, the very way he crumpled into a sitting posture by the roadside, carried the air of a man who never arrived at any vantage-point for glimpsing the present, much less the future. He had rather a suggestion of the past about him—a trivial, commonplace, miserable, ineffectual past, that harried, and held back, and drove him not furiously, but with a heartbreaking, uphill prod.

In the ocean-shore country of California it is seldom warm enough, even on a June day, to wring the sweat unaided from a man's brow; but Rufus Knowles had come a long way, and at a brisk pace for him, so that the fingers he ran through his thin black hair were soon clammy with moisture. He was tired enough to sigh, but he had too intimate an acquaintance with fatigue to bother about voicing it. Instead, he began to whistle with slow, tuneless melancholy, and gradually, under the spell of the monotonous rhythm, his thoughts ceased their aimless drifting and he began to think about himself with a certain deliberate determination.

He had come back to Montara to commit a crime, and the novelty of so positive a performance on his part still held him fascinated. All his life he had drifted from one condition to another without calculation—always the way had stretched clearly, though rarely invitingly, before him. If there had been any turns in the road, they were either too indefinite or too rugged to follow. But the road suddenly had forked, turning as clearly and invitingly off the beaten path as the actual thread of roadway which curved toward the Montara hills.

After forty-five years of heartbreaking plodding, Rufus Knowles had come to a parting of the ways. For forty-five years he had kept a steady, straight-ahead pace. Now, at this moment, it came upon him that he must decide once and for all whether he was to venture afield or stick to the old course. He shook himself and stood up. The sweat had dried upon his brow, and as he pushed back his hat his heart beat quickly with a mixture of exaltation and fear.

Circling about, he swept the landscape with his deliberate gaze. Before him the artichoke-beds ran from the sea in rivulets of faint green toward the first rise of ground, but climbed no farther. Upward the fields of rye claimed half the mountainside, burning slowly to a dull gold under the sun's caress. Along Montara's slope, like shining beetles, two harvesters mowed with slow efficiency.

Standing there in the slanting light of late afternoon, Rufus Knowles sought out the roof-top of his former home. Between a thin file of distorted cypress-trees he saw its red shingles outlined warmly in a golden haze, and for the last time he went over the details of his plan. Then, having settled the matter, he flung one last disdainful look at the main highway and turned triumphantly into the road toward Montara.

At midnight the figure of Rufus Knowles crept back and stood once more at the spot where the Montara road melted into the main highway. A blanket of fog shut out the stars and wrapped the mountain's flanks in a

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moist pall. The wind, driving from the sea, had a bitter breath.

He halted and looked back in the direction of his former home—a light pierced the blackness, beginning like a faint keyhole glimmer, and ending in a sudden, puffing blaze. Rufus Knowles wheeled about and fled.

As he turned his steps in the direction of the Half Moon Bay country a tumult of contradictory sensations surged over him—anxiety, relief, panic, calm. So he had succeeded, after all! There could be no reasonable doubt of that; in less than half an hour, if the wind kept up, his former home would be a heap of ashes. Already, with instinctive cunning, he was laying plans for collecting the insurance money. After the bank's claim was satisfied, there would be something over five hundred dollars left. *Five hundred dollars!* The joy of it made him feel almost faint. Five hundred dollars, all at once, in his own hands! Suddenly, with temporary escape from poverty so positively assured, the hideousness of his slavery swept him. What a life he had led! What a life! Pursued, persecuted, hounded by debt, picked clean of every penny before any was ever earned.

He remembered his wife, the children—not with joy, but as one remembers the squalid, petty, fretful circumstances of life. Looking at them with a clear vision, they appeared, divested of any sentiment, as added links to the chain that necessity had forged for him. Once his wife had been pretty; now almost the only thing about her he could call to mind was her ghastly smile that showed two missing teeth, a fact which in guarded moments she strove pathetically to hide. And he began to wonder how she would look with this gap filled, and her frowsy, faded hair fluffed up, and the flabby leanness of her throat covered with a scrap of lace or some such nonsense.

He was walking swiftly, almost at a trot. The wind, freshening, swept past him, full of the frank, open noise that breezes always affect in a treeless country. The sea, breaking over the rocky coast, splashed softly and without roar. All at once Rufus Knowles stopped, oppressed by the solitude. Like most souls who wing suddenly toward freedom, he felt the strain and came fluttering down. He longed for the sight of some one—yes, of even his slatternly wife, with her missing teeth and her ghastly smile. At that moment his ear caught a faint sound of hoof-beats. His first impulse was to run. A curious bravado made him change his mind. He sat down in the shelter of a lupine thicket and waited.

The hoof-beats gradually became clearer, and then merged into a monotonous rattle of loose-tired wheels. Long before the rig swung into view Rufus Knowles had guessed its occupant. Any one who had ever lived in the Half Moon Bay country knew the sound of Dick Mathews's buggy; its steady, loose-jointed vibrations curiously suggested the genial clicking of its owner's tongue.

Knowles felt relieved to discover that no one more formidable than Dick Mathews was abroad. He pulled his hat securely forward and stood up among the lupines, waiting. As the dim outlines of a horse came slowly out of the gloom Knowles stepped toward the roadside and Mathews drew up.

"Going my way?" queried Mathews, moving up to make room.

"Thanks," replied Rufus Knowles, as he climbed into the proffered seat.

"Just come from putting out a fire," Dick Mathews began, flicking his horse.

"Yes?" half queried Rufus Knowles, inadequately.

"Ever been in this country before?"

"Once," ventured Rufus Knowles.

"Well, maybe you've heard of Rufus Knowles, then. It was his house started to burn up."

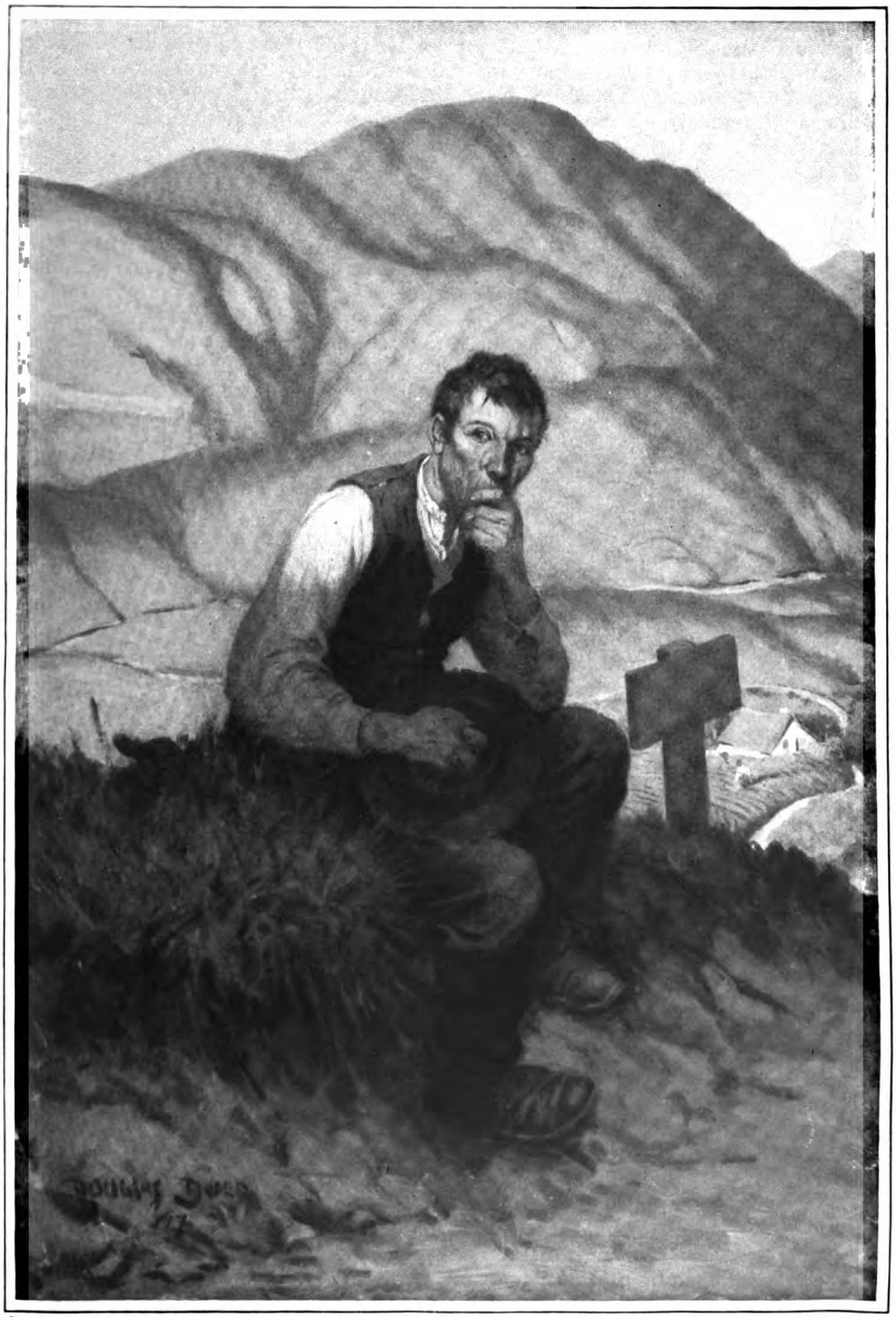
"*Started* to burn up?" almost whispered Rufus Knowles.

"We put it out—John Simon with his garden hose and me with this here lap-robe. Say, fifteen minutes more and there wouldn't have been a stick left standing. No, sirree, Bob, not with this here wind a-blowing."

A sense of futility swept over Rufus Knowles. His heart almost stopped beating. Finally he found his voice.

"Tell me about it," he pleaded. "Tell me how you done it."

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Drawn by Douglas Duer Engraved by H. Leinroth

RUFUS KNOWLES HAD COME TO A PARTING OF THE WAYS

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Mathews leaned back with an air of importance and gave his nag the rein. "I was just coming down the Montara road, driving slow-like, because the wind does get you up there, when all at once I seen something blaze up quick. 'Well,' sez I to myself, 'something's doing, and no mistake.' And just then I swung round the cypress-trees Rufus Knowles planted five years back, and there, sure enough, stood John Simon in the road waving his arms like mad. 'Help! Fire!' he yells. . . . 'Well, why don't you get busy?' I hits back. ''Ain't you got a garden hose and common sense?' . . . Well, that's how we done it. He with his garden-hose and me with this here lap-robe, in less time than it takes to tell it. And what do you suppose? Somebody set that house afire, and no mistake, or my name ain't Dick Mathews. Somebody set that house afire, but I ain't saying who."

Rufus Knowles peered furtively at the speaker. The night was still conveniently black, and only the oval of Dick Mathews's shiny face and his two hands loomed with secure indefiniteness. Rufus Knowles took courage.

"Maybe Rufus Knowles done it himself," he hazarded, recklessly.

Dick Mathews clucked scornfully to his horse. "Rufus Knowles? Well, I guess you don't know him. He 'ain't got guts enough to fire a hen-coop. Rufus Knowles! Humph!"

A surge of shame swept over Knowles, but a moment later the realization that he had dared what Mathews failed to impute to him made his heart quicken pridefully.

"Oh, I dun'no'," he shot back, with a show of spirit; "I seen Rufus Knowles once, down at Moss Beach, and he didn't look so unlikely."

Mathews cracked his whip. "I ain't saying nothing against Rufus Knowles. He's a good enough sort, only he's been up against so much bad luck he 'ain't got no more fight in him than a drowned gopher. Besides, how could he have done it? He's been away, up in Humboldt County for going on two years—him and his wife and seven kids. Say, that was a family for you—always somebody ailing. Doctor's buggy at the gate three hundred and sixty-three days in the year, leaving out the Fourth of July and Christmas. You know, I kinder think that pulled Rufus Knowles down just about as much as anything."

"Pulled down!" snorted Rufus Knowles. "Some men never get up far enough for that!"

The vehemence of this observation rather startled Mathews out of his habitual, jogging calm. "Well," he began, soothingly, "I guess that's right. I remember Rufus Knowles the first time he came into this country looking for a job. He got the job all right—doing all sorts of odds and ends for the land company, and before he'd worked a week they'd saddled the most unlikely piece of ground in the country on him—ten dollars down and ten dollars a month—*you* know, and then they talked him into putting up a house and moving his family down. Oh, they're a slick bunch, all right! And as soon as he got enough money from the bank and had the house built, and moved his wife and seven kids clean from Humboldt, why, the company up and fired him. Gave his job, and sold a lot, and talked another man into the same thing. Say, stranger, they've filled up every swampy piece of ground in these here cow-pastures getting folks in and letting them stick." Mathews stopped talking long enough to reach for his pipe, and, as he knocked the ashes out of its blackened bowl, he continued: "Well, Knowles played in luck for about a week. Got a job in San Francisco and went in on the six-thirty train every morning. That was the first of December. It began to rain about the tenth. No, stranger, it didn't rain; it just came down like it was running loose from a sluice-box, and the railroad went out with washouts and slides and stayed out for three solid months. And there Rufus Knowles was. I guess another man might have managed some way. I suppose he *could* have gone into town and held the job down and sent money home, but Knowles wasn't much on figuring *how* to do things. Then them kids of his took sick, one after another, and his wife—they do say his wife just talks mostly, which ain't a very comforting habit. By March, Knowles was in a bad fix—a talky wife,

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and seven kids, and interest piling up at the bank. So he up and rented his house to old John Simon, and lit out again up to Humboldt County. That was the craziest thing he ever done, because old John Simon 'ain't got twenty-five cents to his name, and never will have. Knowles never *did* get any rent out of old John Simon. . . . Yes, stranger, I guess you're right, after all, some men never stay above water more 'n five minutes—their feet's too durned heavy."

Rufus Knowles said nothing. He lost interest in everything—even the outcome of his futile attempt to trick fate. The house had not burned down because Dick Mathews had happened along at the right moment. Could anything be more simple, and usual, and in order? Was not his life filled with just such exasperatingly reasonable circumstances? And, now, things would go on as they always had, to the inevitable conclusion —the bank would foreclose; he would lose his job because, even now, he had been away three days without an explanation; and his wife would talk. How she would talk! The house would continue to smell horribly of camphorated oil and cough-mixture and paregoric, while the children went about alternately with their necks swathed in hideous bits of red flannel that made their wizened faces a ghastly white. And there rose before Rufus Knowles a succession of years, each more deadly than the last, eked out in petty, squalid towns, until one fine day he would up and die and end it all. . . .

Across the treeless hill country the wind circled unsteadily with fierce gusts, and the thick mantle of fog began to tear apart and be hurtled across the sky in detached flights. A wan, slender moon peeped out at intervals.

In the uncertain moonlight familiar objects began to appear—gray, seashore bungalows; wind-bitten eucalyptus-trees, flapping mournfully; clumps of cypress, huddling together like stormbound sheep. Rufus Knowles had been raised in the North, where the trees swept victoriously to the water's edge; he could never quite feel at home among these naked hills that drew in so eagerly the ocean's veil-like mists for a covering. To-night the whole landscape, obscured by fog and harried by wind, seemed melancholy and terrible. Even the placid figure of Dick Mathews assumed a certain sinister grotesqueness that shriveled Rufus Knowles's spirit.

Moving away from Mathews, Knowles grasped his hat in both hands and pulled it down close to his eyes. This sudden stirring roused his companion, who began to drone on, half musingly:

"No, sirree, Rufus Knowles never done that firing; but it ain't going to be hard to find out who was the man. Say, did I tell you what me and John Simon found under that house? A bundle of cotton batting soaked in alcohol. The cotton didn't burn very lively—didn't get soaked far enough in, I guess. Well, old John Simon was just chucking the whole thing away when I up and grabbed it. And what do you suppose I found? A cash tag from Costa's store in Half Moon Bay. Say, that there fool bought that cotton at Costa's yesterday." He halted long enough to kick a bundle near his feet. "That's the whole mess. I'm fetching it along for evidence. It won't take long to run down the man who bought that cotton at Costa's yesterday. He must be round here somewhere." He turned with a quick movement, flashing a self-satisfied smirk at Rufus Knowles.

For a moment Knowles recoiled; then a sudden hatred began to stir him, and in this fierce heat of passion ugly impulses blossomed. He had a desire to spring, hurl himself forward, and throttle Dick Mathews without further ado.

Meanwhile, the landscape, bathed in obscure moonlight, began to flatten and stretch itself to the east with soft, undulating freedom. Near the sea the sand gathered in snug hillocks as the shore-line became less abrupt. The country lost its ruggedness and the ocean rolled landward in prolonged, deep-voiced surges. The old horse settled down into an almost motionless amble; Dick Mathews commenced singing.

Rufus Knowles, casting furtive side-glances at his companion, gave himself up to blood-red visions. He had never felt so clear-minded, so keen-witted, as

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he did at this moment. Why had he come unarmed? With a pistol or a knife— Yes, a knife was what he would have liked—something sharp and bright and noiseless. Without so much as rising in his seat he could do the trick. Just a swift turn, a mighty lunge, and all would be over. As it was, he would have to wait for just the right moment. The old nag was slow enough in all conscience, but if a scuffle took place in the buggy, who could tell to what speed fright might urge the animal?

What pretense could he use to get Dick Mathews out of the buggy? Upon solid ground the whole affair could be managed so simply. He had but to get his man off guard and fly at his throat. . . . Perhaps a stone would settle everything—a sharp, jagged stone. Or would a heavy piece of granite, smoothed round by the sea, be better? He could not have told just why this itching for murder possessed him so completely. At first he had wished to destroy the evidence that Mathews had against him, but, on second thought, even one so dull as he could see the futility of such an action. Mathews irritated him beyond endurance. The man's confidence, his self-satisfaction, the drawling evenness of his voice were enraging, until he became unconsciously a symbol of everything hateful, as if he were the fate of Rufus Knowles made flesh—a petty, trivial, ready-to-wear fate without dignity or color.

Rufus Knowles was living too passionately at this moment to feel the claims of the past. Yesterday's life seemed faintly gray, like the melancholy remnants of a camp-fire at dawn; but every dead hope, every dry-eyed disappointment, every unvoiced despair, smoldered beneath the ashes. Personalities had ceased to exist; no one remained in the world but Rufus Knowles —all else were mere shadows, creatures of delirium, obscure yet vivid. The sea kept up its prideful roar, the moon continued to smile wanly through a mist, the trees still bent their patient faces toward the east; but even these sane and beautiful realities grew into distorted fancies. . . . He was recalled violently by the sudden stopping of the horse.

"Want to stretch out?" Mathews inquired. "Thought I'd give the old nag a drink, seeing that we're so near Mike Collins's watering-trough."

Dick Mathews climbed down and unchecked the horse, patting the animal in good-natured, intimate fashion. Rufus Knowles stood for a moment dazed. Then, with his usual stolid, deliberate movements, he crawled out of his seat and stood on firm ground. He waved his arms about to rouse his sluggish blood as he sniffed the air. The night was full of pleasant odors, fresh and aromatic.

The horse drank greedily. Rufus Knowles listened to the animal's measured gulping, and he watched Mathews bending affectionately over the old nag's neck. He felt a sudden pang. Mathews was a good sort, and yet there seemed nothing to do but kill him. Making up his mind was so novel for Rufus Knowles that he had not acquired mental flexibility. He had decided quite unmistakably upon killing; there seemed no other way out.

The horse finished drinking and lifted its head. Knowles glanced about uneasily. Why hadn't he looked for a weapon? A jagged stone, or a piece of granite smoothed round by the sea? He began a search, kicking up the sand furiously. . . . Mathews was stirring again. Was he check-reining the horse? No; the animal had decided on another drink, and his master was acquiescing genially. Knowles breathed easier; but he continued to scuff up the sand with fierce, almost despairing, vigor.

And at once it came over him that if he were to do the thing at all, it must be done with his hands. He backed away from Mathews. The horse raised its head from the trough for the second time, and Mathews drew up the check-rein. Rufus Knowles, poising his hands in midair, suddenly ran forward; his shadow moved grotesquely in front, like an evil spirit.

Before he was upon his man Dick Mathews had turned and faced him. Rufus Knowles halted. Then, without a word, they grappled.

Weaponless, they clutched and beat and tore at each other with all the

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savagery of naked hands and claws. They fought blindly, without rules, staggering and swaying noiselessly upon the soft carpet of sand like two dazed, hunger-mad coyotes upon a moonlit desert. Suddenly they both went down in a heap, Mathews on top. Rufus Knowles raised himself with a movement of heroic desperation that threw Mathews on his feet again. The other leaped up quickly. Standing for a moment motionless, they began to circle about, covering each other with cautious, cat-like gazes. Blood dripped from Rufus Knowles's lip, and the breathing of Dick Mathews had an ominous snarl in it.

Rufus Knowles was conscious of a fine exaltation. Never before had he sensed the intoxication of battle. The past was buried, forgotten. He lived in an immediate, golden present, made up of swift heartbeats and passionate, physical initiative and contemptuous indifference. He was glad now that he had found no weapons but his hands for the encounter. He wanted to settle his score with fate man to man, bare-fisted, without help or hindrance. He wanted to prove himself. He wanted to strangle failure, to beat destiny into insensibility. And as he circled about, waiting for an opportunity to leap at Dick Mathews's throat, his enemy grew more and more impersonal, became an abstraction, an unreal though poignant mockery, a spawn of chance, a creature of delirium to be seized and annihilated.

The wind was playing with the sea's murmurings, expanding and confusing them; off in the distance a fog-horn bellowed; overhead the telegraph-wires hummed; but Rufus Knowles heard nothing but the heavy panting of Dick Mathews. He stood still, putting his hand instinctively to his head in an endeavor to shield his face with the hat that had long since been trampled underfoot. The knowledge that his hat was gone confused him; there followed an unguarded moment.

When he recovered himself he discovered Dick Mathews making straight for him. He planted his two feet firmly in the sand and waited, his arms outstretched blindly to ward off Mathews's furious onrush. The dark figure moving swiftly toward him took on a whirling aspect, like a dancing flurry of wind. He closed his eyes. Suddenly Dick Mathews's heavy breathing ceased and Knowles knew that his antagonist had stopped abruptly. . . . In the intense, startling moment following, the drawling voice of Dick Mathews broke the suspense:

"By God! if it ain't Rufus Knowles!"

Knowles opened his eyes and shuddered faintly, like a sleeper violently reclaimed from nightmare. All the fine frenzy was gone; he felt a sudden impotence. The two were so close that their breaths swept each other, and Rufus Knowles knew that the depth of his incapacity was being measured by Mathews.

They stood for a moment in silence; then Dick Mathews put his hand lightly upon Knowles's shoulder and said, not unkindly:

"It's getting on a bit. Hadn't we better be going?"

Knowles shook off Mathews with a movement of acquiescence. The two turned and made for the buggy. And in that moment Rufus Knowles felt the past reclaim and shackle him.

Rufus Knowles and Dick Mathews resumed the ride as if nothing had happened. Mathews's tongue clicked as regularly and inconsequentially as before, and Knowles listened with a singular apathy, sitting forward on the seat in a posture of passive unrest.

"Nobody 'll need to know nothing about it," Mathews said, reassuringly. "I ain't going to spring no evidence on *you*. And I'll work old Simon round. He'll forget it all by to-morrow, anyway."

Thus he droned on, kindly, humorously, full of homely, rugged fellowship. Rufus Knowles said nothing.

At first Knowles could not think, but gradually he lost even the sense of Mathews's presence, so completely did his thoughts claim him. And there rose before him again a picture of his wife. . . . Before he had come away from home he had told her his errand. He remembered how timorously he had broached the subject, full of a masculine idea of feminine faint-heartedness. He felt that he could never forget the pict-

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ure that she made, sitting in the uncertain lamplight, listening to his story—the greediness of her smile, the little, darting, avaricious glints in her yellow eyes, the shameless expectancy with which she leaned forward so that no detail might escape. He had hoped to have her dissuade him, and it was only now that he realized how great had been his disappointment to find her sinking so quickly to his own level. She had been pretty and sweet once, he thought, ruefully—pretty and sweet, and full of an intuitive niceness. And now she had lost it all somewhere. Where? Where? he found himself demanding.

Well, things might have been worse. He had failed, but chance had tempered the wind. Thanks to his garrulous friend, he would not serve a term in jail. He would still be spared to his family; he could— His train of thought halted abruptly. Spared to his family! For what? He laughed inwardly. He had never given them a name; he had never made them a living. Suppose he were to die, at once, in Dick Mathews's buggy? How would such a circumstance affect his wife and his children? An icy bitterness swept him as he answered his own question. Such a circumstance would make not the slightest difference, except that his wife might rise above the occasion and surprise herself.

He had never faced himself honestly before. Every failure had been softened by the feeling that the seeds of success were abundantly his, if only opportunity would scatter them upon fallow ground—that narcotic with which all incompetents lull the stings of adversity. But now he was looking at things squarely, without much reasoning, but instinctively, intuitively, with his heart, more than his mind, bared to the winds of disillusionment. And an unconquerable weariness, a sense of dreary futility, oppressed him.

Suddenly he realized that the buggy was turning off the highway, and he put his hand protestingly upon Mathews's arm.

"Say, what's up?" he demanded. "Let me out."

Mathews reined the ambling nag. "Why, don't get excited," he drawled. "Don't you see? We're home."

"I'm going on," said Rufus Knowles, with a strange vehemence.

Mathews looked incredulous. "Going on? What for? Ain't you going to stop a bit and get some sleep? Maybe you're afraid of my wife. Say, she ain't the talking kind."

"It ain't that, Mathews. I just want to give myself up and settle the whole thing."

"Give yourself up? You're crazy! What's the idea? Nobody 'll know. I'll fix old—"

Rufus Knowles stopped Mathews with a quick, impatient gesture. "You can't fix nobody, Mathews, and you know it. Murder always *will* out. I'm a fool, and fools 'ain't got no business trying to back fate off the boards. I got off on the wrong foot to-night, but that ain't worrying me a whole lot. The main thing is I *got off*. I may not have brains enough to fire a hen-coop, Mathews, but you'll have to admit I *have* got guts enough. Anyway, I'm going through with what I started, that's all."

This was a long speech for Knowles, and the temper of it gave him something of the same thrill that marked his physical encounter with Mathews. He climbed out of the buggy and stood up proudly.

"How about your wife? And the children?" argued Mathews. "It's all very well—this here hifalutin' talk, but how about *them?* Who's to earn them a living?"

"God knows, Mathews! I 'ain't done it for them yet."

"Nor never will," sneered Mathews, scornfully.

"Nor never will, I guess," echoed Rufus Knowles.

They stood and looked at each other searchingly; then Mathews, raising the reins preparatory to urging on the horse, made one more try.

"Ain't no chance of talking you out of this here fool business?"

"No, Mathews."

"Going to give yourself up? Well, maybe you're right. Only, that wouldn't be Dick Mathews's way. If I've got to die, I'm going to die fighting, and don't you forget it!"

"That's just what I'm doing.

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You see, it's just like nine of us on a sinking raft—me and my wife and the seven kids. I'm going to strike out for the shore and take a chance. That's better than staying by the game and swamping them all."

"Do you call going to jail striking out for the shore?"

"It's striking out all right enough, When a man's drowning he don't think much about what kind of a shore he's going to land on."

"Well, you might just as well drown as starve on a desert island."

Rufus Knowles closed his teeth doggedly. "A drowning man don't figure it that way," he flung back.

"You won't be fit for nothing, Knowles, after you get out. None of them ever are."

"Oh, I dun'no'. I met a fellow once who'd been in jail. And there wasn't such a lot of difference between me and him—excepting he had it on me forty ways. It ain't the going to jail that's bothering me; it's wondering whether even that 'll learn me anything."

Mathews brought the tip of his stumpy whip down on the horse's back. "There ain't no use arguing with a fool!" he retorted, almost venomously.

Rufus Knowles stood looking at the ground; when he raised his eyes he discovered that he was alone. He drew in a long breath and a sigh escaped him.

"Well, it's striking out, anyway," he muttered, as he swung into a walk.

At that moment he heard the friendly crowing of a cock, and as he looked up toward the hills dawn began to flame the ghostly mists.

Renascence

BY JAMES B. KENYON

LONG, long ago such mornings broke;
On jeweled slopes strange fires awoke;
Up from the south warm odors streamed,
And 'mid green fields far waters gleamed.
The dogwood through its leafy bars
Shook out its immemorial stars,
While from their cool nest-cradling boughs
Small minstrels piped their lyric vows.
Soft showers caressed the laughing world;
The ferns their feathery fronds uncurled;
The osier poised its slender lance;
A thousand wings, with gleam and glance,
Pulsed onward where down pathways free
The jocund hours danced gleefully.
O wistful heart, be glad that yet
The rainbow dreams, the sweet regret,
Ghosts of dear memories that have died,
Fond hopes that passed unsatisfied,
Old ardors of the vanished prime,
Breathe upward through the dust of time.
For life is fresh, and love is new,
And youth still keeps its vernal dew,
And greets the season's pomp of green,
Its aureate mists, its astral sheen,
With the vague wonder and delight
Which years can never banish quite,
While quickens in the kindling blood
The rapture of the swelling bud.

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Our Upstart Speech

BY ROBERT P. UTTER

Associate Professor of English, Amherst College

"THE slang of the Americans is speech from the heart," so said an English writer (Mr. Douglas S. Martin) not long ago in an essay on our current idiom. Doubtless he takes it more seriously than do we; or else he assumes that we take nothing seriously; that our hearts are not organs of our being, but appliqué ornaments on the sleeves of our machine-made coats and shirt-waists. But if to him the heart is the seat not so much of the emotions as of imagination, we may go so far with him as to admit that we wear it on our sleeves ready to be applied to all matters of our lives, especially those which we as Americans hold in common, and that the speech which comes from it is the current metaphor of our democracy.

Slang, Gelett Burgess once said, is "the illegitimate sister of Poetry, that makes with her a common cause against the utilitarian economy of prose." Their common ground is the realm of metaphor, as we are quick to recognize, for we like to think of our ready idiom as the stuff that poetry is made of. "Good *night!*" we exclaim to express the finality of a lost cause, and it makes us feel that we are poets or that Shakespeare was an every-day American to find it in the same sense in "Henry IV.," Part I, "If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim." Chaucer uses "come off" and "go sit down." Shakespeare has "not in it." Sheridan has "cut it out." The list might be prolonged; and when all examples are put together one begins to doubt whether all new slang is not old poetry writ large. Indeed, slang is poetry in just so far as it seeks the emotions through the freshly edged metaphor. It is the opposite of poetry in that it consciously seeks to be in bad taste. The difference is in the nature of the emotion it seeks to rouse. Its humor is Falstaffian; it speaks to us not in tears, but in fun only. If it is not grotesque—if it is funny merely because it is new—its career as slang is short; it either perishes or becomes plain English. The slang metaphor, too, as the ephemerid of poetry, has a short cycle of life with startling power of self-renewal. It is like evolution afflicted with the speed mania, type succeeding type so fast that one loses the sense of continuity in the process. When a careless collegian of George Ade's says, "Father, you talk like a hod of ashes," the figure is not hard to recognize; it is at least true to type. But when Wallace Irwin's inebriate calls on some one to

> corral the jim-jam bugs that madly race
> Around the eaves that from my forehead jut,

one must think twice to determine just what metaphors he has so wildly and perilously extended into the realm of the grotesque. A new phrase has a razor edge which is soon broken or turned by the rough handling to which it is inevitably subjected; it must be re-edged by extension of the figure. "Hot air" thus becomes "south wind" or "baked wind"; "gas" becomes "balloon juice"; the milder image of the "easy mark" is expanded to

> any centenarian can see
> To ring a bull's-eye when he shoots at me.

"Go up in the air" becomes "hit the ceiling"; "peach" becomes "nectarine" and then "peacherino." A few years ago we reminded the egotist that he was not "the only pebble on the beach"; next came "the only oyster in the stew," and even "the only lion after Daniel." "Thirty cents" developed into "six plugged nickels." "You're not so warm" ran through many rapid changes; among others, "there are cripples livelier than you." Slang expressions are like the proverbial mule in that they have no pride of ancestry (albeit they sometimes

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come of kingly stock), but the comparison goes no further, for they have unbounded hope of posterity. Beside such shooting-stars of language the legitimate metaphor of poetry shines like a planet; it fades only to return, and the memory holds it dear.

If we grant slang its metaphor, and assume, as we safely may, its democracy, we have advanced by two axioms toward the problem of it; that there is a problem few who have to do with slang either as producers or consumers will be disposed to deny. If we put these axioms in relation with two propositions which seem mutually exclusive, there may be generated light that will enable us to see the problem steadily and see it whole. This hope we may have, too, with no fear of ever reaching the deadly finality of an answer. The two propositions are: first, slang is a principle of decay in language; second, slang is a principle of growth in language.

About the first, any schoolma'am can tell us. When Johnny in the "English" class declares that "Claudio gave Hero an awful bawling out in the church when they went to get married," she will, unless she knows more than most of her kind about Shakespeare's own use of slang, expatiate on the decay of the language (due to slang) since the poet fixed its standard of purity. She will show that slang indicates lack on the user's part of both vocabulary and ideas, and that if Johnny persists in using it he will have neither, and that if all the Johnnies use it, both will disappear from the face of the earth. Very likely she looks to some authority who says, "Slang is the great corrupting matter; it is perishable itself, and corrupts what is round it." She draws the obvious inference, and deals with such slang as comes under her jurisdiction as if any one using it or countenancing it were in a conspiracy against the bone and sinew of the language. But Johnny thinks he knows a bit about slang himself. "Oh, piffle!" he mutters under his breath; he would say it aloud if he could quote the words of the sage who says, "Slang may be called almost the only living language." Johnny is less articulate; he only "has a hunch" that slang is always to be encouraged because it is the language of the future, and that any one who tries to suppress it is "standing right in front of the bandwagon."

Most of us agree with both Johnny and the teacher and are not troubled by the paradox, for it lies at the very heart of our democracy, and we believe that that heart beats true. We look on with "keen untroubled face" (our own idiom phrases it less academically) while Mr. Kipling points out to his puzzled countrymen the paradoxes of our democracy. We are "hedged with alien speech" he tells them, and "flout the law we make," never ceasing the while to "make the law we flout." Of our language we may fairly imagine Englishmen thinking, as one of them is said to have spoken, of the city of New York—"It will be wonderful when it is finished." We in our turn look to the other side of the Atlantic and think we notice that most things that are finished are dead. With our own poet (Mrs. Piatt) we see "a waste of grave-dust, stamped with crown and crest," and we are content to be still growing. Whatever the inconveniences of our paradoxes and crudities in language, and there are many, they are not morbid symptoms.

Order and uniformity in language are desirable qualities; we should and do seek them ever. We may have them when we are willing to pay the price, but the price is one which Americans are unwilling to pay. Its name is aristocracy. We believe in the principle of civilian control. If we were willing to hand over our language to some imperial council or royal academy we might have in it the same system and efficiency that, for example, the Germans have, which is all that is humanly possible, a fixed standard of correctness, follow it who may. But we Americans are apt to resent even the implication of aristocracy implied in some of the objections often raised to our free and easy way of handling English. "The King's English" our critics sometimes call it, as if the king were defender of the language no less than of the faith; as if it were a possession of his which he had graciously lent his people for their use, not abuse. They in turn imply proprietary rights in it when they express anxiety for its fate

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in our irreverent hands. And even among ourselves there is a small group who seem at times to claim special privilege. Professors, school-teachers, pedants, and many arbiters of taste, may now and then be caught in the act of commenting on language as if they owned it. Every man, be he king, peasant, or emperor, owns just so much of the language as he wields power over. The monarch may have his "nick on the cavalry horses," and "his mark on the medical stores," but over language he has little more power than other men; scarcely more than Canute had over the waves. Through his eminence he may, as may any conspicuous man, influence it by way of fashion; if the change proves permanent, he has added a grain to the sands of the shore. But the more one observes the ways of language the more is one inclined to believe that neither demagogue, pedagogue, king, critic, nor any law but its own has any measurable effect on it. Man-made laws affect it very much as engineering works affect the Mississippi River. If the engineers creep up when the river isn't looking and put in a sincere piece of work that harmonizes with natural forces, it may last for a time. Such work is very much like trying to "change a law of nature by Act of Congress," and so is any decree in regard to language. A law may affect the written language so as to make it conform either more closely or less closely to the spoken language. If the change indicated by the law is away from the spoken language the law soon shows its absurdity. Laws may determine for a time which language a folk shall speak, but they cannot affect the structure of larynx and vocal cords or change ways of thought, and these are to language what climate and land contours are to a river. Laws come and go, but language goes on forever.

How, then, are we to have order and unity in language, if democracy means anarchy, and aristocracy (if it be possible) means dry-rot? What, in a word, should be our attitude toward this unruly element called slang? The question has been answered (by Prof. G. L. Kittredge) in such a way as to raise another: "The prejudice against this form of speech is to be encouraged, though it usually rests on a misconception." As evil communication, slang may corrupt good manners, the speech, that is, of the individual, and it is as a corrupter of good manners that the prejudice against it is chiefly to be encouraged. The misconception is probably the idea that it can have any harmful effect on language in general, the language that goes on like life itself, to whom the individual is as nothing. After all, how can slang corrupt this living language? A slang word or expression may do one of three things: it may disappear after a comparatively brief vogue; it may remain for centuries in the language as slang; it may come into good use. Those expressions which disappear have about as much effect on the language as foam does on the ocean. Those which remain as slang neither help nor hinder much, except as more or less disreputable auxiliaries. Those which come into good use make for sound growth. A look at the nature of the process may shed some light on the part we should consciously take in it.

We may imagine slang as "almost the only living language," clamorously offering us new words to be voted into our vocabularies or blackballed at our collective pleasure. The process is prodigally wasteful as those of Nature herself—if "of fifty seeds" Nature "brings but one to bear," language is no less "careful of the type" and "careless of the single life," for of a thousand ephemeral words but one will hold its place in the eternal language. Those that perish are quite as likely to be killed by their friends who work them to death as by their enemies, the purists, who mercilessly hunt them down. Any expression that survives both treatments is likely to be true metal and worthy the place it has won in the face of the severest competition. However hard on the individual word, and however wasteful, the process is a good one for the language. Now, if the matter were as simple as voting "yes" or "no" on a single proposition, we could understand it easily enough. A vote might not count more than a grain of sand in a ton, but at least each voter would know that he had contributed one millionth of one per cent.

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to a result, and would know within a lifetime what the result was. But how is it with language? We have a hundred million voters each voting every day and all day, and each voting for a different thing. If we think of a deliberative body of fifty men proceeding under parliamentary rules to some action, each wanting something slightly different from anything wanted by any of the others, we can easily imagine that not one, or at most not more than one, will be satisfied with the action of the whole body. Multiply the number by a million or two and remove all parliamentary rules, and you have a figure that might serve to show the status of the "science" of language. Language is a resultant we cannot hope to calculate, from a composition of forces so intricate we cannot trace it. Not all your prayers will cancel half a line, nor all your tears wash out a word of it. Neither can you by taking thought add a word to its vocabulary, though you may do so easily by a lucky chance. Not all the efforts of the word architects have given us an acceptable pronoun for the third person singular masculine and feminine in one, but the humorist gives us a useful word, *bromide*, which in a year or two from its first appearance makes its way into the dictionary, soberly accepted in its new sense. Attempts to modify language deliberately are like eugenics, which is faultless in theory, and works beautifully on guinea-pigs. And here again language is like poetry; it does not flourish if we try to grow it by logic.

Here, then, lies the real problem for those of us who have a conscience in the matter, and it is not unlike the problem of life itself. Is language a matter of blind fate that leaves us neither duty nor power? Most of us prefer to think it is not; that we have both duty and power in questions of speech, even though neither is clear to see. For our belief that the prejudice against slang should be encouraged, one reason at least may be offered. Two of the forces in the complex from which language emerges are those of opposition and encouragement; these two are a part of the energy which is the vitality of language. It is like some of the processes of nature in this respect, it must be opposed if it is to be healthy growth. Killing new words if you can does not kill language any more than cutting back a grape-vine kills grapes. It is in our power to supply vitality; it is our duty to do so. One duty toward slang is not to be neutral. In so far as we have convictions, feelings, beliefs about it, we should act on them. Another duty is to act as intelligently as possible. It is true that imagination rather than intellect seems to supply the energy that inspires and shapes language, but intelligence is the guiding principle of it in so far as it has any, and ought to be so more than it is. We call on it for guidance whenever we seek to make a conscious choice, whenever we question the present status or probable future of an expression that is or has been slang, asking, Has it come into good use? Is it likely ever to prove of permanent value?

Of the fate of current slang words we may find an index in the fate, wherever it has been determined, of analogous words in the past. The word *automobile* is built to describe a new species, and we promptly shorten it to *auto*. Somewhat more than a hundred years ago a new and fashionable vehicle was the *cabriolet*. By 1830 the abbreviated form *cab* was in good use. One might infer that *auto* would be in good use by 1930 were it not for the fact that the vaguer *car* is superseding it. From the past we learn that abbreviations which are at first slangy are likely to survive if they are permanently useful. On September 28, 1710, Steele published in *The Tatler* an unsigned letter written by Swift, who complained of the popular and fashionable corruption of the language. One fault in particular he mentioned:

> which consists in pronouncing the first syllable in a word that has many, and dismissing the rest, such as "Phizz," "Hipps," "Mobb," "Pozz," "Rep," and many more, when we are already overloaded with monosyllables, which are the disgrace of our language. Thus we cram one syllable, and cut off the rest, as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their legs, to prevent them from running away; and if ours be the same reason for maiming our words, it will certainly answer the end; for I am sure no other nation will desire to borrow them. Some words are hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only in their way to perfection, as Incog and

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Plenipo: But in a short time, it is to be hoped, they will be further docked to Inc and Plen. This reflection has made me of late years very impatient for a peace, which I believe would save the lives of many brave words, as well as men. The war has introduced abundance of polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns, "Speculations," "Operations," "Preliminaries," "Ambassadors," "Palisadoes," "Communication," "Circumvallation," "Battalions," as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our Coffee Houses, we shall certainly put them to flight and cut off the rear.

Of the "maimed" words which Swift complains of here, *mob*, for *mobile vulgus*, is the only one which really survives. *Hyp* for *hypochondria* has given way to the older *grouch*, probably because *grouch* speaks more plainly for itself—*hyp* might stand for any one of a hundred words derived from or built upon the Greek. Similar causes might account for the fate of *pos* and *phiz*, which, if they have not actually passed out of the language, are mere ghosts of archaisms. *Reputation* is *rep* nowadays only in a few slang phrases (*demi-rep*, "go get a rep"), but is not widely accepted because the word is not so widely used as to prove a stumbling-block—most persons who use it at all are willing to use the whole of it. *Incognito* and *plenipotentiary* are seldom used informally; for such occasions *incog* and *plenipo* still stand ready, but they are dusty with disuse. An expression that is used to-day in newspaper diplomacy, *chargé d'affaires*, is shortened and anglicized to *charge*, and used as if it were a title. But we retain *mob* because it means only one thing, and that thing we have always with us. By analogy we might augur a successful career for *auto* and *phone*, were it not for the fact that *photo* has been knocking at the gate for fifty years with lessening chances of gaining admittance, and that *gent* and *pants* have been on the waiting-list even longer. Of American speakers of English, probably nine-tenths know no other word than *pants* for the garment it names; still this all but unanimous vote for it does not make it acceptable to the necessary "majority of the best writers and speakers," for it still has the taint of vulgarity, whereas other words to the same effect have not. College slang is full of abbreviations which seem useful to the users; *prof* for *professor*, *exam* for *examination*, *dorm* for *dormitory*, *track* for *track athletics*, *polecon* for *political economy*, *phil* for *philosophy*, and a hundred others. If these do not become widely current outside college circles it is probably because the public knows little of the things they name. War, too, contributes monosyllables, as Swift suggests in his letter to *The Tatler*, but it is not, as a rule, the coffee-house strategist who makes them out of polysyllables, but rather the soldier in the trenches who makes them more or less from the whole cloth. While he strafes the boche and the zepp we read and talk of salients and offensives, hydroaeroplanes and merchant submarines, superdreadnaughts and torpedo-boat destroyers. If these last long enough in our every-day vocabulary to lose the gloss of technicality we may reduce them to lower terms, even as the Bostonian, supposedly sesquipedalian of speech, has reduced "a pedestrian who crosses streets in disregard of traffic regulations" to the compact *jaywalker*.

Slang metaphors may survive when they are expressive and not far-fetched or obscure, providing—and this applies as well to all categories of slang—that the innate vulgarity of the word is not so strong that we cannot forget it. In some cases the vulgarity is so slight that we cannot remember it, and wonder why the word should ever have been acceptable as slang. The word *hit*, for example, as meaning *success* of one sort or another, is still recorded by conservative lexicographers as a bit of theatrical slang, but to most of us, if we think of the metaphor at all, it seems anything but vulgar. To Americans it sounds like a figure from baseball, but it is older than the vogue of the game, and may have come from almost any sport—very likely from cricket, but possibly from archery or some form of shooting. We have an analogous figure seemingly from baseball but possibly from the stage, *put it* (or *one*) *over* (or *across*). There is no more in this of either humor or vulgarity than in *hit*, and no more apparent reason why it should not prove acceptable and useful. Many other current figures show analogy with accepted

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ones. If the expression *up to* ("It is up to you") still sounds slangy to some of us, and we defend our prejudice against it on the ground that it comes from the poker game in the back room of the corner saloon, let us remember expressions with which we find no fault that come from similar sources. *Aboveboard*, *force one's hand*, even *play a lone hand*, are in good use; no one thinks of objecting to them because they come from the card-table. *Aboveboard* suggests that *on the level*, which still sounds slangy, may prove acceptable—there is no objection to the figure, but there seems to be some mysterious vulgarity in the construction as in "on the cheap and on the quiet." But vulgarity does die out, even where its offense would seem most rank; women who could scarcely be brought to mention perspiration under its politest name will talk unblushingly of their sweaters. The taint of the prize-ring has gone from *floor* ("He was completely floored"); why should it not also go from *sidestep?* Similarly such phrases as *deliver the goods*, *get away with it*, *all in*, *call down*, *turn down*, *throw down*, *fall for it*, *put the skids under*, now strike the fastidious ear with varying degrees of offense, but it is by no means impossible that they may some day find themselves in the best of company.

Words imitative of sound (onomatopoetic) or suggestive of process often find permanent place in the language, though perhaps most of them have their origin in grotesque sound and humorous suggestion. It may be that the original form of the word *murmur* was funny to people who talked slang in Sanskrit more years ago than we can reckon, and that some enterprising young Greek before the age of Homer established a reputation for wit when he coined the word that gives us our *barbarous* to imitate the unintelligible sounds of foreign speech, but years reckoned in thousands take the edge off such humor. So do years reckoned in hundreds—words like *jabber*, *gabble*, *gobble*, *goggle*, *gibber*, *giggle*, are funny only now and then to the unspoiled perceptions of a child. Even more elaborate creations like *helter-skelter*, *pell-mell*, *higgledy-piggledy*, *hullaballoo*, *namby-pamby*, *hocus-pocus*, have lost almost all humorous suggestion and are now fairly well established in the language. But *bamboozle*, which is only a degree more grotesque, was slang two hundred years ago (as Swift tells us in *The Tatler*) and is still so marked in the dictionaries. In the same class we might place such words as *flabbergast*, *sockdologer*, *flim-flam*, *spondulix*, *kerflummux*, *slumgullion*, *skedaddle*, *skiddoo*, *sculduggery*, some of which are useful enough to persist, but all would seem too grotesque in sound ever to become dignified. Other words less bizarre in sound are telescopic compounds of two useful words, with the meaning of both, as *scurry*, seemingly from *scamper* and *hurry*. So *chortle*, perhaps from *chuckle* and *snort*, was contributed to the language by Lewis Carroll, and joyfully received. *Squelch* is accepted by dictionaries as descriptive of sound, but is called colloquial when used as if it were made up of *quell*, *quench*, and *extinguish*, rolled together and divided by three. *Squeegee*, perhaps compounded of *squeeze* and the sound made by the implement, was used in quotation marks as lately as 1897, but needs no apology to-day. We can prophesy in regard to all these words, only if our ears are nicely enough tuned to enable us to decide whether the absurdity of sound will linger, as with *flabbergast*, or rapidly disappear, as with *chortle*.

In the light of past experience also we may designate certain classes of slang expressions that do not prove acceptable for permanent use, though it is well not to try to be exact as to just what words belong in them. There are those whose vulgarity is dyed in the wool and cannot evaporate, such as slang names for things we do not mention in polite society. Many of these are more ancient than honorable, and the student of the unexpurgated classics of franker ages than ours will get more light on them from the substrata of his own vocabulary than from such glossaries as editors dare to print. The modesty of society, too, often becomes prudery, and banishes to the limbo of slang words which might be useful citizens. Such is the history of *booze*, which came to us before the fourteenth century, seemingly from the Dutch, in the form *bous* or

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bouse. At that time, as noun or verb, it meant merely *drink*, and to speak of a gentleman as *bousing* his wine was not libelous or even derogatory. Somehow it acquired the added suggestion of excess and bad company, and by the time of Shakespeare we find it in glossaries of the argot of thieves and gipsies. The process may be understood when we think of the sinister meaning we often attach to the simple word *drink*, which might conceivably run the same course if we misuse it often enough.

Many of slang's gayest blossoms have faded because they have had no real roots in our life and thought. We could gather a nosegay of faded metaphors ephemeral because far-fetched, fantastic, mysterious, or unintelligible in origin and senseless in themselves, originating in ephemeral things or circumstances, and made-up words to which arbitrary meanings are attached. A man in middle life recalls the slang of his boyhood with some such indulgent wonder as that with which an elderly woman looks at the fashion-plates of her early youth—*snide*, *cheese it*, *sheeny*, *chestnut*, *spoony*, or even those of more recent coinage, *snap*, *skiddoo*, *twenty-three*, *thirty cents;* they were artificially charged with meaning, and their effervescence is irretrievably gone. *Lemon* and *lobster* are nearly as flat. With the disappearance of a certain kind of early-Victorian prudery has gone the vogue of such terms as *inexpressibles* for *trousers*. Du Maurier's once famous novel has almost reached the vanishing-point in the perspective of time, and we no longer speak of feet as *Trilbys*. It is not safe, however, to prophesy that because a word comes from a proper name it will fade as fades the fame or notoriety of the person. We have forgotten what *Edgarism* is, but we still understand *Bowdlerize*. *Fletcherize* may yet make *Fletcher* immortal, even as *derrick* preserves in the dictionaries the name of a once famous hangman.

The prejudice against slang has its victories, but it has its defeats also, and there is nothing that both sides are so urgent to know as the exact point at which the struggle may be considered ended. To the arbiters such questions come daily: "The dictionaries say that 'graft' is slang, but I hear the best people use it, and I saw it the other day in a book. Is it really slang?" In other words, when does opposition to a slang expression cease to be a virtue and become merely an obstructive habit? Of course there is no categorical answer to this question; if there were, slang would have less interest for us than other aspects of language. Dictionaries have almost inevitably an ultra-conservative effect; in merely recording the historical fact that a given word was once slang they help to keep it so. Our memories, so far as they go, record the same facts to the same effect. Any one who remembers the day when a given expression appeared as a new-minted bit of slang finds it hard to think of it as anything but vulgar. In 1890 the baseball reporter coined the word *bleachers*, but men now in responsible positions who were born since that day would find unintelligible any objection to its present status. They have heard it as they hear other words, and have no prejudice as to its origin. Those of us who used *graft* in the freshness of its slangy youth still feel certain restrictions on its usefulness that a college freshman does not dream of.

Slang is the boiling surface on the melting-pot of language; we burn our fingers if we try to handle it without sense of humor and an intimate knowledge of its ways. That is the trouble with international comments on slang—British discussions of American slang, for example. By the time our slang gets to England the specimens are about as valuable as stuffed birds in a museum. Dissection of a dead (or perhaps mangled) form of words does not reveal the vital breath of humor. And sometimes slang does not even take form in words, but lies in facial expression, a wink, an intonation, a gesture, a whistle. And there lies its fascination, in its very elusiveness—"its very being is its going hence." It is one of the critical stages of language, and it is constantly in the focus of our attention. We might learn much that we do not know about language from slang if we were to study it scientifically—but what has science to do with humor? Or what can science do without it?

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The Preaching Peony

BY ALICE BROWN

OLD Hiram Marden had got home from market. The horse was unharnessed and the bundles piled in the shed, and now he sat by the kitchen window where he could see the leaves moving in the spring breeze, and began upon his excellent dinner of pork and greens. He was not really old, but he had been called so for a long time, partly because, with his dust-colored hair, now beginning to turn gray, standing out in odd directions, and his dust-colored whiskers in a disordered tangle, he had the look of an amiable scarecrow that had suffered many seasons' wear. But he was a clean scarecrow. Nabby, his little bright-eyed wife, sitting opposite him and eating her greens with relish, saw to that. She was not of the scarecrow type. Her gingham dress lay in conforming folds, and her hair, curly to the point of kink, was made into a seemly knob. She let Hiram satisfy his first hunger and then she asked her question.

"Well, d' you see Nettie?"

Hiram nodded, his mouth occupied still with his greens. Nabby waited a moment more. Then, anticipating the next mouthful, she asked:

"What 'd she say?"

Hiram did not answer. He sat back in his chair and frowned and thought a moment. The subject seemed too big for him. Nabby waited.

"Well," he said, after due consideration, "I judged they'd had trouble."

"Nettie? Nettie an' Anson? Why, they ain't been married a year."

"I can't help it," said Hiram, solemnly. "You mark my words, it's so."

"Why they ain't but just moved into the new house."

"I guess," said Hiram, sagely, "you could have trouble in a new house same 's an old one if ye were headed that way."

Nabby never got really impatient with him. She had learned through an intercourse of many years that he always had his reasons.

"Now," said she "what if you should begin at the beginnin' an' tell it all jest as it was."

"Well," said Hiram, omitting, though his plate was empty, to help himself again, "I walked in upon 'em jest as they were finishin' breakfast. Left the horse at the gate. Nettie got right up from her place an' come for'ard an' kissed me, nice as a pin. 'My,' says she, "ain't you early! Anson, here's uncle.'"

"Why, he must 'a' seen you," said Nabby, anxiously, "if he was settin' there. Wa'n't he goin' to speak?"

"'Course he was. She jest said it, that's all. So he got up an' come for'ard an' then we all se' down, an' I had as nice a cup o' coffee as ever you see. Good as yours, if I do say it. 'Nettie, says I, 'you're comin' over to-morrer' same as you planned?' 'Yes,' says she, 'an' Anson's comin' about three in the afternoon, soon's he can get off, an' take supper.' 'Well,' says I, 'your aunt wanted me to tell you she'd have them plants all ready to move, an' I'd harness up an' bring ye back in the cool o' the evenin' an' carry 'em along.'"

"Yes," said Nabby, nodding conformingly. "I'm goin' to give 'em a good waterin' to-night, an' I can take up a lot o' dirt with 'em, an' they'll go real good."

"Well, seems Anson never'd heard about her wantin' more of a garden. You know there's the old beds that was there when they moved in. 'What's that?' says he. 'You ain't goin' to set out more plants?' 'Yes,' says she. 'I'm goin' to fill up them long beds by the well. Aunt's promised to give me the roots.' Anson shoved back his chair an' he says: 'I'm goin' to grass them beds over. You've got flower-beds enough.' Well, I dunno, but one thing

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led to another, an' 'fore they got through Nettie 'd said she'd have the plants, blow high blow low, an' Anson 'd much as said she shouldn't."

"My soul!" commented Nabby. "An' not married a year! Well?"

"Well," said Uncle Hiram, absently, helping himself to greens, "that's all there was to it."

"All there was to it? Didn't you say suthin'?"

"Why, no," said Hiram. "I thought 'twa'n't hardly my place."

"Well," said Nabby, vaguely, as she got up to pour out the pudding sauce, "I dunno whose place 'tis."

After his dinner, as Hiram was going out of the door, he took out his pipe and stopped to say, "Oh, I see the *Patriot* man."

"That new editor?"

"Yes. He says, 'Ain't you the chap that brings in the items from Willer Vale?' 'Yes,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'why don't you get busy an' bring in some?' ''Tain't me,' says I; 'it's my woman. I guess she ain't been able to scare up any. Times are slack.' That's what I told him. 'Times are slack.'"

He gave a little dry laugh that served him for the extreme of mirth, and went pottering off to the barn. Nabby began clearing away, moving about the kitchen in an absent fashion, and pausing now and then to wonder over the picture of Nettie and Anson having words. At dusk that night she called upon Hiram, sitting in the porch smoking comfortably, and bade him pump water into the half-barrel in the corner of her garden.

"I'm goin' to give them plants a real good sousin' down," she said. "They'll move twice as easy."

Hiram obeyed her, saying nothing, but when they had watered in silence for the space of half an hour, he filling her can as she brought it back to the half-barrel, he spoke, making it evident that he had carried her words in his mind until this moment of proximity.

"If they ain't goin' to take the plants, you'll have your labor for your pains."

"They be goin' to take 'em," said Nabby, briefly, wetting down a peony.

"Why, he as much as told her she shouldn't."

"Well," said Nabby, in a non-committal form of words, "I can't help that."

"What's that you're waterin'?" asked Hiram, as she continued to spray the peony. "You ain't goin' to take up such a big root as that?"

"Law, no!" said Nabby, tolerantly. She sometimes felt scorn of his garden knowledge. "That's the piny I bought o' the tree-man three year ago, an' it's growed like wonderful. It must be terrible early. Here 'tis only April, an' it's chock-full o' buds. This is the first year it's bloomed."

After the watering they went in, and, concluding it was too warm to have a light, sat down by the windows and remarked upon the breeze and the slender moon above the rim of firs. Then there was a long silence while Hiram wondered whether it would pay him to stretch himself on the lounge, or whether that temporary ease might not make it all the harder to get up and go to bed.

"Hiram," said his wife, suddenly.

"What is it?" said he. "You made me jump."

"You asleep?"

"No, not hardly. What 'd you say?"

"I was lookin' back," said Nabby, "an' I can't seem to remember you an' I ever had words."

"Well, no," said Hiram, somnolently. "Anyways, s'pos'n we did. 'Twouldn't make no difference now."

That seemed to Nabby so mysteriously wise a conclusion that she sat musing over it until the clear-toned clock waked them both to life as it is.

"My soul!" said she. "I ain't put my buns to rise. You bring in a mite o' kindlin' for mornin'."

The next forenoon about ten o'clock, when the house had reached a state of exquisite order, and Nabby, with her white apron on, was sitting by the window beginning to wonder whether Nettie would come, the step she knew ran up the path and through the hall, and Nettie was there. Aunt Nabby had only time to rise and take a forward step before Nettie was upon her—a young, gay, pretty creature, with black eyes and hair as full of kinks as Aunt Nabby's own. She was even more talkative than usual, ready with little

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

"YOU DON'T S'POSE ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM, DO YOU?"

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punctuating laughs, and yet Aunt Nabby knew things were not absolutely well with her. She could even have said, from the look of the black eyes, that Nettie had cried that morning. Their talk was a little different, too, though Nettie did not know how cleverly it was guided into desirable channels. Anson wasn't mentioned at all. Gardens weren't mentioned, or plants, until, just as Aunt Nabby got up to blaze a fire, Nettie said, carelessly:

"Uncle Hiram tell you Anson didn't want I should have any more garden?"

"Why, seems 's if he did say Anson was afraid 'twould be too much for you," Nabby said, carelessly.

"That's it," said Nettie, with a frank bitterness. "He says it 'll be too much for me. He says I've got more 'n I can take care of now."

"Well," said Aunt Nabby, "mebbe you have, but he can help you when he comes home from the store."

Nettie sat brooding. Aunt Nabby took a bunch of dried grasses out of the vase on the mantel and threw it into the fireplace. "I can't stand dead truck soon as the leaves begin to spring," she remarked, as if she apologized to the grasses themselves.

"Aunt," said Nettie, passionately, "d' you ever think you wanted to leave Uncle Hiram?"

"Mercy!" said Aunt Nabby. "What ever put such a thing as that into your head?"

"I want to know," said Nettie. The color had come into her cheeks. She was all defiance. "Did you?"

"I guess so," said Aunt Nabby, easily. "I can't seem to remember now. I guess I've felt 'most every way anybody else has. I hope so, anyways. I should be sorry to think there was a way I couldn't feel."

"Then what d' you *do?*" Nettie insisted. "D' you tell him you wanted to run away?"

Aunt Nabby, even when she was not contributing to the *Patriot*, had a nimble mind, but here it failed her. She thought suddenly of that somnolent calm of last night in the sitting-room when she and Uncle Hiram had agreed upon the barrenness of their tragedies.

"I've got to get dinner now," she said. "We'll come back to this after we've stayed ourselves."

But at dinner Uncle Hiram, whom she had omitted to bind over to silence, looked up suddenly from his plate and inquired, "Nettie, how 'd you come out about the plants?"

"What plants?" Nettie returned, perversely.

"Them plants your aunt's offered to give ye. You goin' to take 'em along?"

"No," said Nettie.

Aunt Nabby at the moment snatching a hot plate from the stove apparently burned her finger and cried out, and Uncle Hiram sprang to her rescue.

"Here," said he, "you get you a mite o' sody."

"No, no," said Aunt Nabby. "'Tain't bad enough for that. Nettie, what kind o' flour you usin' now?"

The emergency passed, and after that the talk at the table was all amity. And after dinner Aunt Nabby washed the dishes and Nettie wiped, and presently they were ready to sit down by the windows again. But Nettie, just at the point of opening her work—a little roll of lace she was crocheting—laid it down and started to her feet. She was determined, in some unexplained way; Aunt Nabby thought she also looked angry.

"Let's go out in the garden," said Nettie. "I'd like to see the plants I was goin' to have. 'Twon't do anybody any hurt to have me look at 'em, anyways."

"All right," said Nabby. "I guess I'll slip on my other apron. I never step a step into the garden but I see somethin' I want to do."

They went out through the grape-arbor and down the long path where, on both sides, the lush green things were beginning their happy season—healthy clumps of phlox, larkspur already great, and a wilderness of balm. Nettie stopped at nearly every clump, regarding them with the look Aunt Nabby knew; it answered to something in her own heart.

"Why," said Nettie, "they're 'most too big to take up now."

"Mebbe they be too big," said Aunt Nabby. She was more and more sorry for Nettie. She wished she could soften the blow.

But Nettie was not so much grieving

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now as growing hot from her remembered wrongs. "To think—" she said once, and then stopped; but when they had traversed the length of the two longest beds she burst out passionately: "Aunt Nabby, s'pose I shouldn't wait for Anson to-night. S'pose I should take the train and go straight off to mother's. Would you tell him?"

Aunt Nabby apparently did not hear. She was bending over the early peony and laughing a little to herself. "Only you look at this," she said. "This piny's come up an' budded an' some o' the other plants ain't hardly out o' the ground."

"Why," said Nettie, "I never knew a peony to bud so early."

"It's witch work," said Aunt Nabby. "Still, I do cosset it up more'n all the rest put together. Besides," she added, in a loud tone, as if she had suddenly made up her mind to a desperate deed, "this ain't no common piny."

"D' you buy it of the man that comes round?"

"I guess," said Aunt Nabby, solemnly, "I'll tell you the story o' that piny, only you must make up your mind not to let it go no further. Don't you open your head about it, not to your uncle, nor Anson even."

"No," said Nettie, in wonder. "'Course I won't." Then she remembered her grievance. "I ain't likely to tell Anson," she said, bitterly.

"You set down here on this bench," said Aunt Nabby. "Your uncle made me the bench so 'twould be right here next the piny an' we could set here summer evenin's an' think back to old times."

"Why," said Nettie, "I never saw either of you sitting here. I don't think I ever noticed this peony, either, till this year."

"Mebbe you didn't notice," said Aunt Nabby. "Your uncle ain't one to call attention to them things—nor I ain't, neither. Well, 'twas thirty year ago or more, an' I was as young as you be now. I'd been bindin' shoes to help shingle the house. Your uncle wa'n't so prosperous then as he is now. An' we'd got the shinglin' done, an' I'd turned in what money I made, an' there was two dollars over. Your uncle had it in his pocketbook. An' the tree-man come along, an' he says: 'I've got pinies on my list. I'm takin' orders for 'em—deliver 'em in the fall,' says he. 'Let me put down your name.' We paid for 'em right down, thirty year ago. Well, your uncle was in the barn, an' I run out to him, full-tilt. 'You give me my two dollars,' says I. 'The tree-man's come, an' I want to buy a piny.' Your uncle looked up at me—he was pitchin' ma'sh hay from one bay to another—an' he says: 'I guess you don't want no pinies. We've got to paint the house.'"

"He did?" cried Nettie. "Why, that don't sound any more like uncle—! You said only the other day he was as free-handed a man as ever lived."

"So he is," said Aunt Nabby. She lifted her apron and wiped off her forehead. It was not a very warm day, but her inner turmoil was great. "I'm talkin' about thirty year ago. Well, the long an' short of it was, we had words. One thing led to another, an 'fore I knew it I'd said things that never ought to been said."

"Were they true?" Nettie asked, fiercely.

"Law, no, they wa'n't true. Things ain't ever true when you say 'em in temper—not *as* you say 'em. An' all the time the tree-man was waitin' inside to put down my name, an' byme-by I remembered that, an' I says: 'I'm goin' in an' tell him I can't have it. I can't have a piny,' I says, 'bought with my own money.' An' I did. I went in an' give my face a dash o' cold water at the sink, an' rubbed it off at the roller-towel, an' I went in where the tree-man set rockin' back an' forth an' readin' the *Patriot*.' 'I've changed my mind,' says I. 'Twon't pay to set out pinies here. I may not be here very long.'"

"Oh, my!" said Nettie. "D' you say that? You don't s'pose he thought you'd been havin' trouble, do you?"

"I thought o' that. That's the worst thing that can happen to married folks, lettin' anybody step in betwixt 'em. Well, I knew how I must look to him, an' I says, 'I didn't mean to be gone so long, but I had to stop an' help get in the calf.' So I guess he never knew."

"Why, Aunt Nabby!" said Nettie. "I

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never 'd thought you'd say a thing like that."

"Well, I guess I'm as straight as most folks," said Aunt Nabby. "An' if I was goin' to tell a lie 'twould be for somebody else besides myself. Well, you wouldn't believe it, but I went right back into the barn, soon as the tree-man was gone, an' I says to your uncle, 'I'm goin' back to mother's.'"

"You did! What 'd he say?"

"He says: 'You can go jest as quick as you're a mind to, for there won't be nothin' goin' on here. I'm goin' off an' git work.'"

"He did? Uncle said that? He really said it?"

"Ain't I tellin' you he said it? So I went in an' dressed up an' packed my clo'es, all except what he give me, to have 'em ready to send for. It took me quite a while, an' 'fore I was done I heard wheels, an' I looked out o' the winder an' there was your uncle drivin' out o' the yard. Well, when I see that sight my courage all went out o' me. I knew he'd gone for good, an' I thought of a million things all at once. I thought how he had a bad throat, an' how he never could remember to get his hair cut the right time o' the moon, an' I see him dead an' buried an' I not by to tend to him."

"Yes! yes!" said Nettie, feverishly.

"An' I see a whole world o' pinies wa'n't wuth your uncle's little finger. I set right down there on my trunk an' I says to myself: 'I can't go. He's gone, an' I'll stay here an' keep the place runnin' an' mebbe when he's sick an' tired o' the world, even if he's an old man, he'll come back."

Nettie was crying, and seemed not to know it, for the tears stayed wet on her cheeks.

"He come back,'" she said, "didn't he?"

"Law, yes," said Aunt Nabby, briskly, rising. "He come within an hour. An' wher d' you s'pose he'd been? He'd drove after the tree-man an' had him put my name down for the best piny there was—four years' growth, too, an' I never in the world should ha' thought o' gettin' more'n one year. An' he come back an' had dinner as budge as you please."

"And this is the peony," said Nettie, in a tone of awe. "Thirty years old!"

"Pinies live to a great old age," said Aunt Nabby, wisely. "Folks don't always. An' after they're gone I guess we'd do 'most anything if we could have 'em back. Come, le's go in out o' this sun."

It was a placid afternoon there in the sitting-room, with the summer breeze coming in at the windows, bringing the scents of spring. Nettie was rather still and worked industriously, and Aunt Nabby seemed possessed by the spirit of reminiscence and told a score of stories Nettie had never heard about the good times she and Uncle Hiram had had all through their youth, and the times they were having now. Finally she asked:

"Ain't it time for Anson to be along?"

"Yes," said Nettie. "Some past."

"Mercy!" said Aunt Nabby, ruthlessly. "You don't s'pose anything's happened to him, do you?"

Nettie moved in her chair at that, and for half an hour she watched the window apprehensively. And at five Anson came. He was frowning, Aunt Nabby saw, as he came striding up the path, a muscular, blond Anson, in his best clothes. He looked up at the window where Nettie sat, looked anxiously, Aunt Nabby thought, and when Nettie smiled at him a little shyly his face brightened and he smiled. But they did not say much at their meeting. Aunt Nabby had a great many questions to ask him—about the weather at the street and the trolley trip out, and whether he didn't wish, now it was so easy to get about, he and Nettie had found a little place farther out in the country.

"I don't see 's I do," said Anson, going to the whatnot and beginning to take up the shells and corals and look them over as he always had, ever since he had begun to come here. He had been born by the sea, and the sound of it was seldom out of his ears. "She'd work harder then 'n she does now."

"Work never hurt anybody yet," said Nettie, impulsively, over her crocheting.

"There's some work that's better than play," said Aunt Nabby. "Sometimes when I go to bed at night I'm

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tired all through me, but I get up fresh as a lark. But that's when I've got tired doin' suthin' I wanted to. Ain't we queer creaturs!"

Then Uncle Hiram came in, and Anson abandoned his shells and turned about to talk of the weather chances and the price of grain.

Aunt Nabby was moving back and forth now, getting supper, and presently she called: "Nettie, I'm goin' to give you some pie-plant to take home with you. Anson, you come out an' pull it up."

"I'll bring it when I come in from the barn," Uncle Hiram offered.

But Aunt Nabby pushed him aside. "No, no. You do your chores up quick so 's we can have supper. An', Nettie, you finish settin' the table. Come along, Anson. I'll show you where 'tis."

They went down through the path between the two long beds, and at a wilding patch of lady's-delights Aunt Nabby stopped.

"You can't no more manage them little creaturs—" she said. "I made up my mind to have one patch of 'em an' no more, but they won't grow except in this same spot. I clear 'em out o' here, an' back they come. Nettie got any o' these?"

"I guess not," said Anson, miserably. "I don't know hardly what she's got. It's too much, anyways, for anybody that ain't no tougher 'n she is."

Aunt Nabby had started along the path, and now she turned suddenly upon him, in alar , it seemed. "Why, ain't Nettie well?" she asked. "She looks proper nice to me."

"She's light built," said Anson, obstinately. "She ain't fit for heavy work."

"Law! that all?" said Aunt Nabby. "Well, she don't need to do no heavy work. You'll do it for her, same's your uncle does for me. There! here's the new pie-plant. I bought it o' the tree-man, an' it's as much better 'n the old root as you can think. You pull it straight out o' the middle an' I'll set by an' get my breath."

Anson pulled the beautiful crimson stalks, and Aunt Nabby, sitting on the bench by the peony, fanned herself idly with a rhubarb leaf. Suddenly she began to laugh.

"Don't you know, Anson," she said, "sometimes anybody's possessed to tell things you couldn't pry out of 'em another time, do what you would? Well, I be now. Only don't you tell nobody, your uncle nor Nettie."

"No," said Anson, seriously, rising from his task and leaving the rhubarb stalks on the ground beside him. "'Course I won't."

"You see this piny?"

"Yes. Ain't it early to be so far along?"

"I guess 'tis. An' there's somethin' queer about that. Twenty-five year ago I set out that piny, in that very spot, an seems 's if this year it said to itself 'twould come into bloom as it never did afore. Kind of a silver-weddin' anniversary."

Anson was staring at her and wrinkling his forehead. He did not understand.

"You see," continued Aunt Nabby, "your uncle an' I had words. 'Twas the only time we ever did, long 's we've lived together. He wanted a piny in this very spot, an' I wanted suthin' else. Well, you can't believe how high anybody 'll get over a little insignificant thing like that."

"There's no need o' their gettin' high," said Anson, hotly. "There's reason in all things."

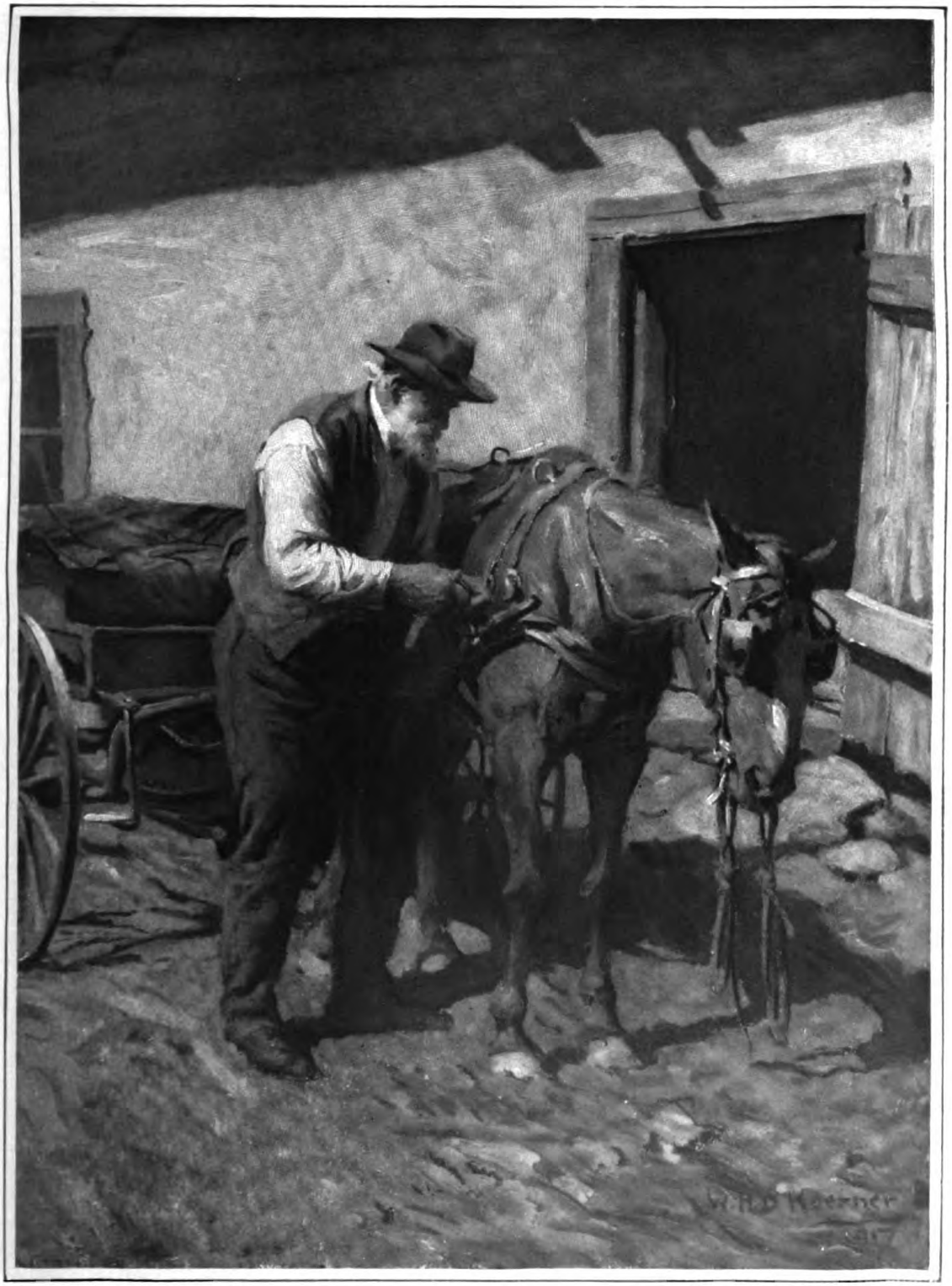
"Oh, well, when it comes to married folks," said Aunt Nabby, "reason ain't the heft on 't. Didn't you know that? Well, your uncle an' I as much as concluded we'd break up an' I'd go home an' live, all on account of not havin' a piny where we each of us wanted it. An' things went so fur I did put on my bunnit an' shawl, an' the piny laid there under the tree dryin' up. And then 'twas your uncle broke his leg."

"Why," said Anson, "I never heard Uncle Hiram broke his leg."

"Well, mebbe he didn't. Mebbe he kinder twisted it. Anyways, I got him into the house, an' onto the lounge, an' fetched him the camphire, an' when I see him layin' there it all come over me. I thought how 'twould be if I see him layin' in his last sleep."

"What the devil do you want to say such things as that for?" Anson cried, in a loud voice.

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by Nelson Demarest

UNCLE HIRAM WENT OFF, AND HARNESSED

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"An' I run out an' popped the piny into the ground, the very spot he picked out for it," said Aunt Nabby, solemnly. "An' I ain't laid eyes on it once to this day but I think o' that minute when I realized what 'twould be if your uncle was took away from me. Well, there, Anson!" She started up briskly. "It all come over me this spring, seein' the piny buddin' before its time, an' I didn't want to bring it all back before your uncle. So I says to myself: 'I'll tell Anson. He never 'll let it go no further.'"

They walked back to the house in silence, but at supper, in spite of Anson's gravity, the atmosphere was quite gay. Aunt Nabby told stories of the past wherein it was apparent that she and Uncle Hiram had had their share of junketings. As they were getting up from the table Anson spoke, awkwardly, yet with decision:

"Well, I guess we'd better be thinkin' about gettin' home."

"Mercy!" said Aunt Nabby. "I thought you'd stay till the last car."

"Wa'n't there somethin' about your harnessin' up an' goin' in with us," asked Anson, turning to Uncle Hiram, "so 's to carry some plants?"

Nettie started and the color flew into her cheeks, and Uncle Hiram opened his mouth and seemed to think better of it, for no sound came. But Aunt Nabby was instantly to the fore.

"Well, I'm glad you spoke of it, Anson," she said. "If they'd slipped my mind completely an' you'd gone off without 'em I guess I should ha' been tried. Here, Hiram, you bring the spades; you'll want both of 'em. There's a whole pile o' boxes out in the shed. I set 'em out ready. Nettie an' I'll look on."

Things got quite exciting in the garden, for Nettie waked out of her resentful calm and began to talk. She told Anson the names of plants, and he listened with a devout attention, and finally waked up himself, remembering that his mother had had phlox by the pump, and how it used to smell when he went out, the last thing at night, to get a drink. Then Uncle Hiram left the spading to Anson and went off to harness, and when he drove round in the long wagon, with the back seat out, the boxes were ready, and Aunt Nabby and Nettie between them carried two of the lightest and helped load.

When they had driven away, Aunt Nabby took the hoe and smoothed over some of the holes their ravaging had left.

The last thing of all, she went down to the peony corner where the early peony stood in its pride. She sat down on the bench for a minute, thinking, and at last, with a little delighted laugh to herself, she went in and lighted the lamp and got her pencil and a sheet of paper.

When Uncle Hiram came back the moon was gone and he unharnessed in the dark. He came in through the kitchen to the sitting-room where Nabby sat at the secretary, her sheet of paper before her. She looked up at him happily and tried to push her fingers through her tangled hair.

"There!" she said. "I've got three items done."

Hiram sat down and began to unlace his shoes. "I'll take 'em in with me tomorrer," he said. "I've got to have some fertilizer. I left Nettie an' Anson settin' out their plants. Don't it seem queer to you he was so possessed she shouldn't have 'em an' then give in without a word?"

"Oh, I don't know 's I should call it givin' in," said Aunt Nabby. "I s'pose he changed his mind."

"Well," said Uncle Hiram, "I guess I'll be pokin' off to bed. What's your paragraphs about?"

"One's about that piny's buddin' so early, an' one's to say Mr. and Mrs. Anson Bean spent Wednesday, the nineteenth, with Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Marden. I had three items," said Nabby, ruefully, "but one I tore up."

"What d' ye do that for?"

"'Twas about northern lights," said Nabby. "I said they were seen on the night o' the tenth."

"I didn't see 'em," said Hiram. "Why didn't you call me?"

"O Hiram," said Nabby, "there wa'n't any. Don't I tell you that's why I had to tear it up? Sometimes seems to me the things you can think up are terrible nice compared to things that's so."

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The Portrait of Chicago

BY HARRISON RHODES

THE final insult to a Chicagoan is to recognize his town after any absence from it. A certain writer, planning to do a certain article on Chicago, was remonstrated with by a lady from that metropolis.

"I don't see," she remarked, "how you can expect to give an accurate picture of the town, and to do it justice; you haven't been there since January."

This conversation, taking place in April, gives some measure of the rapidity with which, in the opinion of its inhabitants, Chicago changes. For them, who know so well that each moment of Chicago history has always brought improvement, and always will, it is small wonder that the golden moment for writing definitively of their town never quite arrives, and that the real Chicago is always a little in the future.

Indeed, there is almost nothing in the way of change which the Chicagoan may not, with some show of reason, hope for. There is one supreme symbol of the town's accomplishment; now that the Chicago River, so long a foul and unspeakable stream, has been miraculously reversed in its course, and flows inland toward the Mississippi in a clear blue flood from Lake Michigan's heart, it must be admitted instantly that a city which has wrought this hydraulic wonder is capable of effecting any transformation which its imagination can conceive.

Here, at the outset of the Chicagoan discussion, is what one might call the theme which runs through all its Western music. Chicago is what all American towns theoretically should be — self-made. It did not just grow, like Topsy and New York and Philadelphia and Boston, but is the product of constant and bitter effort. Looking at a map today and observing the magnificent convergence of all the railways and all the steamship lines of the great Middle-Western country upon the southern shore of Lake Michigan, it is easy to believe that Chicago's destiny was always manifest. But it cannot have been so evident to those early settlers. The town was built in a morass bordering a sluggish, sullen stream, swept alternately by bitter winter gales and scorching dust-laden summer blasts from a hot prairie. For months a blanket of drizzling clouds obscured the sun. Chicago has been described by one of its favorite sons as "having no climate of its own, but being exposed to the incursions of all the climates there are." Of course in these incursions must be included rare days of perfect weather, when the beauty of the town's location by its great blue lake is very moving. But the rule still holds that, though Chicago has a great deal of climate, most of it is bad.

The river has been turned back, and (though the sky-scrapers must be built on piles driven in the water-logged earth) the mud in the down-town streets is a thing of the past; but Chicago has as yet discovered nothing which can alter the essential quality of the climate of three-quarters of its year. Existence there seems predestined to be a struggle against nature and the powers of darkness. The town's whole history has a grotesque, passionate epic quality. The old Chicago was a smoking furnace, a seething caldron. From the windows of a train creeping into it in the murk and mists of the early morning the vast, straggling suburbs, the belching chimneys on remote, isolated islands in a grimy prairie sea had something sinister and portentous in them. Any sweetness and light in Chicago must have been paid for, you feel, with tears and blood. But the town's gallant inhabitants have always been ready to pay that price, and more, for progress. In the spacious elegance of Michigan Boulevard, where on one hand a symphony orchestra

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plays and operatic singers carol, and on the other untold thousands of students, male and female, ply all the loveliest arts in marble halls, you feel invigorated and cheered by Chicago's success in being a fully equipped center of civilization, whatever the odds against it may have been. Here is, indeed, the authentic and traditional Americanism which since the Civil War has somewhat faded from sight along the Atlantic seaboard, where great and rich cities are only too apt to let not only luxury and the arts, but civic pride and responsibility, too, come as they will. Here is the reason for the statements so often flung by Chicago in the face of its Eastern rivals, that it alone is the great American city. It has its foreign population in heterogeneous hordes, and its quarters of the town where alien languages prevail, but to some extent it has kept the early American digestion of immigrants; it assimilates a tough, trans-oceanic diet and makes of its inhabitants, if not Americans, at least Chicagoans.



THE LAKE FRONT FROM MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

Civic pride is the real Chicago passion —pride in whatever achievement has been made, and pride in the sacrifices entailed by whatever achievement remains to be made. Never, it may be presumed, in the history of the world have its inhabitants done so much for a town in so short a time. The whole structure of civic, artistic, and charitable institutions has been created by a few generations, who had faith in their chosen home and a gesture at once broad and imaginative.

Almost the first of American cities, Chicago erected huge buildings, planned great boulevards, and laid out a spacious park system. It suddenly built a university, from the beginning almost the largest in the world, covering a great waste tract with academic halls and cloisters. It put huge bathing establishments in its parks by its blue lake, so that during happy summer days the poorest Chicagoan might find his city the ideal vacation resort. It set fountains, pools, and sunken gardens around great factories and mail-order houses, so that some refreshing breath of art might come to the humblest worker. The catalogue of its achievements is tremendous. Indeed, there is an optimism in its lake breezes which makes even the most reluctant Easterner believe that if everything in Chicago is not perfection it is only because there has not yet been time to make it so. The things which Chicago *has* had time to finish often have a style and a distinction which are not to be found in such muddle-headed, floundering places as,

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CHICAGO RIVER, NOW A CLEAR BLUE FLOOD, FLOWING UNDER RUSH STREET BRIDGE

for instance, New York. The New-Yorker is indeed the most striking and unhappy contrast possible to the Chicagoan—he is fatuously proud of his town and yet will not turn his hand over for it. The true Chicagoan will sell his soul for Chicago, and sometimes has to. Upon the shoulders of each typical Chicagoan Chicago lies like a burden. If you are not willing to accept this responsibility you move away from Chicago. And it has been maliciously suggested that the *joie de vivre* so conspicuous in the expatriates from that city scattered over the whole world may be slightly analogous to that of the galley-slave released. For the loyalty and service demanded of residents are deep and searching. The march of improvement must be participated in by one and all, and there is no lightest aspect of life too trivial to have importance.

One poor-spirited fellow who has moved to New York explains, almost paradoxically, what for him are the possibilities of pleasure in the Eastern metropolis.

"If," he says, "I want to spend a quiet evening at home, perhaps with a good book, I know that the tables in the restaurants are all engaged, that the theaters will be crowded, the Broadway sidewalks thronged, and that in a thousand supper-places youth and pleasure will chase the glowing hours till dawn. Everything is going at top speed, and in any case no one would think it my fault if it weren't. In New York I can stay at home in peace. In Chicago I should have an uneasy sense that somehow, somewhere, I ought to be actively completing that evening's triumphant Chicago picture."

There is always a hint of treachery in this moving away. A really high-minded Chicagoan transfers his residence only after fasting and prayer and taking counsel of his most earnest friends. Ideally he should be convinced, first, that he will return; and, second, that from the more effete Washington, Europe, or New York he can bring back loot to adorn Chicago, as a Roman might have fetched home the spoils of Antioch and Athens to enrich the seven

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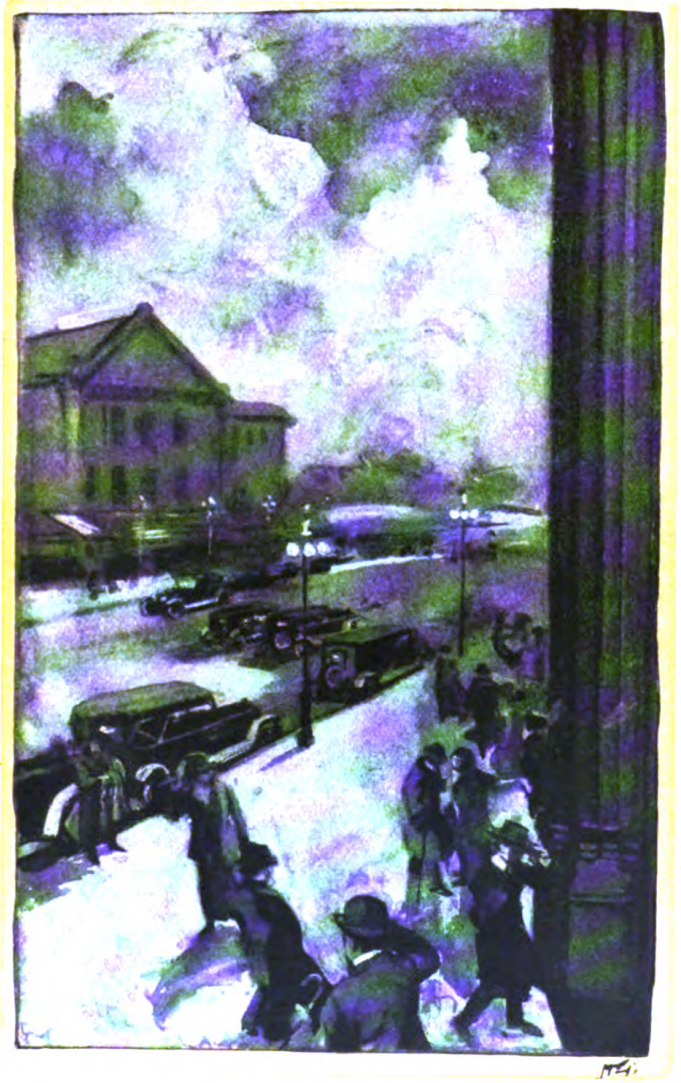
hills. Neither at home nor abroad can the Chicagoan escape the conviction of what he is.

Chicago is, in a sense which should now be comprehensible, the most self-conscious great city of the world. The word is used accurately; self-consciousness does not necessarily include either over-sensitiveness or conceit. The great Western town knows, better than any outsiders can, its merits and its faults.

For a long time Chicago existed in a kind of wilderness. Before the World's Fair of some quarter of a century ago it was a kind of *terra incognita*. Even now visitors, especially those from abroad, are guilty of an incredible vagueness about even the town's geography. There is a story about some strangers entertained at a well-known club who asked where the lake was of which they heard people speak, and when, from the very windows of the room where they sat its blue expanse was pointed out, expressed surprise, since they had supposed that was the Pacific Ocean! It is not long ago that an intelligent Philadelphia lady spoke of a friend who was "going out" to Chicago to live, much as an early-nineteenth-century Londoner might have spoken of any one who was settling in New Guinea. For a long time the East thought of Chicago with ignorant, wondering amazement, recognized it economically, but not socially.

This was the period of legends which told of the big feet of Chicago girls and of the universality of divorce there. It was the time—not altogether past—of English novels which introduced Silas P. Quigg, a pork-packer, and his vulgar and pushing family. The facts are that the Chicagoans of that day were, many of them, really engaged in building houses designed by Richardson, entertaining Matthew Arnold, and collecting libraries of first editions, and that then, as now, few, if any of them, had ever seen the stock-yards. But it availed them nothing in the outer world. There is an apocryphal story of Eugene Field meeting in London a distinguished female novelist who was wide-eyed with wondering amazement at learning of his usual habitat, and inquired gravely into his origins.

"Well, madam," he is said to have



THE WINDY CITY ON A WINDY DAY

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EVEN THE GREAT MERCANTILE HOUSES HAVE ACHIEVED PALATIAL SETTINGS

answered, "when I was caught I was living in a tree!"

The inhabitants of the regions east of the Alleghanies can scarcely have at any period imagined that Chicagoans were actually swinging by their tails in jungles bordering Lake Michigan, but they did view people from those shores with great distrust. Ladies of that town, escaping to the fuller, richer life of London or New York, sometimes denied their origin, and even transformed themselves into Virginians, always a popular though partly unconvincing method of claiming aristocracy of birth in America.

It would be the grossest exaggeration to describe these early Chicagoans as outcasts in the land, yet there is just enough of truth in the statement to make it understandable how the town was knit together and how civic enthusiasm and pride were the answer to the challenge of an effete and doubting world. It must always be remembered

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that even in this Mid-Western country Chicago is new—when it was a mere frontier post both Cincinnati and St. Louis had old-established families and hereditary wealth.

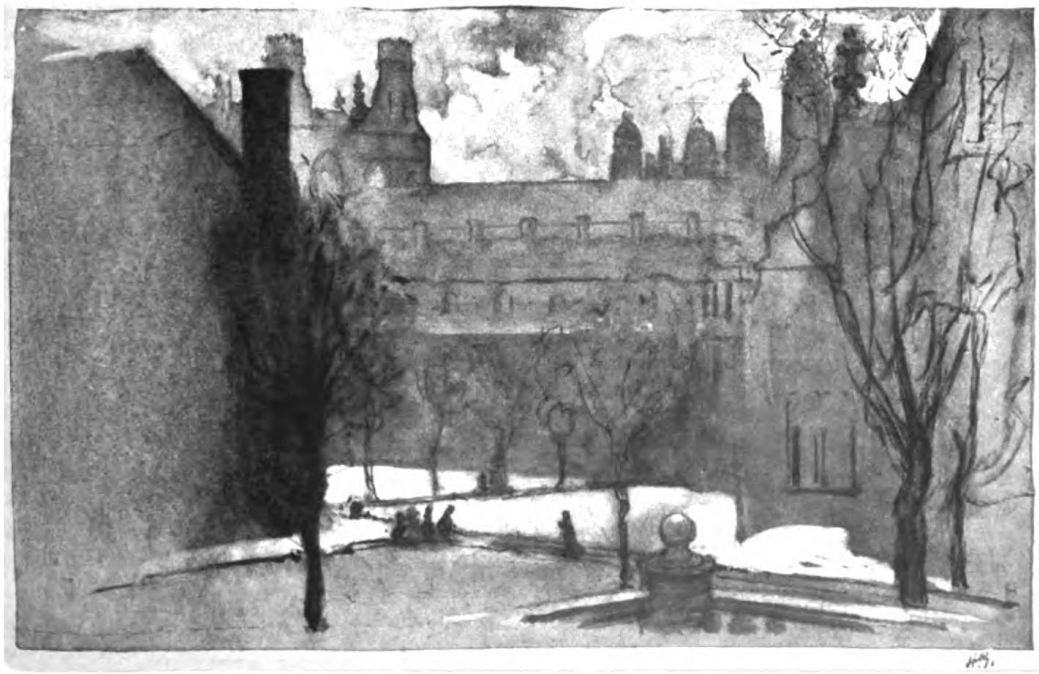
Of course Chicago did not even begin quite in the style of the stone age. Many of those early settlers packed in their baggage the best traditions and the finest culture of the East—the last survivor of the Boston Tea Party died in Chicago in '52. But in the building of the new metropolis the more elegant immigrants worked shoulder to shoulder with many rougher-hewn pioneers. And there is a queer, almost pathetic, kind of comedy in the memories of the attempts of the one sort gently and fraternally to civilize the other. A book giving the history of the most aristocratic of Chicago's clubs records gravely and sweetly how many of the first members had to be taught what a club was and how a gentleman used one. And it is true that the reactions of the raw kind of Chicagoan to the more finished civilizations of the world were often notable. There is a singularly pleasant story of two young gentlemen—of the second generation—who were bicycling in Italy. One day they passed through a fairly large town. They were for the moment engrossed in baseball talk; still at the gate at the farther end of the city one of them paused.

"Don't you think," he said, "we ought to find out what place this is?"

They asked and discovered that it was Florence. Contented with the information, they rode on and resumed their talk!

So much for the immunity from impression. Of course more sensitive souls there were, too. The famous lady, for example, who, after a single trip abroad, opened the gates of her country place on a Wisconsin lake so that of a Saturday night "the peasants(!) might come in and from the lawn listen to the music in the drawing-room."

All this is broad comedy, and nothing to be especially ashamed of. There is sometimes now to be discovered in the new Middle West an almost snobbish tendency to forget the past and to pretend that there never was a time when lettuce salad was dressed with vinegar and sugar. A Middle-Westerner not yet decrepit seizes this opportunity to confess that he can perfectly remember the year when olive-oil crossed the Alleghanies, and that he believes the earlier



CHICAGO UNIVERSITY LIBRARY FROM THE QUADRANGLE CLUB

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sour-sweet dish had a racy flavor of the very ante-bellum Americanism which reclaimed all that northwestern wilderness.

Chicago is, in Bacon's phrase, "young in years, old in hours." It is almost literally a creation of yesterday. A little group of Chicagoan residents of New York dining together termed themselves jocosely "survivors of the Fort Dearborn massacre," and really might almost have been. The incredible speed with which things have had to be accomplished sometimes makes in only two generations of a Chicago family the traditional complete history from the rude pioneer American ancestor to the over-cultivated Europeanized descendant. It is just the violence of such transitions which accounts for much of the town's special flavor, for that note of vigor, of competence, of achievement, which made a Washingtonian once assert that in the wilds of Africa she would be able to tell a Chicago woman by the mere firm hand-clasp.



THE ART INSTITUTE IS DAILY THRONGED WITH HOSTS OF EAGER STUDENTS

The years count for so much by Lake Michigan that the most preposterous effect of age can be produced almost while you wait. The old residential streets from which fashion has ebbed have already a quaintness which will soon be comparable to that of Beacon Hill, and in the regions where the early Chicagoans built their summer cottages (before the North Shore of Massachusetts was thought of) there are delicious examples of nineteenth-century domestic architecture which will be invaluable when the history of art in that period comes to be written.

As for old families, nowhere in America is *laudator temporis acti* as loud in regrets as in our youngest great city at the passing of an earlier aristocracy and the social swamping of the town by new people. And though this sounds absurd, it is *not* in the least absurd; the odd compression of Chicago makes the settlers of the '60's seem as if they might have come in the '60's of the eighteenth century.

The contrasts resulting from the town's fabulously quick growth are often startling and picturesque. The uncertainty of actual personal safety was formerly, for the alien observer, one of the most pleasing features of the picture.

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OAK STREET BEACH, WHERE CHICAGO ASSUMES THE AIR OF A VACATION RESORT

Only a decade ago bandits used to seize especially promising home-goers at six in the evening in the crowded and well-lit North Clark Street and, dragging their victims through the dark and lonely side streets to the Lake Shore Drive, there rob at their leisure. And the mining-camp aspect of the great city was luridly obvious near the sinister Rush Street Bridge, where all through the night ladies wearing upon their lovely persons the traditional king's ransom in jewels sped in luxurious carriages over a thoroughfare upon which no solitary nocturnal pedestrian dared venture. But sandbagging and footpads' work have declined with the years, so Chicagoans to-day assure the simple and trusting stranger.

There is some desolate made land by the lake, for a long time unbuilt upon, which is even now the abode of a squatter who claims title to it and defies all the ordinary processes of law and violence to evict him Near by his hut is the "Casino," briefly to be described as a sort of country club in town, which is of an advanced elegance and style and beauty which make it quite the "smartest" thing in America. And it is quite possible that sometimes the air outside might be pierced by the memories of unavailing cries of the rude and untutored sandbaggers' prey while in the Casino's polished lovely rooms dozens of able-bodied Chicago young men are whipped in by public-spirited women to drink tea in a fashion that makes their town honorably compare with Paris or London in idle, ante-bellum days.

Tea-drinking is indeed trivial, but nothing is too trivial for attention if it can perfect Chicago. In the old days when Anglomania was fashionable in America a Chicago hostess—a Presbyterian, too—was deeply distressed if men did not accept the whisky and soda, and ladies the cigarettes, which advices from London assured her were offered at tea-time in that capital. And a rumor that young noblemen staying in English country houses required a refreshing glass of *kümmel frappé* sent to their rooms before breakfast would have been seriously investigated from this lady's establishment in Lake Forest.

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All this is not particularly from any slavish wish to copy the modes of other towns. It is more in the nature of a guarantee of good faith, an evidence that even if it is painful to be fashionable, if it be for the good of Chicago devoted creatures stand ready to be fashionable.



WITHIN THE FAMOUS PORTALS OF THE PALMER HOUSE

Or fashionable and artistic combined! The early days of opera, in every American city which has attempted it, have always been marked by the martyrdom of the American music-hating male. New York went through such a period, emerging at last with an institution incredibly popular but no longer violently fashionable. And Chicago has seen the light. It gave itself lately one winter's respite—a winter marked, so local observers asserted, by unusual social high spirits. But it has again taken up its operatic cross and, to its astonishment, finds it very light. In the fertile Chicago soil musical taste grows quickly.

The early days of the Chicago Orchestra were marked by the same support given by all the social machinery to a civic and artistic enterprise. There was even a brave pretense that it was a gay, smart thing to dine Saturday night and to go on to a Brahms symphony. Now the Orchestra is genuinely liked, and larkish society people are free to dine at eight and arrive at a musical comedy at half-past nine if they like, just as they do in New York.

There is no telling what such a deeply American community as Chicago will accomplish, once it puts its mind to it. Upon the stage the speech of Chicagoans is made to rasp like a buzz-saw. But an Englishman visiting this country some years ago reported on his return that the American accent softest and pleasantest to his ear he had heard in Chicago. If he was right it is because the natural Mid-Western accent would have been the least pleasant and that Chicago had in consequence gone to the greatest pains to correct it.

Chicago, indeed, gives the lie to almost all the traditions concerning it. It is, for example—if one could trust people who have never been there—the most material of our towns. But, oddly enough, it is really not with material development that the student of

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Chicago should concern himself, for—paradoxical though it may sound—Chicago competes with Boston for the position of the least material of our cities.

First of all, Chicago is not, as things go in America, a rich town. It is not poor, but it lacks the huge money accumulations of New York, and the average prominent citizen is not hopelessly struggling to discover some way of spending his income. The great fortunes of Chicago are, on the whole, of mercantile and manufacturing origin rather than of the *haute finance*, and the resultant tone is one of sobriety, almost frugality. Chicago wealth is—contrary to all accepted tradition—not ostentatious. In the earlier, more tumultuous days when the city was the farthest point east touched by a wild and woolly West and Southwest, they set silver dollars in the tesselated pavement of the Palmer House barber-shop, and the legend went forth of an unbridled vulgarity. Meanwhile in fact the whole structure of public foundations and charities was being built up with amazing swiftness by the prompt generosity and public spirit of two—at the most, three—generations. The open purse for civic needs genuinely acted to maintain a certain modesty in the standards of private living which still persists. Money is not despised there, but if you must be poor, Chicago is not a bad place to try it in.

It is not a bad place to try to be democratic in. Society there is, of course, elegant and fashionable, and to all intents and purposes exactly like any other American society in its habits and customs. And yet, on the whole, one might venture to say that it leans rather on the side of unpretentiousness and well-bred accessibility. It might be taken in evidence that a daily newspaper recently put up placards in all the street-cars with this urgent appeal to even the humble strap-hanger, "Watch for your name in our new department of society news"!

Chicago, perhaps just because it knows that the world is likely to accuse it of the contrary, is, if anything, almost unduly anxious to be modest, quiet, and well-bred. In the summer it avoids Newport and places too tainted with the famous vulgarity of New York, and on the shores of New England claims a natural affinity with Boston's quieter civilization and frugal culture. Indeed it is no little mock New York, but rather, if one may risk the comparison, a great, unshackled, rough and lively Boston of the West, with all the vitality and the sharp indigenous quality which were once the especial possession of the New England capital. Strange religions and new philosophies now spring from the prairie more lustily than ever from Beacon Hill. Even poesy has gone westward, and all Illinois is now a nest of singing-birds.

Nowhere can the persistent efficiency of the Western metropolis be more plainly seen and more agreeably studied than in this matter of art. It was somewhere along in the '80's of the last century that the now classic prophecy was uttered that, "when she got ready, Chicago would make culture hum." Culture is now being made to hum there as nowhere else in the world. The gathering of students at the Art Institute is something majestic and unparalleled; never in the world have so many eager pilgrims simultaneously approached the shrines of painting and sculpture. If numbers are to count, Chicago is already the art center of the world. It is too early to judge by results whether this great Mid-Western country — of which Chicago is consciously and proudly the capital—is as fertile a soil for art as it is for corn. Time will tell; genius shows itself where God wills, whether it be in Iowa or in France. Meanwhile an intensive culture of these prairie fields is being practised. Not only are the students lusty and eager, as befits their origin, but the outside public of mere appreciators strains, as it were, at the leash. It is possible in Chicago, and in Chicago only, for a gay, fashionable party of young people, after lunching at a smart restaurant, to adjourn to the Institute, where the thoughtful host has engaged a lecturer to give them a little talk on the pictures there displayed!

There is, indeed, in Chicago an efficiency in dealing with art so hard and bright as almost to terrify easier-going people from slacker communities.

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Art clubs, art associations, art-display rooms, art theaters, art tea-rooms, and so forth are wisely concentrated in certain admirable buildings where all the advantages of elevators, central heating, and general telephonic service are to be secured. The Chicago Little Theater is a peculiarly striking example of the Chicago way of dealing with budding art. In New York such a tentative enterprise would probably be housed in a transformed studio or a disused and forgotten playhouse or a rebuilt old mansion in the slums. In Chicago it exists on the twelfth or twentieth floor of a clean, sanitary, and expensive building, where art seems to shed any bedraggled bohemian quality it may have in older civilizations. Here in a thoroughly disinfected air you may, for example, see a play of medieval monkish life written by a young girl from Michigan and played by Wisconsin artists. Again culture must tremble like a hunted fox in the thickets, for quite probably both play and players will be excellent.

Art is indeed domesticated among Chicagoans—they are scarcely afraid of it at all. It has seemed quite natural that in one of the drinking-rooms of the University Club there should be decorative and satirical frescoes by members of the club, who are valued *because* they are artists, not merely tolerated as they might be in more effete but supposedly more artistic regions.

Chicago's attitude to the drama is interesting, significant, and full of promise. And here reference is not primarily to the endowed or the avowedly "artistic" theater, but to the commercial institution, which of necessity is still freighted with the greater cargo of dramatic hopes. Chicago is the only great town outside New York which can reasonably claim independence of the judgments of the Eastern metropolis. Success in New York is no guarantee of success in Chicago, and failure on Broadway may even be a recommendation near Michigan Boulevard. Chicago is our second—with the possible exception of the Pacific coast cities—our only other "producing center"; plays first shown there may win a profitable local patronage and travel to advantage on the Chicago reputation through a wide district of rich tributary province. The advantage to the American theater of having a second string to its bow is incalculable. Indeed, no one can really think it other than advantageous for American civilization that Chicago should think itself and be a real capital, an independent metropolis.

There are, even from the Chicagoan point of view, blemishes on the reverse of the medal of victory; the gallant struggle for independence and perfection is not yet over. The prizes which the East can offer to talent and ambition are often richer than those within Chicago's power, and there is a constant small drain of its resources in the migration of men and women to the Eastern seaboard. But this is in the end more than balanced by the constant immigration, from the East and from the prairie country, of the young and ambitious. Chicago is for them still a land of opportunity, democratic enough to have chances still open for all, American enough to have faith that all the chances are winning ones. Even those who desert have gained something from contact with the boundless vigor of the giant city. Every American ought to live—at least for a little while—in Chicago.

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To Arolilia

DWELLER BY THE FOUNTAIN

BY HERBERT TRENCH

WHEN you were born, the Earth obeyed;
(*Call her, Echo!*)
Fragrancies from the distance blew,
Bean-fields and violets were made,
And jasmine by the cypress grew—
Jasmine by the cloudy yew—
(*Call her, Echo!*
Call Arolilia by her name!)

When you were born, despairs must die,
(*Call her, Echo!*)
Sweet tongues were loosened from a spell—
Snow mountains glistened from on high
And torrents to the valleys fell—
A song into Man's bosom fell—
(*Call her, Echo!*
Call Arolilia by her name!)

When you were born, hid lightning's shape
(*Call her, Echo!*)
Took up the poor man's altar-coal:
His green vine throbbed into the grape.
And in the dastard sprang a soul—
Even in the dastard sprang a soul!
(*Call her, Echo!*
Call Arolilia by her name!)

When you were born, all golden shot
(*Call her, Echo!*)
Fountains of daybreak from the sea;
And still, if near I find you not—
If steps I hear, but you come not—
Darkness lies on the world for me!
(*Call her, Echo!*
Call Arolilia by her name!)

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The Psychology of a Spy

BY W. L. GEORGE

EVERY country, in every war, and every country during those periods of peace which are the preludes to war, has employed spies. Every captain, however much he may protest, has used spies to discover the forces of the enemy, his resources, his state of mind. Spies have been engaged, especially of late years, to penetrate into the vitals of the modern state—industry, commerce, and especially banking. This is reluctantly acknowledged, and indeed I do not think that any states confess to the use of spies; they control a "secret service," or an "intelligence department," as if states accepted a morality and shrank from advantages held as mean. To a logician, who cares little for the road he travels toward truth, this is absurd; it is not absurd to statesmen, most of whom are ordinary men, fond of children, games, and good wine; anxious to be respected, and especially to be justified before the terrible tribunal of their own moral sense. Shame forms a halo round the spy; it is a halo which attaches more or less to all romantic trades, that of the journalist or the hangman, only this is no golden nimbus that swathes the brow of the spy. Fiction has not favored spy heroes; we know heroic thieves, like Arsène Lupin or Raffles; we have had glorious highwaymen in Dick Turpin and Robin Hood. Frank Norris even went so far as to make a hero of a capitalist. But the spy has died unknown and unsung, because mankind cannot reconcile itself to his dark trade, because it feels an ineradicable prejudice against the full use of intellect and maintains an obstinate faith in hard knocks.

I do not propose here to sing the praises of the spy; the spy, as any other man, deserves only a balance between praise and blame; and who shall say, when all is adjudged, whether a man shall bear a laurel wreath or a crown of thorns? I seek rather to understand, and therefore to explain, a creature whom I think singular among his fellows; he is not without heroism, nor without baseness; he combines more vividly than most those contrasts which make up a man. There are various kinds of spies: there are the civil and the military; there are the spies who ply their trade in peace time, those who venture on it during war; some serve only their own country, while others give themselves over to the enemy. All differ by their tinge of criminality, their distinguishing badge of service. And those, more easily identified as criminal, who injure their own country, number strange people who think they do no wrong, who hold with Mr. Maeterlinck that they can inclose a single sin in the keep of their hearts, a sin they will not commit. There must be some who will say with the Belgian poet: "I am a spy, but I do not beat my wife. If I were to do that I should look upon myself as a bad man." (For man is a biased witness when he appears before the court of his conscience.)

We need waste no time over spies of enemy origin, who either during peace or war hunt out the secrets of an enemy. Mostly they share in the characteristics of that single spy I wish to consider further on, but nearly all are heroes; it needs but a slight effort of the imagination to picture what it must mean to an intelligent, nervously developed man to live among people whom any false step will array against him, to play parts, to outwit and to elude, knowing all the time that a slight error of judgment will mean prison or death. But they are not selfless heroes, for the wages of danger is delight, and many think with Nietzsche that to live safely is not to live at all. They earn compensations similar to those which are afforded to the last and most interesting of the spy class, those

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who turn against their own country and would procure its downfall.

At first sight that class is entirely vile, and indeed, logician though I may strive to be, I cannot help feeling that it is an ugly trade; I am interested in a man who betrays his own country, just as I would have been interested in Brigham Young or Doctor Crippen, but I do not feel attracted to him. Nothing obvious can be said for this kind of trader; he is trying to injure and upset a state, and one should have nothing more against him than against Washington or Bolivar—only those men upset by force and not by stealth, and so logic is swamped in passion. It is true that the average spy is not actuated by the impulses which made Washington, Cromwell, or Kosciuszko. He is altogether a smaller man; almost invariably he takes money for his work, and, though of course he must have money to live, work such as that done for profit is not ennobling. Also, however deep one's cosmopolitanism, one cannot shake off a natural bias in favor of one's own country; one suspects that the man who betrays his friends is used but not respected. One sympathizes with Philip of Macedon, who received and used the offers of the Olynthian traitors, treated them well, paid them their fee, and then had them driven from his camp as unworthy to mix with his own loyal men.

Over the trade hangs the nasty secrecy of it. Yes, I know business men are often secretive, lying, treacherous, and if they are not they often fail; few barristers have a conscience; inventors hedge themselves about with mystery. But still . . . we are reduced to Kant, and to say, "The spy produces a feeling which is not agreeable; therefore, he is evil." All those are my own feelings, and I suppose those of most men; but facts as to one case, apparently neither peculiar nor rare, have come into my hands, and show that there is more in the spy than just a money lust, for the satisfaction of which he will sacrifice his country and his people.

Early last year a spy was caught in the British lines. It is not quite certain how he entered them, though there are several stereotyped ways of introducing a spy into the lines of the enemy which, for obvious military reasons, I am not allowed to mention here. Moreover, this interesting matter would be irrelevant; it is enough to say that the spy in question, whom for convenience we will call Witney, was an Englishman; he was dressed in the ordinary uniform of one of the regiments present on that particular section of the front, and he appears to have moved about for some days at the back of the lines without arousing any suspicion. This is also fully accounted for by a stratagem which may not be detailed. It is quite possible that Witney would have seen what he was minded to see and ultimately rejoined his employers if a trifling accident had not exposed him.

It was a perfectly simple case. Witney believed that he would escape unchallenged, and that once caught he had no defense. The information he collected was not of the slightest military value, but the intention was there; he was tried shortly after his arrest and was sentenced to be shot. The sentence was duly executed, and there would have been nothing more peculiar than in the cases of various peasants who have been shot for signaling, if Witney had not made an extraordinary remark. Information comes to me from the officer who had charge of Witney for a night. There was, of course, no military prison available, and so the spy, after sentence, was locked up in a stable and placed under guard. Strictly, he was in charge of a non-commissioned officer; for reasons which I do not know, the orderly officer was involved, and I cannot sort out the details, because this officer is now dead. As is nowadays generally the case in the British army, my informant was not a professional soldier; he was a schoolmaster, a man of no special perception, but of good intelligence and of rather judicial mind. You will conceive his surprise when, on receiving the spy, the latter, with a rather jaunty air, said to him, "I wonder whether Cæsar would have said that he loved this treason but hated the traitor?"

There is room for surprise when an officer taking charge of a spy is addressed by a man who quotes Plutarch. To put it in his own words, "he was flummuxed." It is no doubt because of this

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chance remark of Witney's that this essay has been written. He had, it is true, provided a temporary excitement by escaping his captors for a moment and trying to drown himself in a canal, but you will realize that even a resolute suicide would not create in the mind of a schoolmaster an excitement comparable with that which might be bred out of a classical quotation. Whatever the causes, the officer was interested, and no doubt because of Witney's peculiar lead was induced to do more than pay him the regulation visit at nightfall to see that he was properly treated and had no personal wishes to express. Between that evening and the dawn he visited Witney three times, and it is important that not too much romantic flavor should be imported into the communion of captor and captive. On the other hand, romantic surroundings such as those which emanate from a man about to die, from an apartment such as a stable, from the distant noise of guns, the fitful light of a star-shell, and the silence of the night inhabited only by the sharp squeak of a bat against the dull background of full-throated guns, must have that effect; it is most likely that Witney would have been more sullen and the officer less detached if this scene had been played in some English penitentiary. In a way, both felt balanced upon the edge of life, one of them assured of losing it, the other ill-assured of retaining it. It was their common bond, perhaps.

Whatever the cause, Witney did not at once expand; apparently he was sufficiently sensitive to realize that the officer's first visit was more or less the regulation visit, and he may have felt the irony of being asked whether he wanted anything or had anything to complain of. It probably struck him as burlesque that they should care whether he was cold or hungry, given that they were going to shoot him next day. In the words of the officer: "He was just like any other kind of prisoner. They're all much the same, whether their offense is serious or slight. Like them, he was sort of sulky and reserved. He didn't want to talk and he didn't seem to care. He seemed to have shed the touch of devilry that was in his eyes when he quoted that bit of Plutarch. He said he didn't want anything, and I just left it at that. Somehow I felt it wasn't the thing to pump the fellow, so I wished him good night and he didn't answer." So far, Witney was quite a natural man. To look at he was almost too ordinary to describe. You will imagine a smallish man, with indeterminate brown hair, intelligent gray eyes, and a ragged little mustache, the sort of man you see dozens of any morning in the neighborhood of business houses. There was about him something excited, one might almost say vibrant, but that was normal enough; I suppose one would be excited if one were going to be ceremoniously shot next day. As Peter Pan said, "Death must be a very great adventure." But apparently this second-rate little person who quoted Plutarch must have interested my informant. He was not clear about the time, but it seems that later in the night he again went to Witney, and I like to imagine him in the stable lit up by rather a dim oil-lamp, trying to look soldierly, and grim, and inhuman, and Witney determined to carry it off with a swagger, thoroughly self-conscious, and posturing in his agony. I imagine that it must have been Witney who made the first advance, largely, no doubt, because in his condition he would want to talk; he would either want to talk or be absolutely sullen. There would be no intermediate condition. He would want either to withdraw within himself or to give a form to the Kreutzer Sonata of his life.

So far as I remember, he began by asking the officer for a drink of water, for he had emptied his jug. This was brought to him, and after he had drunk Witney threw off his air of defiance, and found words in which to express it. He said, "I suppose you think I'm just a swine and deserve to be shot." Without any doubt, the officer was surprised. He may have expected bold defiance; perhaps he half expected (in response to the sympathy which his presence conveyed) a whining appeal for freedom. But, as he put it, when he heard that phrase, half provocative, half argumentative, he felt that the attitude was—cheek. Still, the spy was being queer,

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doing a rare thing: living up to a first impression. There was a suggestion of a case which he wanted to plead, and it passed through the officer's mind, much to his surprise, that there might be a point of view from which the spy might be, if not respectable, at least understandable; he had a sudden glimpse of some unexplored field behind this man's mind, a sense of unconveyable impulses. It was as if the man had said: "I'm a spy; you're a soldier. Well, what about it? We're on different jobs in life, and that's all there is to it." It was a queer feeling, as if a prisoner had stepped out of the dock (so he put it to me), whipped off the judge's wig, and solemnly rendered justice. And all this, as is the way with inarticulate Englishmen, translated itself in a mumbled remark, "You sound like an educated man." There was nothing premeditate about Witney then. It was as if the sudden personal allusion opened a window in him. Febrile in his excitement, he spoke of himself; it was a story which is not a story, so common is it. Witney came from a poorish family, was sent to the sort of school that calls itself an academy, became a clerk in an English town, in a firm of ship-owners, I think.

"I was doing all right," he said; "always managed to keep myself somehow." He grew confidential. "Always had a bit of money to have some fun with. There's my girl, too, whom I thought of marrying this year. Wonder what she'll think when she hears of this. S'pose she won't, though," he added, without much emotion.

There was something in this man, so brave before death, that was callous and shocking. The officer was irritated into speech, as a musician is rasped by a false note. He had to conquer the impulse of reserve that is in nearly all the English, but he was assisted by the materialistic common sense which is always theirs. It struck him as ridiculous that a man who obviously had never starved, who indeed seemed to have made a fair living, who was young, healthy, cared enough for a woman to want to marry her, should ply such a trade, take such risks for so little pay. "From my point of view," he told me, "it didn't seem good enough." Common sense conquered reserve, so that he said, almost irritably:

"Look here, what did you do it for?"

Witney, I believe, thought for a little while. His excitement had subsided, for his mind was working and set his nerves at rest. He did the characteristic English thing: he drew back a little into himself, finding it easier to think than to express; he showed cowardice before self-manifestation. He replied:

"Oh . . . well, I hardly know."

"Money?" said the officer; and there is in that remark something of the tragic, for in that moment the schoolmaster-officer must have lost all his class self-consciousness or he would not have made a remark which, addressed even to a sentenced criminal, was ill-bred. ("Afterward," he confided to me, "I felt it was jolly bad form.")

Witney did not seem offended. The remark did not to him sound ill-bred; with the simplicity of his class he accepted the simplicity of sincerity.

"No," he said, "it wasn't money. This sort of thing gets a man a living, but it's not a fat one, not unless you get hold of something big, and you don't in the ordinary way. Besides, I"—he smiled—"I'm not mercenary; I could have done quite as well in my old job. Of course I don't say—" A tinge of pride came into his voice, as there comes into that of a country doctor when he mentions the name of a world-famed specialist. "There are some who've done big things at this game. Oh yes, one might make a lot. One might get all sorts of things—influence, you know, or an estate, or something. That's really what—well, you know."

The officer shook his head. "No, I don't know what. I see you mean it's not just money, but what else can it be?"

Witney looked at him with something like pain in his eyes, as if he were trying to express an idea he hardly understood himself. Then he tried:

"You see," he said, "it's not easy to get hold of, but it's like this. You don't know what an office is like; you're a gentleman, being a clerk and all that. Ding-dong, half-past seven, get up and cut yourself while you shave. You don't want to shave, but the boss will have it;

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and it's cold in winter, and you run for trains, and you're— Oh, well, if you're late you get the sack."

"Yes," said the officer.

"All that sort of thing. You don't care what the work's about; it's got nothing to do with you. If business is good, it doesn't pay you any better; they go on paying you your wages so long as the thing just keeps out of bankruptcy. So it goes on all day and every day, writing figures in a book, and saying, 'Yes, sir.' And you have three meals, and get jawed, and keep your temper, and try to pretend you're a man. And in the evening, you've got no money, so you go to bed and make ready for another day like that. I tell you, a fortnight a year at the seaside, it's not enough to keep a man going. You want—"

"Well, what do you want?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sort of thing you see in the illustrated papers. The big hotels, and running round in a motor-car, and going to all sorts of places abroad, and—messing about the world, you know."

At that moment the schoolmaster came uppermost in the officer. He said: "Oh, I see what you mean. Adventure."

"That's about it," said Witney; "that's the word I was looking for. I tell you, men like me, they just can't go on in an office like that, running round and round like a white mouse in a wheel. I'm not a white mouse; that's what's the matter with me. Things ought to have been different. They might have been. If I'd been born a thousand years ago I might have become a lord."

The officer smiled. This version of history was not inaccurate. "Adventure!" he repeated.

Excitement seized Witney again. "Yes," he said, "that's it. And I tell you there's some adventures in this job of mine. My, what a life! The way you go into it—at least the way I did—the way a fellow gets hold of you, and you go about carrying it with you, saying you won't do it. And it won't let you alone. It's not the money, but you sort of feel what a game it's going to be—Sherlock Holmes, and all that sort of thing—making up with sham whiskers. I went to the theater one night when they were trying to get me on to the game, and the villain, as they call him—well, he fair finished me, he was so dodgy."

He grew reflective, and here one of the strands in him indicated itself: the lust for change, for color in an endlessly unvarying world. He quivered as with hurrying words he described the shifts of this strange new life—the going in at one door and coming out at another, the messages in code, the secret countersigns in the streets, the tense atmosphere of melodrama. Witney had with that side of his temperament taken up spying as other men take up the aeroplane or exploration. He had escaped from respectability into a mental country "east of Suez where there ain't no right and wrong." From the moment when he began to prey he felt absolved from laws and even from the regulations of the city council. It was a true liberation to have no home, no ties, no occupation, no master, because his trade demanded of him that he should be familiar in all places and the duper of most men. His voice grew thick with excitement as he told of long watches to find out some fact, of friendships skilfully struck up, of playing one day the part of an engineer, the other that of a curate.

"I tell you," he said, "it's grand. It's always changing, and you never know where you are. When you're on that sort of game it doesn't matter if the papers are dull; you always know when the door opens that there's a good chance they're coming to hang you."

Nothing could more clearly express the impulse to the singular which rises to-day so strong in many men because they find the world mapped out, interminably divided under county councils, painfully organized, law-abiding, devoid of danger because devoid of uncertainty. To quote twice from Mr. H. G. Wells, they find with Mr. Ponderevo that mankind is like cold mutton-fat, and with the friend of Art Kipps that the only thing they can do, like the rats in a drain-pipe that they are, is to crawl along until they die.

We all know these rebellions; we have felt them ourselves; at least I have, who

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once for nine years knew what it meant to go every day to a city office punctually at ten, to go out for lunch punctually at one, come back punctually at two, and stay there punctually till six, to be open to censure, to be ordered about, to look forward to fourteen days' holiday, and then to look back upon the lost freedom, to see myself getting a little older, perhaps not much richer, and to think all the time that this sort of thing might go on forever until I was too old, or, with luck, until I was dead. I know the impulses that come to one, to go to West Africa and make one's pile or die of fever, to run away to sea and live a Jack London sort of life, or to enlist in the Rhodesian Border Police, or to become the secretary of a charitable society, or something equally desperate. I confess it never occurred to me to become a spy, but I suspect that it did not occur to Witney, either; the thing happened to him, which is the history of most men from Witney to Napoleon. Presumably spying, when the chance came, struck him as a way out. There he was, a very intelligent man, educated enough to care for translated classics, as irremediably jailed in his shipping-office and with as much chance of getting out legitimately as has a kitten at the bottom of a well. It is clear that it was not money drew him, even though he realized that there were prizes in this as in all professions. It is probable, too, that the literature of the last fifteen to twenty years, the literature of the successful burglar, the respected railway magnate, and the intuitive detective influenced him. (Detectives, from the point of view of the poor, are exactly in the same class as thieves; they are their natural complements and antagonists.) He saw poetry in himself, the poetry of movement which he might have perceived in a drummer, the poetry of uncertainty, as in the hoboe, the poetry of the street-loafer without links, who gazes at the public-house lights and a little at the stars. Mainly, he saw that this new life was different from the old; and as the old was prose in its most malignant form, he took the new life for poetry.

Witney's idea of the romantic life was a low form of the idea which animated men like Bismarck, Machiavelli, Villon, Cecil Rhodes, and such like, all of them fairly predatory, fairly dangerous people; of course he was infinitely smaller, but the difference was one of degree, not of type. Few men who have set their mark on history are different from these; most of them have practised tyranny, lying, forgery; most have had a giant's strength, and few have hesitated to use it as a giant. And many minor successful people, chiefs of police, diplomats, are Witneys—except that they have succeeded. It is quite possible that in other times, under Elizabeth, or under Lorenzo the Magnificent, Witney might have become an envoy or an intriguing friar.

Together with the taste for adventure, however, there was in Witney another and a baser strain; it is well indicated by his own reference to the villain at the theater; this was vanity. At first sight it appears ridiculous. One can imagine a spy, especially a detected one, cringing and fawning for his life, and moral people would like to imagine him pursued by the furies of his own remorse; it is a pretty picture, that of the spy "realizing too late the wrong he has done," or bewailing "the shame he has brought on his father's gray hairs," and all that sort of thing. That is the spy of the novelette or of the third act. In fact, I suspect that the spy does not differ much from other law-breakers. This means that he readily confesses. All law-breakers confess. They do so mainly because they are men and because men feel a violent need for expansion. Few can live close lives, contain the deeds of heroism or ignominy which they have committed. They seek sympathy, and the records of nearly every police-office contain confessions of theft, forgery, and even murder which have been made by the criminals when they were perfectly sober, when nothing threatened them, because they felt that they must talk. To push the inquiry a little further, why does a man talk? to a woman? to a friend? to a stranger in the street? to a policeman, even? Why have men, after twenty years, suddenly confessed to crimes? Why is it that every time a crime is so well advertised as to become almost popular several confessions come

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in from people who obviously have nothing to do with it? Rather unbalanced people often, but still people to whom prison and the rope mean something. It is not only because man is to himself the axis of the earth and must talk about himself; nor is it because he feels remorse at having "brought the gray hairs of his father with sorrow to the grave"; it is because crime is interesting and unusual; therefore it is something to be proud of, to brag about. All achievement, proud or low, is pregnant of Coriolanian pride:

> . . . like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
> Flutter'd your Volsces in Corioli:
> Alone I did it. . . .

Witney was stuck up. He bragged abundantly to his new friend of the *coups* he had brought off. He had nothing to hide (a privilege that few men enjoy until doomed to be shot next day). In this state of excitement it was natural that he should hide nothing, indeed that he should exaggerate. Isolate in the midst of life which, tick by tick, was withdrawing from his body, there rose in him something histrionic that made him want to appear a true villain if he could not be a true man.

"You've behaved all right to me," he said, "I don't mind telling you. After being what I was, perched up on a high stool, with some fool whom I'd have smacked in the eye for the fun of it having the right to bullyrag me, and doing it, too— Well, to come out of all that and to be somebody behind the scenes, somebody who knows and who isn't found out, somebody who's out for big things, finding out some new gun, or some new dodge of the navy, and going about among all those people who don't know, with the secret in my pocket, it's grand. I tell you I felt a big man. And the lot for whom you work, they don't bullyrag you; if they know what you're worth, they treat you decently—like a man, not like a clerk. They call you Mr., even if they do pay you. And if you do something smart they don't mind telling you and praising you up until you feel as big as a turkey-cock; they're not afraid that you'll ask for a raise just because they're pleased, not like those people outside grubbing in the dirt for sixpences. You feel big. Listen. I'll tell you."

Witney talked. He must have talked most of that night. Unreservedly he revealed his methods, the ordinary objects of his work, making it clear that he felt no more loyalty to his employers than to his own people, and that to him spying was a sport. Indeed, he almost said so, for I know that he used the metaphor, "It beats cock-fighting." What he said may not be printed here, but I am perfectly certain that one desperate adventure which he related, involving penetration into one of the most august places in Europe, was a pure invention. I have been able to make inquiries into the ways of that place; the story Witney told involved entry by a door which has been bricked up on the inside for the last ten years. Could anything be more significant? Could anything more closely confirm the theory that crime makes more braggarts than virtue? Witney, assured of an audience, was showing off. He was acting; he was being a desperate character, a serious Charlie Chaplin.

There is in all this something terrible and burlesque. Evidently the man was burnt up by the fire of his own egotism. This does not single him out from other men, for we can none of us escape interest in ourselves or in our surroundings; it needs almost impossible sympathy for a man to suffer as much when his neighbor is operated upon without an anesthetic as when he himself has a toothache. It is the old story—the proximate thing is the true thing; a famine in China will always seem less than a dog fight in one's own alley. Witney phrased it when he said:

"It's not only the things that really happen to one. They're exciting enough, my word! but it's all the rest that grows round it. One thinks of making a success of it. Don't you laugh. A chap like me wants to get on, just as much as you want to be a general, or to get into Parliament, or whatever it is. I tell you what, now and then I sit sort of dreaming of things—not asleep, of course, but in that dreamy way, in a soft chair. S'pose you think that a funny thing to do. Often I see myself going to the usual place, and there are

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half a dozen people there. Not the fellow I generally see, who used to be a police inspector in his own country. Oh no. It's in a great big room all over gold, with a red-velvet table-cloth, with plenty of cut-glass about and half a dozen different kinds of cigars. They're all sitting around—the ambassador, and a duke or two, and some generals to fill in, all over stars and garters and things. No, nobody talks; they're much too excited about seeing *me*. I come in, quiet like, and I go up to the table, and I take my time; I undo a brown-paper parcel, wrapper after wrapper, and bit of string after bit of string, I go on unpacking it (I'm not in a hurry, not me). They're all leaning over a table and staring at *me*, and one of the generals gets so hot with excitement that he has to wipe his head. At last, when I'm ready, I stand up and throw out my chest, and I fling a bundle of papers on the table in the middle of them, and I say: 'There you are; there's the treaty. I got it. Difficult? Oh no, not a bit of it. Do it for you any day.' And I get out a cigarette, and strike a match on my boot. I don't mind their being excited; I'm above it. And then there's no end of a fuss. They crowd around me, shaking hands with me, and slapping me on the back, and calling me a fine fellow, and I tell them to give it a rest. Sometimes they make me a count on the spot, and the ambassador puts a gold chain with a lamb on it round my neck. You know the thing I mean. I get an estate given me by and by, and sometimes they ask if I'd like to marry the duke's daughter, and I say I'll have a look at her first—and so on and so on. It's not always the same sort of dream—I suppose you'd call it a dream; it's a grand dream. Only a dream, but what's life but a sort of nightmare?"

This curious statement is obviously not quite what Witney said, for it comes to me distorted by report and necessarily by my own imagination, but substantially Witney was confessing to being the prey of frequent day-dreams. All men have them, and nearly always they are dreams of this character, traveling on more moderate lines. We are all familiar with the phenomenon. We dream out our own career, which is generally very successful; we encounter antagonists and defeat them. Notably, we are defendants in court and are triumphantly acquitted after an eloquent speech. Or we are in the fashionable world and say the most urbane and witty things. Witney was a prey to dreams where his importance was always immense and always of the same kind. This prompts the inquiry, "Was he sane?" Is any spy sane, any more than other kinds of outlaw?

The day-dream is a sign which must not be ignored. Its significance must not be overrated; all men suffer it, but not all are enthralled by it. The day-dream is an evidence of disordered egotism, of hypertrophy of the ego. All men who are intensely concentrated round themselves are not mad; I do not suppose that Louis XIV. was mad when he said, "The state, that is I"; but almost every lunatic is greatly preoccupied with himself; his conceits stand in relation with a self which he imagines; he may be a king, a god; even if, as suggested by Phil May, he thinks he is a poached egg, it is probably the egg out of which will be made the omelet of the universe. All text-books on psychiatry are crammed with instances of lunatics who think themselves powerful, or rich, or beautiful, or divine. Most of us have acquaintances whom we call vain, who are actually over imaginative and on the way to the megalomania of the lunatic. Megalomania is not irrelevant to the character of Witney, for nothing could be more characteristic than this day-dream of his, where the poor little back-stair spy sees himself among the great, and declining the hand of the duke's daughter; day-dreams are one of the early signs of various neuroses; indulged in, they almost invariably lead to eccentricity in the rich and to lunacy in the poor. This is well established, and Prof. Bernard Hart (medical superintendent of Northumberland House Asylum) has no doubt as to their nature or their influence:

> . . . These complexes may expend a variable portion of their energy in the construction of fantasy. The fantasy produced in this way constitutes the common phenomenon of "day-dreaming," which, although it occurs at every age, attains its most luxuriant

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development during adolescence. At this period the young man will often revel in astonishing feats of the imagination, fascinating scenes of great deeds and applauding crowds, in which, of course, he invariably plays the part of hero. In the construction of this imagery the complexes we have mentioned are assisted by the sex complexes, and the effects of the two causal groups are closely intermingled. The great deeds are generally performed before the admiring eyes of some fair lady whose favor the hero covets. . . . Unless they are kept within reasonable bounds their influence must, indeed, be regarded as harmful, because the energy of the complexes is expended in the weaving of fantasies, and is not translated into action. . . . A path opens here which leads us easily across the bridge into the regions of insanity, and the processes just considered provide a key to the interpretation of many of the symptoms which we observe in the asylum.

The phenomenon of day-dreaming, however, would not be enough to indicate clearly a streak of insanity in Witney. If the idea had occurred to his interviewer, more details might have been obtained, but I am confirmed in the view that Witney was unbalanced by a chance remark which he made. The officer ultimately said to him:

"Yes, that's all right; I see what you mean. It's exciting in a way, and it gratifies your vanity, and it pays, but what about the end of it all? Would it have been worth your while, leaving loyalty out, to go about the world poking your nose into your country's business?"

Witney did not reply to the direct question. He simply said, "I like to know."

Nothing can more clearly indicate the mad strain in him. Witney was revealing a tendency which, I suspect, is common to most of his fellows, to all except the grossest. He was exhibiting the well-known symptom of maniacal curiosity. This symptom has been established by Prof. Bernard Hollender (president of the Ethological Society) in his book, *First Signs of Insanity*. I quote a revealing passage:

There are patients who forever ask and try to answer questions to themselves, some of which are absurd, some metaphysical. . . . If they are not interrogating themselves, they put questions perpetually to others. They must know the "How," "Wherefore," and "Why" of everything. Every answer they receive is met by further questions, so that they become a nuisance to everybody.

To make it clear that I do not want to force fact into theory, I venture to quote also Sir George Henry Savage (late president of the Medico-Psychological Society of Great Britain), who, in his book, *Insanity and Allied Neuroses*, says:

Another variety of delusional insanity is seen in what might be called the inquisitive or meddlesome cases. . . . This feeling of extension of personal interest is a phase of mental oversensitiveness.

Much more evidence can be adduced, but, that I may not make this paper wearisome, I have confined myself to three of the highest authorities. Considering Witney's entirely spontaneous declaration that he liked to know, a declaration he made with a queerly intent passion, I am driven to submit as a psychopathic fact that part of the impulse which made him a spy is to be traced to a disordered mental state. Disorder plays strange tricks with minds; some, like Nietzsche, like De Maupassant, like Morphy, it leads close to genius and into the darkness of the mad; some, like Dostoievsky, like Shelley, like Napoleon, it contrives to spare; of others, less blessed in environment, less fortunate in circumstance, it makes Witneys.

To me, this aimless creature that was filled with lead in the morning, this ineffectual rebel against a uniform life, who forewent comfort and safety for adventure as truly as Don Quixote, even though his path was base and that of Don Quixote august, was little and vain, yet perhaps not much smaller nor much less vain than many a one who has fluked into power and into pomp; that creature whom madness fogged when it might have illumined is pathetic, not because it died stupidly for stupid reasons, but because nature had created it, as it creates many others who to-day are spies, in such a way that even if it tried, it could not fit its contours into the formal mosaic of life.

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Ranny and the Higher Life

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE woodshed school of applied science and excessively liberal arts had its inception upon the twelfth birthday of its distinguished founder, Randolph Harrington Dukes. The seed from which grew this institution of riotous learning was a small microscope planted upon Ranny's breakfast-plate in honor of the day. This humble instrument of science, an inch in diameter and with three legs like a milking-stool, promptly reduced the hero of the day to primitive joyful sounds in no wise resembling human speech. Presently, however, he became coherent.

"Now I can look at everything," he said, "and see how everything looks. And learn a lot about everything."

The experienced parents of the stricken one accepted this as a speech of thanks. Father explained the mechanics of the thing, and said that an intelligent twelve-year-old boy ought to be able to keep the lens clean.

Ranny put the table-cloth under observation and cried, "Oo!"

"And whatever you do, don't lose it," said mother, who still clung to the superstition that her son was careless about his possessions. "You are a big boy now."

Ranny's sister Lucy strained forward in her high-chair and expressed her favorite sentiment, "Gimme."

The brand-new student of science examined the lion and the unicorn on the back of his plate and each article of food as it came along. All of these things he found remarkable. Later he scrutinized the gate-post, the bark of various trees upon the route to school, and the hand of Bud Hicks, a contemporary.

"Oo! I can see big chunks of dirt on your hand," he said.

Bud was becomingly modest. "It ain't so very dirty yet," he said.

Subsequently Ranny satisfied himself as to the texture of his school-desk, ink marks upon paper, the pink soil of France on a map, and a braid of hair depending over his desk.

"Oo! It looks just like rope," said he of the latter natural phenomenon.

A young lady who was attached to this braid in both senses of the word drew it resentfully away, thus attracting the unfavorable notice of Miss Gifford, who confiscated the microscope in the interest of public order.

"I'll give it back this evening," the teacher said. "School is no place for that sort of thing."

Thus, in a word, Miss Gifford gave away the entire case of the public-school system. School was a place for sitting still when you preferred to wriggle, keeping quiet when you had something important to say to somebody, studying irrelevant and improper fractions when your soul inclined toward original research.

Late in the afternoon of the same important June day Mr Risely, teacher of science in the high school, homeward bound, came upon a tragic figure face down in the grass. To the upright adult it was clear that one eye was closed and that the face was contorted as if from pain; moreover, the sufferer kept crying, "Oo!" at frequent intervals.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Risely, turning the boy over. "Oh—I see."

"I was looking at an ant-hill through my micerscope," said Ranny. "The ants look awful big."

"I thought you were in trouble," said Mr. Risely. "I didn't know you were making scientific investigations."

"I wasn't doing anything, Perfessor," said Ranny, defensively, "only just studying"—here was an occasion for being impressive—"studying a little antimony."

Mr. Risely smiled tolerantly; though

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a teacher, he was apparently not hostile to education. In fact, he showed the young enthusiast that a person who had reached the age of twelve might have a pleasant and profitable time dissecting and studying flowers and insects and making collections. When he finally went home he left behind him the revolutionary idea that learning is not necessarily agony.

"I could make a little labor'tory in the woodshed, like Mr. Risely's got in the high-school basement," said Ranny to himself, "and study everything and have fun."

Before he reached home his laboratory had burst its shell and become a school. He knew that he had reached a turning-point in his career. The clock of his years had struck twelve; and, though frivolity was well enough for the first trip around the dial, from now on improvement would be the order of the day. In two weeks school would be out for the summer and one could pursue learning without restraint.

By noon the next day the plan was ripe enough to present to Tom Rucker—for Ranny had no selfish notion of cornering the supply of wisdom. The freckled and fun-loving Tom first rejected the idea *in toto*, then took it back a little at a time.

"I got enough school to last me all summer," said Tom. "Teachers make me tired. Did you hear what she said to me to-day? All I did—"

"They won't be no—they won't be any teachers in my school." (One of Ranny's new resolutions was henceforth to speak stylish, rather than human, English.) "If any teacher comes to our school, they would wish they hadn't. You can talk or holler or anything—or chew gum or wiggle your ears."

This afterthought was by way of special inducement to Tom who had so often been forbidden to exercise this mirth-provoking talent of his in the old-style school.

"I don't want to sit still all summer," said Tom, obviously weakening.

"Nobody has to sit still! What's the matter with you? What do I care how you study? You can stand on your head if you want to."

"I won't have any time to go to your school"—Tom was desperate now—"I gotta make a machine out of my old velocipede."

Without batting an eye, Ranny added a mechanical department to his institution. "You can bring your machine and study it all day long, for all I care."

"I never heard of studying machinery in school."

Neither had Ranny, but what he *said* was, "They's lots of things you never heard of."

The enticing picture of a person standing on his head, chewing gum, hollering, wiggling his ears, and studying machinery all day long broke down Tom's opposition.

"Who'll we have in it?" he asked, in complete surrender.

"Tug Wiltshire 'll come as easy as pie. We'll let him read anything he wants to."

Privilege and immunity—this was the principle upon which the abolition movement gained its recruits while the old school year dragged wearily toward its close. Tug Wiltshire fell an easy victim, as Ranny foresaw, upon the receipt of the good news that he could read to a point of saturation. Tug was the official book-worm of the class—not in the offensive sense beloved by teachers and their ilk, but simply a fellow with a prodigious appetite for printed words. Tug had recently been restrained from reading a novel under cover of a grammar, and accordingly was ripe for revolt. He spent most of the following Saturday moving from his home in the east end of town and installing in Ranny's woodshed a time-worn library of travel and adventure, Indian slaughter, and naval engagements.

Tug further endowed the woodshed academy with Volume IV of an extinct encyclopedia, a book which he had taken in trade at the junk-dealer's. This was popularly known as the Cli-Day book from the syllables upon its back, and it was owing to this that Tug spoke so glibly upon subjects in the late C's and early D's. As a reference book it shared honors with a highly abridged dictionary, a work which had been discarded by Bud Hicks's elders on the ground that it contained only those words which one already knew.

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The management had roped Bud into the higher life by playing skilfully upon his peculiarities. Bud had a marked aptitude for mathematics, a fact that teachers would never admit because he arrived at his results by obscure mental processes. He could get his answers quickly, but he could never tell how. Teachers do not like secrecy in such matters; they are too fond of poking into other people's affairs. Moreover, Bud wrote in a way that can best be described as upside down; that is, his arm was bent around like Cape Cod, and his hand approached its task from the top instead of the bottom. Bud wrote well enough by his private method, and his twisted appearance and mouth movements were pleasing, especially to strangers. Ranny himself had enjoyed pointing out this metropolitan sight to Link Weyman when Link moved in from the country. Yet the fiends in human form who had Bud's schooling in charge always protested against his tying himself up in knots and making faces like a rabbit whenever he took his pen in hand. The new freedom had only to promise Bud that he could figure and write in any way he pleased—just as "Fatty" Hartman asked nothing from life except that there be no examinations.

"Fatty" had lost his sunny nature, his fine sense of rhythm and ridicule—everything, in fact, but flesh in these June days of the ordeal by examination. It was only the most adhesive facts that stuck to "Fatty's" brain. Day after day he chewed his penholder over questions which had never been brought to his attention during the term. The boys nailed him at the noon-hour when he was weak from a struggle with American history.

"They won't be no examinations in our school, *will* they, Ranny?" asked Tom.

Ranny promptly added a modern improvement to his structure. "I should say not. And everybody will get promoted if they study or not."

Here Tug Wiltshire's more buoyant imagination took a flight which was far above Ranny's altitude record.

"Wouldn't it be fine," he said—"what if— Maybe it 'll be like this: If they see how good we can learn ourselves in our school—maybe they won't make us go back in the fall."

Tug rambled on in this pleasing strain for a while, giving Ranny credit in advance for freeing them from slavery.

Ranny could not bring himself to believe that such a thing was possible, but he went home and looked at the woodshed with a new love in his eye. He leaned against it dramatically; the old woodshed might get famous like Lincoln's log cabin. They might even go so far as to call him Professor Dukes. He took off his cap and stood in the doorway, one hand on the jamb and the other on his hip—an attitude which would look rather well in a picture. He knew a man who had got himself photographed with a large string of fish; and a new system of education was every bit as important as a string of fish. Perhaps after everything was going well his parents—

"Ranny! Oh, Ra-anne-e!" It was the voice of mother, and it contained more than a trace of annoyance.

"Yes. What is it?" he asked, with suitable dignity.

"Well, aren't you coming in to dinner? You'll be late back to school."

The absent-minded professor had almost forgotten to eat.

Aside from parents and school the greatest obstacle to the new movement was Ted Blake. A lukewarm friend of learning at all times, Ted positively declined to have his ignorance extracted, no matter how painlessly. In vain Ranny laid the elective system at his feet, offered to let him choose his course anywhere in the universe and bring it with him. "Sausage" Buckly had succumbed to the idea that he could bring his dog and study what Tug Wiltshire called "dogmatism." Link Weyman had signed up with the snake department, being an authority upon the subject and expecting to handle snakes professionally as soon as he could bring his parents around. But no such considerations moved the barbarian, Ted.

"They's going to be a baseball team, ain't they, Ranny?"—this from the resourceful Tom.

"I can play baseball without sittin' in a woodshed all summer," Ted replied.

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They told him he would have a lonely time with all the best people improving themselves.

"I'll come around and laugh at you," said this difficult case. "That 'll be all the fun I want."

Arthur Wilson took shares in the Lakeville knowledge factory after a half-hearted attempt to make the thing co-educational. This was in the last week of school after one of those interminable afternoon sessions, with nature smiling without and teacher frowning within.

"Are they goin' to be any girls in it?" Arthur asked.

"No girls," said Bud Hicks. "They're no good for school."

Bud would have done better not to give reasons.

"Listen to that!" Arthur replied. "They're the best scholars in our room."

"No girls," was Tom Rucker's plea. "They're too quiet for this kind of a school."

"Girls scream if they see a snake," was Link Weyman's indictment.

Nobody saw any inconsistency in these charges, but Clarence Raleigh spoke a word for the despised sex.

"They could study flowers," he said. "Somebody has to study flowers."

Clarence's opinion, as was often the case, turned the scale—against Clarence's side.

"No," Ranny decided, "we can't have any girls. They're no good for *this* kind of school. They are only teacher's pets."

"Ol' Gifford had no right to ask all them questions in grammar," said "Fatty," dragging in a personal grievance of the forenoon.

"Teachers think they are smart," said Bud Hicks.

"They won't be mad or anything when everybody's going to our school," said Ranny. "Oh no, not at *all*."

"Oh no, they won't be mad," echoed Tom. "Not at all."

"Oh no, not at all," said Tug.

Everybody now explained at once what he personally would like to do to all teachers. Altogether they would have made a sorry mess of the outfit.

"Only not Perfessor Risely," said Ranny at last. "*He's* all right. He took me down yesterday and showed me flowers and bugs and everything. He done a little chemistry for me; it smelled awful funny."

Obviously, a teacher who could do humorous chemistry was not wholly vile.

On Thursday afternoon the poor old school year passed away with only one mourner. Miss Gifford made a little speech, explaining how she had enjoyed the society of her charges, and trying to take back in five minutes everything she had said during the school year. As they passed, book-laden, out of the room Ranny tried to feel like one leaving the old homestead, as in a book he had recently read.

"Good-by, old school!" he said outside, surrounded by the aristocracy of intellect and Ted Blake. "It's the last time we'll ever see the inside of you."

"Goo'-by, my lover, goo'-by!" "Fatty" sang, shaking his fist at the halls of learning. He now attacked his co-workers with a ruler. With the ending of the examination season "Fatty" seemed to have thrown off ten years of life. His progress down the sunlit street was a medley of song, dance, and physical violence. In fact, the entire crowd suffered a bad attack of mob psychology.

Bud Hicks jumped upon a school-book in token of his contempt of academic things, and Ted Blake turned a couple of handsprings to show how little he cared for education.

"*You* better not talk," said Ranny. "*You'll* have to go back there next fall."

"Hot air!" exclaimed the Philistine.

"He loves his teacher," said "Fatty" in falsetto.

"This is him next fall." Tom Rucker clasped his hands behind him and tried to look like a hopeless victim of the school habit. The act was only a partial success, owing to snickers.

"Yeah, you'll all be there, no fear," said Ted.

In their honest interiors they did not really doubt this statement, yet it pleased their lively fancies to pummel Ted with educational supplies and finally to shove him down a side street to travel his own ignorant way.

"I'll learn you!" Ted cried, in parting. "I'll bust up your old school!"

It was agreed that there should be a vacation until the following Monday.

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The days were occupied in getting together all manner of equipment. Old books were dug from attics, plants and vegetables brought in, and benches installed for those who cared to pursue learning sitting down. Tom brought the mechanical department, which he called a "thingamajig," and Link made a cage for snakes.

Ranny himself was much wrapped up in his latest enthusiasm, which might be called odorific chemistry. In the days of his lost youth this same woodshed had been a drug-store and some of the paraphernalia of the trade remained. Changing a drug-store into a laboratory is largely a feat of the imagination. Ranny accomplished this and added some odds and ends of medicine, brick dust, powdered electric-light carbons, and condemned foodstuffs. He planned a series of smells that would rock the house with laughter.

Ranny spent much time on Sunday in looking things over and posing in his best clothes for imaginary photographs. Also he gave his parents a private view and told them as much as was good for them to know about the plans.

"Everybody will study what they like, and nobody will tell them not to," he summed it up. "They can —whisper and everything."

"Everything?" asked father, always economical of words.

"They don't have to keep so awful still," Ranny explained.

"Poor mother!" was the illogical reply.

"I sha'n't let it bother me." Mother gave her son a reassuring smile. "I think it's fine for everybody to study just what— No, no; don't do that!"

This apparently inconsistent remark was directed not at Ranny, but at his sister Lucy, who was among those present. The young thing, with a determination that was oddly at variance with her wabbly system of walking, had made direct for the department of chemistry. Her notion of research was to pour a dark fluid out of a bottle upon a potato that had been marked for slaughter in the interest of the larger good.



"I CAN SEE BIG CHUNKS OF DIRT ON YOUR HAND"

"I cook dinner," she explained brightly when apprehended.

It was a great sorrow to Lucy that the curriculum did not include domestic science; in fact, her cries put an end to the tour of inspection.

"We'll have to keep the baby out tomorrow," said Ranny. "We can't be bothered with children."

Neither, the next morning, did Ranny care to be bothered with breakfast. He went through the motions in response to mother's demands, but his mind was upon higher and nobler things. Besides,

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THE DAYS WERE OCCUPIED IN GETTING TOGETHER ALL MANNER OF EQUIPMENT

since seven-thirty the shining morning faces of the knowledge-hungry had been appearing at openings in the alley fence —an eloquent tribute to the new movement from those who always found it hard to get to school by nine.

"They tried to make me eat breakfast," said Ranny, as he admitted the gathering into the backyard, "but I fooled 'em."

"I didn't eat hardly anything," said Tug Wiltshire. Others boasted of *their* meager breakfasts. "Fatty" Hartman, who had no standing in such a contest, said, simply, "I like to eat food." This was taken not as news, but as humor, and "Fatty" was ridiculed for his well-known weakness.

In this backyard assembly-room there was neither the elegant dress nor the sense of impending disaster proper to the opening of a new school year. "Mirth and jollity," as the *Bulletin* often said of social affairs, "reigned supreme." Link Weyman, the rising young biologist, and "Sausage" Buckly, dog student, were collaborating in a game of leap-frog, while the mechanical department agitated for "crack the whip." The official book-worm was being sat upon by the handwriting expert after a pleasantly educational wrestling-match. Through and about it all strutted "Fatty" Hartman with the comic legs and loose-fitting face of a moving-picture comedian.

There was noise, of course, but nothing that would have been distressing to a sound nervous system. Mother made no protest as she closed a back door and window. The neighbors, apparently, had only good wishes for the revival of learning—at least no complaints were lodged. And when it was time to open the *salon* Ranny had only to go about and shout the good news into people's ears.

One should not expect an educational system to be revolutionized without a half-hour period of adjustment, with or without pandemonium. Yet old Mr. Jennings, who lived across the street from the Dukes' home, hurried down the alley to see whether anything was happening that required the services of the city marshall or the Surprise Hose Company. And a "Frogtown" youth got the idea that this was a woodshed full of low characters enjoying a free-for-all fight. At last, however, these out-

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siders were set right and the students composed themselves to soak up erudition, each in his chosen field.

One exception must be noted. "Fatty" Hartman had not tied himself down to any narrow line of research; he flitted from flower to flower; he took all knowledge to be his province. He advised Tom in the construction of his "thingamajig" until personally requested to stop. He offered to eat the sliced potato which Arthur Wilson was examining under the glass. He held himself in readiness to smell any chemistry that Ranny might achieve, and to read whatever Bud would write when he could think of something. He joined affably in "Sausage" Buckly's attempt to get his dog to come in and be studied. That product of the canine melting-pot was suspicious of the new movement; it believed that no good could come from getting into a building with so many loud boys. Eternally vigilant it sat, about twenty feet from the door, and when Clarence Raleigh came out with a tin can to get some dirt in which to plant a bean for official observation, the dog, mistaking his purpose, shot through an opening in the fence and never returned to the higher life.

A believer in self-expression would have been delighted if he had visited the automatic knowledge works at nine that Monday morning. Tom's "thingamajig," with its wheels and wabbly spools and knotty strings, a device for doing nothing in an elaborate and interesting way, was buzzing pleasantly. Tom had only to turn the pedal of his old velocipede and a number of apparently irrelevant things of no importance began to happen. In a quieter place the affair would have made an agreeable racket. Ranny had one hand in chemistry and the other in botany. Bud Hicks was doing illegal arithmetic by ingrowing penmanship. It was, however, in the literary corner that real culture had made its nest.

Link Weyman, while waiting for some snakes to come and crawl into their box, was reading quotations from a schoolbook, the involuntary gift of somebody's older brother. Tug Wiltshire was leafing through the Cli-Day book and giving out free knowledge.



POSING IN HIS BEST CLOTHES FOR IMAGINARY PHOTOGRAPHS

"Crows are very omnivorous and remarkable for their intelligence," said Tug.

"Sweet are the uses of adversary," Link replied.

There could be no question about it; brows were worn high that June morning in Dukes's woodshed.

But "Fatty" with his roving commission finally joined the reading-circle. He took the highly abridged dictionary and began to pronounce the pleasanter words.

"Apples!" he exclaimed. "Oo! I wish I had some apples! Bananas! Oo! I wish I had some bananas!" He made symbolic motions and sounds as of one eating something juicy.

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"Hey! keep still, can't you?" said Tug, "and let a fella study."

"Biscuits! Blackberries! Butter!" went on "Fatty," remorselessly. He had now conceived the pleasant idea of eating his way right through the dictionary.

"Aw, 'Fatty,' let up on that eatin' business," was Link Weyman's plea.

"Cabbage!" the trouble-maker replied. He pronounced this uninteresting viand with a relish that would have done justice to watermelon.

Here Link made the mistake of one who was a comparative new-comer to this crowd and not perfectly attuned to its subtle spirit.

"Ranny!" he cried. "Hey! Perfessor! Hey! Perfessor Randolph!"

"What is it?" Ranny asked, pleasantly thrilled by the title.

"Make him stop readin' them foods. Me and Tug can't study."

The earnest student of gastronomics raised his voice a notch. "Cauliflower! Chestnuts! Chocolate! Oo! I wish I had some chocolate!" "Fatty" fell to eating air with both hands.

Though it was far from dinner-time, Ranny put down a bottle of mud-colored chemistry and looked distressed. Arthur Wilson pushed aside the microscope so that he might attend. Tom stopped his machine and hung upon "Fatty's" words.

"Chow-chow! Cider! Cinnamon!" went on the appeal to the lower nature of boy. Tug gave up the hopeless struggle and closed the Cli-Day book with a look of shameless pleasure. "Sausage" Buckly drew near and involuntarily wiped his mouth. It was clear that the higher life was rapidly going to pot.

"Hey, 'Fatty'!" shouted the venerable founder of the institution. "Quit that; you're busting everything all up!"

"All right, dear teacher," replied the culprit, with mock humility. He now went into dumb ecatasy over some discovery, smacking his lips greedily. His action was fatal to law and order as everybody crowded in to see what the new word was. "Fatty" complained that they bothered him so much he couldn't study.

"Get back to your machine, Tom!" cried Ranny. "Sit down, everybody! We got to have order here."

"Tha's right, teacher. Make 'em be quiet," said Link Weyman with a grin.

The students obeyed Ranny with an alacrity that should have warned him that something was wrong. Tug held up his hand in the slavish fashion of the old school and said that "Fatty" Hartman was pinching his knee.



BROWS WERE WORN HIGH THAT JUNE MORNING IN DUKES'S WOODSHED

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Ranny mounted a low box and firmly, but impersonally, put forth the institution's first rule: "After this, if anybody pinches anybody's knee, they will be throwed out."

The student body roared with delight. Now that it was too late, Ranny realized the change that had come over the assembly. They were playing school and he had somehow got himself into the disgraceful, obnoxious, and utterly untenable position of teacher!

"Fatty" threw the the trouble-making (and fortunately abridged) dictionary at his dear teacher's head; Arthur Wilson contributed a slice of scientific potato. Link Weyman, who knew no restraint, picked up the can containing the official bean and covered Ranny's scholarly head with garden soil.

"What's the matter with you? I ain't no teacher!"

It was too late for any such disclaimer. All that anybody, all that Ranny himself, had ever dreamed of doing or saying to a teacher in a better managed world they now did or said to Ranny. In a moment the paraphernalia of erudition, including detachable parts of the "thingamajig," were piled around Ranny in a barricade.

"Now," he said, in one last desperate effort to save the situation, "let's straighten things out and commence all over. That was a kind of a recess."

But this forlorn hope was blasted by the untimely appearance in the doorway of Ted Blake, the enemy of learning. Ted was doing what, under the circumstances, was the worst thing he could possibly do; he was eating candy out of a paper bag.

"Lookee there!" cried "Fatty." "Hey, Ted! Gimme somepin' good."

Ted grinned and backed away, the recent scholars clambering after him, wedging themselves in the narrow doorway, then piling out into the yard. Ranny stayed in the ruins and suffered alone. He still had his honor; he would starve rather than ask Ted for candy.



"I TOLD YOU I WOULD BUST UP YOUR OLD SCHOOL"

The barbarian stuck his head in for a farewell gloat. "I *told* you I would bust up your old school."

"You did *not* bust it up," said "Fatty." "I busted it up my *own* self."

The voices grew fainter now and veered around toward the alley.

"I pasted him one with a can of dirt," boasted Link Weyman.

"You oughta heard what I said to him—" Ranny lost the words, but the voice was the traitorous voice of Tom Rucker!

Ranny kicked himself free of entangling appliances and disposed his person upon a box where he could be despond-

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ent with some degree of comfort. He sank his face into his hands, an attitude well recognized by moving-picture patrons as indicating despair. In the unnatural stillness of the woodshed he heard the court-house clock booming the hour of ten. It was still mid-morning of the first day of the higher life, and the higher livers were somewhere down the alley quarreling about who killed cock robin.

Also it was still two long hours to dinner, and mother had decisive ideas upon eating between meals. He could not make a special plea after his contemptuous attitude toward breakfast. His glance fell upon a slice of raw potato lying upon the floor and he wondered dully whether it would be possible to scrape it clean.

Now there came to him the feeling that he was no longer alone. Glancing between his fingers, he beheld the child Lucy gazing curiously through the open door. Not being a "movie" victim, Lucy evidently mistook Ranny's attitude for a game of peek-a-boo, for she dodged back with a little shriek of delight.

Ranny, however, continued to register dumb despair and presently he heard the uncertain feet drawing near. Good little Lucy! She was always willing to take remnants of his society and be grateful. When all others deserted she would stand by and comfort him. Let her stay and play her childish games; let her be happy while she was young. She would at least take his mind off the subject of food.

Out of a corner of his eye he saw the clumsy little fingers grasp the empty tin can; saw her put in a handful of dirt from the floor, some slices of potato, a spilled bean, and a dandelion blossom. All unsuspecting, he watched her drench the contents of the can from a chemistry-bottle and stir the concoction with a ruler, the golden head bent low over her frivolous task. Finally she touched her despondent brother upon the elbow, and there was a world of love and sympathy in her smile as she held out the can to him.

"I cook dinner," she said, brightly.

In Italy

BY EMERY POTTLE

I LOVE the scented lanes of summer night
  In Italy—beguiled by honeyed June
And blossomed boughs they lie so still, so white;
  Enchanted darkly by the crescent moon
Each furtive footstep seems a lover's flight.

Pale paths pent in between gray luminous walls
  Where shadows patterned by the breathless leaves
Fall meekly as a painted shadow falls.
  O is it strange that love for love so grieves
When from a hidden garden love's bird calls!

Or stirred by evening's jasmine-suckled breeze
  Soft meadowed secrets shiveringly unfold
Upon the flood-tide of frail, flowery seas,
  Whose shores a-flicker with a glow-worm gold
Allure the unhelmed heart to desperate leas.

Fading across the dark, as tremulous sighs
  On lips but lately kissed, the wind is spent.
Sweet songs of wine and women's wanton eyes
  Fall fainter, fainter the feet love lightly sent—
O Italy—when night in summer dies!

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An American In the Making

BY M. E. RAVAGE

[*The successive stages of Mr. Ravage's typical experiences as emigrant and immigrant, partially chronicled in the earlier articles "A Prophet From America," "To America On Foot," "My Plunge Into the Slums," and "Immigrant's Luck," reach a climax in the present article, in which the author describes his rise from sweat-shop to night-school and his life in a Middle-Western college, where the process of becoming an American is accomplished.*]—EDITOR.

ON the whole, I take it, the foreign colony in our larger cities is a little unfavorably regarded by the conventional enthusiasts for Americanization. These kindly ladies and gentlemen appear to assume that the trick of turning American is some kind of an affair of a rubber stamp and an oath of allegiance and bath-tubs. It is quite simple. You go down there, to the East Side, or Little Italy, or Little Poland, and you establish a settlement and deliver lectures and furnish them a pointed example, and behold! the fog lifts, and before your eyes stands the new-born American. The sooner this effective performance is accomplished the better, for it is quite clear that the immigrant invariably hails from an inferior world, with queer notions about manners and the use of soap and fresh air and constitutions, and if he is long left to himself and his fellows he will settle down to this pestiferous imported life of his and never become one of us at all. He will become a confirmed alien, a dangerous, disruptive element.

Into this complacent view the patent fact that Americanism is a compromise does not enter. It is quite overlooked that the adoptive American has always been and will always remain a composite American. My good friends are unwilling to see that the alien has as much to teach as to learn, that his readjustment is inevitably a matter of give and take, and that he only begins to feel at home in this new country when he has succeeded in blending his own culture and ideas and mode of life with those of the people that came here before him. Your self-complacent native takes stock of the Americanized alien and cries, delightedly, "See how America has changed him!" But I suppose he would be greatly astonished if the immigrant were to answer, with equal truth, "Look, how I have changed America!" Americans can nowise be persuaded that, if there is to be any readjustment, it must come from this sort of mutual reaction; and they will simply laugh at you if you tell them that the foreign colony, far from being a danger, is about the only natural agency by which the process can be effected.

Now, if places like the East Side are looked at askance, how very little justice could one expect toward the institution of the sweat-shop? That, surely, is a veritable hotbed of un-Americanism. When my native friends, who never weary of the topic, ask me what influences I account as the most vital in making an American of me, and when, in a sincere endeavor to be enlightening, I answer them that it was first the college and second the sweat-shop, they smile and say that I am making paradoxes. It sounds to them very much as if I were to tell them that I learned to love liberty in Russia, or that I acquired a taste for atheism in a Sunday-school, never seeing that these apparent impossibilities have a likely air, too. They think of the sweat-shop as a place all dark and poverty-ridden and degraded.

The East Side itself, I may add—or, at any rate, the forward-looking, practical element of it—holds no exaggerated notions about the sweat-shop. I remember how I was warned against it on all hands. The motherly wife of the bar-

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room keeper, whose employ I was leaving, was especially emphatic, and she went so far as to hold back my wages in her efforts to save me from myself. She prophesied that if I did not come to my senses at the very first sight of a shop, I would never leave it at all. "Once an operator always an operator," she reminded me. Grocers' assistants worked their way up to grocery-stores, tap-boys became saloon-keepers, peddlers and clerks attained to businesses of their own, but a sweat-shop hand contracted consumption or socialism and never rose to anything better. The operative's lean years always swallowed up his fat ones. As long as I worked I might earn a little more than I was getting in the saloon—still, she was ready to give me a raise—but I would find saving quite impossible once I began to pay for every little thing out of my own pocket; and when the "slack" came I would starve as thoroughly as ever I did when I was a greenhorn and before she saved my life by taking me off the streets. No doubt I had forgotten those miserable days, now that prosperity had come to me through her; but she remembered very distinctly that first day when I gluttonously devoured potatoes like cheese dainties, and she was ashamed to let customers see me until she had found me some clothes.

Then my old benefactor, Couza, dropped in—as he often did—and gave me a sound lecture on my unethical conduct while sipping a schooner of beer. My ingratitude to my employers, and to himself who had got me the job, was simply monstrous. I ought to be ashamed for even asking them to pay me after the return I was making them for their parental kindness. Was I aware that the very clothes I was wearing were theirs, and that they had tried to educate me into an American and a business man? As for the sweat-shop, he would not even discuss that. He could only think pityingly of my poor father and mother. They were decent, respectable people. If they had known that their favorite little son, on whom they were placing such high hopes, would ally himself with the outcast, the vulgar, the unambitious, the ungodly, they would never have consented to my emigration. And if they were to hear of it now—as they were certainly going to—it would break their hearts and they would disown me.

Well, I confess that there was more than a grain of truth in these gloomy predictions. The very walk to the shop that early morning with Cousin Aby, the collar-maker, was a depressing adventure. We were a little late, and I was being properly berated, as we hurried along, for my unindustrial habits. Canal Street west of the Bowery, with its cobble-stones and clattering trucks, its bare, ugly sides, and trudging throngs of unkempt men and girls, was not half so friendly as at its eastern extremity. And as we swung past Broadway and into Walker Street, the dreariness became almost intolerable. Here the thoroughfare was too cramped for normal traffic, and the stunted, grimy buildings seemed ludicrously undersized for their heavy tasks. All the same, the little alley was choked up with one-horse carts, its sidewalks were littered with bales of unmade clothing, a pandemonium of rasping curses from drivers and half-awake, half-grown men with aprons, staggering under immense burdens overtopped the rattling and the clanging from Broadway beyond.

And then we felt our way up two creaking flights of stairs, and my cousin opened a door, and we entered. We proceeded to the right toward an elongated counter, where I was introduced to the boss; my cousin removed his coat and collar, and disappeared into the wilderness beyond. I followed him with my eyes, and the sight did not cheer me. There were three endless tables running almost through the entire length of the loft in parallel lines. Each table was dotted with a row of machines, and in front of these sat the operatives like prisoners chained to their posts. Men and women they were, collarless, disheveled, bent into irregular curves; palpitating, twitching, as if they were so many pistons and levers in some huge, monstrous engine. On the nearer end, around a smaller square table, stood an old white-bearded man, a young girl and a boy, marking shirts with a pencil, pulling threads, folding, "finishing." The intermittent whirring

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of wheels, the gasping and sucking of the power-engine (somewhere out of sight), the dull murmur of voices, heightened the oppressive effect.

My first lesson, administered by a frowsy little man in shirt-sleeves and no collar, with his suspenders dangling loosely at his sides, was very bewildering. I had thought that I was to learn how to make shirts; but now my instructor informed me with a smile that that would be a rather large order. No, I was to play only a very small part in the great performance. I was to be a sleever; and sleeving, it appeared, was as much as any one man could desire, for it involved a whole chain of skilful and delicate operations. The shirts were brought to you in two bundles, which you proceeded to place, each bundle in a separate box, one box situated on the right side and the other on the left side of your machine. Then you suddenly discovered—sometimes a bit too late—that the bundles contained textiles of several designs and shades of color, and that you were expected to sew no green sleeves into brown shirts. The machine was of a kind that I had not even suspected to exist. It had two needles, and that implied two spools and two threadings and two bobbins. Just in front of the needles was an odd device called a "hemmer" which was designed to facilitate the work. But the whole contraption had a way of running away with you as soon as you pressed the power pedal, so that the material got twisted and bunched up in the hemmer, and usually broke both needles at once, and sometimes lodged one of them in your thumb, and invariably, at the least, tangled up the thread into a hopeless mess.

I sewed and ripped and sewed again for two weeks without pay, and I am afraid that the proceeds of my toil made but a poor return for the boss's patience and instruction. But if the bargain was unprofitable for him, it was well-nigh ruinous to me. My former employers having declined (out of pure benevolence) to pay me the month's wages they owed me, I had borrowed three dollars and stretched them over the period of my apprenticeship. Unfortunately, however, there was no money forthcoming for a long time after that was over. It was only after I had been another fortnight on a piece basis that I got any pay, and then it was just for one week. One week's wages, it developed, was regularly held back. They said it was because it took that long to audit the accounts. But that was a euphemism. The truth was that that week's wages of the forty hands constituted the major part of the firm's operating capital.

For all that I soon found myself very happy in my new surroundings. Those novelists and sentimentalists who slander the sweat-shop and the tenement should take notice. We certainly had a very much more human time of it in the old days than we did later on in the high-ceilinged, many-windowed, electric-fanned, palatial prisons that conformed to the factory laws. The reasons were these: In the sweat-shop the hand and the boss belonged to the same class. That made a big difference. There were no spying "foreladies" and no rules, no peremptory calls to the office and no threats of discharge. You did not have to stand in line with hat in hand for the wages of your toil. If we were hard up after a long, slack season, we could get all our meals on credit from the old shop-peddler, who sold baked liver by the slice, brandy, bananas, and rolls, and sometimes lent us a bit of cash. The number of workers was small, so that everybody knew everybody else. During the lunch-hour we visited, and fell into violent arguments about the labor movement and socialism and literature, and mocked good-naturedly at the "capitalist" when he ventured to put in a word (as he always did); and each of us, except the girls, took his turn in going for the can of beer. All this tended to preserve the human dignity and the self-respect of the worker.

For me the sweat-shop was the cradle of liberty. It was more; it was my first university. I was not long there before I discovered that there were better things I could do with my free evenings than to frequent the cozy hang-outs of my fellow-countrymen. When I overheard a dispute between the young buttonhole maker and the cadaverous, curly-haired closer, on the respective

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merits of the stories of Tchekhov and Maupassant; and when, another day, the little, black-eyed Russian Jewess who was receiving two cents per dozen shirts as a finisher boldly asserted that evolution pointed the way to anarchism and not to socialism, and cited the fact that Spencer himself was an anarchist, my eyes were opened and I felt ashamed of my ignorance. I had not realized that this grimy, toil-worn, airless Ghetto had a soul and a mind under its shabby exterior. It knew everything and talked about everything. Nothing in the realm of thought was too big or too heavy for this *intelligenza* of the slums.

I began to listen attentively in the hope that I might get some hint as to where my fellow-workers got all their knowledge. I discovered that nearly all of them brought books with them to work—Yiddish, Russian, German, and even English books. During the lunch-hour, or while waiting for my next bundle of shirts, I would stealthily glance at a title, or open a volume and snatch a word or two. I was too timid to inquire openly. Once a girl caught me by the wardrobe examining her book, and asked me whether I liked books and whether I went to the lectures. I became confused and murmured a negative. "You know," she said, "Gorky is going to speak to-night," and held out a newspaper to show me the announcement.

So they were going to lectures! I began to buy newspapers and watch for the notices. I took to reading books and attending meetings and theaters. There were scores of lectures every week, I found, and I went to as many as I could. One night it was Darwin, and the next it might be the principles of air-pressure. On a Saturday night there were sometimes two meetings so arranged that both could be attended by the same audience. I remember going once to a meeting at Cooper Union to protest against the use of the militia in breaking a strike somewhere in the West, and then retiring with a crowd of others to the anarchist reading-room on Eldridge Street to hear an informal discussion on "Hamlet *versus* Don Quixote." It did not matter to us what the subject was. There was a peculiar, intoxicating joy in just sitting there and drinking in the words of the speakers, which to us were echoes from a higher world than ours. Quite likely most of us could not have passed an examination in any of the subjects we heard discussed. It was something more valuable than information that we were after. Our poor, cramped souls were yearning to be inspired and uplifted. Never in all my experience since, though I have been in colleges and learned societies, have I seen such earnest, responsive audiences as were those collarless men and hatless girls of the sweat-shops.

The East Side theater was another educational institution. It was seldom that an attempt was made to entertain us there, and whenever it was made we expressed our resentment by hooting. We did not go to the theater for amusement any more than we read books or listened to lectures for amusement. It was culture we demanded, and the playwrights who satisfied us we rewarded by our homage and our devotion. No American dramatist was ever worshiped by his public as Jacob Gordin was. I remember that when a reactionary newspaper tried to stab him in the back by raising a cry of immorality against one of his plays, the whole progressive element in the Ghetto came as a unit to his support by packing his theater and clamoring for his appearance. The sheet that dared attack him was nearly boycotted out of existence. And when some years later Gordin died, every shop was closed on the East Side, and a hundred thousand followed his hearse in genuine mourning. There is no parallel, I think, in the whole history of the American drama to this testimonial of popular devotion to an intellectual leader.

I saw more good drama on the stage in those days while I was sewing sleeves into shirts than I have in all my subsequent career. When the original playwrights could not fill the demand, the lack was supplied by the translators. While Broadway was giving Ibsen the cold shoulder, the East Side was acclaiming him with wild enthusiasm. I saw "Monna Vanna" on the Bowery before the Broadway type of theater-goer had ever heard the name of Maeterlinck. Many foreign writers—Hauptmann, Sudermann, Gorky, Andreiyev,

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Tolstoy—had their premières in the Ghetto. The same was true of actors; I saw Nazimova in "Ghosts" before she could speak English. And I made my first acquaintance with Greek tragedy when I had not yet learned how to spell in English.

I did not for a long time perceive the drift of all this feverish intellectual activity. I was too busy reading and listening to care about the ultimate purpose of it all. Gordin was giving his brilliant talks on the Evolution of the Drama at the Educational League, and running a series of suggestive articles on the topic in *Die Zukunft*. A group of young writers had just begun the publication of *Die Freie Stunde* (The Idle Hour), which was devoted only to what was best in belles-lettres. The war between the radical and the reactionary press, always raging, was just now assuming a most violent character. The anarchist *Freie Arbeiter Stimme* was bringing out the journal of a Catholic priest who had attained to atheism, and publishing column upon column of letters in which the merits of religion and free-thought were discussed by the public, a certain well-known agnostic taking up the defense of religion for argument's sake. Within the progressive circle there were continual debates between socialists and anarchists, which sometimes rose to passionate fury, but always remained enlightening. My mind was eagerly absorbing all these new impressions and all these wonderful ideas. A new world was unfolding itself before me, with endless, magnificent vistas extending in all directions.

The "slack," that bugbear of the factory hand, was losing its terrors for me. A time arrived when I would start to the shop in the morning in hopes that I might find the power turned off and the boss explaining that work was "slow." On such days I would keep my coat and collar right on and take myself off to the nearest library, despite the boss's protests and assurance that he was expecting the bundles from the manufacturer to arrive any moment. There was so much for me to do. There were whole stacks of Norwegian dramatists, and Russian novelists, and Yiddish poets that I had as yet barely touched. In my room there was a collection of the Reclam editions of Zola and Maupassant, and an assortment of plays of all nations which had been suggested to me by Gordin's lectures which I had not yet found time to touch at all. Besides, I was trying to become a writer myself. The *Forward* had accepted and published some aphorisms of mine under the pen-name of "Max the Sleever," which my friends at the shop had greatly admired. I was devoting whole nights to a novel in the manner of *The Kreutzer Sonata*. Above all, I delighted in lingering outside the literary coffee-houses on Canal Street, where every now and then I would catch a glimpse of Gordin and his circle.

With my mind so busy, then, it was not surprising that I should remain somewhat indifferent to what was going on in my soul. My ancient religion had, under American skies, vanished long ago; but I was scarcely aware that a burning new faith had taken its place with me, as it had done with thousands of others. I cannot now say whether I was taking it for granted or did not know it. I continually heard people in the shop, and in the quarter generally, referred to as "clodpates" and "intelligents," and I knew that an intelligent was a person who went to lectures and read books, and preferred tragedy to vaudeville, and looked upon America as a place which afforded one an opportunity to acquire and express ideas, while a clodpate cared more for dollars than for ideas, and worked hard so that some day he might have others work for him, and in the evening he went to a dance-hall or to the Atlantic Garden or to Miner's or to a card party, and kept himself scrupulously respectable so that some day, when he could afford it, he might rise to be the president of the synagogue or the lodge, and read (when he read at all) the *Tageblatt* and the joke-books. All this I knew, and in addition, that I was already being classed as an intelligent among the hands at the shop.

It never occurred to me, however, to attach any ulterior meaning to the word. It was obvious enough; I could have seen it if I had only looked. But some-

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how I did not look—until one day the thing struck me, and I had to look. It was an idle day at the shop. The boss had persuaded us to wait for the work, and we were lounging about on the machine-tables and on the ends of cases. Some of us had been to a reading of Ibsen's symbolic drama, "When We Dead Awaken," the night before, and were, of course, discussing it. I said that I liked it. Then the girl who had the year before put me on the intellectual track spoke up and asked me, in a tone of pained astonishment:

"Why, aren't you a radical?"

"Yes, of course," I said, a little uncertainly. "Who is not?"

"Who is not? The clodpates are not."

"But what has this got to do with literature?"

"Well," she answered, "it has this to do with it. This symbolism business is reactionary. It has always been. It's churchy."

Then I suddenly realized that everybody I knew was either a socialist or an anarchist. It came to me in a flash that this social idealism was the soul that stirred within everything that was going on about and within me. I remembered that all our meetings and lectures were colored by it. And I understood that every intelligent was an atheist largely because every clodpate was a believer. When I asked myself why we studied the abstruse principles of physics, the answer was that it helped us to disprove the arguments of the religious. Our enthusiasm for evolution, I saw, was due to that doctrine's implied denial of the biblical story of creation. And if we loved the poets, it was because they seemed to us to be pervaded by a lofty discontent with the existing order of things. In short, I perceived that we were moved by a very vital religion of our own; although, of course, we would have scorned to call it by that hated name.

I recall a lean devotee I used to see at the anarchist meetings. He never missed one, and he never failed to occupy a seat right in front of the speaker's stand. During the address he would lean forward and glue his eyes on the speaker, as if he were determined that not a word should escape him. And then, somehow, it appeared that he always did miss something very essential, after all. When the floor was thrown open for general discussion he was invariably the first to arise. Whereupon he would begin with, "Thinkers and comrades," and proceed to make a few irrelevant remarks which showed at once that he had understood nothing at all of the lecture. Some of the audience would smile at him and some would murmur impatiently until he would grow confused and sink back into his seat. But these ignominious exhibitions never prevented him from heading each contribution list with some extravagant sum. Occasionally I would run across him at a little restaurant in the rear of a saloon on Eldridge Street, where one could get a tolerable meal for thirteen cents, and it puzzled me to reconcile that open-handedness at the meetings with this skimping on food. I understood it only when I became a devotee myself.

Yes, our radicalism had all the nobility and all the weaknesses of a young faith. We were no mere parlor socialists, we toilers of the slums. Our atheism was no affectation; our anarchism was not a fad to make conversation with over the tea-cups. Nor were we concerned with the improvement of our own material condition merely. We were engaged in the regeneration of society, and we were prepared to take up arms in the great social revolution which we saw daily drawing nearer. We were all missionaries, and some of us were quite genuine bigots. On the Day of Atonement, when all the conservative people of the quarter fasted and repented and knelt in prayer, we ostentatiously went about with big cigars in our mouths and bags of food in our pockets; and in the afternoon we met in the public square and marched off in a body with flags and trumpets to the atheist picnic somewhere in Brooklyn. Similarly, during the Passover, we gave an entertainment and ball, where we consumed more forbidden food and drink than was good for us. No doubt this was foolish—perhaps it was even vulgar—but to us it was propaganda for our faith among the unconverted.

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My radical interests had one salutary result immediately. I was not content to know at second-hand the great writers and thinkers whom I heard continually discussed. But in order to read them I must know English. I began my study of the language one memorable night by borrowing a one-volume edition of the complete works of Shakespeare from the Bond Street library. As soon as I got home I eagerly opened my treasure and turned to "Hamlet." To read "Hamlet" in the original had long been one of my most ambitious dreams. But, to my disappointment, I found that I could not get more than one word in ten, and of the sense nothing at all. Shakespeare as a first reader proved a total failure.

It was then I decided to go to school. Lately there had appeared a whole crop of evening preparatory schools on East Broadway. They were largely owned and manned by young men who had recently graduated from the City College. I entered one of them simply in order to study English; but, once there, my ambitions expanded. I recalled my father's professional hopes for me, and conferred with my teachers about the possibility of preparing for a medical college. They encouraged me, and I agreed to pay fifty dollars for the forty-eight-point Regents' course in monthly instalments of five dollars each.

The institution occupied the remodeled top flats of two buildings on both sides of the street. I used to travel across from algebra to English, and back again for German. The stoops and the halls and the stairways were always crowded with students, and during change of classes it was almost impossible to break through. I often wondered what would happen if there were a fire. At last the management rented a flat in a third building and turned it into a waiting-room and study-hall. The classes were overcrowded, so that, even with the best instructors, anything like a recitation was a practical impossibility.

The evening was divided into four periods, beginning at seven-fifteen and ending at eleven o'clock. As there were four Regents' examinations annually, our school year was arranged into four corresponding terms. Every course ran through a term. For instance, I took algebra three times a week for ten weeks and then went up to the Grand Central Palace and passed the examination along with high-school pupils who had had the work five times a week for a year. I cannot tell you how we did it. I only remember that I would sit and puzzle over x's and y's from the time I got home at eleven o'clock until my eyes would give out; and at seven in the morning I would be back at the machine sewing shirts. I had registered late, and had missed the first two or three lessons. For a time the idea of algebra simply would not get through my head.

But even algebra was as nothing beside English. We were trying to cover the prescribed Regents' requirements, in spite of the fact that the majority of us could hardly speak a straight English sentence. The formal grammar, which was the bugbear of nearly everybody in the class, did not worry me. The terms were the same as in Rumanian, and I had been well trained at home. But the classics! We began, mind you, with Milton. The nights and the Sundays I spent on "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," looking up words and classical allusions, if I had devoted them as earnestly to shirtmaking, would have made me rich. And then I would go to class and the teacher would ask me whether I thought there were two separate persons in the poems, or just one person in two different moods. Bless my soul! I had not thought there were any persons in it at all. I had made up my mind that it was something about a three-headed dog that watched at the gate of Hades, whatever that was. So I would go back and read those puzzling lines again and again, in a sort of blind hope that sheer repetition would somehow make me understand them, until I got them by heart.

My schooling brought a lot of new problems with it, and not all of them academic. Some of them were the old, familiar ones with a new wrinkle. As a student I could not work overtime. That meant a reduction in my weekly envelope of about two dollars. There were the monthly five-dollar payments, and several books every quarter. My

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room rent was raised by fifty cents a month to pay for the midnight gas I was burning. But all this additional expense I could have endured. It was the match-makers who made day and night hideous for me. Being a prospective doctor had made me quite a commodity in the marriage market. One of the men in the factory called my attention to the fact that a certain pretty finisher had five hundred dollars in the bank. An old woman of my acquaintance hunted me up in my room one night after school to make me a tempting offer. She knew of a rich jewelry-peddler who was ready to finance me through college on condition that I become engaged to his daughter. "And he is a fellow-countryman of yours, too," she added, "and of such a fine family! And the girl! A jewel in the sight of God and man. Full of virtues. Educated like a bookkeeper. Reads German—it is a joy to hear her; and English, as if born to it." And all this while I had a load of German and English of my own to get through with before morning.

In January, at the end of my first three-month term, I took the examinations in English, algebra, and third-year German, and reaped five points. That left ten more between me and college. Unfortunately, it left something more besides, which even a conscientious student could not get by means of examinations. As we drew toward the end of our preparation, we "seniors," as we were called, had but one topic for discussion—how to get into and through college. I cannot enumerate half the schemes we cooked up. Some of us did more daring things than marry plutocrats' daughters. A great number became druggists, taking pharmacy as a stepping-stone to the higher ambition because it only required about one-fourth the number of counts and only one year in college. I knew several boys who became conductors and robbed the street-railway companies of nickels until they were caught and discharged—alas! too soon.

I myself chose another, more difficult, course. When September came, a year after I had entered school, I had enough credits to enter college on a condition, and, of course, no money even for the matriculation fee. Then I heard of the State scholarships, which were good for four years' tuition at Cornell University, but were only open to high-school pupils. I fretted at the loss of a year, but there was nothing for it but to go to high school and make myself eligible. The sacrifices I had to make were tremendous. I gave up my shirts and tried to support myself by tutoring at the rate of twenty-five cents an hour. I suffered horribly under the discipline. At times I lacked the car fare to get to the high school on 102d Street. I felt ashamed to be in a class with mere youngsters. And then, when it was all over, it turned out that I had worked and suffered in vain. Somehow I had never stopped to question my ability to win the scholarship. Yet it required only a trifling accident to smash the hope on which I had staked everything. I scored ninety-six in English, and nearly as high in all the other subjects except one. In physics I was marked fifty. A month later I took the Regents' examination in that same subject, and, I believe, under the same examiners, and passed "with honor," which meant a percentage of over ninety. So decisive are examinations!

But to college I went that autumn all the same. As soon as school was over I returned to the shop. When I found that work was scarce at the trade that summer, I applied for a job at the Pennsylvania Terminal, then building, and was taken on as an electrician's helper at a wage of one dollar and seventy-five cents a day. A friend offered to lend me fifty dollars a year, and I tried to coax my two brothers, who had followed me to America three years before, into promising me an equal amount, with only partial success. It was strange that my relatives, who had up to this time been very proud of my ambitions and my achievements, now held up their hands in solemn disapproval at my selfishness. It was all very well, they declared, to become a doctor, but this business of borrowing money to get there was carrying matters to extremes. My cousin, the collar-maker, could not see why shirtmaking was good enough for him and not for me. Another cousin thought I had enough education already.

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A third was convinced that I could persuade Mr. Rockefeller to lend me the money. Brother Harry advised that I wait another year and in the mean time earn the money at the sewing-machine. Only gentle Paul, my other brother, was silent at the family council—except to say that, as long as he kept his job, he would spare me his dollar a week. But all the advice and the censure was to no purpose. I had made up my mind. Money or no money, I was going. My earnings as an electrician would pay my fare. The Lord might do the worrying about the rest.

To my great astonishment, I discovered that even my radical associates were stanchly opposed to my plans and my ambitions. I had confidently expected that they, at least, would understand my longing for emancipation and approve of it. It was from them, largely, that I had got the inspiration—the worship of learning, the ideal of culture, the dream for a higher plane of life. They had no illusions about the wretched, precarious existence of the working-man. They constantly lamented his lot, his oppression by the rulers and capitalists, his lack of opportunity to develop himself, his imprisonment in dingy lofts and airless tenements. Their newspapers and their lecturers never tired of insisting that the liberation of the working-class could only come by education, and that this education must come from within, from the conscious endeavor of the proletariat itself. Well, here I was carrying their theories into practice. I was going to get educated, to lift myself out of my class. I was going to make my fight for the freedom and the leisure and the opportunity to develop which they had taught me was the inalienable right of every man. Why should they not give me their most enthusiastic support?

I remember the stormy discussion at the anarchist reading-room that followed upon my announcement. Isidore Lipshitz, the cadaverous, curly-haired closer, who had befriended me in the days of my apprenticeship and had witnessed the beginning of my career, burst out into sarcastic, fiendish laughter; and Joe Shapiro, affectionately nicknamed the "red bull," jumped to his feet and launched into a passionate denunciation of my sacrilegious perversion of radical principles:

"The class-conscious proletariat is no longer good enough for you," he shouted. "You want to go to college, to become a gentleman and a bourgeois; to wear spats, I suppose, and silk gloves, quite like a little clodpate. All right, go; and the devil take you. But"—and here he waved a menacing finger in my face—"don't you come around here and pollute this place with your infernal sophistries. Did you hear that, Isidore? To our lecturers he compares himself. The cheek of the *nix!* Who ever told you that Feigenbaum and Hermalin and Liessin have gone to college? They started in the shop and they have developed by their own brains and the right kind of reading. But they have stuck to their class and have devoted themselves to the interests of the worker. They have not tried to climb in among the church-walkers and the capitalists and the oppressors. Traitor!"

In vain I tried to make myself heard and to explain that by getting a thorough education I was serving the best interests of my class. As a factory hand, I argued, all my energy and struggling against a complex system was doomed to be unavailing. They insisted that the emancipation of the worker could only come by the education of the body as a whole, not by the sporadic, selfish scrambling out of individuals into the ranks of the oppressors. My place was in the shop, among the men and women who were building up the movement with their blood and their brains. They predicted that no sooner would I enter college than my class-consciousness would melt away and I would begin to feel myself as belonging in the camp of the enemy. My whole course was treason to the cause of labor. I smiled incredulously at their passionate presentiments; but the event, as you shall see, proved that they were not altogether wrong.

So, in the autumn of 1906, I started out on my great adventure. Throughout the summer I had been studying catalogues from all the ends of the country and making the rounds of all the cut-rate ticket-offices in the city, in an effort

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to make my scant savings go as far as I could. The New York medical colleges, with their tuition rates of one hundred and fifty dollars and upward, were, of course, out of the question. Some of the State universities, I found, charged no tuition fees; but a study of certain tables contained in the bulletin showed that the minimum expenditure for board and room per year was two hundred and fifty dollars. Heaven preserve me! One hundred was my limit, and I would have to earn the most of that. Therefore, even those schools that promised reasonable living expenses had to be passed up, as long as their catalogues said nothing about ways and means. Finally, after two months of figuring and comparing, I chose the University of Missouri. It appeared to combine all the advantages of economy with high academic standards. I calculated that by living at the dormitories and boarding at the University Dining Club, I could make an appreciable cut in my first estimate. Perhaps I could skimp through the year on seventy-five dollars and pay my railroad fare with the remainder of the hundred. And the reports of the Y.M.C.A. made me feel certain that I could earn the better part of the outlay by doing odd jobs.

I did not start from New York until two weeks after the official opening of the university. My experience in the night school had taught me how to do a month's work in a week, so that I had no doubt of my ability to catch up with my classes. As long as I had a job, I felt that I ought to keep it as long as I could. Heaven alone knew when I would have another. So I worked at the Pennsylvania Terminal until one Friday late in September. On Saturday I packed my belongings, bought the return half of an excursion ticket to St. Louis for three dollars less than the regular price, and went around to say good-by to my friends. On Sunday I was off. My brothers, my cousins, and a number of my school-fellows came to the station. As I scrambled into the car with my telescope case and my big bundle of food for the journey, the women folks burst into tears. "Poor Max!" they cried. "What will become of him out there in the wilderness, among strangers, cut off from the world?" I tried to smile encouragingly, but my heart was in my throat. I was to learn the reason for those kind, silly tears soon enough.

I got to Columbia, Missouri, in the evening two days later. I had written to the president of the university to tell him by what train I would arrive, and I was a little taken aback to find that he had not even sent any one to meet me. There were a lot of students at the station, but they paid no attention to me. They were making a great deal of noise and shaking hands in a boisterous sort of way with one or two decidedly rural-looking boys who had come in on the train with me. I began to feel very lonely. Yes, began was the word. It was to be continued.

My first thought was to make straight for the university and ask for the president. He was the only person who knew who I was. But inquiry revealed the fact that the campus was a good half-mile from the station, so I decided to wait until morning. There was a house not far away that looked like my own home in Vaslui, and it bore a sign with the word "Hotel" over its eaves. I went in and asked an old negro about a lodging for the night. He said the place was full, and conducted me across the street to what he called the annex. There I was given a room. In the morning I dressed and began to look for the kitchen. A little girl asked me whether I wanted breakfast. I said: "No; I'll have breakfast after I come back from the president's house. But where is the sink? I want to wash." It took her some time to understand me; then she grinned, and pointed to a pitcher and bowl on a little stand in my room.

At the university I learned that the president was out of town. But a clerk told me, with a twinkle in her eye, that if I wanted to be registered she would show me where to go. At the registrar's office another clerk surprised me by saying that he remembered my name quite well, because he had got all the letters I had written to the president, and then astonished me still more by producing a folder which contained every one of them. He said, pleasantly, that my name was so unusual that he could not forget it. While wandering

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about in the main building I found several notices on the bulletin-board asking for roomers or room-mates. It had developed that, not being a resident of the State, I could not live in the dormitories. I could take my meals at the University Dining Club, however, by buying a permit for twenty dollars. Twenty dollars! when I had only seventeen in the whole world.

During that first week in Missouri I found out what it was to be a stranger in a foreign land; and as the year wore on I found out more and more. Columbia seemed a thousand times farther removed from New York than New York had been from Vaslui. Back there in the Ghetto everybody had thought me quite Americanized. Now I could not help seeing that Missouri was more genuinely American than the New York I had known; and against this native background I appeared greener than when I had landed. This new world I had suddenly dropped into was utterly without my experience and beyond my understanding, so that I could not even make up my mind whether I liked or hated it. I had to admire the heartiness, the genuineness, and the clean-cut manliness of it. But, on the other hand, it prided itself on a peculiar common sense, a cool-headedness, a practical indifference to things of the spirit, which the "intelligent" of the East Side in me revolted against.

Nevertheless, I tried very hard to make myself agreeable to my fellow-students. But I failed miserably. In the first two months I had, and lost, a half-dozen room-mates. Do what I might, I could not make them stay with me. There were never any hard words; we always parted as "good friends." But almost from the first day they would hardly talk to me, and before the week was out they would find some excuse for moving or asking me to move. I spent many sleepless nights trying to figure out the thing. It wounded my self-esteem to find my society so offensive to everybody. Besides, it touched my poor purse. Every time I was left alone in a room I had to pay the full rent. But my predicament had its comic side, too. It got so that when I found a new room-mate I would take a perverse sort of pleasure in watching to see how soon he would begin to look the other way when I spoke to him. I never had to wait very long.

After I got some money from my friend in New York, I bought my permit to the U. D. Club. The charge for board, twenty-one meals, was one dollar and fifty cents; with the cost of the permit it amounted to about two dollars per week. There were between fifty and sixty tables in one vast room, and eight Missourians at each table. When the big gong rang there was a fierce scramble for places, followed by a scraping of chairs and a rattling of crockery and silverware. Usually during the noon meal the manager of the club would get up to make some announcement, and invariably he would be greeted by yells of, "Fire away," "Jack Horner," "We want butter," "Can the oleo." Before an athletic game, and particularly after a victory, the rooting and the yelling, the pounding on the tables, and the miscellaneous racket were deafening. I thought I had wandered into a barbarous country. I confess I did not altogether disapprove of the barbarians. After a while I tried very hard to be one myself. But I did not know how.

Of practical jokes there was no end. On April 1st there was soap in the pie. If you got in late to a meal, it was wise to brush your chair and "pick your bites," if any bites were left. For some reason or other I was marked from the first as a fit subject for these pranks. On Hallowe'en a squad of cadets commanded by a corporal entered my room and ordered me to get into my uniform, shoulder my gun, and proceed to the gymnasium, which, according to the order read, the commandant assigned me to guard against stragglers. I guarded through a whole uneventful night. Toward morning, the captain of the football team, who had a room in the gymnasium, returned from a party. I ordered him to halt and give the password. He smiled and tried to enter. I made a lunge for him, and would have run my bayonet through him if he had not begun to laugh. "Go on home, you poor boy," he said. "They pull that stunt off every year. Poor joke, I

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think." The next day my table-mates tried to jolly me about it. They said I would be court-martialed as a deserter from duty. I got angry, and that made them all the more hilarious. Then a big, strapping fellow named Harvey spoke up. "Be still, you galoots," he said to them; and then to me, "For gosh sake, fellow, be human!" I tried for a week to figure out what he meant by "human," and for the rest of my college career I strove hard to follow his advice. It was the first hint I had got on what America, through her representatives in Missouri, was expecting of me. Harvey became my first American friend.

I got another hint shortly arter, and from the same excellent source. Most of my fellow-students had come to the university direct from the farm; therefore my very apparent ignorance of all things agricultural tickled them immensely. They said I did not know the difference between a hoe and a threshing-machine; but that was an exaggeration. It was true, however, that I did not know whether it was a sheep or a pig that bleated. I spoke of sowing corn until I was told that planting was the word. In the Bible and in Shakespeare I had always read about the reaping of the grain; but in Missouri they harvested the crops. I saw no connection between this gap in my education and my failure to make friends.

Then it dawned upon me that one reason why I could not get on with these fellows was that I did not speak their language. Why, I had thought that I was a wonder at the English. Hadn't I got the highest mark in freshman composition? Yes; but while I pronounced like a native and otherwise spoke and wrote correctly, I was weak in the colloquial idiom. I could not put the right ring into my phrases. I did not know enough of the common, every-day words. Every time I tried to tell a story, it fell flat because of some subtle shade of meaning that escaped me. My vocabulary was not varied enough. I might know one word like "earth," whereas the Missourian had his choice of "ground" and "soil" and "sod," and half a dozen others which he could draw on with a sure hand.

Indeed, my table-mates had command of a whole vast and varied vocabulary of which not a trace could be found in any dictionary, no matter how diligently I searched. It did not take me long to lay hold of their peculiar trick of cutting words off at the end, and by the end of a month I could myself refer to professors as "profs," to a course in literature as "lit," and to the quadrangle as the "quad." I found that highly practical, like everything else in Missouri, and convenient. But when a chap asked me to pass him "that stuff," and pointed one day to the potatoes and another day to a pile of typewritten notes, I was mystified. I could not easily perceive what quality it was the two commodities had in common that made the same name applicable to both. Moreover, I observed that my friends expressed every variety of emotion—disappointment, enthusiasm, anger, elation—by the one word (or was it two?) "doggone." Food in general was called "grub," although gravies and sauces were sometimes distinguished as "goo"; while, on the other hand, money had a whole chain of names to itself—"rocks" and "mazuma" and "wheels" and, of course, "stuff." It was all very bewildering.

Most of the conversation at the table and around the campus was about athletics. I wanted to talk about socialism, and found that these university men knew as little about it, and had as dark a dread of it, as the clodpate on the East Side. Religion was taboo. They went to church because it made them feel good, as they put it; and there was an end. They took their Christianity as a sort of drug. Sex, too, was excluded from sane conversation, although there was no objection to it as material for funny stories. I went to one or two football and basket-ball games—I could not afford very many—and liked them. But I could not, for the life of me, say an intelligent word about them. The chatter around me about forward passes and goals and fumbles might just as well have been in a foreign language, for all I got out of it. When Missouri won a hard victory over Texas I caught the enthusiasm and joined in the shirt-tail parade, wonder-

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ing, in the mean time, what my intellectual friends in New York would have thought if they had seen me in that outfit. But the hero-worship bestowed on the overgrown animals who won the battle irritated me. I could not see what place this sort of thing had in a university. And it surprised and delighted me to find that Harvey and some other sensible fellows, who loved the game, took the same view of the matter as I did.

Perhaps the greatest stumbling-block in the way of my readjustment was the emphasis that my Missourian placed on what he called good manners. I was not quite so obtuse as to miss the rather frank curiosity with which certain details in my conduct at table were regarded. Well, I knew better; but it was part of my East Side religion not to be concerned with the externals of conduct. One was in peril of losing sight of the essential and of becoming insincere as soon as one began to worry about the correct thing and the polite word. Once or twice I succeeded in drawing an unwary freshman into an argument about religion or economics, and then I wished I had not. His good manners rendered him quite sterile as a debater. I could on no account get him to make a straightforward, flat-footed statement; and he exasperated me by a way he had of emasculating my own emphatic assertions with his eternal colorless conformity. He invariably introduced a remark with an "It seems to me," or an "It looks as if," or a "Don't you think?" And if I with my ill-breeding shot back at him, as I usually did, "No, I *don't* think so at all; I disagree with you entirely," he looked grieved and surprised and visibly chilled, and crawfished out of the embarrassing situation by admitting that there were two sides to every question, and that no doubt I was right, too. And the next time he spied me on the street he suddenly developed a preference for the opposite side.

The business of introductions was my chief abomination. In my little radical world in New York the institution hardly existed. If you liked a man or a woman, you went up to them and drew them into a discussion and became friends with them. If you did not like them, you paid no attention to them. In Missouri this queer formality was all over the shop. Everybody wanted to introduce you to everybody. They seemed to think I would take offense if I was not extended the dubious courtesy. The ritual of the performance would have been a rich source of entertainment to me if I had only had some one of my own kind to share it with, for it did have its humorous side. My gentleman would leap up, grab your hand violently, and, staring you right in the eye, exclaim, "Mighty glad to know you, man." And he expected me to answer back in the same tone. But as a rule I was constrained to disappoint him there, because I was not at all glad to know him. I was wishing that I could meet him on Eldridge Street where I was at home, and see how he would like that.

I suffered from hunger and from loneliness. It took me three years to get used to American cookery. At the club everything tasted flat. I missed the pickles and the fragrant soups and the highly seasoned fried things and the rich pastries made with sweet cheese that I had been brought up on. The breakfast hour was outrageous. In New York I used to drink coffee in the morning, and then have breakfast at ten. Here I had to get down a full meal at seven o'clock in the morning or starve until one. The very order of the courses was topsy-turvy. At home we began the big meal of the day with radish or ripe olives or chopped liver or fish; then we had meat of one kind or another; then some vegetables cooked sweet or sour-sweet, and wound up with soup. The Missourian always began at the tail-end—started with soup (when he had any, which was all too rare); then piled his meat and potatoes (of potatoes he never tired) and vegetables in several heaps all on the same plate, devouring them all together; and concluded the performance with a muddy paste he called pumpkin pie and some powerful beverage that passed for coffee. Is it any wonder that I was so slow becoming an American when, as every one knows, nationality is principally a matter of diet, and it was this array that I must learn to cherish?

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Sunday was the hardest of all the days in the week to live through. Then every fellow in the house went to church in the morning, wrote letters in the afternoon, and went calling in the evening. I was left all alone. There was not even any mail on Sundays. During that first year I kept my soul alive by the letters I got from New York. I wrote to everybody I knew, because I loved everybody now who was in New York. But there were whole seasons that, if anything could, surpassed even those dreary Sundays. At Christmas and at the other short vacations nearly everybody went home to his family; the town looked deserted, and I was almost the only boarder left at the club.

For me there was no church and no calling. Missouri is a coeducational university, but it might just as well have been a monastery for all the social good it did me. When my ways and my personality were finding so little favor with the men, my chances of making friends with the women were, as you may well imagine, very scant indeed. Now and then, in the course of a recitation, I might get a whispered distress call from a young lady whom fate, in the person of the professor, had surprised in the midst of other thoughts; occasionally in the library, too, such a one might, with a gracious smile, ask for assistance in the preparation of her English theme. But when she next saw me on the street or about the campus she betrayed no sign of recognition. Even those who had formally met me at the Deutscher Verein and had professed to be pleased to make my acquaintance, seemed unaccountably eager to sever that acquaintance as soon as the meeting was over. Their conduct toward me was a painful mystery. It struck me, with my East Side notion of frankness, as needlessly insincere. Why, I wondered, don't they come out openly and tell me when I displease them? And I wanted very much to be friends with them. Their interests were much finer than the men's, and their appreciation of literature was keener. I would have given a great deal for the privilege of calling on one of a few girls I had observed in class, to take a walk with her, and have a discussion in the good old style of East Broadway.

Some of those boys, and a good many of the girls, presented a problem that baffled me for a long time. When I solved it I had taken one more step toward becoming an American. It was true that *I* mowed lawns, and washed dishes, and waited on tables, and did a score of other odd jobs to make ends meet; but, then, I was an immigrant without parents and without resources. If I had the means, I thought, I would rather not engage in all these extramural activities, and devote all my time to study and recreation. But among the other dish-washers at the club I learned there were young men whose fathers had large farms or big businesses in the little towns. I wondered why did they not support their sons through college decently. Then I made the interesting discovery that they did not want to be supported; that not to be supported was their idea of going through college decently. I revolved that idea through my head until I got it. It showed me the Missourian in a new light. I could almost forgive him his indifference to radical discussions.

As the summer drew near I began to look around for something to do. I would spend nearly one hundred and twenty-five dollars, I saw, between September and June, and half of it borrowed money. If I meant to continue in school I must earn enough at least to give me a good start in the fall. I thought of the wheat-fields in Kansas, where, Harvey told me, they paid two-fifty a day, and where a number of students went, summer after summer. I might go with Harvey to Joplin, where he worked as a carpenter, and try my luck in the zinc-mines. But I was longing for a sight of New York. It would cost fifty dollars to make that trip, but I tried to persuade myself that I would earn enough more in the city to make it worth while. And all the time, deep down in my foolish heart I felt that if I remained away from my own people that summer I would not be fit to resume work in the fall.

So to New York I went, and lived through the last and the bitterest episode in the tragedy of readjustment.

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During that whole strenuous year, while I was fighting my battle for America, I had never for a moment stopped to figure the price it was costing me. I had not dreamed that my mere going to Missouri had opened up a gulf between me and the world I had come from, and that every step I was taking toward my ultimate goal was a stride away from everything that had once been mine, that had once been myself. Now, no sooner had I alighted from the train than it came upon me with a pang that that one year out there had loosened ties that I had imagined were eternal. I found myself regarding the little world I had emerged from with the eyes of a Western American. Suddenly, at one glance, I grasped the answer to the problem that had puzzled me so long, for here in the persons of those dear to me I was seeing myself as those others had seen me.

I went about revisiting the scenes and the people I had so longed to see, and found that everything had changed in my brief absence. My friends were not the same; the East Side was not the same. They never would be the same. What had come over them? My kinsfolk and my old companions looked me over and declared that it was I who had become transformed. Perhaps so. At any rate, while my people were still dear to me, and always would be dear to me, the atmosphere about them repelled me. I had thought, a few days before, that I was going home. I had yelled to Harvey from the train, as it was pulling out of the station at Columbia, "I am going home, old man!" But I had merely come to another strange land. In the fall I would return to that other exile. I was, indeed, a man without a country.

During that entire summer, while I opened gates on an elevated train in Brooklyn, I tussled with my problem. It was quite apparent to me from the very first what its solution must be. I knew that now there was no going back for me; that I must go forward in the direction I had taken. But for a long time I could not admit it to myself. A host of voices and sights and memories had awakened within me that clutched me to my people and my past.

From this distance and from these surroundings, Missouri and the new world she meant to me were enchanting and heroic. The loneliness I had endured, the snubbing, the ridicule, the inner struggles—all the dreariness and the sadness of my life in exile—had faded out of the picture, and what remained was only an idealized vision of the clean manhood and the pure, bracing atmosphere that contrasted so strikingly with the things around me.

I poured out my heart in a letter to Harvey. If a year ago I had been told that I would be laying my sorrows and my disappointments in my own kindred before any one out there, I would have laughed at the idea. But that barbarian in Missouri was the only human being, strangely enough, in whom I could now confide with any hope of being understood. I tried to convey to him some idea of the agonizing moral experience I was going through. I told him that I was aching to get back to Columbia (how apt the name was!) to take up again where I had left off the process of my transformation, and to get through with it as soon as might be.

And in the fall I went back—this time a week *before* college opened—and was met by Harvey at the station, just as those rural-looking boys had been met by their friends the year before. When I reached the campus I was surprised to see how many people knew me. Scores of them came up and slapped me on the back and shook hands in their hearty, boisterous fashion, and hoped that I had had a jolly summer. I was asked to join boarding-clubs, to become a member in debating societies, to come and see this fellow or that in his rooms. It took me off my feet, this sudden geniality of my fellows toward me. I had not been aware how, throughout the previous year, the barriers between us were gradually and steadily breaking down. It came upon me all at once. I felt my heart going out to my new friends. I had become one of them. I was not a man without a country. I was an American.

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Mr. Timmons Tackles Life

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III

[SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I AND II.—*Mr. Timmons, a young college instructor who claims to have made a botanical discovery concerning* Pendiflora Virginiensis, *finds his reputation damaged by the ridicule induced by his alleged discovery. On the evening we meet him, the Chancellor is to call and take him to a faculty dinner. At this juncture Timmons finds on his back stoop an organ-grinder, seemingly dead. To avoid complications, he drags the body from his own stoop to his neighbor's, and, returning to his kitchen, shortly finds in it a handsome Italian girl, a dancing bear, and a hand-organ—companions of the unfortunate organ-grinder. Here a ring of the bell is followed by the appearance of Timmons's valued friend, Miss Gibbs of the English Department, who summarily departs, scandalized to find an Italian girl in Timmons's house. To rid himself of the bear, Timmons violently drives the beast into a large dog-kennel—which also harbors a dog!*]

TIMMONS unbarred the kennel door with a shaking hand, and stood out of the way just in time to avoid being bowled over by Brunocetti's rush for freedom. The bear stopped only once so long as Timmons could see him. That was when he set foot on the trailing rope and went down and over in a smother of earth, squealing like a pig under the knife. Recovering his feet, he set off again at the awkward gallop peculiar to his kind and vanished presently among the inland shadows.

Timmons could not bring himself to look into the kennel, but getting over the low wall beyond the garage he made his way homeward down the steepest portion of the hill. Once he heard Mr. Bluboat's voice calling his name from somewhere on the front lawn, but he did not answer.

By the time he arrived at his own stoop he hated his best and oldest friends, the Bluboats, because he had done them an injury. Also, as a sequel to this paradox of human psychology, he had a dismal sense that the world had turned against him.

It did him no harm. For a man of Timmons's temperament, indeed, it was a good thing. It cast him upon his own moral resources for the first time in his sheltered life. It made him square his shoulders a bit. He had never before had the feeling, which Englishmen are said to possess, of his home as his castle.

The door into his kitchen was partly open. As he paused for breath in the twilight of the stoop, the warm, yellow glow of the interior smote him with a poignant sense of refuge, of a familiar and loyal sanctuary, the place he lived. An odor of things cooking came to his nostrils. Across a bit of lighted wall within moved a shadow, slim and graceful even in its distortion, back and forth, busy in the name of Timmons's comfort. She was simple, he told himself, and direct, and faithful; she understood him, a thing which the Bluboats and their kind would never be able to do. He had a moment of shame as he remembered how cavalierly he had treated her, and how frank had been his attempts to thrust her out into the night, and he hoped against hope that she had not understood.

He spoke to her with a new kindliness when he went in. "Is everything all right? Are you having a hard time?"

"Me?" She looked at him, where he stood with his back to the door, and clapped her hands. "I should have it a hard time, I should say not. Honest-to-God, mister, it is so swell. Look it the swell dinner I can make it; I make it Pope's Ears *pasta* from the flour, with tomato sauce out of a tin can, and you should taste it. And then I got it a salad with little fishes out of a tin can, and you should taste it, too. And some coffee then. And other things then. Oh, you should eat some, yes, sir, mis-

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ter. . . ." Her voice changed key. "That Brunocetti, mister—he should be all right?"

Timmons met her wistful eyes.

"Quite all right. I have made him comfortable for the night, and to-morrow we shall see what can be done. You know, really, he couldn't remain here, much as I would have—" He broke off abruptly; and, after a moment's pause: "I say! The Chancellor hasn't come?"

"Should it be a man," she questioned, eagerly, "with a stove-pipe hat on?"

Timmons removed his weight from the door. A sudden weakness assailed him as he recollected how loudly they had been talking. Leveling a forefinger in the direction of the living-room, he appealed to her in an unsteady whisper:

"You mean to say, he's in there *now?*"

"No, sir!" She shook her head. "Oh, no, sir!"

"Then how," he marveled, "did you know about the hat?"

"Oh, I could tell you it's all the same like this. He *was* here."

Timmons echoed, "He *was* here?"

"Sure thing; to the front door, mister. And he says to me, 'Is Mr. Timmons to home?' and I says, 'No, sir, he shouldn't be to home quite now, only he will go to be home some time pretty quick, and if you would come again later, mister, he says maybe you would catch him to home,' I says."

Timmons sat down in a chair before he spoke again. His voice was slow and empty. "And you said that to the *Chancellor?*"

"Sure I did." She began to lose assurance. "You should worry," she cheered him. "This guy he looks all the same like a rent-collector. He would go to be back again, you watch it."

Timmons groaned. "You don't know the Chancellor!" To himself he repeated, "Yes, Alfred Alonsius Mechlin, Dresden Doctor of Philosophy, Exchange-Professor of Sacred Archæology, Chancellor of the College, President of the Board of Trustees—should you care to return a little later in the evening, Timmons of Biology will be pleased to give you a few moments, I'm sure."

The young woman was watching him. "If you should only go to work and eat it something," she urged.

She had laid a place for him on the kitchen table. That was all right. Timmons always ate in the kitchen when his aunt was away, excepting Sundays, and then, as a rule, he was invited out.

A moment ago he had been very hungry, but he did not feel like eating now. And yet, on the other hand, he did not feel like refusing to eat. It was almost as though a man who had just fallen from the roof of a high building were asked to decide between bone and rubber buttons for his winter suit.

He thought of *Pendiflora.* His mind went back to that afternoon, and the sanguine dreams of sunset. *Pendiflora* had seemed to him then so splendid, munificent, a source of credit inexhaustible, an Aladdin's Lamp to carry him without effort wherever he would go, a talisman omnipotent in the Botany circle. And now, cornered, thwarted like a spendthrift come to the lees of his inheritance, he was appalled to find how *Pendiflora* had shrunk in his mind. He wondered if even *Pendiflora* would do.

He became conscious, as in a cloud, that the young woman was speaking to him.

"You like it that fine *pasta* I make it, yes, sir?"

He discovered that he was eating. "It is excellent," he murmured.

Another space of silence followed, Timmons going forward mechanically with his business of eating, the young woman resting her hands on the edge of the table and studying him with eyes which took on more and more a light of troubled introspection. She appealed to him at length, leaning nearer:

"Mister, you got a mad on me?"

"A mad?" He lifted a face slightly bemused. "I don't quite understand. You mean, am I angry with you?"

"Yes, sir. Only I know it sure thing you are now. But if I could tell why! What I did it! Should I maybe asked that fellow to eat some dinner, maybe?"

"No, no!"

Timmons realized how absurd it would be to take the matter up with her now. He had gone beyond the stage where one desires revenge. He began to perceive the young woman as a pawn, moved, willy-nilly, by the hand of circumstance; himself a pawn, the Chan-

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cellor a pawn, Miss Gibbs, Brood, Brunocetti, even "Butter," the Blue Pekinese. And, after all, what did it matter to-night? What was done was done, so far as to-night was concerned. To-morrow? Well, to-morrow he still had *Pendiflora Virginiensis*.

Far from wishing to upbraid her, indeed, he had now the impulse to be especially kind to her. He attempted to shield her by changing the subject.

"So you like it here, do you?"

But she would not have it. "Tell it to me," she demanded. "What is it, a chancellor? Has he got something on you, mister?"

This was a little vague to Timmons.

"He is my employer," he explained. Seeing her vague in turn, he made it clearer: "He is—in a sense—the man that hires me."

"Oh-my-God!" she cried. "Ain't it awful, mister!"

There was no need to explain further now that the thing had come definitely within her mental horizon. Child of laboring generations, she knew well enough what it meant to insult the padrone, and now there was real horror in her eyes.

"What could I do?" she moaned, pressing her clasped hands to her bosom and rocking slowly. "Oh, mister, what could I do?" From helplessness she shifted to a passionate ministry. "I would never go away if you would go to lose your job, honest-to-God I wouldn't, mister. No, sir, I should cook it for you always for nothing at all, yes, sir. Look it, you should eat some of this, and this then. It is awful grand, this salad I make it. Taste it, yes, sir."

There was something immensely intoxicating to Timmons about all this, like a first wine-cup to the man who has never tasted liquor. It went to his head. Behind their spectacles his eyes gathered light as they followed her lithe, expressive gestures, the tilt of her head, the play of quick colors across her features, the response in her eyes. His own face grew red, but he would say it:

"You— I say — you are — uncommonly handsome."

"Oh, no, sir." She sighed, and gazed down with a pensive air at the tips of her boots. "I should be awful ugly."

Timmons was upon the point of breaking out in protest, when she set him at his ease about her with a glance from the corners of enchanted eyes. It seemed to Timmons that he had never before tasted food which had been properly prepared for the table. This appreciation of the viands set before him might have been due, of course, to his unusual appetite; or perhaps the spiritual wine-cup had done something to his gustatory senses; or, again, there is the possibility that the food was really of an uncommon quality. At all events, light an eater as Timmons was by habit, he found himself now enjoying the emotions of the gormand.

"The salad was splendid," he told her. "May I ask if there is any more?"

He thought for a moment that she was going to weep, it distressed her so to see him wanting.

"No, I am sorry," she said. "That little bit of piece in your dish is all the last. Dear me!"

He looked down at the little piece. He would have liked much more. When he spoke again his voice sounded far away from him and not like his own, as though another person had been talking at a distance.

"You will observe that the third dentil from the base—" This meant nothing at all, and he dropped it. By and by he addressed himself to the young woman, still in that remote voice. "This salad," he said—"you got it from the pantry?" He pointed toward the pantry. "In there? From a—a bowl? With water in it?" He made the shape of a bowl with his hands.

She nodded. She waited for him to go on, and when he did not she began to wonder; and then, slowly, an expression of tired hopelessness grew on her face.

"Oh-my-God!" she sighed. "Did I go to work and done something else again?"

"No," said Timmons. "Oh, no."

That was how he felt, especially at first. The human soul, mercifully, is only attuned to a certain depth of tragedy; after that it skips. It is even said of the Emperor Nero that he gained in the power of artistic expression through watching the burning of a city. Much the same sort of thing happened to Timmons at the unexpected and dra-

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matic termination of his career in the natural sciences. For the moment it swept him clean of dross and the inessential dusts of life; it liberated the poetic impulse in him, and the faculty of laughter. He actually heard himself laughing in a loud tone.

"What's a matter with you?" the young woman implored, still troubled.

"Nothing! *Nothing!*"

Lifting the small, last fragment of *Pendiflora Virginiensis* on his fork with an air which might have done credit to a rococo Louis of France, he held it poised aloft for a moment before he carried it to his lips, as though he might have said: "Your health! And after us, the deluge!"

He knew he would feel badly in the morning, but he kept that out of his mind. He knew there would be regrets to haunt him. He realized how people would talk about him, especially his relatives, for he remembered how they had talked about his second cousin, Henry Pollard, when he failed in the leather business with his aunt Susanna's money involved. But just now, to-night, he allowed himself to take an almost sensuous pleasure in the thought that there was no longer any need for, nor use in, struggling. Men come to that.

He mused aloud to himself, toying with the now historic fork. "I never realized it would feel like this to be without a situation. It's extraordinary."

The young woman leaned nearer. "You mean it like you honest-to-God gone and lose your job, mister?"

He tipped back in his chair and smiled at her, but instead of answering her question he clung to his own philosophical speculations.

"Isn't it strange," he said, "that you and I, out of all the possible people in the world, should find ourselves here together this evening—just this one evening, out of all time?"

Still preoccupied with the idea of his lost position, she thought he was talking about having to leave. Eviction was no new thing to her, and the landlord's agent was one of the stock villains on the stage of her simple existence. She was sorry for Timmons, very deeply sorry indeed; but in spite of that a vague hope clutched at her throat, and her eyes gathered a new brightness.



"YOUR HEALTH! AND AFTER US, THE DELUGE!"

Reaching out impulsively, she covered his hand with hers. "I got to tell you," she cried. "This is a swell house all right, like it would be a heaven, yes, sir; only I got to tell you, mister, if I should go to get cooped up here a long time I should go and get crazy in my head. It ain't good for folks like that, but they should better move around more and see the world and people and have a swell time before they go to work and get their self buried in a cemetery. Ain't that right?"

She waited, holding her breath and perusing his face with that tragic soul-in-the-eyes of a dog when the fields are green and the master's hat and stick in hand and the word not yet spoken.

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With some dogs, especially with old dogs, it is not even necessary to speak the word, for they, too, have passed through the travail of decision and they know what the answer is already, and a smile is enough.

Timmons was smiling now; for, after all, what did it matter?

"Sure thing I was right," she cried, pressing his hand with exultant fingers. "Look-a-here, ain't you got I and Brunocetti?"

Timmons could only nod. He was not used to having his hand held.

"Yes, sir, mister, and I and Brunocetti we ain't to laugh at either, not on your life! That Ferdinando, now, you don't know how much money he would make it, you would say I would lie if I tell you. And, look-a-here, you're a smarter fellow than that Ferdinando could be in a thousand years, and a smarter fellow would make more money every time than a fellow that wouldn't be so smart, believe me. And another thing again. You could play it that music-organ there, and I bet it would be easy for you."

Timmons was in a wild mood. "Really?" he cried. He turned his head abruptly and gazed down at the barrel-organ. "Upon my word, I believe I could, you know. I was good at such things as a lad." He began to laugh, with a trace of hysteria.

"What's a matter?" she asked.

"I was thinking how amazed the Chancellor would be."

"Oh! Yes . . . Well, now would you go to try and play it? Honest-to-God, it wouldn't be so hard, like you maybe think."

"Why— Why— Well, I imagine I may safely take your word for that."

His instinctive effort at self-preservation did not escape her. Her eyes lost a little of their light and she would have withdrawn her hand, but now it was he that held it tight. He did not want her to feel that way about him.

"Oh, see here!" he urged. "Really, you know, I should think it would be splendid to have that feeling about moving out among people, and seeing new sights, and always quite free to do as one pleased, and, as you say, to have a good time before one dies. It had never occurred to me before, how very long a time one must be dead. . . ."

He gazed fixedly at the ceiling, still clutching her hand in his. A native intuition told her to let him go at his own gait.

"I shouldn't so much fancy it in the city," he resumed. "But in the country, out among the woods and meadows and streams— By Jove! when one comes to think of it—it might not be so bad. . . . Have you ever read Whitman?" Confusion claimed him as he realized the absurdity of the question. "Naturally you have not. I have read very little of it myself, by the way, but Miss Gibbs—the—the lady who was here a short time ago—" He felt uncomfortable. He tried in vain to avoid the other's dark, abiding eyes. "Oh, come!" he protested, with an irrational vehemence. "She's nearly as old as my *aunt!*" Having said this, he felt more than ever idiotic. "At any rate," he shifted, "I should like it much better in the country. I don't know that I should be in favor of actually going out as a public entertainer; I am sure the bear would prefer roaming about among the flowers and trees by the wayside to dancing for pennies, especially in the heat of the day. And—and— You know, I have a *little* money. I imagine it would not be very expensive, traveling about in that fashion?"

"All ways you could swipe it a little something," the young woman assured him gravely. "Somewheres."

Timmons thought it best not to appear to have heard. "I have read of poets and artists going about the country, paying for their food and lodging with bits of their work — people who have later become quite well known. I wonder whether it would be possible to give simple talks about the flowers and wild animals indigenous to the neighborhoods through which one passed—in the same way. There must be a field for that. . . ." He remained buried in speculation for a moment, a finger pressed against his temple. "And my aunt," he broke out suddenly, "would love it. She told me last spring that she had always wished she might travel about the country in a covered wagon, selling things."

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He got to his feet abruptly and paced the floor, his hands locked behind him and his eyes still scanning the ceiling, prey to an unnatural excitement.

To-morrow the world, or such part of it as was interested in his microscopic career, would know that Timmons had failed to make good; that he had been relieved of his position in the Department of Biology. To-morrow his name would be on every one's tongue. The day after to-morrow he would be forgotten. He knew that that was the way of the world.

"There is no blinking the fact," he said, speaking to himself, but out loud, "that many of the men who do very real work toward the advancement of knowledge are not connected with institutions. There is Burroughs, for instance; and Muir. And if I were to carry out my idea of giving simple lectures by the wayside . . ." He turned his eyes upon the young woman, who had seated herself on the table to watch him. "Do you imagine I should find an audience for that sort of thing? Talks about animals and flowers, you know? Quite informal?"

"I couldn't to tell you sure thing, but you could try it on, mister. You don't know, it might go good—better than you would go to think it."

Her enthusiasm was tempered by a strain of doubt, but Timmons seemed satisfied.

"And there was Thoreau," he mused. "Respectable people disapproved of him at the time. I have read that they considered him little better than a common tramp—much the same kind of vagabond I might be taken for were I to wander along the country lanes, telling children about the flowers. Yet we know nothing of those respectable contemporaries now; they are quite forgotten by the public, the same public for whom the book that vagabond wrote on the shores of Walden stands as a monument to the man — however doubtful some of his biological observations may have been, by the way. . . . A monument to the man!" He seemed to like that. He repeated it once again, gazing, preoccupied, at the young woman: "A monument to the man!"



"IT WOULD BE SPLENDID TO DO AS ONE PLEASED AND HAVE A GOOD TIME"

Another thought ran through his mind. "So far as I remember," he soliloquized, "Thoreau remained unmarried. But that is neither here nor there," he added, after a moment, fearing that she might have misinterpreted. He liked her, notwithstanding the fact that they were so far apart, and he would not have hurt her feelings for the world. He drew nearer and took her hand. "Really," he said, "I think it is

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wonderful, how things have worked out. Not knowing any of the circumstances, it would be hard for you to understand just what has happened to me, and I will not attempt to explain it just now. You can't know what freedom means, because you have always been free—I take it?"

She returned his regard with a hint of blankness, not quite knowing whether he had asked a question or not. Deciding in the negative after a moment, she edged a little closer to him and sighed as with relief.

There is something immensely thrilling in having the whole direction of one's life changed suddenly, especially when one is not used to it. It is a fact that the emotional crisis of conversion reacts most violently among people whose habits and ideals are of long standing. Timmons was looking into a new future.

"Of course the day will come when my point about the *Pendiflora* will be established. Others will find it. Professor Peckenbaugh may perhaps be dead by that time. The Chancellor, even, may be dead. Possibly the college may wish to recall me. I might return for a short time—not permanently. . . ."

Almost every human being has the desire, now and again, to look at himself through the eyes of another. Timmons very often did this by imagining himself to be reading a biography of himself, supposed to have been written after his death. He liked to fancy himself now a total stranger of another generation, wondering:

"'He was by no means a closet-scholar, this man who arrayed himself against the dogmatic tyranny of the schools. No; to Professor Timmons Nature herself remained the chiefest expounder of nature, and his unfailing instinct was to get back to the laboratory of the fields and byways.'"

Timmons had known contentment before in his life, but never happiness.

"It must be wonderful," he mused, "to know that one is going to eat and sleep, and yet not know precisely how or when or where. . . . You know, it seems as though I must have been acquainted with you for a long time."

She spoke with the same quality of inflection, heavy with peace:

"You're all right, you are. Yes, sir, mister, you would be a smart fellow, and believe me you would make a lot of money."

Brood was at it again. It seemed, somehow, just a little more than Timmons could bear.

"Brood!" he expostulated beneath his breath. "For Heaven's sake, Brood—*please!*"

Brood was out in the back yard, having what Timmons took to be one of his tempers. The sound of his voice moved here and there, apparently now on one side and then on the other side of the dividing hedge. The violence of his emotions seemed at times almost to choke him; even behind the closed door of the kitchen Timmons and the young woman could hear the breath rasping in his throat and inarticulate sounds bursting from his lips.

"He would got a good mad on," the young woman commented. "Honest-to-God, I wouldn't wonder he should go to bust hisself open if he shouldn't look out."

Timmons was thinking. "Either that," he argued, "or he is frightened."

Brood became coherent. "Scat!" they heard him screaming. "Get out! Get away! Wait till I get a brick! Leave me be, I tell you. Ow-w-w!"

"I got it," said the young woman.

"So have I," said Timmons. "Brunocetti has returned."

The sound of Brood's bellowing gave place to hurrying footfalls, followed by a crash of latticework and a body sprawling in the stoop. The next instant Brood himself was in the kitchen with his back planted against the door and his face a paper white.

"There's no such thing as ghosts!" he cried at them, without other introduction.

It took Timmons a moment to collect his wits, and then, releasing the young woman's hand, he slid from the table and moved a few steps away. His face was pink; it grew pinker as he observed Brood's small, bloodshot eyes roving from one to the other of them.

"Brood," he challenged, "you've been drinking!"

One could almost have pitied the shaken fellow.

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"I haven't!" he screamed. "I haven't! Honestly! Just one little one, that's all; or even if it was two! I'll leave it to my mother!"

"I thought so." Timmons regarded him with a studied sneer.

Brood's hands were shaking as though he had a palsy, and he kept his knees pressed close together with an effort. Timmons, who had always stood a little in awe of him, felt almost sick now to see him so preyed-upon and broken. The man began to plead:

"It's not so much the bear—"

Timmons felt that he ought to show surprise. "The — *what?*" he demanded, hoping that the young woman would have the presence of mind to follow.

"The bear! I could go the bear! It's not so much the bear," the man reiterated with a haggard insistence, "but there was a man died in my stoop to-night! That is, he was—he was dead when I found him."



"THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS GHOSTS!" HE CRIED

Timmons didn't know what to say here. Brood's confession, coming so unexpectedly, rather took him off his feet. After a little he managed to stammer something to the effect that this was serious. Brood snatched at his word, seeming to lose for the moment the last vestige of his self-control:

"Serious! Serious! My God! Timmons, it's not that! It's not the man's dying, so much, even in my stoop. It's his coming back again! And—and chasing me!"

"Chasing you?" Timmons's echo was quite mechanical, and meant nothing. Groping behind him, his hand encountered the edge of the gas-range. He rested his weight against it and continued to stare at his visitor. By and by he opened his lips, to speak in a withered voice:

"You must be mistaken."

"I guess *not!*" Brood grew savage. "I guess if *you* had been there—"

"You've been drinking; that's the long and short of it."

Brood began to wave his arms about.

"Because," Timmons continued, doggedly, clinging to his only possible line, "you see, dead men don't come back and chase people."

He sat down on the floor beside the range. It was as much of a surprise to him as it was to either of the others, for he hadn't intended to sit down at all. Things seemed now to have arrived at a deadlock so far as Brood and Timmons were concerned. The only thing to disturb the momentary silence following was a rumor of boots prowling outside and the occasional menace of a human voice.

The young woman spoke for the first time since Brood had come in.

"It would be him," she said. She still sat on the table, rocking slowly back and forth now, whether with joy or sorrow it would have been hard to say.

Timmons looked up at her. "How do you mean?"

She went on in her impassive monotone, neglecting his question. "I don't

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know if he will go to beat me up or not. One time in Jersey, honest-to-God, you should think he would killed me when he come out of it the same like this. And then another time again he was so sweet like candy and give it a dollar so I should buy me a dress."

Timmons's jaw dropped lower. "Do you mean to say that it—this sort of thing—has happened before?"

"Sure thing it has, a couple times already. And it would be so fonny—I don't get it. He would look the same like he was good and dead, understand, and anybody would tell you he would be dead, only he could see all the time everything that would happen all around him—and tell you afterwards, yes, sir."

Brood was recovering wonderfully. "Catalapsy!" he pronounced with satisfaction. "That's what it is, Timmons. You've heard of it, haven't you? Catalepsy!"

Timmons paid no attention to him. "You say he knows everything that goes on?" he put a harassed question. "And—and remembers it—afterward?"

The young woman nodded.

Timmons lost another shade of color, and after casting a cornerwise glance at Brood he rested his face in his hands. His little new-born world was falling about his shoulders, and the man who had risen, as it were, from the dead, was in the stoop. He heard the young woman getting down from the table, and peeped between his fingers to see her smoothing out her skirt and bending to take up the fallen barrel-organ.

"Where are you going?" he asked her, with a faint sense of loss. "With him?"

"Sure thing! What you think?"

Catching the sound of her voice, the man outside lifted his own in a burst of foreign malediction, and pounded his fists on the panels. Before Timmons could say anything, Brood cast open the door. Brood was no longer afraid of the fellow, now that the illusion of the supernatural had been dispelled. This was the sort of thing Brood did very well. Lifting both fists above his head and screwing his face into a hundred wrinkles, he allowed the breath to escape with difficulty through his nose, as Timmons had seen him do it time and time again.

"Say!" he burst forth, bellowing. "Look out what you're doing! A man would think you owned the place. The idea!"

The foreigner recoiled a short step and then held his ground. He looked a little haggard; his hat was awry on his head, and one side of his shirt had escaped his belt.

"I'ma no ver' well," he said. There was an abiding venom in his tone, but along with it a certain dignity of restraint which ought to have shamed Brood. "I'ma seeka man," he pursued. "If I'ma wella man I would show you! And *you*, too!" he added, darkly, pointing a forefinger at Timmons, where he sat on the floor, appalled with it all.

"*Venga!*" he said to the young woman.

She went with bowed head, the end of the barrel-organ's peg dragging across the floor behind her. She came running back, though, from the door, the two silver quarters Timmons had given her held out between her fingers.

"Look-a-here, mister; I couldn't to stay for be the cook."

He lifted helpless eyes to her face. As is said to be the case with drowning people, his mind ran back with an incredible nimbleness to the time when he had actually wished to have her out of the house. It was hard to believe.

"And—and how about *me?*" was all he could say. "And—and my talks about the flowers?"

Compassion was warm in her eyes. Turning, she appealed to the padrone in her own tongue, including him and herself and Timmons and Brunocetti, whose heavy snout had become visible under the master's elbow, in gestures graphic and impassioned.

Timmons said, "No, no, please!" several times, but without effect. It remained for the foreigner to bring her to a halt, lifting one arm with an austere rigidity which reminded Timmons, somehow, of the flaming sword at the gates of the Garden.

"Yes, yes," Timmons murmured, hastily. "I'm sure it's all right." He stared at the money in his hand and then put it in his waistcoat pocket, not having even the heart to refuse it. "Oh, by the way," he stammered, conscious

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that she was going. "See here. Would you—would you mind just taking this?" His face was rosy. "I—I brought it all the way from the Exposition—at San Francisco, you know."

Timmons had never been kissed before by any but members of the family. Even now it took him some moments to fathom the nature of the sensation on top of his head, where the hair was growing thin.

He looked at Brood, for the others were gone. Brood appeared not to know what to make of it.

The bell was ringing in the pantry, as it seemed to Timmons just now to have been ringing throughout the evening.

"Who can it be?" he wondered, without emotion. "Not — not the Chancellor!"

When he arose to go and answer it, his first sensation was one of giddiness and an inclination to sit down again. He was just waking up. He began to laugh. This feeling that none of it had really happened was so strong upon him that he had to go and look in at the pantry door. Part of it must have been true, for his aunt's punch-bowl was empty.

He stopped in the middle of the living-room and groaned, like a man sobered by a dash of ice-water to find his home in ruins. It couldn't be the Chancellor, though. It wasn't like the Chancellor to come back a second time. He thought of the faces in faculty-meeting.

It was the Chancellor. Timmons found him on the porch, turned the other way with his head thrust slightly forward. The Chancellor spoke first.

"Upon my word, Timmons; that looked like a bear."



"LOOK OUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING! A MAN WOULD THINK YOU OWNED THE PLACE!"

Timmons's eyes went to the front gate and the trio of shadows filing out of it. He shuffled his feet and found them heavy. He thought of lies to tell, but the truth seemed simpler; and, after all, what did it matter?

"It *is* a bear," he said. Recklessness seized upon him. "And a young woman," he added. "A dancing-girl."

The storm hung. For a moment the Chancellor said nothing, but continued precisely as he had been, following the waning caravan with his eyes.

The Northern Lights had died away now, and occasional sheets of mute lightning had taken their place. One of them picked out the wayfarers in a vignette of black and white, the man in the lead, stoop-shouldered under the organ and looking neither to the right nor to the left, Brunocetti at his heels, his great head swinging slowly to the rhythm of his steps, the young woman bringing up the rear and turning in the fugitive flare to wave a hand back at the house. Tim-

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THE YOUNG WOMAN TURNED IN THE FUGITIVE FLARE TO WAVE A HAND

mons, careless of what it might mean, waved in return. It struck him as somehow very terrible that the dark had come too soon, so that she could not have seen him before she vanished finally into the night of the world.

His throat was hot; he wanted to cry: "Say it! For Heaven's sake, go on and say it!" to the Chancellor's unexpressive back.

The Chancellor began, by and by, with an odd note of reminiscence in his voice:

"When I was a student in Berlin, there was a month one winter when I would have given my eyes for a girl who sold gingerbread in the Thiergarten. I can remember yet the taste of the frosting. Indeed, I ate such quantities of gingerbread, to be near her, that it made me ill, and I couldn't go out to the Thiergarten at all for a long time, and when I did she was gone. I learned from her successor that she had married a cab-driver. I remembered to have seen him around there a good deal." After an interval of silence, he went on: "Not that you need mention it—among the people we know. If you don't mind, Timmons. We have the college to think of. After all, the college is our life . . . even if we have been young, once upon a time."

The silent cry in Timmons's heart was the bitter cry which has come, sooner or later, to all the cloistered ones of earth:

"Why have I not known of this before?"

He sat down on the railing. A dark fury possessed him. He knew what the Chancellor had come here to say, and the Chancellor ought to know that he knew. He hated this sentimental beating-about-the-bush. He wanted it said and done for; above all things, just now, he wanted to be alone.

Brooding so, he became conscious that the Chancellor was speaking. He had been saying something or other about Professor Peckenbaugh, something about talking with Professor Peckenbaugh at the dinner, and that Peckenbaugh was a conscientious man.

"I beg your pardon?" Timmons broke in. Even in his misty state, the Chancellor's patience troubled him.

"I was saying," the Chancellor repeated, "that many men would not do what Professor Peckenbaugh is doing. I have never known a more honorable man nor, in ways, a more sensitive man. Really, I wish you might realize how cut up he is by the whole thing. He is anxious to do everything in his power. He will make a statement in the next issue of the *Botany Journal*. He will not seek to spare himself. When he found the specimen himself to-day, up Rochelle way—"

Timmons put out a trembling hand. "You mean—the—*Pendiflora?* He has found the *Pendiflora*—too?"

"Yes—as I told you a moment ago."

"Oh!" said Timmons. He folded his hands.

"And there is something more, Timmons. He was telling me to-night at the

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dinner that the specimen he found differs slightly from the accepted type of *Virginiensis*, as shown in the South. Something about a dentil, I believe, although I am not sufficiently familiar with the terms to say surely. At any rate, he is going to advance the possibility of a distinct species here, under the tentative designation, '*Timmons*'—'*Pendiflora Timmons.*' You see—he is doing what he can. And he is an old man."

Timmons felt that he ought to say something, but words failed him. The Chancellor filled up the pause.

"It rather puts you in line for the professorship, doesn't it—when Gildersleeve goes? And Gildersleeve may go very soon. He's queer. He is the disturbing element just now in the faculty. You need not mention it, but of late he has been telling me that he would like to start life anew—fancy, at his age!—and devote his energies to field work. He seems very vague as to just what sort of field work—just anything, anywhere, in the open. I'm afraid he isn't quite—quite as—steady—as he was."

There was a longer pause now, which neither seemed inclined to break. In the end it was Timmons that spoke.

"Do you mind telling me, Chancellor, how you feel about it now?"

"Yes?" The other's tone was questioning. "About—?"

"About the—the young woman who sold gingerbread. Do you feel now, after these years, that it was a mistake not to marry her yourself?"

The Chancellor started slightly. Afterward he laid a hand on Timmons's shoulder.

"You forget," he said, "that I am *not* a bachelor. No woman could have done more for me or for the college than Mrs. Mechlin has done."

Timmons accompanied him as far as the gate when he went, and remained there for a time after he was gone, standing between the syringa bushes. As in a cloud, he was aware of Brood getting from one house to the other through the hedge, muttering, "A pretty business is what I call it!"

His thoughts reverted to the biography of his fancy. "Professor Timmons," he seemed to read, "for whom has been named the Northern subspecies of the species *Pendiflora*—"

He sighed. Taking a step out of the gate, he peered away along the length of the dark highway. Far off at the bottom of the hill was a solitary arc-light. Something was moving beneath the microscopic spark. He wondered if it was they. He could not tell at that distance.

After another moment he turned his steps toward the house. For some reason or other he found himself terribly worn out and drowsy. As a rule he went to bed before midnight, and now he had a sense of dawn in the air. He took out his watch and looked at it under the living-room lamp. It stood at ten minutes after eleven. He put it to his ear. It was ticking.

"Good heavens!" he said to himself.

Sitting down in his aunt's rocker, he let his feet sprawl out across the carpet.

"Poor Gildersleeve!" he murmured by and by. "Not so—steady—as he was."

A little later he fell asleep there in the chair, with all his aunt's lights going.

[THE END]

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

WHAT boys are these, two of them dropping roses from the tops of flower-and-fruit-wreathed rococo columns, and a third bestriding the globe between them, and blowing bubbles from pipes which seem to discourse excellent music from fairy-lands of memory? They hold each a basket of gay blossoms, and the bubbles they blow are iridescent with the sun of Maytime, when near three-score and ten years ago these frolic infants were born; and they have now climbed back to their columns to help celebrate the century of the name which Harper & Brothers have kept the signet of empire in English literature for a hundred years.

Yes, Harper & Brothers have come of the age that all men could live to be of if they had their rights, in quintupling the twenty years of their nonage; they are a century old. That the brothers themselves and the cousins and the second cousins are mostly not here to know it is a detail which we need not dwell on, and we will not stop in our rejoicing to weigh it. The mystic brothers of all the generations survive in their work, which was really their life, and which will keep them present in the spirit, as long as paper holds the impress of print. The Easy Chair will not boast their pre-eminence among publishers—there have been other great fames of the kind; Blackwood and Murray are names to conjure with as well as Harper, and Tauchnitz and Cotta, not to go ages back to Aldus and Elzevir in the generous rivalry which knows not enmity. But Harper & Brothers is a name that extends beyond others, if not above, and is of so much significance throughout the world that by an inspiration of ancestral poetry our greatest financier once declared that the fall of their house would be a blow to civilization.

The shelves of every gentleman's library will testify to the vastness of their enterprises and achievements with an eloquence past that of any owner of such shelves. If our inquiry reached no farther than a just sense of the civic significance and importance of very monumental work which the present writer and the present reader have under their joint vision the pre-eminence of Harper & Brothers would attest itself in the resuscitated cover of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. One cannot think of Harper's without thinking of *Harper's Magazine*, and one cannot think of the Magazine without recalling the well-remembered features of the countenance with which it first confronted the public. The present year seems to be a year singularly rich in birthdays, and the June number of the Magazine will join the rest of civilization in celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Harper & Brothers' foundation as the most signal literary event of the time. The Magazine will ignore the claim of its own sixty-seventh anniversary, but there is no reason why the Easy Chair should not assert it. In fact, if the Magazine should forget that claim, he who has now filled that chair for fifteen years could not forget it, for the roots of his own intellectual being strive upward through so many more of the Magazine's years that their common memories could well unite in a joint autobiography.

The Easy Chair recalls first of all among these its joy in the papers of Porte-Crayon, the delightful artist who wrote as well as painted his wanderings in the delectable mountains of Virginia. Were there ever any other such travels, such pictures? We doubt it very much, and the characters as the artist portrayed them are many of them vivid in memory still, or, where they are vague, they are not less enchanting. There were ladies in those wanderings who

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shared the adventures with a courage and joy equal to the author's own, and whose beauty and grace remain in the effect of their gay faces and jimp waists as individual as the gallantry of his brave aspect, stamped chiefly in the young reader's envy and admiration by his swagger beard and branching mustache; and there was a black driver of their all-risking carriage whose promise of the supper they should have from the pheasant the artist-author had shot dwells undyingly in his very words. "Mizzable good brile!" he promised; and the boy who read the story aloud with his elder brother could almost smell the bird giving forth its fragrance as it sang on the camp-fire embers. Other ancients will have other associations with the Magazine which will stir under the canopy of the familiar cover; but these are the very first of ours, and we hope they will be among the memories of some of our readers.

The elder brother who shared them is gone and cannot respond to the shout of gay remembrance which the younger would fain have him share. Neither can that friend who was reading J. S. C. Abbott's "Life of Napoleon" and could repeat long lengths and breadths of it, such as, above all, the graphic passages in which you saw the frozen soldiers on their retreat from Russia snowed under their dead bivouac fires and showing like their own tombstones among the drifts. Among these very early associations with the old cover are some of those "Sips from Punch" decanted as the best of the feast which were kept for the end of each number, and still a "Sharp but Vulgar Little Boy" hails the old Apple-Woman with a pointing finger and the demand: "Hullo, Missis! Wot are those?" and still she answers, "Tuppence," and still he comes back with the retort: "Wot a lie! They're apples!"

This and most of the other "Sips from Punch" were of the sprightly runnings of the great Leach's wit. But who first imagined the charming cover which the Magazine is so glad to wear again we cannot say. We should not know from what English magazine it was reft, in the casing lawlessness of those days before international copyright; but better recollection than ours says *Bentley's Miscellany*, a periodical dead long ago. By what stroke of comity the great English fictions were successively invited within the covers we could not say, but we know that the father of those boys read aloud to his whole listening family, as fast as the Magazine brought it from the thither shore, the new novel of "Bleak House." That seems to have been, but may not have been, the first of those master-serials which carried the Magazine on in unbroken prosperity to its long-established success. Very possibly it was not the first, but it seems as if it were "The Newcomes" which followed "Bleak House" in the splendid succession. The interest of "The Newcomes" transcended the family circle in the retroactive consciousness of the Easy Chair, becoming a society event, debated in every event and character wherever young people of any literary politeness met, and thought of themselves in their talk of Clive and Ethel. What came after "The Newcomes" we cannot say without the visible bodies of those old magazines, but we are sure that the vigilant management missed no great transatlantic event which could be won for it in the absence of law by eager agreements for advance sheets.

The triumphs succeeded one another all along the downward slope of the old century and the upward incline of the new till they reached their climax in the preeminence of "Trilby." Throughout the years of those decades when the Magazine was feeding its strength from our still colonial preference for the imperial fiction of Great Britain it was always mindful of the promise of our national literature. When this promise became performance the House of Harper, by its endeavor for international copyright, had potently supported the instinctive hospitality of the Magazine to the native author. Both the House and the Magazine had profited as far as honesty could in the absence of that copyright; but when once the presence of law had established Harper & Brothers foremost among publishers, they showed themselves worthy of their primacy.

In the years soon following, as we all know, the purveyance of polite literature fell into a brute struggle of catch-

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as-catch-can. But the House that took its chances with the other houses kept itself clean of unworthy competition. It was the time of the wildest romance in fiction, and the big-sellers flaunted themselves in advertisements covering whole pages of the newspaper, and took advantage of every post and pillar. The situation is almost incredible in the retrospect, and when the romance decayed into license it became as offensive to the smell as to the sight. Not the books only, but the serials of the magazines, which went to the whole family while the books could be kept to the invulnerable elders, shared the tendency. It scarcely need be said that the books of this House were kept from the infection, and it is almost an offense to the self-respect of the Magazine to claim immunity for it from the taint which was almost general. Or, if ever the nostril of a sensitive reader caught some whiff of it in this page the management was quick to respond to his or her protest.

In continuing the long line of its serial triumphs with the work of Thomas Hardy and almost every other great English novelist the Magazine sought the high level of Mrs. Humphry Ward's ingeniously fictioned biographies; but apparently the day of the most signal success in fiction was past; certainly the time of such popularity of Dickens, Thackeray, and Du Maurier was over, though still the Magazine spread its sails to the gale that favored it most and carried it farthest. In certain features which had become traditional with it, if they had not been invented by it, the Magazine has never lapsed nor swerved. Among these, one thinks first of the interesting papers based upon important books of travel. Other periodicals have emulated *Harper's* in brilliant studies of other lands and peoples, but *Harper's* remains sole in the sort we mean, and we venture to think that even in such studies and sketches those worthily emulous competitors do not rival this Magazine. Of a like character are those papers of popular science of all sorts which the Magazine has had the singular art of epitomizing from the works on discovery and invention which the publications of the House are so rich in. Scarcely a number appears without an article of one such sort or another, and we will own that we ourselves prefer them to most of the excellent short stories which the Magazine boasts. We almost prefer them to the essays appearing under the pseudonym of the Easy Chair, though we do not ask the reader to go with us to this extreme.

How far the make and manner of the Magazine have been the effect of the editor's sovereignty, and how much the intention of the publishers' suzerainty we could not say if we ought. One thing cannot be matter of surmise or kept a secret. The effect of the unsurpassed editorial genius of him who dwells in the Study, at whose door the admiring affection of the Easy Chair keeps guard, has never been hidden from the public, which, after his anonymity of forty years has finally penetrated to the unique personality within. He inherited the excellent tradition of the Magazine, but he has known more and more how to characterize it from his own varied qualities and gifts as critic, poet, and psychologist, and has made it so much his own inspiration and practice that one cannot think of it as a tradition. He has governed the course of the periodical with a discernment so unerring that he has failed of no vital literary current, but has pressed the strongest and best sooner or later into his service, and has made it an essential of the progress, always wider and deeper, of the Magazine.

Any witness of the situation at Franklin Square, such as he who writes has been for more than thirty years, could not well have failed of phrases, of images, of maxims, which seemed to realize its principles and practices to him, better than the facts themselves. The formula of the Mother Church, "In non-essentials, liberty; in essentials, unity," at first seemed to express it best in those days of the first cousins when the genial president of the Harper Brotherhood used to say that he had a little bell, which it was his function to touch when any editor, author, or contributor approached the danger-line fixed by the usage of the House. But the new-comer, then the newest, never heard that tiny tinkle, though he came full of doctrine that many said threatened the very

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structure of society, and he began to see Franklin Square, in the light of the Broad Church, which welcomed a wide divergence of opinion, compassed in one Christian ideal. Then later it appeared to him that Franklin Square was of the nature of our own Republic, where the executive is apparently sovereign, but really is so only with a string attached, which the fathers so finely worked into the proviso "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." At Franklin Square the senate were those cousins who were nominally brothers, and who, if they did not rule at first, overruled in the last analysis. From the wise and gifted and experienced editor down, each was left to his inspiration and judgment till the moment came when he could act only by and with the advice and consent of the senate. In other words, the Magazine was finally the expression of the House, as all its multiform publications have been, and however the editor or contributor were freed to their initiative, the senate, which advised and consented, always reserved its consent until perfectly and entirely persuaded by its own reason and conscience.

It would be easy to boast too much, but this department of the Magazine will not permit itself the indulgence, though it would fain invite the reader to

Survey mankind from China to Peru

and then challenge him to say in what province of the world-old culture of Cathay or in what hopefulest of the ambitious commonwealths of South America the like of its case is to be found in periodic literature. It is the whole Magazine which expresses the increasing purpose of the House, running from the earliest embodiment of ideals realized in its innumerable books. The purpose was always governed by a good taste, common sense, and modest confidence, which have given the world more books of solid worth than the intention of any other house. The story of it has once for all been admirably told by Mr. J. Henry Harper in his history of *The House of Harper*, which is also the history of contemporary authorship in the period it covers, and we need not dwell upon it here. If we touch it at a single point and note how in such an enterprise as Harper's Family Library, carried to wide popular success in an almost prehistoric day, there is a distinct forecast of qualities sensible in the latest series undertaken by the House, and in the high level kept by the non-fiction papers in the Magazine which we have owned our liking for. Who chose the books for that library? We know no more than we know who chooses the always important subjects of those papers. It is all impersonal, and if we must name the chief characteristic of Harper & Brothers, we must call it impersonality —impersonality as invariable and inviolable as that, say, of the University of Oxford. In the University of Harper, as in that of Oxford in these days of all-piercing publicity, one knows who does this or does that, but who causes him to do it is still the mystery of the entirety.

Harper's Monthly Magazine continues the expression of the House, and still with all the avowal of names embodies the impersonality of the University of Harper. It is well known to the public who each of the several agencies in it is. We, who are the agencies, know one another at times, but what the original over-force that controls and directs us is remains a mystery that was from the beginning. It is like the operations of nature, and month after month follows with little more consciousness of their joint force in the several elements than in the several seasons which bring about the spring, summer, autumn, and winter, or flower and fruit in the fiction number or the holiday number, and fill out the year in a volume, which annually represents the long intention of the ancient House of Harper.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

WHEN we were saying in a recent Study that our American literature was fairly entering upon its maturity, our readers may well have been bewildered by such a prospect, and many of them dismayed. When the locomotive has destroyed our provincialism, or at least that isolation which preserved it in its primitive and most interesting stage, and when our Western frontier has no further room for expansion and we seem hemmed in under one open sky with no new horizons, what can compensate us for the vanished romance of our American past?

We associate with maturity formed character; the training and discipline derived from technical education in sciences, arts, and letters; conduct established upon rational motives—in a word, that conformity to the establishment of which the institutions of conventional civilization tend. If this be the prospective maturity of American literature, it spells dry rot. A living literature can be fed only from the native springs of life.

Perhaps no better vision of the future growth of our literature can be suggestively reached than by a study of its sources of growth in the past and in the present. From such a study it will be apparent:

That this literature, instead of having conformity for its chief aim, is, in its sources as in its specialization, characterized by heterogeneity—the language itself having the same characteristic, through its historic assimilations before it branched from the parent stem;

That, in its living course, like life itself, it is informed by reality and seeks not to unveil the mystery of that reality, but rather creatively to embody it, preserving its freshness and wonder;

That, therefore, it is forever nourished by that romance which gives immunity to surprise by introducing us to reality in all its strangeness without the impertinence of explication. This romance is of the very essence of realism; it is like the romance of scientific discovery, which does not attempt to explain to us the outlying universe, but enables us to behold it in all its wonder, and delight in it.

Should our cosmopolitanism abolish the last vestige of our American provincialism and cut off every new source of native recrudescence it would still the more stimulate and help to satisfy our avidity for foreign elements of strangeness beyond our borders. Nay, has not our freedom and our progress during the last two generations been bringing these elements in ever-increasing volume and variety within our borders, until we have ceased to be a homogeneous people?

How great would have been our loss if during the last generation we had been shut off from Russian, Spanish, Polish, and Swedish fiction and the Norse drama!

Recently Tagore has added a contemporary imaginative strain from Asia to this European symphony. Formerly what we have had from the East has come to us from a great antiquity and through traditions shared with the English people. The first and richest of these treasures, considered simply as literature, was the English Bible, including the Apocrypha. Not to be mentioned in the same breath, but still next in literary value and general appreciation, was the Arabian *Thousand and One Nights*. Nowhere else have the people had access to the rich storehouse of Oriental fancy. Southey's and Tom Moore's Eastern poems were delusive. Faithful translations of the finer Persian poets have been for the few, with the notable exception of Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam—a transcendent distillation rather than a translation. The scholarship and

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research of the nineteenth century made accessible to our deeper culture, though not to the same extent for the enrichment of our literature, the great religious books of Asia—the rabbinical legends, the Zendavesta, the Vedic Hymns, the Hindu epics, and the subtle and mystical philosophies of the East.

Archæology during the last century has drawn aside the veil hiding prehistoric humanity, disclosing a world as remote as possible from literature, but fertile in suggestions to the imagination. The cave-man, surrounded by strange forms of animate existence, becomes for us the hero of a living drama. The area of human romance is extended into an indefinitely remote past, with glacial epochs for its background.

Every expansion in our knowledge of life, prompted by a curiosity which has its root in sympathy, though it may not be directly tributary to literature, broadens and deepens the field of sensibility and of all creative faculty. The streams which enrich literature are fed from such springs. The folk-lore which antedated written speech, long before science was born, found its elemental symbols, as of a living language, in the commonly observed habits of insects and plants—of a life not human, and therefore obliquely illuminating the human. It was an every-day romance—the first impulse to literary communication, the beginning of world gossip.

We have but to imagine that man was the only living animal on earth, and that all the tribes of men spoke the same language and were alike in dress and manners, to eliminate the possibility of romance and curiosity. We need only to intensify the blankness of this hypothesis by reducing all human conduct and feeling to a scheme of uniformity on, say, an ethical basis—doing for humanity what dogmatic theology has done for divinity—to make life perfectly intelligible and uninteresting.

Then, supposing any literature at all to be desirable, we might have one uniformly and internationally standardized.

But we are living in another kind of world, created and not fashioned, and therefore harmonious only through heterogeneity. It is a world in which there are happenings contrary to anything we would call rational expectation. Nature is too mettlesome and sportive for any accountability to our notions; and nature in us is not less refractory. Beyond the scope of our petty management, which is confined to unliving things, it would seem to be—so far as our idea of a plan is concerned—a world of chance. What clue does our logic give to the labyrinthian complexity of animate existence upon the earth? Yet naturally we are reconciled to the bewildering confusion and blend with it readily and with native sympathy, as we would not with a scheme of life fashioned and accommodated to our conscious intelligence, but wholly devoid of delight and wonder. Is it surprising that we should instinctively conserve and cherish the wild life of the world, if only for the romantic surprise it perennially gives us?

So it is when we confront the equally bewildering human world. Here, at least, we should suppose that, since man is emphatically a political animal, he must find his way to a consistent and harmoniously working civilization. But the terms native to life—even to human life—are not those of civilization. The heterogeneity upon which life insists antedates civilization, which, on the contrary, in so far as it is conventional and arbitrary, aims at conformity. Our first glimpse of human history discloses a marked differentiation of races, no more to be accounted for by conscious institutional development than the far less distinctively specialized variations in other animal species.

This racial separation, with the other differences involved—of manners, customs, and especially of language, before Babel was feigned, as an afterthought—was the first barrier of seclusion, and so the first door of romance, which was the beginning of literature. If the peoples of Egypt and Asia Minor had been like those of Hellas, Herodotus would have had no prompting to his travels, and the fascination of history would never have existed. It was not the sameness of things reduced to complete intelligibility that awakened vital interest, but otherness, connoting shyness and a sense of strangeness, as the conditions of worth-while acquaintance. It was as if the creative imagination

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demanded ignorance rather than assured knowledge—some veil of separation—as a premise of satisfying realization in its creation. How else is the wonder to enter—that mystery which shadows and attends everything that lives and is the seal of its reality?

Thus in those ages when annals were lacking, tradition and legend took advantage of the *lacunæ*, easily magnifying ancestral heroes into supermen and bringing the gods into comradeship with them in their exploits. Epics—like the Iliad, the Mahabharata, and the Nibelungen Lied—became possible. The uncharted seas gave more room for such spaciousness and freedom of imagination. The veil of the invisible world was a more potent premise to the operation of creative imagination, peopling the darkness with life, beautiful and wonderful in an infinitely diversified divinity, so spontaneously abundant that it blended with all the visible haunts of mortal habitation—and in all this not one rag of formal ethics, save as the later reflection of an arbitrary civilization. We might be reminded that any sort of ethics could hardly be expected of sensuous paganism. But when that higher plane of spiritual evolution was reached which found its embodiment in the Gospel, here also we find no trace of formal ethics. The very essence of the Evangel is Life—abounding life, in grace, beauty, and love.

In Christendom, as in the ancient world, we behold always and everywhere, on the one hand, the check of civilization, in its artificial conventions and activities, upon the native springs of life, and, on the other, life bursting these bounds—the soul reclaiming its own. The one tendency is toward stability and fixed order, through institutional authority, laying stress upon discipline and efficiency, upon the things that may be taught—a wholesome restraint from blindly spontaneous impulse, but one which, if wholly yielded to, would reduce human existence to static conformity, insignificance, and unreality. But, happily, the issue at least is not committed to the arbitrary will of man. Life, which is no preceptor, is our master, and we must submit to the living control on Life's own terms.

Faith, art—including literature, in so far as it is of the imagination—and the intuitions of creative reason are not our planned achievements, but rather, like ghostly visitants, too elusive for our grasp, with wayward manners and humors of their own that yield to no classification. In the case of literature we have seen how far its vital quality has depended upon the variety of the strange guests admitted to its hospitality. The extent of this assimilation on the part of English literature and of the American, as closely identified with the English, we have only hinted at—with no allusion to the very important infusion from classic, romance, and later Italian and Spanish sources, let alone the modern Celtic, Gaelic, and Gallic enrichment. The language has been assimilative of these varied elements, thus preparing the way for the intimate, catholic, and immensely profitable accession to the literature of all this wealth of world-culture, expressed in terms of creative imagination rather than in those of erudition.

Taking our literature altogether, along with that we share with England, the most vividly interesting portion of it, and by far the most romantic, has been drawn from abroad—from races whose languages are strange to our own tongue. Our country, moreover, has drawn within itself the living peoples of all races on earth, to be themselves assimilated; and these, under the direct and sympathetic observation of our story-writers, have contributed immensely to the cherished treasures of our literature. Some new foreign element is constantly being added—like the Portuguese on our New England coast, whom Wilbur Daniel Steele has made so much of in his short fiction. Not less haunting than the American Indian and the gipsies are in the childhood memories of some of us, or the plantation negroes in those of all our Southern people, have these later strange visitants been in the record of our lives as well as in our literature.

This world-gossip, this real culture of humanity, will go on in the future as it has in the past, following its own uncharted course, making education and progress its servants, but undetermined by technical formulas and standards.

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An Anniversary Greeting to the Readers of Harper's Magazine

This is the birthday of Harper's Magazine. Not often in its long and honorable history have its editors and publishers addressed themselves directly to the readers. But now, as the Magazine celebrates the sixty-seventh anniversary of its establishment—the hundredth year in the history of the House of Harper—we wish to make public acknowledgment of the debt of gratitude which we owe to those whose support and interest have made possible the prosperous existence of the Magazine for more than two generations, and whose friendly co-operation has helped us to place the Magazine in the high position which it occupies to-day.

Times have greatly changed since June, 1850, when the first issue of the Magazine appeared. The Magazine has changed, too, and, we hope, always for the better. Certainly there has been no wavering in its ideals, no relaxing of effort to give the reader all that is best in the world's literature and art.

That you are generously appreciative of this work, which has been done in your behalf, we have good cause to know. That we are appreciative of your splendid loyalty and friendship, we ask you to believe. We send you our greetings and our thanks.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Conqueror

(AN ALGONQUIN LEGEND)

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

GLUSKAP the Mighty was haughty and vain,
Gluskap the Mighty was proud;
Painted and feathered, he danced on the plain,
Chanting his praises aloud:

"Ah, who that is mortal dare face me, defiant?
My war-club has shattered the stone-headed giant;
The storm-bird and thunder-bird fly me like sparrows;
The flame-breathing serpents are pierced by my arrows;
And dead lie the ghouls where the waterfall pitches;
And dead are the wizards and dead are the witches;
Unconquered, unchallenged, I fear no disaster,
And no one is left for my Greatness to master!"

Ahpet the Woman was lovely and wise,
Ahpet the Woman was gay;
Singing, she laughed in the Warrior's eyes,
Mocking his valorous lay:

"Yes, mighty is Gluskap! and none may withstand him
But Wahsis, brave Wahsis—for who shall command him?
Oh, Wahsis the Fearless! All women adore him;
The Chiefs of the Turtle are humble before him;



SINGING, SHE LAUGHED IN THE WARRIOR'S EYES

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The hunters and warriors bring him their treasure,
They sing for his comfort, they dance for his pleasure.
Then vex not his patience, O Gluskap the Peerless,
For dread is the anger of Wahsis the Fearless!"

Gluskap the Mighty was dreadful in wrath;
Gluskap was hurt in his pride.
"Show me," he shouted, "my warrior-path!
Where may this Wahsis abide?"

Said Ahpet the Woman, the subtly deluding,
"He sits in the wigwam, complacently brooding
What magic I know not—but leave him untroubled;
For griefs done to Wahsis are paid back redoubled!"
But Gluskap was haughty; her warning he flouted;
His war-club he brandished, his war-cry he shouted.
He flung back the deerskin, that chief undefeated,
And entered the wigwam where Wahsis was seated.

Wahsis the Fearless was little and round,
Wahsis was sweet as a plum.
Dimpled and chubby, he sat on the ground
Sucking his mite of a thumb.

So Gluskap, diverted from methods severer,
Smiled sweetly on Wahsis and bade him come nearer.
And Wahsis, betraying no trace of resentment,
Remained in his place with a smile of contentment.
"Come hither!" called Gluskap with flutings and cooings
That thrushes and tanagers use in their wooings.
"Come hither!" he ordered, while, leaping and prancing,
He sought to allure him with gambols entrancing.



HE SOUGHT TO ALLURE HIM WITH GAMBOLS ENTRANCING

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TILL FORTH FLED GREAT GLUSKAP, DEFEATED, CONFOUNDED!

Wahsis the Fearless, with eyes like a fawn's
Gazing on Gluskap the Lord,
Rounded his mouth in the smallest of yawns;—
Wahsis the Fearless was bored.

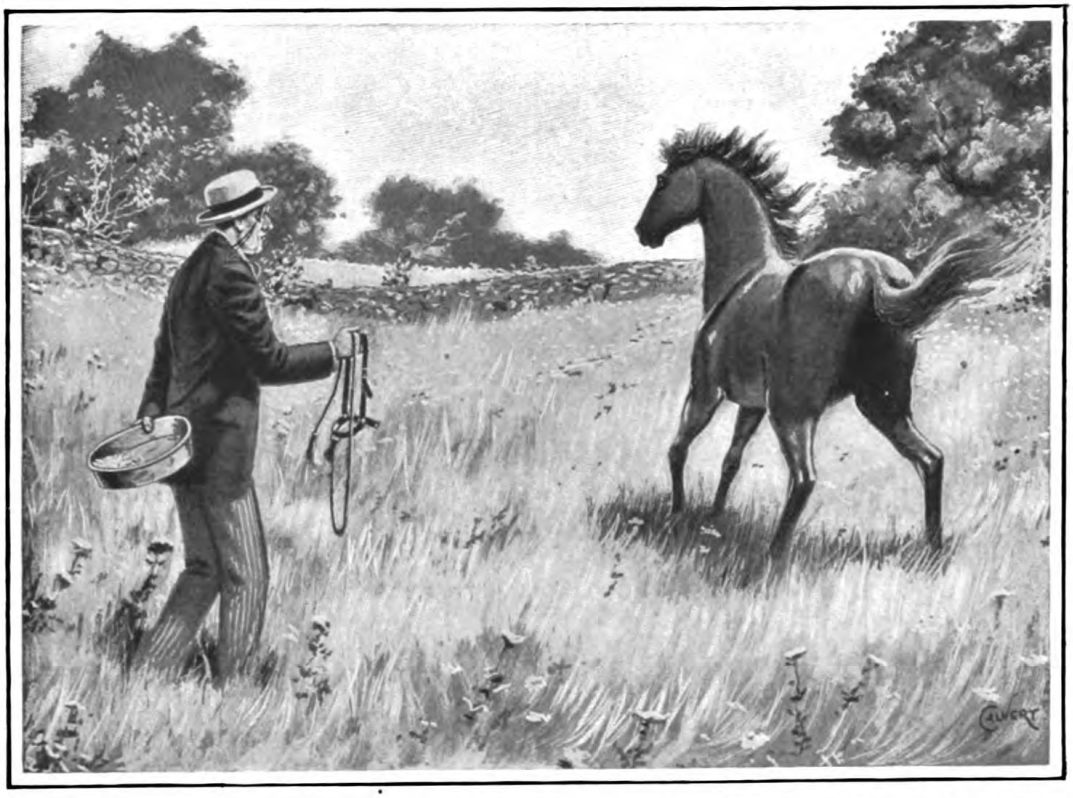
How wrathful was Gluskap the Mighty Magician!
"This imp of the forest refuse me submission?
My power shall tame him!"—with menaces frantic
He roared like the storm in the woods of Megantic.
Then, pacing the Witch Dance in grisly gyrations,
With awful enchantments and weird imprecations
He bellowed, while eddying faster and faster,
"Ho! crawl to me, Wahsis, and own me as Master!"

Wahsis the Fearless, Wahsis the Small
(Cause he undoubtedly had)
Lifted his voice in a terrible squall!
Wahsis the Fearless was mad.

Who hears it and owns not a sinking sensation?
The war-cry of Wahsis, that wild ululation!
It shrilled like the shriek of the demons of slaughter!
The fierce heart of Gluskap grew weaker than water.
He quailed before Wahsis, he cringed to appease him;
No more would he vex him! No more would he tease him!
But higher the soul-rending clamor resounded
Till forth fled great Gluskap, defeated, confounded!

Wahsis the Fearless a moment was dumb.
Wahsis the Victor withdrew,
Gurgling in triumph, his mite of a thumb.
Wahsis the Baby said, "Goo!"

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THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: "*Now I wonder how that animal knows I have a halter hidden behind me!*"

Had the Habit

IN Tennessee they tell of a judge, a man well versed in the law but entirely self-educated, who had to contend with the difficulties of orthography all his life. In the old days he lived in Knoxville, and for a long time he insisted upon spelling it "Noxville." Finally his friends educated him up to the point of prefixing a K; so thoroughly, in fact, was the lesson learned, that a few years later, when he moved to Nashville, nothing could prevent him from spelling it "Knashville."

Then, some time later, the lawyer moved again, this time to Murfreesboro. On the day that he began to write his first letter from this place he scratched his head in perplexity and finally exclaimed:

"I give it up! How on earth can they spell the name of this place with a K?"

A Belligent Definition

(*Translated From the German*)

TEACHER: "Now, boys, who can tell me what an island is?"

FRITZ: "I can, sir. An island is a piece of land surrounded by war-ships."

His Excuse

MOTHER: "Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday-school. Now I want to know how it happens that your hands smell of fish?"

JOHNNY: "I carried home the Sunday-school paper, an' the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale."

Where Two Is a Crowd

TWO oysters were in a big pot full of milk getting ready for stew. Said one oyster to the other:

"Where are we?"

"At a church supper," was the reply.

Whereupon the little oyster said, "What on earth do they want of both of us?"

He Recognized Her

"YOU don't recognize me, do you, Bobbie?" asked a lady who had recently been baptized.

"Sure I do," piped the young boy. "You's de lady what went in swimmin' wid de preacher las' Sunday."

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Cause for Tears

SAMMY'S grief was inconsolable as he entered the school-room with a turbulent group of little second-graders of his own group, all of whom cast wrathful glances at the small Italians crowding in at another entrance.

For some time he was unable to tell why he wept so bitterly. Then with a great effort he said, "My grandmudder done died an' dose feller's goats come an' et all de crape an' flowers off de door."

Looking After His Own

MISS BLANK, primary teacher in a Baptist Sunday-school, tells the following of her class:

The lesson, a tender Bible story, was interrupted by one boy who said, "Miss Blank, if people loved one another like that now, they wouldn't have wars any more and fight, would they?"

"Not if every one were good," was the reply.

"Father said," continued the same child, "that we're not so good in this country but what we could have a war here, too."

"That's true," admitted the teacher, cautiously, "but—"

"Well, now that we have a war here," interrupted a second child, anxiously, "will the Baptists have to fight?"

Deserted

A FEW days after the arrival of a family of kittens at a neighbor's, little four-year-old Isabel was invited to pay them a visit. Delighted with what she had seen, she returned in ecstasies to her mother.

"Oh, mama," she rapturously exclaimed, "they have the dearest little pussy-cats next door! But do you know that their papa has gone away on a long holiday and left their mama all alone to take care of them? Isn't it a shame?"

To the Point

COLORED MAID (*assisting young bride in her unpacking*). "You sholy got a lot o' things."

BRIDE. "Yes, these were all wedding presents."

MAID. "Fo' de lan' sakes, Missy, how many times yo' been mahied?"

The Only Survivor

IN a Sabbath-school class, when the subject was the death of Saul, a little girl showed great surprise, and said, "Is Saul dead?"

The minister's little daughter, with an air of superior knowledge, replied, "Why, yes; these people are all dead but God."

Private

"IT is impossible for a woman to keep a secret."

"I can't quite agree to that. My wife and I were engaged several weeks before she said anything to me about it."



INQUISITIVE WOMAN: "*Twenty bullets in you? Gracious! Don't they hurt awfully!*"

TOMMY ATKINS: "*It ain't the pain as I mind, mum. It's the weight.*"

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WIFE: "*I feel terribly out of it at times.*"
HUSBAND: "*Out of it? In what way?*"
WIFE: "*All the families in the neighborhood are living further beyond their means than we are.*"

Probably True

IN the language class among other words for sentence-making was the word "terror." Little Emma, the youngest member of the class, handed in the following:

"I went to church yesterday and there was a new terror in the choir."

Obliging

AT a political meeting in a Western town the speaker made a jest, and, finding that his audience had missed the point of it, as he thought, he said, playfully:

"I had hoped, ladies and gentlemen, that you would laugh at that."

Whereupon a plaintive voice came through the silence:

"I laughed, mister."

Then everybody did.

Somewhere in France

"THIS war," said the first soldier, "will last a long time yet. Our company has planted rose-bushes in front of our trench."

"Oh, you jolly optimists!" cried the second soldier. "We've planted acorns in front of ours!"

She Knew

THE teacher was giving a talk on coins of the realm, and they had been through the entire range from pennies to double eagles.

One little girl was singularly inattentive. Her gaze was fixed upon a playful sparrow on the window-sill, and she had no thought for coins.

Suddenly the teacher placed a half-dollar on the pupil's desk and demanded:

"What's that?"

"Heads," came the instantaneous answer.

Of Two Evils

A CERTAIN little Baltimore boy was evidently a firm believer in the old adage, "Of two evils choose the lesser."

Turning a corner at full speed, he collided with his uncle.

"Where are you going?" asked the uncle, when he had regained his breath.

"Home!" panted the boy. "Ma's going to spank me."

"What?" gasped the astonished uncle. "Are you eager to have your mother spank you, that you run home so fast?"

"No, sir," shouted the boy over his shoulder, as he resumed his homeward flight; "but if I don't get there before pa, he'll do it!"



CUSTOMER: "*Yes, nuts. And be sure they have plenty of worms in them.*"

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Absent-mindedness

A PARSON noted for his absent-mindedness had a habit of forgetting something he intended to say in the pulpit. Then, after sitting down, he would rise up again and begin his supplementary remarks with, "By the way."

Recently he finished his prayer, hesitated, forgot what he was about, and sat down abruptly without closing. In a moment, however, he rose, pointed his finger at his amazed congregation, and exclaimed:

"Oh, by the way—amen!"

The Same Man

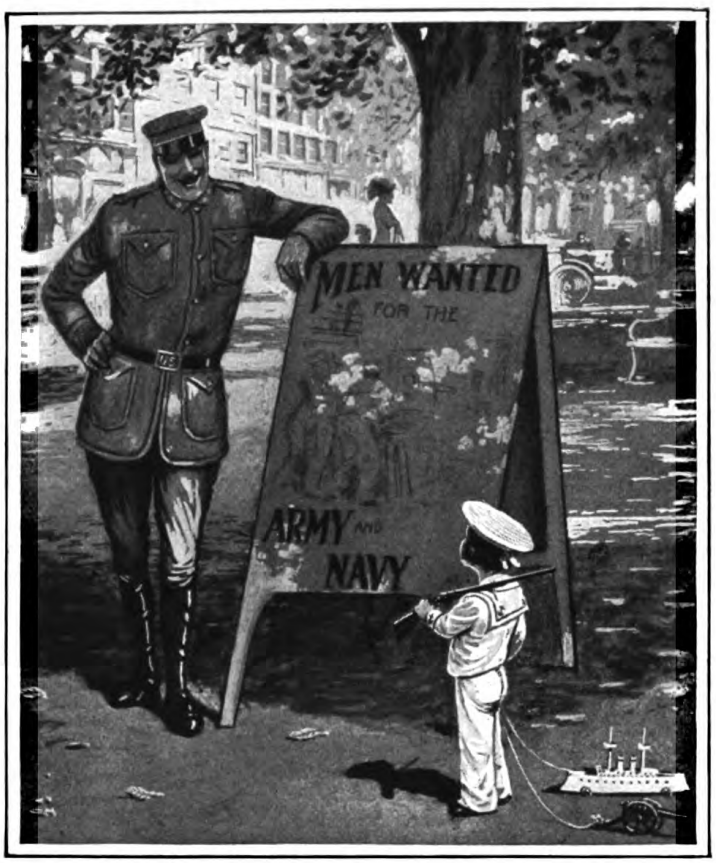
"MADAM, may I ask," said the candidate, "whom you intend to support in the present campaign?"

"The same man I have always supported," returned the fair suffragist; "my husband."

Phonetic

THEY were playing charades at the party. "And my whole," concluded the leader of the game, "is the name of a precious stone, the first letter of which is M, and—"

"Emerald! emerald!" shouted Jones, not giving any one else, in his excitement at his discovery, a chance to speak.



"Say, Mister! How About Me?"

A Fatal Mistake

"I WAS once a successful physician," remarked a seedy-looking individual in a railway carriage to a fellow-traveler, "with a large practice; but, owing to one little slip, my patients left me, and now I live from hand to mouth."

"What was the slip?"

"Well, sir," replied the ex-physician, "in filling a death certificate for a patient who had died I absent-mindedly signed my name in the space headed, 'Cause of death?'"

A Real Providence

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND reached home late for dinner.

"I got pinched for speeding on the way home," he explained, rather sheepishly. "Have to appear to-morrow morning and get 'ten dollars or fifteen days.'"

Mrs. Younghusband fervently clapped two blistered little hands. "What a providence!" she cried, devoutly. "You must take the fifteen days, John! The cook has just left!"



The Advantages of Being a Baby Elephant

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"Oh! George, I wish we could afford those andirons. All we'd need then would be a couple of easy-chairs and a house with an open fireplace."

Concerning Haloes

IN pictures, little saintly boys
Have haloes always on their hair;
Though these are beautiful to see,
They must be very hard to wear.

I wonder if one has to watch
And polish them to keep them bright;
I wonder if they can be lost,
And what becomes of them at night?

And can one wear them in the rain?
And would one take them off to swim?
And could one bend them back again
If they were twisted 'round the brim?

I've never worn a halo yet;
I never knew a boy who had.
These days there seem so very few
Who can wear haloes and be glad!

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

No Hurry

THE telephone-bell rang with anxious persistence. The doctor answered the call.

"Yes?" he said.

"Oh, Doctor," said a worried voice, "something seems to have happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set, and she can't say a word."

"Why, she may have lockjaw," said the medical man.

"Do you think so? Well, if you are up this way some time next week I wish you would step in and see what you can do for her."

Honor

AT a New York recreation center a teacher once noticed a little boy sitting on a bench and holding in his hand a large sandwich consisting of bread, ham, and dill pickles. From time to time the little boy would lift up a corner of the top layer of the sandwich, take out a small shred of ham or a minute piece of dill pickle, put it in his mouth, and arrange the sandwich exactly as it had been before. He did this many, many times, until finally, opening the sandwich for another bite, he discovered with evident disappointment that the filling was entirely gone.

"Why don't you eat it, Isidore?" asked the teacher.

Isidore looked up with large, serious eyes and answered, laconically, "'Tain't mine."

The Scattered Two

"YOU'VE broken that lecture item off nicely!" remarked the editor, angrily, to the foreman.

"What is the trouble?" the foreman inquired.

"You've cut out all the names of those present but two, and made me say, 'Scattered through the hall were J. Bronson Smithers and Mrs. Smithers.'"

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From a Lithograph by Walter Hale Illustration for "When the Enemy Comes"

THE ONE-TIME BUSY MARKET-PLACE BY THE HÔTEL DE VILLE—ARRAS

Time was when the little market in the Petite Place was held beneath the shadow of the tower of the Hôtel de Ville, the highest and most beautiful Gothic tower in northern France. In the belfry at the top was "La Joyeuse," a great bell, known to all the countryside, which was sent crashing from its lofty perch by the fire of the German gunners. In 1915 almost half of the tower still remained; now only a jagged stump lifts itself above the piles of broken stone. The sketch was made from the Spanish arcade at the far end of the market-place during a salvo from the German guns on the morning of September 15, 1916.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXV JULY, 1917 No. DCCCVI

When the Enemy Comes

BY WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

"AND so you've seen our whole bag of tricks," said the British officer, after he had led me through the great building which had once been a factory and which now was being used as a "convalescent hospital"—I give the technical term—and had escorted me into his office. "Please have a chair, and here is a cigarette."

He pointed to a swivel-chair at a desk. I had a sense of being surrounded by an atmosphere that was not military. There were files for papers, such as a soldier might find cumbersome for his few documents; there were too many calendars in sight; there were old ledgers about, and, on the wall, near the desk, were dusty papers hung from a huge hook.

I looked at these papers and, as I did so, the room became to me just what it really had been, the busy office of a great lace-factory. With these papers as a clue it became possible to reconstruct, as archæologists have reconstructed the last moments of the folk at Pompeii, the scene that occurred in that office on that August day, in 1914, when the cyclone of war struck the world. One after another I read these dusty papers, hanging there just as the hand of some faithful clerk had placed them. They were orders for lace. The top paper was the letter-head of a firm at Noyon, and it was dated August 3d.

"Messieurs," it ran, "will you not kindly hasten our order of broad lace?"

There was the check mark of a lead-pencil on the paper; apparently the clerk who had handled this matter had done his best to settle the problem of the worried merchant of Noyon, perhaps by writing him a letter, and then, with a sense of having disposed of the matter, had put the check mark on the paper, hung it on the big rusty hook and turned his attention to other things; to huge things like the welfare of France rather than the making of lace.

"There are all the signs of the exciting last moment around this place," said the British officer. "Even the office telephone is still here," he said, pointing to a wrecked instrument which rested on the top of an open iron safe. "The Germans reached this place in their first rush. They were here for nearly a week, I think. They don't seem to have disturbed the business papers; that hook, as you see, is full of orders for lace. We've been here seven months, and we've tried, as far as we can, to leave the papers as they are. I've often thought I'd like to be here when the office force comes back and takes up its task, just where the clerks left it that last moment."

There it was, for us to see plainly—that last moment when, in the midst of the excitement, the last paper was hung on a hook; the last pen-stroke was made; the last clerk doffed his greasy office-coat, put on his street clothes, and

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started along the country road toward the near-by village where the factory folk lived. How soon upon the heels of this last moment of the office staff followed the time when a huge German uhlan clanked into the little office, jerked the telephone from its place on the wall so that no one might telephone ahead, "The uhlans are coming," and seized the factory in the name of a foreign king!



THE TOY-SHOP IN ARRAS

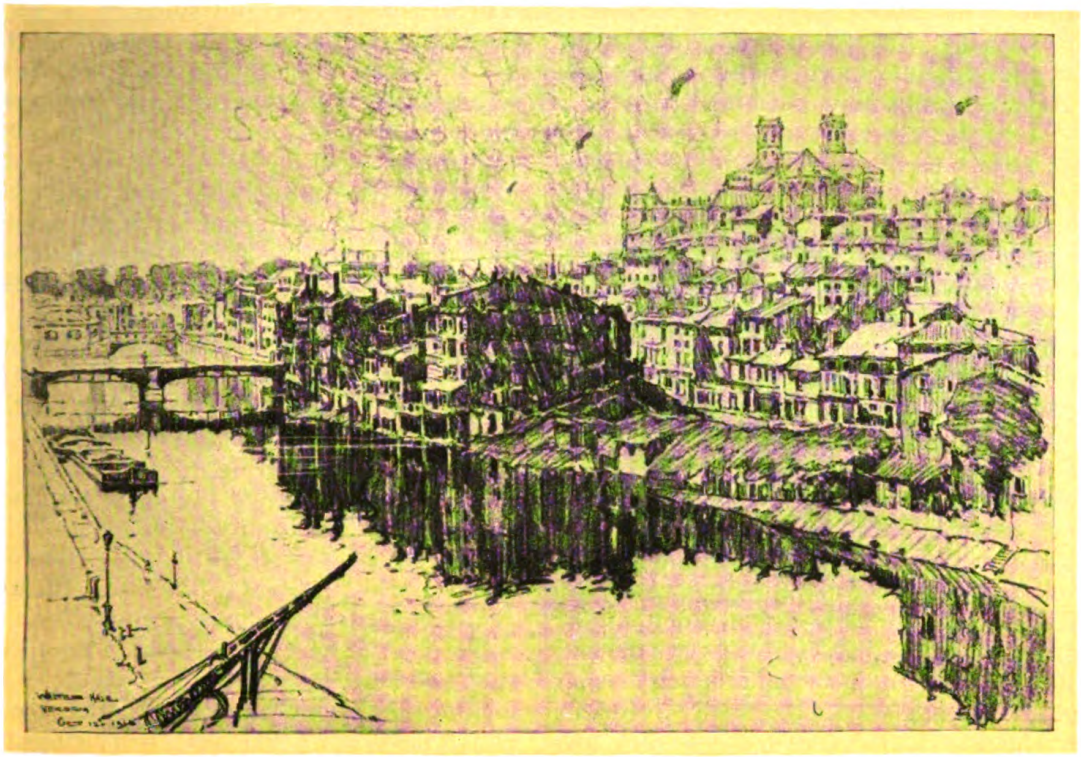
Before the recent offensive began the toy-shop was a little over 1,500 yards from the German lines. At the time the sketch was made, the proprietor and his wife had received permission to return to take stock of their possessions. Under a desultory bombardment by the enemy, they were digging out from the ruins doll's tin soldiers, canes, Teddy bears and games, and occasionally selling them to a passing "Tommy." The sign in English warning all soldiers to keep close to the walls because of the flying shrapnel is posted up throughout the streets of Arras.

This visit to the lace-factory came early in the war, but ever after in many places and in many events in the great war I kept my eyes open for "the last moment." As the fortunes of war were to have it, I was destined to visit other scenes where last moments had occurred, and to read the signs of human distress as paleontologists read the records of the past. I was even to take part myself in the excitement of the last moment in several different armies of Europe.

There comes in every sphere of human activity, wherever the tide of the big war sweeps, one great portentous last moment. It comes to homes, to factories, to stores, to busy offices, and to peaceful convents. We may easily believe that, usually, it is the supreme moment, the highest, most important sixty seconds that the lives of the human beings in these centers have ever attained. Behind this great moment stretches a vista of peace and monotonous daily routine. Before it lies a life of uncertainty and insecurity. This last moment marks the fine hair-line between peace and war as it affects the individual and his peace-time institutions. It marks the instant when the individual realizes that the wave of war has, at last, touched *him*.

No walls hold back this last moment; its powerful influence reaches into every nook and cranny. The shells that have slowly worn down the walls and the tower of the Ursuline chapel at Arras were not so powerful in their direction of the peaceful lives that had been lived there as was the influence of that last

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THE DEVASTATED SHOPPING DISTRICT ON THE BANKS OF THE MEUSE—VERDUN

For some reason the fire of the German artillery was directed at this section, the houses and shops laid waste, and the district segregated from the rest of the town by the devastation as cleanly as though it had been cut out with a knife. Battered and punctured with shot-holes, but with the outlines of its twin towers still unchanged, the cathedral commands the beleaguered city from the heights.

moment of transition between the old peace days and the new time of war. I hunted long for a description of a last moment in a convent because I knew that in such a place the war-time change would be the greatest. I had wondered, as I had looked over the ruins of a convent, what unspeakable changes the great last moment had wrought in such a place; it was difficult to read everything which the signs might have to tell. And when at last, after much search, I got a true word-picture of what had really happened to one gentle nun when the last moment came, I discovered how inadequate the signs—the broken walls, the disordered cells, and the destroyed garden—had been. This nun was of a sisterhood that has turned away forever from the world to live in utter seclusion; she was young, and, having stepped into the convent in Belgium from the shelter of her own home, the outside world was to her only as a book which she never had read and never would open. The big last moment that came to her I can tell almost in her own words, as I had them from a lady who had given her shelter.

"It was evening and a knock came at the big door down in the garden. The Mother Superior rang for the old woman who should have opened the door, but there was no answer. She rang many times, but no servant came. We had heard the big guns all day, and we knew that a battle was near us, but we had no idea that it would come our way. At last the Mother Superior said to me, 'You must go down, my dear, to the door; I am too weak.'"

One must realize the nature of the vows which this nun had taken to understand how much it meant to her to approach that threshold which she had resolved never to cross, and to open the door which she had resolved would always shut her in from the great world.

"There was a girl at the door with a young man. 'Can't we come in for the

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night?' begged the girl. 'The Germans are coming into the town and I want Jacques to hide from them. They will surely take him and kill him.'

"I could not take him in, but I told the girl that we would give her shelter. And so, before my eyes, the young man put his arms about the girl and kissed her good-by. I had never expected, in all my life, to see such a thing as that. It actually scared me because then I knew that the war was near us."

That was the last big moment between peace and war, the bridging moment, in this once peaceful convent. Before the night was over this nun had opened the door many times and had seen many worried husbands and wives, many men and women exchange farewell kisses at the convent door while she held it open so that the women might enter. And within a few days she and the Mother Superior and all the other gentle sisters of the convent were out in the big world which they had forsworn, voyaging to the safety of England.

This bridging moment between war and peace does not come to all alike in the towns which the war reaches. Sometimes a business man or a shopkeeper, with more pertinacity or with less perception than his fellow, will not yield to the pressure of war until it touches him and his interests—perhaps even his person—in a physical sense.

There is the photographer of Ypres, for instance. In the old days of peace his photographs were the standard of Ypres photography; his views of the Cloth Hall, the art gallery, and the quaint streets were those which the tourists bore away with them. In April of 1915, before the second battle of Ypres, he was still in Ypres, though it had been almost emptied of civilians. With an infinite patience he had found the exact points of vantage from which he had taken photographs of the famous buildings in peace times and had turned his camera on the wrecks. His series of photographs, entitled "*Avant et Après*," showed to a mathematical nicety the ruin that had been done to Ypres. He published them in post-card form, bound them into little booklets, and sold them to the only tourists who ever came to Ypres, the officers and soldiers of England and Canada. The second battle of Ypres in the latter part of April wrought new destruction and rendered his edition *passé*, and the patient photographer, working amid the explosions of giant German shells, was engaged, with his same loving patience, in taking new pictures of the new ruins when the British officers, to save his life, ordered him to leave the town.

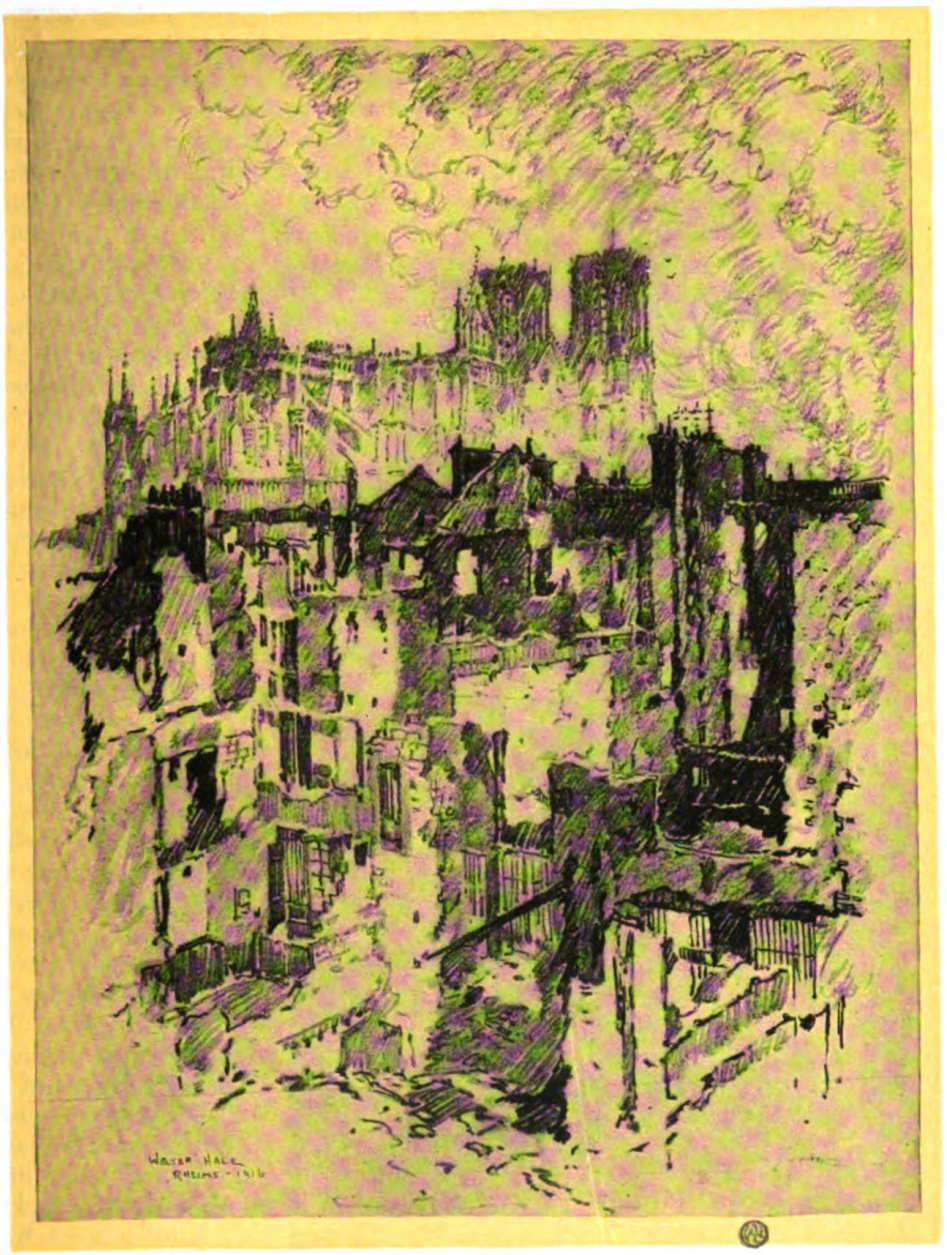
"What would you have called your new edition of the photograph book?" I asked him, as I purchased one of the last copies of his "*Avant et Après*."

"I intended to name it '*Avant et Après et Après*,' and I hoped to add one new '*Après*' for each new addition."

In Arras, too, there was a photographer who patiently kept a photographic record—a slow "movie," as it were—of the destruction which was visited on the town.

The merchant, however, in the town which is beset by war has a very definite last moment of peace. There comes a time when he has made his last sale, when his customers flee, and when, even were he to remain, he would find little benefit in doing so. Into the toy-shop, into the sweet-shops, the children will come no more, for their little feet are struggling miles away over these uncomfortably rounded cobble-stones that seem to them like slippery little mountains over which they must make giant strides. He might as well get his last moment over with as quickly as possible; put up the shutters, lock the doors, and depart. And little good his shutters and locks will do if the big shells come his way. The toy-shop keeper at Arras, who returned to his shop when the shelling had slackened, found it open to the skies, so that he had no need to seek for his door key. Who would ever have thought—least of all, he—that he would one day sell out almost his entire stock, despite the shelling that had ruined his place? And yet his toy-shop, after he returned, became the vogue among British officers who came to Arras. It was their kindly joke, and it pleased their sense of gentle humor, to go to the ruins where the old man held forth and purchase toys which he selected from among the debris.

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THE CATHEDRAL ABOVE THE DEVASTATED HOUSES OF RHEIMS

Lying in the line of fire of the German guns on the Craonne plateau, the shopping and residential district has been completely gutted. Many of these houses were occupied by English weavers from the mills of Rheims, controlled by British capital. The rue de l'Université and the rue des Cordeliers are lined with the gaping walls and tottering chimneys of shops, cafés, and houses. In the present offensive, the Germans, before retreating, directed a final artillery bombardment at the Cathedral, and partially wrecked the great north tower.

"Can you find me a doll?" the visitor would ask.

Stumbling over the wreckage to that corner of the shop where he had kept his dolls, he would seek, amid the broken bricks and timbers, the article which his customer desired. He would always look for the price mark and would never charge more than it indicated.

"Most of my things are broken," he would say, "but these Englishmen buy them anyhow—as souvenirs, you see."

In more t' 'n · · place along the British lines ve found billets in

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which the most highly prized souvenir was not "that piece of shell which almost hit the captain," or "that shrapnel ball that fell on our table during dinner," but a broken toy from the ruins of the shattered little toy-shop at Arras.



THE SILENT STREET—RUE GAMBETTA, ARRAS

This is the thoroughfare that connected the business center of Arras with the railway station, the street through which the tide of traffic flowed. The houses have been riddled by shells and shrapnel; broken telegraph wires dangle from their fastenings. The girls' school in the Ursuline Chapel has long since been deserted, and its tower has suffered so severely from the bombardment that it stands shakily on its foundations.

When the railway employees in the station at Arras had to retreat before the advancing Uhlans, one of the ticket-sellers left his hat and well-worn alpaca coat hanging in his *guichet*. Last September, after two years of war, the hat and coat were still hanging where he had left them, but the *guichet* was open to the sky. Part of the great train-shed is blown off; grass three feet high grows over the tracks; and one may help oneself at the ticket-rack to free rides to Vimy, Lens, Lille, and other towns held by the Germans since the drive on Paris.

One may help oneself, that is, urged by the British escort's admonition to "step lively!" Whether the town was occupied by French *poilu* or British "Tommy," the railway station was looked upon as an unhealthy spot. Until the beginning of the present "push," it was distant a thousand yards from the German lines, and it was not only intermittently shelled by the big guns in the rear, but it was under an almost constant shower of "whizz bangs" from the Bosche trench mortars in the near-by suburbs of Arras.

At Poperinghe I first saw a "last moment" that brought about the locking of shops and homes. The war was some months old at the time, and, though Poperinghe was near Ypres, the German shells had never reached it. But this morning one shell from a German gun which had been brought up on a railroad track whistled its way into the little town and exploded in a side-street. As the day passed more shells fell. There was a tremendous dashing about from house to house between neighbors; one doesn't leave home, per-

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haps forever, without advice and conference. There was the problem of what to take and what to leave; what should be done with the chickens and pigs; how to move the aged and the sick. There was even some hope that the shelling might cease. But the shells came with pitiless regularity; each new explosion meant the destruction of some old village landmark and the death of some one known to all the little town. In the afternoon, when a shell traced a scar across the ancient face of the church-tower, Poperinghe took to the road that led to Calais, believing itself forgotten of God. It was like tearing quivering mussels from their shells.

Rheims and Verdun both witnessed such scenes as those which were enacted at Arras and Poperinghe and all the other towns that bordered the German advance, but the greatest satisfaction which can be afforded an Ally or pro-Ally onlooker is to witness the return to such towns close to the German lines—devastated as they may be—of the good folk who, in the great "last moment," had fled from homes and shops which they had expected never to see again.

On the road leading from Villers-Cotterets to Crépy-en-Vallois I overtook, one golden autumn day, early in the war, two women and a little girl who were walking wearily along a path which had been newly made by the feet of the scores of thousands of folk who had fled before the first German advance. I asked the driver of the equipage which I had rented in Villers-Cotterets to take them with us, and with pleasure he did so.

"We are going back to Senlis," explained one of the tired women who was the mother of the little girl. "The Germans were very close when we ran away and some of the town was burning. For two weeks now we have been gone from home, living like vagabonds, but we hear that the Germans have gone from Senlis and so we are going back to see if we still have a home." Now and then they wished to talk. The child's aunt was full of hatred for the Germans. The mother was stolidly content with the



THE HAT-SHOP NEAR THE GRANDE PLACE, ARRAS

The hat-shop is located in one of the old buildings with unique gables—a relic of the Spanish occupation. A shell has completely blown in the side of the building, but has left untouched the large glazed hats projecting from the walls beneath the sign "*Chapellerie*" which now swings mournfully in the wind. Except for the soldiers on duty, it is the only moving object in a wilderness of ruin and desolation.

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prospect of getting back home, but Yvette:

"Mama! Will it be that the candy-shop is open? Will Nero be watching the house? Do Germans take dogs like Nero? Wouldn't Nero bite a German?"



THE COURTYARD OF THE ANTIQUE SHOP—VERDUN

In the "Street of the Beautiful Virgin," which leads from the Place d'Armes up the hill to the Cathedral at Verdun, there were formerly many quaint and curious houses. In the one here shown, with the roof blown off and its treasures bared to the sky, was a pottery and antique shop with a cloistered courtyard. Pots and vases, bric-à-brac, old mirrors, and rare furniture, now lie crushed under the fallen timbers or buried deep beneath the rubble.

"If the house is still there we shall find Nero," the mother would answer. "If the candy-shop is there it will be open, you may be sure."

We passed through Crépy and moved slowly on toward Senlis.

"There! *Voilà!*" exclaimed the mother, suddenly. "I see the tower of the church. Perhaps it is not so bad with our house as we feared."

The driver whipped up the two tired horses. He and I knew what great curiosity was straining the hearts of the women. We rattled into the main street and passed the partly ruined church.

"Turn here!" they all cried as we came to a narrow, winding side-street. The houses were all intact. The women leaned out in an effort to see around a turn in the road.

"Nero! Nero!" shouted Yvette from her high seat beside the driver.

A little brown dog came bouncing across the street; we passed the turn in the road and, with the little dog barking and trying to jump into the coach, Yvette and her mother and her aunt all laughed, with tears in their eyes, and said to the driver:

"Stop here! This is our house!"

If Yvette's candy-store was on that street it was surely open, because not a house in that district had been harmed. While neighbors came running up to welcome my fellow-travelers the driver gave the horses a flick with his whip and we moved off to the hotel.

High moments like these atone for days and days of worry and woe. They are the compensation that many thousands will have in days to come. Rheims has seen the return of many of its inhabitants. Shattered Verdun, with its destroyed homes and its wrecked shops, must wait longer for the home-comers, but their return has been assured within the past few months.

The bare announcement in the news-

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papers that a town has fallen to the enemy covers a multitude of activities in that town preceding its downfall. These are such activities as would be necessary in any town in the United States under similar circumstances. I watched, for instance, the fall of Monastir, for the particular purpose of noting the various phenomena of public and private life that naturally attend such an event, and it was not difficult to translate them into terms of American life. The question of money is the first that arises when the enemy is at the gates. In every rich and poor home there is a panicky gathering together of assets. "Get rid of your paper money" is advice which flies about from home to home.

The old couple in whose home I lived during the last days before the Bulgars entered Monastir begged me to give them all my silver, nickel, and copper coins in exchange for their paper.

"You are leaving," said the old woman, "and at Salonica the Serbian paper money will be good, but here, with the Bulgars, the paper will be worthless."

She was right, of course. Not only the Bulgars, after they entered, but the Serbians themselves, before the fall of the town, refused to accept paper money.

Within a very short time—it was a matter of hours—after the word had gone around that the town was doomed the stores were sold out. Only tobacco—which never, in any war zone I have ever visited, is lacking—and alcohol were to be had. The food had gone into storage in a thousand homes, or the soldiers had taken large parts of it to carry with them in their retreat.

At the little asylum for the insane on the outskirts of the town there were that same terrible activity and worry that have been seen in hundreds of such institutions in Europe with the advancing of the battle-lines. Perhaps the stories will be told, some day, of the scenes that have occurred in such places during the war, but I shall not describe them. What patients might be removed? What patients must remain? Some, I was told, fought to leave; others, against departing. At the police station they were worried about spies. They declared no one could board the refugee-train who did not carry a paper signed by them. They hastily glued to my passport an irregular piece of what seemed to be wrapping paper and thereby created a disfigurement of that precious document which has since been questioned as a mysterious sign by "spy strainers" in many parts of Europe.

"Don't put any letters in the mail-boxes," was a warning which went out from the post-office. "The last mail has been collected from the boxes and the enemy will find anything that is deposited in the boxes from now on." The previous evening John McCutcheon, James H. Hare, and I had gone through an orgy of picture post-card sending, but it was not until months later, upon returning to the United States, that we discovered that our cards had been taken up from the mail-boxes in Monastir, perhaps in the last collection, and had escaped capture by the Bulgars and Germans.

At the telegraph-office the preparations of the "last moment" were elaborate. The military authorities and the police had decided that the men at the telegraph-keys would be the last officials to leave the town; communication with the outside world must be kept up until the last moment. The police scurried around for automobiles, and five cars were lined up before the telegraph-office; in these the telegraphers were to be carried to safety over the Greek border, twenty-five miles distant.

At the hospital soldiers were busily emptying wagons of fuel which had been collected in various parts of the town; how to keep the sick comfortable with heat appeared to be the biggest problem with the hospital authorities, and fuel was so scarce they had good reason to believe that the incoming enemy would seize all he could find for his own use.

From the banks mysterious boxes were carried to the railroad station in wagons and in automobiles. It isn't only in the little towns like Monastir that the banks empty themselves at such times; there was a time in great Paris when the wealth from the strong-boxes of the great banks was packed for shipment in that big "last moment"

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that may come to small villages and great capitals alike. The safe-deposit vaults were emptied; securities were drawn forth from their steel hiding-places and put in wooden boxes or bags —any kind of boxes, any kind of bags.

Down at the railroad station the crowds were waiting. The train, which had come in from Salonica the night before, had been moved back to the Greek border so that the enemy might not take it if the town fell during the dark hours. If the train did not return, we would have to take to the unspeakably muddy roads. After several hours of waiting the sound of the whistle was greeted with a cheer; the gloomy crowd became nervously happy. The train came into sight and finally drew up at the station platform, and the hundreds of us crowded into the cars as best we could.

We left the marks of our "last moment" behind us, too, for the Bulgars to read. One of the signs of our panic was an American flag which was nailed up across the doorway in the wall which surrounded the American Red Cross stores; the Bulgars, we learned afterward, tore it down and trampled on it. At the railroad station we left several scrubbing-boards such as are used in wash-tubs; the soldiers forced the fleeing women to discard them. We left a child's rattan chair and some other strange objects which excited folks, in the haste of their departure, had carried away with them.

We left locked homes and shuttered shops which might as well have been left open to the ruin the shells brought them afterward. The urge of that bridging moment between peace and war makes one's mind work strangely; nobody wondered at these things. It did not seem strange that any of us in that throng should do odd things, such as carrying away useless things or locking one's house. Wherever there is a ruined town in Europe, or even a town where only a few of the buildings have been struck by shells, or where otherwise the physical pressure of war has been felt, such things have happened as occurred at Monastir.

The psychology of this "last moment" is deep and intricate. It is the moment in which life plans go to smash; in which ambitions go glimmering; in which homes are broken up, sometimes forever, and all the arrangements of life that are based on love and friendship are set aside. Every ruined town, every shattered house, every shuttered window tells of these things; and, more than this, every home in Europe from which a man has gone to war is a token of the terrible transition of this "last moment."

And yet human beings endure the strain of the "last moment" with a fortitude that inclines one who has seen them pass through it to liken the process to death itself, which brings a dulling of the senses as it approaches.

One wonders if there be not in our brains a set of mental muscles which are never used in peace-times, but which are reserved for use in war alone; muscles of which we, when accustomed to peace, do not even suspect the existence. During that tremendous "last moment" between the security of peace and the time of ruined plans and broken lives, war, so it seems to me, throws the clutch from the peace-time mental gear of every human mind into a war-time gear; and thereby all thinking, all viewpoints, all ideas and ideals are changed.

There is a hair-line between the peace-time and the war-time worlds. It is crossed in that "last moment" of peace, and the crossing means an entry into a new and a strange existence. It is a mental process which the man or woman of peace-times cannot apprehend. To me it explains why the neutrals in this war have never fully understood the belligerents and why the belligerents have never found themselves able to put themselves in the place of the neutrals. Belligerents and neutrals are folk of different worlds thinking with different sets of brains; one has passed through that all-transforming "last moment," the other still has that hair-line to cross.

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The Old Kings

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

ALL of the Old Kings
Are wakened from their sleep,
Arthur out of Avalon,
Ogier from the deep,
Redbeard from his Dragon-Rock,
Sigurd from his fen . . .
"*Is it time*," they rise and cry,
To lead our hosts again?"

They have donned their wingèd helms,
They would rise and reign,
The young king Sebastian,
The old king Charlemagne,
Harold with his great bow,
Roland with his horn . . .
Men have heard their horses' hoofs
Many a scarlet morn!

The Old Kings have risen . . .
Where the hosts advance
Redbeard cries his Germans on,
Karle cries out for France,
Up and down the battle-field
Ghostly armies beat,
Stilly down the gray sea glides
Olaf's shadow-fleet. . . .

Up and down the red fields
Men have seen them go,
Seen the long plumes on the wind,
Seen the pennons flow;
Harry out of Agincourt
Sends his bowmen wide,
Joan that has forgiven them
Battles at their side. . . .

Christ, king of Paradise,
Hasten with Thy hosts,
Angels all in silver mail,
Saints and blessed ghosts;
Cry the long swords sheathed again,
Cry the pennons furled,
Lest under Ragnarök
Lie the shattered world!

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The Sign Language

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

PHILIP KENT took out his keys, and almost at the same instant discovered that the outer door to the office was unlocked. He was puzzled only momentarily. The sight of Miss Mooney's pocket-book and a neatly folded veil stuck through with a black-headed pin, lying on the cashier's desk, told him that the lady had preceded him.

Officially the office of the George T. Folwell Company, General Insurance Brokers, opened at nine o'clock in the morning, but Philip Kent usually arrived about half after eight. Sometimes Miss Mooney preceded him, but not often. These two formed the advance-guard of the office force, not by reason of any prearranged plan, but by virtue of the fact that they were the only two of the Folwell Company's employees who lived in San Francisco. Everybody else "commuted," drifting in to work anywhere from nine o'clock until nine-fifteen, depending upon which side of the bay they hailed from. Those from the Alameda shore were the most prompt, the Marin County contingent being the last to reach the office.

This belated office force would have thought it very strange if Philip Kent had been missing from his desk when the first of them began to arrive, for in the office of the George T. Folwell Company Kent had become a habit, which is only another way of saying that his presence had long since ceased to be remarked. He accomplished his tasks silently, with the noiseless efficiency of a well-oiled piece of machinery. This does not mean that his work was mechanical—no clerk can be mechanical in an established insurance brokerage business and last fifteen years—but it does mean that he had learned to lubricate the wheels of industry until they swung round with the least possible friction. He earned a hundred and fifty a month, was respected by his employers, not disliked by the firm's clients, and overworked in proportion to the silence of his system.

There is a well-known platitude to the effect that silence is golden. It has its good points, undoubtedly, but it can be pushed too far. Cackling adds nothing to the quality of the egg, but it does serve to fix the responsibility; a hen that cackles systematically and not too insistently has a good chance of escaping the soup-kettle. Even a crowing cock can give a semblance of importance to his rather empty grandeur. But Philip Kent did no crowing, and Miss Mooney was of the opinion that he took a stubborn pride in muffling the sound of his own voice. At all events, she did not approve of his mute efficiency, and she never missed an opportunity to attempt to argue him into a more reasonable state of mind.

It was Philip Kent's experience that only two things ever happened to bring Miss Mooney to the office earlier than eight-forty-five—an extraordinary rush of work, or a bit of office news that she was "simply dying" to talk over before the rank and file assembled. He was quite sure that at present no pressure of work had driven her to such an early appearance, therefore she must be in the uncomfortable feminine position of treasuring a secret and having no one with whom to share it.

Kent opened the safe, took out a wire basket overflowing with insurance papers, and began to settle down at once to the business of checking policies. By this time Miss Mooney had drifted in from the dressing-room. Kent nodded to her pleasantly, but his manner did not invite an exchange of confidences, so Miss Mooney fluffed up her hair for the third time that morning and fell to arranging her desk for the day. But she kept regarding him furtively, with the manner of a woman determined to capt-

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"IF MY WORK CAN'T SPEAK FOR ME, THERE ISN'T MUCH USE IN TURNING IN A FALSE ALARM"

ure his privacy at the first opportunity. Kent smiled quietly to himself. Miss Mooney's restive moods were always amusing, and he took a secret pleasure in holding her at arm's-length and speculating what means she would employ for breaking through the charmed circle of his assumed reserve. But this morning Miss Mooney's state of mind was too unsettled to brook the delay or pretense of a subterfuge. She laid out her pens, got herself a clean blotter, opened her ledger to an important account, and then crossed deliberately over to Kent's desk.

He was folding a policy. He looked up with a whimsical smile as he smoothed the document into its precise lines again. "Well?" he questioned.

"Mr. Kent," she began, "I know you're awfully busy and all that, but I simply had to tell some one. Who do you suppose is going to be taken into the office?"

"Why, really, I—"

"That snip of a Collins from the Ætna. Now, I want to tell you right here, Mr. Kent, Folwell doesn't need to think he is going to shove him into the bookkeeping department! I've worked for this firm fourteen years, and I'm not going to let my desk be run by a fussy little milksop at my age!"

In the stress of an office readjustment, Miss Mooney always referred to her age with a degree of tenderness not present in more normal or rational moments.

"But," insisted Kent, quietly, "I thought you needed an assistant. You told me last week that your work was getting away from you."

"Well, I've decided I *don't* want an assistant! I know these business men! They're always trying to slip one over.

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Only a few days ago a friend of mine, Mamie Donnelly, who works for a cloak-house on Market Street, got fired. They gave her an assistant six months ago—a skinny, blond-haired little baggage that didn't look as if she had sense enough to crack open a nut to get at the meat. Well, what happened? On the first of the month Mamie Donnelly took her vacation, and *when she came back*—Well, you know the answer, Mr. Kent. The Folwell Company ain't going to hand me a package like that. Not if I know it!"

"You forget, Miss Mooney," replied Kent, soothingly, "that this firm isn't in the cloak business. I don't fancy that young Collins is leaving the Ætna for a bookkeeping job."

Miss Mooney began to pluck fastidiously at a few crumpled areas in her spotless shirt-waist. "Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Kent, I'm not worrying a whole lot. As a matter of fact, I figure out that you're slated for the job of breaking him in to the marine department. And let me tell you right now, Mr. Kent, if you sit still and keep your mouth shut you're a bigger fool than I take you for! Oh, this silent system of yours is very refined and elegant and all that, and I suppose it's done in the best families. But, take it from me, everybody else around this office is shouting so loud that you've got to make a lot more noise than you do if you ever expect to get rescued."

"Rescued?" echoed Kent, with puzzled indignation.

"Yes, rescued!" returned Miss Mooney, quite calmly. "You're cast up on the nicest little desert island that ever raised cocoanut-palm trees. Everybody but you is waving distress signals and making a fine get-away. At least six people in the last three years have passed the hundred and fifty mark, while you sat still and smiled. There's Crawford and Fleetwood and Jones. There ain't one of them got half your brains or a quarter of your real punch, but they let old Folwell know that they're still alive. They tell him how late they work, and what hard problems they tackle, and they laugh at his jokes. They don't just smile like you do. They laugh so that you hear them."

Kent turned a somewhat resentful face toward her. "If my work can't speak for me, there isn't much use in turning in a false alarm," he returned, doggedly.

"Oh, your work speaks for you all right enough," Miss Mooney threw back at him as she moved away, "but remember, everybody can't read the sign language!"

Philip Kent tried to dismiss Miss Mooney's conversation from his mind, but he found her words sticking as close as a clover burr. The bare fact that he might be called to break young Collins into the business of marine insurance did not trouble him; he was disturbed at the thought that, after fifteen years of faithful service, Mr. Folwell, without consultation, should see fit to provide him an assistant. This was the one thing that gave point to every accusation which Miss Mooney in her friendliness had made.

Ordinarily Kent paid little attention to Miss Mooney's flights of office fancy. She had a typical feminine suspicion of every new-comer. Each beginner she treated as a potential wolf in sheep's clothing seeking to despoil her of her rights. Even when she was literally gasping under a flood of work she staggered along without protest, fearing lest she be provided with an assistant who would subtly dislodge her. She was as jealous of her job as if she were wedded to it. Kent, on the other hand, approached the prospect of an addition to the office force with a spirit of broadness. He was always the first to welcome the new-comer, and any knowledge he possessed was to be had for the asking. He had watched many a beginner in a rapid flight upward, but he had yet to regret his part in the swift progress. But there had been moments of misgiving. He had been complacent enough to find people catching up with him, but when they outdistanced him, as did Crawford and Fleetwood and Jones, he felt a pang. However, these people were not in his department. Crawford was the fire-insurance man, Fleetwood ran the liability business, and Jones the adjustments—which made their success a little less of a bitter truth.

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Kent remembered the day when all this flood of detail had passed through his hands. Under the pressure of an enlarged business he had been relieved first of one and then another branch of the office work, until only the marine insurance had been left to his special province—which would have been gratifying enough if the company had rewarded his service with anything except elimination. But the firm seemed to regard a shifting of some of Kent's burdens as recognition enough; the increase in the pay-roll went to the newly created departments.

All these years a certain fierce pride had kept Kent from probing too deeply into the question of his blocked progress. He was loath to acknowledge himself a failure. He was not a man prone to make excuses for himself, and unconsciously he knew that when disillusionment came it would lack the luxury of self-pity. But now he was facing a situation that was not to be easily sidestepped. If young Collins came into the marine department he would come in as a rival. Kent had heard the word co-operation used many times in connection with the advent of new blood into the office force. It had proved a rather empty, mouth-filling phrase—*he* had done the co-operating. It was useless to deny that everybody else had led.

At eleven o'clock the office-boy announced to Philip Kent that Mr. Folwell wished to see him. As he answered the summons he was conscious of Miss Mooney's gaze following his retreating figure with unmistakable triumph.

Mr. Folwell was busy scanning a letter as Kent entered the private office, but he raised his eyes long enough to give, what seemed to Kent, a disconcertingly warm greeting.



KENT SAID NOTHING, BUT HIS SILENCE WAS ELOQUENT WITH DEFEAT

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Kent sat down and futilely attempted to twirl the third button of his office coat. The private office was one of those places that had grown impersonal through constant association—a long, narrow, precisely kept room, with the inevitable assembly-table in the center surrounded by straight-backed chairs, and the roller-top desk of Mr. Folwell in an extreme corner where the light was good. Until to-day Kent had never troubled to examine the details of Mr. Folwell's sanctuary, but he found an unmistakable relief in scrutinizing the incongruous mess of pictures on the walls, the slightly withered flowers in a brass bowl upon the center-table, the faded carpet, beginning a threadbare career near the entrance. He avoided looking at Mr. Folwell, and thus missed the exact moment when his employer laid aside the letter he had been reading and flung his revolving-chair about. He was startled at the sound of Mr. Folwell's voice.

"Kent, I've good news for you. We've decided to give you an assistant."

"Young Collins from the Ætna?"

"Ah, then you know of it! So much the better. You see, our marine-insurance business is getting away from us. We need to pull up out of a rut. Somehow it seems to me that the department is being swamped by a mass of detail. We're missing a personal touch with our clients that sooner or later is going to react against us. I'm hoping that Collins can supply that deficiency."

Kent received the blow courageously. He was not so foolish as to misinterpret Mr. Folwell's words, yet he was determined to force his employer to a more definite statement. "Just how much detail do you wish shifted upon young Collins, Mr. Folwell?"

Mr. Folwell adjusted his glasses. "Well, of course he should know something of the routine of your desk, Kent. But you understand, I don't wish to make a detail man of him. We are taking him in just to avoid succumbing to our present cut-and-dried policy."

"I guess I must have misunderstood you, Mr. Folwell," Kent ventured, his thin lips compressed almost to a vanishing-point. "I thought you said that Mr. Collins was to be my assistant."

Mr. Folwell looked puzzled. "What makes you say that, Kent?"

"If I am to continue the detail work and young Collins is to cover the broader field— Well, Mr. Folwell, really it would look to me as though *I* were to assist Collins!"

There was an uncomfortable pause. Kent was very white. Mr. Folwell flushed slightly, making no attempt to conceal his displeasure.

Finally Mr. Folwell spoke. "I'm sorry, Kent, to see you adopting this tone. I didn't expect it—from *you*. I thought you were experienced enough to realize that in this office a broad viewpoint is always the desirable thing."

Kent rose; one hand was straining convulsively at the back of his chair. "Always a desirable thing for the *other* fellow, Mr. Folwell, if that is what you mean."

Mr. Folwell swung his chair toward his desk again. There was an unmistakable air of dismissal in his swift movement. "We'll not discuss that phase of the question, Kent. Collins will be here in the morning."

Without replying, Kent left the room.

Collins arrived on schedule time—dapper, genial, confident. Kent welcomed him with as much warmth as he could muster; indeed, Kent held no grudge, although the lash of Mr. Folwell's injustice still smarted. Miss Mooney, however, with fierce clan spirit, refused to be cajoled into a speedy acceptance of the new-comer. She bowed very coldly to Collins's insinuating greeting, and became absorbed in the inevitable arrangement of her desk. Young Collins was not one to acknowledge a quick defeat. He very suavely hung over Miss Mooney's morning preparations, making no end of pleasantly inane remarks. Even Kent gasped at his daring. But though the lady still maintained a decidedly frigid manner, it was impossible to deny that a thaw was imminent.

All morning Collins circled round the office with a curiously unobtrusive assertiveness. One recognized his presence without being disturbed by it. In the face of such finished assurance, Kent's sense of hopelessness grew.

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Shortly after the noon hour Mr. Folwell requested the presence of Kent and Collins in the back office. Kent's easy manner bore a subtle stamp of seething inner conflict.

"Well, boys," Mr. Folwell began, genially, "I suppose you have spent the morning getting acquainted."

It was Collins who answered, quite simply but with enthusiasm, "Oh, Kent and I are old friends!"

Kent smiled in rather pallid approval.

Mr. Folwell reached for his pencil and moment; Kent's heart pounded with apprehension. "I don't know whether I told you, but we're to handle the Henshaw Fleet this year. It amounts to about fifty thousand dollars in premiums. We'll have to work the Street pretty carefully, and try London for what can't be arranged at this end. It's a very good line to work on for any one who wants to get at all the angles of marine insurance. There will be straight hull insurance, cargoes coming right along, profits and commission,



ALREADY MR. FOLWELL AND YOUNG COLLINS WERE DEEP IN THE PROBLEM

spread a piece of yellow memorandum-paper before him on the center office-table. He turned slightly toward Kent. "I've been thinking, Kent, about the best way to get Collins started. It seems to me that the easiest thing to do will be to give him some *one* problem and let him acquire the office routine by carrying this problem to its conclusion." Mr. Folwell stopped for a brief and disbursements to provide for—and, of course, plenty of war risk. Altogether it is a very typical piece of business."

Kent said nothing. He merely nodded to Mr. Folwell, but his silence was eloquent with defeat. Only a person who knew how hard the Folwell Company had worked to land the Henshaw Fleet could appreciate the compliment of be-

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ing allowed to arrange the details. This was a reward that, by every count, should have gone to Philip Kent. He felt crushed, as a veteran might who, after faithful service, sees a raw recruit pushed forward into the firing-line, while he is detailed to some prosaic work about camp. There was a firm note of discipline behind the suave voice of Mr. Folwell. Kent was not only to be held at camp, but he was to feel the firm heel of authority.

Kent felt that he should say something, but pride gave a final touch of inflexibility to his reserve. His heart was pounding, his cheeks were flaming, he was quivering with protest. How long he sat there staring at Mr. Folwell he could not have said, but he had a mixed feeling of resentment and relief when his employer remarked, significantly:

"If you are busy, Kent, we will excuse you. Collins and I can go into this Henshaw Fleet matter together."

Kent darted a swift glance at Collins. The younger man had masked his face with an impassive look that was more illuminating than expressiveness. Kent knew now that Collins understood. He rose awkwardly, almost with the physical impotence of one who had been struck to the ground by a vicious blow. At the door he looked back. Already Mr. Folwell and young Collins were deep in the problem before them; their heads were bent together in intimate consultation.

The next morning a new desk arrived for young Collins, a wonderful affair, quite the latest word in convenience and equipment. There followed a flood of special cardboard memorandum-folders, improved ink-wells, fancy paper-clips, an expensive pencil-sharpener. The rest of the force, schooled in a decent sense of office economy, were speechless with admiration, but Miss Mooney took no pains to conceal her disapproval. Her comments were sarcastic and audible.

Collins's preliminary work upon the Henshaw Fleet was a marvel of detail and precision. He arranged the different vessels into elaborate groups, used vertical folders unsparingly, collected a mass of data that was both surprising and a little pointless. But he created an impression of thoroughness in the back office, where he made frequent trips. He had an extraordinary knack of raising the most obvious questions as if they were matters of original and important moment, and a way of appropriating Mr. Folwell's opinions deftly and without detection. In short, young Collins was a human mirror, whose reflections were so skilful that one mistook them for extended vistas.

He was very successful in arranging the insurance *on the Street*, although, as Mr. Folwell had anticipated, there was a considerable slice left for the London market. All this time Collins had not so much as asked a single question of Kent, not even when it came to cabling to London. There was a delay in getting the cable through, however. The war in Europe had prohibited the use of code words. Only messages in clear, unmistakable English were permitted by the censors. One of the vessels mentioned in the cablegram was named *Palladium*, and the censors, mistaking this for a code word, refused to let it pass until an explanation was forwarded. Barring this slight hitch, the whole matter was accomplished with remarkable speed. The praise of Collins's achievement was murmured from office-boy to manager. Only Kent remained silent.

Miss Mooney's appreciation was tempered with shrewd feminine insight.

"Why shouldn't Collins turn out a good job?" she queried. "It's the only thing he has on his mind. When he's been here six months and has a desk piled as high as Kent's with work, it will be time to talk! He isn't called to the 'phone fifty times a day, and he doesn't have to waste precious moments listening to the family history of every dollar-and-a-half client who gives us business."

Kent heard Miss Mooney's remarks and rather regretted them. It galled him to think that his cause needed a champion.

At this point, with all arrangements completed for closing the deal on the Henshaw Fleet insurance, a situation arose that upset all previous calculation. The Henshaw Company, tempted by an extraordinarily high price, decided to

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sell the steamer *Palladium* for delivery to a Norwegian firm in Vladivostok. It was arranged for the steamer to carry a supply of war materials for the Russian Government from San Francisco to Vladivostok and be taken over by the new owners at the Siberian port. The deal had been pending for some weeks, but so quietly had the arrangements been made that the cargo was already aboard and the vessel ready to sail at any moment when the Henshaw Company announced its new plans. Ordinarily, the vessels of the Henshaw Fleet were engaged between Puget Sound and the west coast of South America; occasionally one made an Atlantic port *viâ* the Canal. It was upon this basis that the insurance had been offered.

Collins was compelled to go over the field again. He found the way bristling with difficulties. Some of the companies wanted a prohibitive rate for this new venture, others declined to consider the Vladivostok business; even those who were agreeable to the change cut down their lines. This meant another cable to London.

Kent had firmly resolved to keep his hands off, but his larger knowledge tempted him to interfere when he heard Collins say, with easy assurance, to Mr. Folwell:

"The Overseas Insurance Company is expecting a visit from their home-office manager to-morrow. They think that he might authorize a new line. Hadn't we better hold off with the London cable until we hear from them?"

Kent interposed with a voice cool and forcible enough to be a command:

"If you expect to arrange matters in London, Collins, before the vessel sails, you had better get your cable off at once. The Bank holidays strike London on Monday of next week. You won't get much action if your cable arrives on the other side when the holiday begins, and this is Thursday, remember."

Collins's voice was bland almost to insolence as he replied: "I guess the Bank holidays won't figure this year, Kent. I see by to-day's paper that the people of England have decided to cut out such foolishness. They're too busy in the munition-factories."

"You're not placing insurance with munition-factories, Collins," Kent retorted, calmly. "Lloyd's offices will be closed. I received the usual printed notice from our correspondent to that effect yesterday."

"Kent is right," Mr. Folwell interrupted. "I'm very glad he spoke. You had better get your cable off at once. We can't afford to take any chances."

Kent felt a measure of satisfaction, and yet for a brief moment he was sorry that he had volunteered the information. Suppose Collins had delayed and missed quick action? Wouldn't it have served the firm right for intrusting so important a matter to a novice? The gnawing canker of bitterness was at work; Kent was being made over in the soul-warping school of injustice.

The new cable was drafted and delivered to the telegraph company by noon. Remembering that the name of the vessel in question had held up the original cable, Kent was curious to see how Collins had worded the present instructions. Instead of going to lunch promptly at noon, Kent puttered about his desk, and when the office was deserted he located the carbon copy of the cable in the files. It read as follows:

CASCO,
London, E. C.

Palladium permit Vladivostok. Sale on arrival. Place thirty-three hundred pounds hull, fifteen hundred sixty-eight disbursements, thirteen hundred profits and commissions. Include war risk. Hull rate local underwriters ten per cent. Work quickly.

FOLWELL.

There was not an illuminating word in the cable to rightly place the suspicious name *Palladium*. Kent felt quite sure that the cable would be held up again. This time, on the eve of the Bank holidays, a delay might be serious.

Kent's first impulse was to recall the cable, draft a new one, and explain his action to Collins after the lunch hour. But he quickly strangled this desire. Why should he interfere? Neither Mr. Folwell nor Collins had invited his cooperation. Indeed, they had been almost pointed in their intimations that they were sufficient to the task. No, he would let the whole thing severely alone.

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He returned the carbon copy to its proper place in the files and went out to enjoy his noon hour. But, curiously, he did not enjoy it. The question which he thought had been settled so completely rose up at every turn.

In the end habit triumphed over his acquired indifference. When Collins sauntered in from a rather prolonged recess Kent called him to one side.

"I've no desire to interfere, Collins, but I ran across the copy of your last cable in the files. I think you're taking a great risk letting *Palladium* go through without a qualifying word. You know the censors held it up last time."

Collins puffed his cigar with an air of luxurious tolerance. "What change would you suggest?"

"I'd make the first sentence quite clear. Something like this: 'Arrange permit for steamer *Palladium* to use Vladivostok.'"

"Oh, I'm not worried about that cable! The telegraph company knows by this time what the word means. They'll get it through." He gave Kent a patronizing slap on the back. "Trouble with you, Kent, is that you're wedded to detail. Get a divorce and go in for something big!"

The unexpectedness of Collins's insolence left Kent quite speechless. He stared, flushed, and walked quickly to his desk. As he sat down his lips were tense. He worked all afternoon with an energy born of indignation and rancor. At five o'clock he took his hat and left. He did not say good night to a soul.

"I wonder what's the matter with Mr. Kent," Miss Mooney said, audibly, in a characteristic way she had of giving voice to her thoughts. "I never saw him so grumpy!"

Kent walked home. He was shaken by a sullen fury that could not find an outlet. A primitive man would have loosed his anger in a flood of words, but Kent's self-restraint turned his rage back upon himself. The flash of Collins's insolence had searched out every illusion. Philip Kent blamed no one but himself and therein lay the full measure of his bitterness. His fifteen years of work with the Folwell Company were like a pantomime given before a gathering of the blind. If the pantomime failed, it was no reflection on either the performance or the audience, but the actor had certainly been a fool! Miss Mooney was right—there were plenty of people who couldn't read the sign language.

Kent's way led him up the California Street hill. Ordinarily he walked a few blocks south to avoid it, but to-night he climbed up uncompromisingly without a halt. When he reached the brief level space before the Pacific Union Club and Huntington Square his heart was pounding and his breath coming in quick gasps; the physical exertion restored his balance. The day had been warm; the night promised to be cool almost to the point of discomfort. Already a thick blanket of fog was blotting out Twin Peaks. His first impulse had been to go directly home, but he decided to find a sheltered corner in Huntington Square and sit down for a quiet smoke. Somehow this inactivity did not keep his spirit trimmed. The whole wretched affair with Collins filled his thoughts. He reviewed the situation relentlessly, taking not the slightest trouble to shield himself from the blows of self-disillusionment. It was seven o'clock before he rose to complete his homeward journey. A cold wind was slightly bending the clipped acacias that fringed the Square.

When he arrived at home his mother met him at the door.

"I'm so glad you got here!" she exclaimed. "Everybody else is out for dinner. I began to wonder whether I'd understood you this morning when you left. I thought you were staying down-town, too. The telephone has been ringing like mad. The telegraph company have been trying to get you—something about a message. I didn't understand. Hadn't you better ring them up?"

Kent threw his hat aside with a movement of irritation. "Which company?" he inquired, disagreeably, "Western Union or Postal?"

"Are there two? I'm sure I don't know. Better ring them both up."

"Why should I bother? If they are in such a sweat let them ring again."

Mrs. Kent looked puzzled. "But it is

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"I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THAT CABLE! THEY'LL GET IT THROUGH"

really very important. And I promised that I'd have you call them directly you came in. The man said that he ought to hear from you by eight o'clock, otherwise there would be a delay or something. I'm afraid there has been a mistake in the office."

"Not mine, anyway," Kent growled.

After a plate of hot soup Kent felt better, and his usual quiet smile gave Mrs. Kent courage to press the question of the delayed message again.

"Don't you think, Philip, you had better ring up the telegraph company now?" she began, gently. "Somebody has made a mistake. Perhaps it was the boy in your office. Come, now, you'd thank any one for doing as much for you."

Kent began to frown. "Mother, I wish you wouldn't annoy me! Calling up the telegraph company is a small matter, but I don't want to be pursued by my business after hours. I give a full day to the Folwell Company and I resent being followed up in any such fashion! I can't imagine who could have given my 'phone number to the telegraph people, anyway."

Mrs. Kent made no reply. Kent felt that the absurdity of his outbreak had not been lost on his mother, and his irritation grew in proportion. At this moment the telephone-bell tinkled. Kent sat inactive. His mother rose to clear away the soup-plates.

"I think that is for you, Philip," Mrs. Kent said, significantly.

Kent rose and answered the call. His mother was right; it was the telegraph company. Kent listened calmly. Just as he had suspected, the word *Palladium* was holding up the cable.

"If we don't get the cable through in

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a few minutes it will hang over until to-morrow," the voice on the other end finished.

Kent held his breath. If the cable were delayed another twelve hours it would probably not get past the censors until late Saturday. This would carry the matter beyond the vessel's sailing date. What was more, in the morning the whole story of Collins's carelessness, even in the face of advice, would come out. Mr. Folwell would be furious. In the fraction of a second Kent reviewed the situation and made his decision. There was almost a note of triumph in his voice as he said:

"The Mr. Kent you are calling isn't in just now. I'll ask him to ring you up if he comes in before eight o'clock. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver quickly and paused before making his way to the dining-room again. He was wondering whether his mother had overheard his conversation.

It did not take him long to decide that she had heard every word. Not that she made any comment; but that was just the point, her very silence betrayed her. Kent was seized with a sudden volubility. He began to talk, searching his mind for every scrap of news that he thought would prove of interest to his mother. But he could see that she was not interested; something was hovering insistently on the horizon of her thoughts. He began now to wish that she would challenge his lie; it was so much easier to do an unworthy thing in the face of opposition; the process of proving oneself always relieves the pressure of self-accusation. He stopped talking. Perhaps his mother would find food for conversation, but she seemed to have nothing to say. She sat dawdling over her food, a barely perceptible frown on her forehead, a subtle look of puzzled surprise on her face.

Kent began to feel a fresh irritability. One's home was all very well, but it was certainly not a place for personal privacy! Why had his mother listened? Surely, delicacy should have urged her to inattention. If his voice had been insistent, she could have rattled the dishes or done something equally effective to shut out his conversation over the telephone. If one really wanted to manage such a thing it could be done. No, his mother was curious; that was it—*curious!* All women were alike! Even Miss Mooney at the office was not content until she had tracked every rumor to its lair and speared it in triumph.

Well, he hoped his mother was satisfied. She had listened and heard him lie! Yet, as he watched her thin, tapering fingers moving deftly about the teacups, he had a sense that the lie itself was not bothering her so much. Any mother who carries her brood past the jam-devouring stage learns to discount the tragedy of her children's fibs, even long after the pantry-shelf has grown to be nothing save a memory. No; it was not the lie itself that was troubling his mother, but the suggestion of unworthiness back of it. There is such a thing as a frank lie; it was the covertness of Kent's falsehood that proclaimed its baseness.

Kent looked at his watch; it was a quarter to eight. In fifteen minutes it would be impossible to remedy Collins's mistake. As he put his time-piece back in his pocket he was annoyed to think that he had given himself the trouble of consulting it. What if a *half-day* still remained? It was nothing to him! No, *absolutely nothing!* For the hundredth time he told himself that he was as unconcerned as if the question had never been presented.

His mother was pouring the tea. Her face was very grave, considering the genial task engaging her, and she was still silent. Somehow it struck Kent that if his conscience suddenly were to be made flesh it would take on the precise outlines of this mother of his, sitting opposite him pouring tea. It would be nothing sweeping, or bizarre, or flamboyant—just a rather gray figure, moving deft fingers in some quiet, cheering service, thin of lips, a bit pallid, and disconcertingly silent. He had always thought of conscience as an insistent voice; now he knew that conscience was too subtle to cheapen itself with argument. No, conscience was not an insistent voice; it was an insistent presence.

He was so deep in speculation that he

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hardly realized that his mother had left the room. When she came back, pudding-dish in hand, he raised his eyes and looked at her as if she were an apparition.

She sat down.

Kent stirred his tea awkwardly.

She twirled the hot pudding-dish about, lifted the lid, reached for a large spoon. Her simple movements took on a vague but significant meaning. Finally she spoke.

"What time is it?" she asked, simply.

Kent took out his watch. "Five minutes to eight," he answered.

His mother looked at him. . . . He rose, and there was a note of triumph in his voice as he said:

"I'll be back in a moment. I'm going to telephone."

The reply from London came back promptly. Everything had been arranged satisfactorily. Collins scored again.

Mr. Folwell announced the good news, standing midway between the private office and Miss Mooney's desk, in a tone calculated to impress the whole office force with his new clerk's efficiency. But, somehow, Kent did not care; all desire for reward had been swallowed up in the feeling of larger victory that was his. Even now a sense of humiliation swept him as he realized how near he had been to failure. But for the accusing silence of his mother he would not have smiled so proudly from his height.

At this point Kent caught a significant glance from Miss Mooney; there was almost a challenge in it. He dropped



"I'LL BE BACK IN A MOMENT"

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his eyes quickly. The sound of her voice compelled him to look up again.

"Oh, Mr. Kent!" Miss Mooney was purring. "I never thought of it until now! Did you get a message from the telegraph company day before yesterday?" Mr. Folwell had checked his return to the back office, and stood listening attentively. "They wanted to know something about the cable that went off to London. I gave them your telephone number."

Kent rose in his seat. His swift glance sped from Collins, who had raised a startled face in Miss Mooney's direction, to Mr. Folwell, bland and smiling. "Yes, Miss Mooney, I got the message."

"What's the matter, Kent?" It was Mr. Folwell speaking. "Is the telegraph company getting finicky again?"

Kent stood for a moment in tongue-tied deliberation. He felt that he should tell; that he had earned the right to claim his reward, yet his old pride held him captive. He hated the rôle of informant with all the savage hatred of a school-boy who had outgrown everything but the irrational and soul-stirring standards of youth. He began to stammer, to mumble, to slide into his seat with confusion. Frankly, he felt that he was making an absurd and ridiculous scene.

But Miss Mooney was not one to lead a charge and then suddenly desert it. She drew herself up with exaggerated feminine dignity as she said, loudly and distinctly, to Mr. Folwell:

"You might just as well try to pump water from an oil-well as to get Kent to talk—about *himself*, Mr. Folwell. I guess it ain't so much a question of the telegraph company getting finicky as it is of some people who think they know it all. Anyway, when mistakes are made in *this* office, nobody has to use up fifty guesses trying to figure out *who* keeps his mouth shut and corrects them!"

Mr. Folwell stared incredulously as Miss Mooney regained her seat, slamming her cash-book down on her desk. There was a frown of distinct annoyance on his face, which melted into a more genial expression as he turned toward Kent and said, in a low voice:

"I wish you would come into the back office, Kent, when you've finished what you are doing. And—and tell Collins to come, too."

But Collins did not need to be informed of Mr. Folwell's desire; already he had begun to gather up his data on the Henshaw Fleet—letters, cablegrams, stray memoranda, vertical files bursting with showy but unimportant details. He assembled them with a characteristic air of nonchalant importance, and trotted after Mr. Folwell's retreating figure. Kent followed.

An hour later, when the two clerks emerged from Mr. Folwell's office, Miss Mooney had occasion to smile in furtive triumph. Kent was in the lead this time, and under his arm were all the Henshaw Fleet memoranda. Collins came after—empty-handed.

Five minutes of intense silence followed, and suddenly, authoritatively, the voice of Kent rang out:

"Oh, Collins, would you mind checking this confirmation cable to London? And ring for a messenger, please."

As Collins took the fluttering bit of paper from Kent's hand, Kent rose, and, walking over to the desk of the stenographer-in-chief, continued:

"A letter to the Henshaw Company." The young woman began to scrawl in her note-book. "Henshaw Company, Giffen Building, San Francisco. It gives us great pleasure to announce that we have to-day received a cable from London which completes the insurance on—"

The buzz of the messenger-call box sounded—Collins was obeying orders promptly.

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Mark Twain's Letters

Arranged, with Comment, by Albert Bigelow Paine

THE spring of 1879 found Mark Twain in Paris, hard at work on a book of travel, *A Tramp Abroad*, which he hoped to finish before his return to America. This, however, he failed to accomplish, and later in the year settled down rather grimly to work on it at Quarry Farm, Elmira. When, after a few days, no word of greeting came from Howells, Clemens wrote to ask if he were dead or only sleeping. Howells hastily sent a line to say he had been sleeping—"The sleep of a torpid conscience. I will feign that I did not know where to write you; but I love you and all of yours, and I am tremendously glad that you are home again. When and where shall we meet?"

Clemens, toiling away at his book, was, as usual, not without the prospect of other plans, as the following reply to the letter of Howells, with its allusion to his eccentric brother Orion indicates:

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

ELMIRA, *Sept. 15, 1879.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—When and where? Here on the farm would be an elegant place to meet, but of course you cannot come so far. So we will say Hartford or Belmont, about the beginning of November. The date of our return to Hartford is uncertain, but will be three or four weeks hence, I judge. I hope to finish my book here before migrating. . . .

Say—a friend of mine wants to write a play with me, I to furnish the broad-comedy cuss. I don't know anything about his ability, but his letter serves to remind me of *our* old projects. If you haven't used Orion or Old Wakeman, don't you think you and I can get together and grind out a play with one of those fellows in it? Orion is a field which grows richer and richer the more he mulches it with each new top dressing of religion or other guano. Drop me an immediate line about this, won't you? I imagine I see Orion on the stage, always gentle, always melancholy, always changing his politics and religion, and trying to reform the world, always inventing something, and losing a limb by a new kind of explosion at the end of each of the four acts. Poor old chap, he is good material. I can imagine his wife or his sweetheart reluctantly adopting each of his new religions in turn, just in time to see him waltz into the next one and leave her isolated once more.

(*Mem.* Orion's wife *has* followed him into the outer darkness, after 30 years' rabid membership in the Presbyterian Church.)

Well, with the sincerest and most abounding love to you and yours, from all this family, I am,

Yrs ever MARK.

The idea of the play interested Howells, but he had twinges of conscience in the matter of using Orion as material. He wrote: "More than once I have taken the skeleton of that comedy of ours and viewed it with tears. . . . I really have a compunction or two about helping to put your brother into drama. *You* can say that he is your brother, to do what you like with him, but the alien hand might inflict an incurable hurt on his tender heart."

As a matter of fact, Orion Clemens had a keen appreciation of his own shortcomings and would have enjoyed himself in a play as much as any observer of it. Indeed, it is more than likely that he would have been pleased at the thought of such distinguished dramatization. From the next letter one might almost conclude that he had received a hint of this plan and was bent upon supplying rich material.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

ELMIRA, *Oct. 9, '79.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—Since my return, the mail facilities have enabled Orion to keep me informed as to his intentions. Twenty-eight days ago it was his purpose to complete a work aimed at religion, the preface to which he had already written. Afterward he began to sell off his furniture, with the idea

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of hurrying to Leadville and tackling silver-mining—threw up his law den and took in his sign. Then he wrote to Chicago and St. Louis newspapers asking for a situation as "paragrapher"—enclosing a taste of his quality in the shape of two stanzas of "humorous rhymes." By a later mail on the same day he applied to New York and Hartford insurance companies for copying to do.

However, it would take too long to detail all his projects. They comprise a removal to southwest Missouri; application for a reporter's berth on a Keokuk paper; application for a compositor's berth on a St. Louis paper; a re-hanging of his attorney's sign, "though it only creaks and catches no flies"; but last night's letter informs me that he has re-tackled the religious question, hired a distant den to write in, applied to my mother for $50 to re-buy his furniture, which has advanced in value since the sale—purposes buying $25 worth of books necessary to his labors which he had previously been borrowing, and his first chapter is already on its way to me for my decision as to whether it has enough ungodliness in it or not. Poor Orion!

Later in October, Clemens, who was still in Elmira wrote thence to Howells who was in Boston:

. . . —Your letter struck me while I was meditating a project to beguile you, and John Hay and Joe Twichell, into a descent upon Chicago which I dream of making, to witness the reunion of the great Commanders of the Western Army Corps on the 9th of next month. My sluggish soul needs a fierce upstirring, and if it would not get it when Grant enters the meeting-place I must doubtless "lay" for the final resurrection. Can you and Hay go? At the same time, confound it, I doubt if I can go myself, for this book isn't done yet. But I would give a heap to be there. I mean to heave some holiness into the Hartford primaries when I go back; and if there was a solitary office in the land which majestic ignorance and incapacity, coupled with purity of heart, could fill, I would run for it. This naturally reminds me of Bret Harte—but let him pass.

We propose to leave here for New York Oct. 21, reaching Hartford 24th or 25th. If, upon reflection, you Howellses find you *can* stop over here on your way, I wish you would do it, and telegraph me. Getting pretty hungry to see you. I had an idea that this was your shortest way home, but like as not my geography is crippled again—it usually is.

Yrs ever

MARK.

The "reunion of the great Commanders" mentioned in the foregoing was a welcome to General Grant after his journey around the world. Grant's trip had been one continuous ovation—a triumphal march. In '79 most of his old commanders were still alive, and they had planned to assemble in Chicago to do him honor. A Presidential year was coming on, but if there was anything political in the project there were no surface indications. Mark Twain, once a Confederate soldier, had long since been completely "desouthernized"—at least to the point where he felt that the sight of old comrades paying tribute to the Union commander would stir his blood as perhaps it had not been stirred, even in that earlier time, when that same commander had chased him through the Missouri swamps. Grant indeed had long since become a hero to Mark Twain, though it is highly unlikely that Clemens favored the idea of a third term. Some days following the preceding letter an invitation came for him to be present at the Chicago reunion, but by this time he had decided not to go. The letter he wrote has been preserved.

To Gen. William E. Strong, in Chicago:

FARMINGTON AVENUE, HARTFORD,
Oct. 28, 1879.

GEN. WM. E. STRONG, CH'M,
AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:

I have been hoping during several weeks that it might be my good fortune to receive an invitation to be present on that great occasion in Chicago; but now that my desire is accomplished my business matters have so shaped themselves as to bar me from being so far from home in the first half of November. It is with supreme regret that I lose this chance, for I have not had a thorough stirring up for some years, and I judged that if I could be in the banqueting hall and see and hear the veterans of the Army of the Tennessee at the moment that their old commander entered the room, or rose in his place to speak, my system would get the kind of upheaval it needs. General Grant's progress across the continent is of the marvelous nature of the returning Napoleon's progress from Grenoble to Paris; and as the crowning spectacle in the one case was the meeting with the Old Guard, so, likewise, the crowning spectacle in the other will be our great captain's meeting with *his* Old Guard—and that is the very climax which I wanted to witness.

Besides, I wanted to see the General

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again, anyway, and renew the acquaintance. He would remember me, because I was the person who did not ask him for an office. However, I consume your time, and also wander from the point—which is, to thank you for the courtesy of your invitation, and yield up my seat at table to some other guest who may possibly grace it better but will certainly not appreciate its privileges more than I should.

With great respect,

I am, Gentlemen,

Very truly yours,

S. L. CLEMENS.

Private:—I beg to apologize for my delay, gentlemen, but the card of invitation went to Elmira, N. Y., and hence has only just now reached me.

This letter was not sent. He reconsidered and sent an acceptance, agreeing to speak as the committee had requested. Certainly there was something picturesque in the idea of the Missouri private who had been chased for a rainy fortnight through the swamps of Ralls County being selected now to join in welcome to his ancient enemy.

The great reunion was to be something more than a mere banquet; it would continue for several days with processions, great assemblages, and much oratory.

Mark Twain arrived in Chicago in good season to see it all. Three letters to Mrs. Clemens intimately present his experiences—his enthusiastic enjoyment and his own personal triumph. The first was probably written after the morning of his arrival. The Doctor Jackson in it was Dr. A. Reeves Jackson, the guide-annoying "Doctor" of *Innocents Abroad.*

To Mrs. Clemens, in Hartford:

PALMER HOUSE,
CHICAGO, *Nov. 11.*

Livy darling, I am getting a trifle legweary. Dr. Jackson called and dragged me out of bed at noon, yesterday, and then went off. I went down-stairs and was introduced to some scores of people, and among them an elderly German gentleman named Raster, who said his wife owed her life to me—hurt in Chicago fire and lay menaced with death a long time, but *The Innocents Abroad* kept her mind in a cheerful attitude, and so, with the doctor's help for the body she pulled through. . . . They drove me to Dr. Jackson's and I had an hour's visit with Mrs. Jackson. Started to walk down Michigan Avenue, got a few steps on my way and met an erect, soldierly-looking young gentleman who offered his hand; said, "Mr. Clemens, I believe—I wish to introduce myself—you were pointed out to me yesterday as I was driving down street—my name is Grant."

"Col. Fred Grant?"

"Yes. My house is not ten steps away, and I would like you to come and have a talk and a pipe, and let me introduce my wife."

So we turned back and entered the house next to Jackson's and talked something more than an hour and smoked many pipes and had a sociable good time. His wife is very gentle and intelligent and pretty, and they have a cunning little girl nearly as big as Bay but only three years old. They wanted me to come in and spend an evening, after the banquet, with them and Gen. Grant, after this grand pow-wow is over, but I said I was going home Friday. Then they asked me to come Friday afternoon, when they and the General will receive a few friends, and I said I would. Col. Grant said he and Gen. Sherman used *The Innocents Abroad* as their guide-book when they were on their travels.

I stepped in next door and took Dr. Jackson to the hotel and we played billiards from 7 to 11.30 P.M. and then went to a beer-mill to meet some twenty Chicago journalists—talked, sang songs and made speeches till 6 o'clock this morning. Nobody got in the least degree "under the influence," and we had a pleasant time. Read awhile in bed, slept till 11, shaved, went to breakfast at noon, and by mistake got into the servants' hall. I remained there and breakfasted with twenty or thirty male and female servants, though I had a table to myself.

A temporary structure, clothed and canopied with flags, has been erected at the hotel front, and connected with the second-story windows of a drawing-room. It was for Gen. Grant to stand on and review the procession. Sixteen persons, besides reporters, had tickets for this place, and a seventeenth was issued for me. I was there, looking down on the packed and struggling crowd when Gen. Grant came forward and was saluted by the cheers of the multitude and the waving of ladies' handkerchiefs—for the windows and roofs of all neighboring buildings were massed full of life. Gen. Grant bowed to the people two or three times, then approached my side of the platform and the mayor pulled me forward and introduced me. It was dreadfully conspicuous. The General said a word or so—I replied, and then said: "But I'll step back, General. I don't want to interrupt your speech."

"But I'm not going to make any—stay where you are—I'll get you to make it for me."

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General Sherman came on the platform wearing the uniform of a full General, and you should have heard the cheers. Gen. Logan was going to introduce me, but I didn't want any more conspicuousness.

When the head of the procession passed it was grand to see Sheridan, in his military cloak and his plumed chapeau, sitting as erect and rigid as a statue on his immense black horse—by far the most martial figure I ever saw. And the crowd roared again.

It was chilly, and Gen. Deems lent me his overcoat until night. He came a few minutes ago—5.45 P.M., and got it, but brought Gen. Willard, who lent me his for the rest of my stay, and will get another for himself when he goes home to dinner. Mine is much too heavy for this warm weather.

I have a seat on the stage at Haverley's Theater, to-night, where the Army of the Tennessee will receive Gen. Grant, and where Gen. Sherman will make a speech. At midnight I am to attend a meeting of the Owl Club.

I love you ever so much, my darling, and am hoping to get a word from you *yet*.

SAML.

Following the procession which he describes came the grand ceremonies of welcome at Haverley's Theater. The next letter is written the following morning, or at least some time the following day, after a night of ratification.

To Mrs. Clemens, in Hartford:

CHICAGO, *Nov. 12, '79.*

Livy darling, it was a great time. There were perhaps thirty people on the stage of the theater, and I think I never sat elbow-to-elbow with so many historic names before. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield, Pope, Logan, Augur, and so on. What an iron man Grant is! He sat facing the house, with his right leg crossed over his left and his right boot-sole tilted up at an angle, and his left hand and arm reposing on the arm of his chair—you note that position? Well, when glowing references were made to other grandees on the stage, those grandees always showed a trifle of nervous consciousness—and as these references came frequently, the nervous change of position and attitude were also frequent. But Grant!—*he* was under a tremendous and ceaseless bombardment of praise and gratulation, but as true as I'm sitting here he never moved a muscle of his body for a single instant, during 30 minutes! You could have played him on a stranger for an effigy. Perhaps he never *would* have moved, but at last a speaker made such a particularly ripping and blood-stirring remark about him that the audience rose and roared and yelled and stamped and clapped an entire minute—Grant sitting as serene as ever—when Gen. Sherman stepped to him, laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder, bent respectfully down and whispered in his ear. Gen. Grant got up and bowed, and the storm of applause swelled into a hurricane. He sat down, took about the same position and froze to it till by and by there was another of those deafening and protracted roars, when Sherman made him get up and bow again. He broke up his attitude once more—to the extent of something more than a hair's breadth—to indicate me to Sherman when the house was keeping up a determined and persistent call for me, and poor bewildered Sherman (who did not know me) was peering abroad over the packed audience for me, not knowing I was only three feet from him and most conspicuously located (Gen. Sherman was Chairman).

One of the most illustrious individuals on that stage was "Ole Abe," the historic war eagle. He stood on his perch—the old savage-eyed rascal—three or four feet behind Gen. Sherman, and as he had been in nearly every battle that was mentioned by the orators his soul was probably stirred pretty often, though he was too proud to let on.

Read Logan's bosh, and try to imagine a burly and magnificent Indian, in General's uniform, striking a heroic attitude and getting that stuff off in the style of a declaiming school-boy.

Please put the enclosed scraps in the drawer and I will scrap-book them.

I only staid at the Owl Club till 3 this morning and drank little or nothing. Went to sleep without whisky. *Ich liebe dich.*

SAML.

But it is in the third letter that we get the climax. On the same day he wrote a letter to Howells, which in part is very similar in substance and need not be included here.[1] A paragraph, however, must not be omitted.

Imagine what it was like to see a bullet-shredded old battle-flag reverently unfolded to the gaze of a thousand middle-aged soldiers, most of whom hadn't seen it since they saw it advancing over victorious fields when they were in their prime. And imagine what it was like when Grant, their first commander, stepped into view while they were still going mad over the flag, and then right in the midst of it all somebody struck up "When we were marching through Georgia." Well, you should have heard the thousand voices lift that chorus and seen the tears

[1] See *Mark Twain: A Biography*, pp. 654-5.

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stream down. If I live a hundred years I shan't ever forget these things, nor be able to talk about them. . . . Grand times, my boy, grand times!

At the great banquet Mark Twain's speech had been put last on the program. He had been invited to respond to the toast of "The Ladies," but had replied that he had already responded to that toast more than once. There was one class of the community, he said, commonly overlooked on these occasions—the babies—he would respond to that toast. In his letter to Howells he had not been willing to speak freely of his personal triumph, but to Mrs. Clemens he must tell it all, and with that childlike ingenuousness which never failed him to his last day.

To Mrs. Clemens, in Hartford:

CHICAGO, *Nov. 14, '79.*

A little after 5 in the *morning*.

I've just come to my room. Livy darling, I guess this was the memorable night of my life. By George, I never was so stirred since I was born. I heard four speeches which I can never forget. One by Emory Storrs, one by Gen. Vilas (O, wasn't it wonderful!) one by Gen. Logan (mighty stirring), one by somebody whose name escapes me, and one by that splendid old soul, Col. Bob Ingersoll, —oh, it was just the supremest combination of English words that was ever put together since the world began. My soul, how handsome he looked, as he stood on that table, in the midst of those 500 shouting men, and poured the molten silver from his lips! Lord, what an organ is human speech when it is played by a master! All these speeches may look dull in print, but how the lightning glared around them when they were uttered, and how the crowd roared in response! It was a great night, a memorable night. I am so richly repaid for my journey—and how I did wish with all my whole heart that you were there to be lifted into the very seventh heaven of enthusiasm, as I was. The army songs, the military music, the crashing applause—Lord bless me, it was unspeakable.

Out of compliment they placed me last in the list—No. 15—I was to "hold the crowd"—and bless my life I was in awful terror when No. 14 rose at 2 o'clock this morning and killed *all* the enthusiasm by delivering the flattest, insipidest, silliest of all responses to "Woman" that ever a weary multitude listened to. Then Gen. Sherman (Chairman) announced my toast, and the crowd gave me a good round of applause as I mounted on top of the dinner table, but it was only on account of my name, nothing more—they were all tired and wretched. They let my first sentence go in silence, till I paused and added "we stand on common ground"—then they burst forth like a hurricane and I saw that I *had* them! From that time on, I stopped at the end of each sentence, and let the tornado of applause and laughter sweep around me—and when I closed with "And if the child is but the prophecy of the man, there are mighty few that will doubt that he succeeded," I say it who oughtn't to say it, the house came down with a crash. For two hours and a half, now, I've been shaking hands and listening to congratulations. Gen. Sherman said, "Lord bless you, my boy, I don't know how you do it—it's a secret that's beyond me—but it was great—give me your hand again."

And do you know, Gen. Grant sat through fourteen speeches like a graven image, but I fetched him! I broke him up, utterly! He told me he laughed till the tears came and every bone in his body ached. (And do you know, the biggest part of the success of the speech lay in the fact that the audience *saw* that for once in his life he had been knocked out of his iron serenity.)

Bless your soul, 'twas immense. I never was so proud in my life. Lots and lots of people—hundreds I might say—told me my speech was the triumph of the evening—which was a lie. Ladies, Tom, Dick and Harry—even the policemen—captured me in the halls and shook hands, and scores of army officers said "We shall always be grateful to you for coming." General Pope came to hunt me up—I was afraid to speak to him on that theater stage last night, thinking it might be presumptuous to tackle a man so high up in military history. Gen. Schofield, and other historic men, paid their compliments. Sheridan was ill and could not come, but I'm to go with a General of his staff and see him before I go to Col. Grant's. Gen. Augur—well, I've talked with them *all*, received invitations from them all —from people living everywhere—and as I said before, it's a memorable night. I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world.

But my sakes, you should have heard Ingersoll's speech on that table! Half an hour ago he ran across me in the crowded halls and put his arms about me and said "Mark, if I live a hundred years, I'll always be grateful for your speech—Lord what a supreme thing it was." But I told him it wasn't any use to talk, *he* had walked off

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with the honors of that occasion by something of a majority. Bully boy is Ingersoll—traveled with him in the cars the other day, and you can make up your mind we had a good time.

Of *course* I forgot to go and pay for my hotel car and so secure it, but the army officers told me an hour ago to rest easy, they would go at once, at this unholy hour of the night and compel the railways to do their duty by me, and said "You don't need to *request* the Army of the Tennessee to do your desires—you can *command* its services."

Well, I bummed around that banquet hall from 8 in the evening till 2 in the morning, talking with people and listening to speeches, and I never ate a single bite or took a sup of anything but ice water, so if I seem excited now, it is the intoxication of supreme enthusiasm. By George, it was a grand night, a historical night.

And now it is a quarter past 6 A.M.—so good bye and God bless you and the Bays,[1] my darlings.

SAML.

Show it to Joe if you want to—I saw some of his friends here.

The reader may remember Mark Twain's Whittier dinner speech of 1877 and its disastrous effects.[2] Now in 1879 there was to be another *Atlantic* gathering, a breakfast to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to which Clemens was invited. He was not eager to accept; it would naturally recall memories of two years before, but being urged by both Howells and Warner, he agreed to attend if they would permit him to speak. Mark Twain never lacked courage and he wanted to redeem himself.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

HARTFORD, *Nov. 28, 1879.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—If anybody talks, there, I shall claim the right to say a word myself, and be heard among the very *earliest*—else it would be confoundedly awkward for me—and for the rest, too. But you may read what I say, beforehand, and strike out whatever you choose.

Of course I thought it wisest not to be there at all; but Warner took the opposite view, and most strenuously.

Speaking of Johnny's conclusion to become an outlaw, reminds me of Susy's newest and very earnest longing—to have crooked teeth and glasses—"like Mamma."

I would like to look into a child's head, once, and see what its processes are.

Yrs ever,

S. L. CLEMENS.

The matter turned out well. Clemens, once more introduced by Howells—this time conservatively, it may be said—delivered a delicate and fitting tribute to Doctor Holmes, full of graceful humor and grateful acknowledgment, the kind of speech he should have given at the Whittier dinner of two years before. No reference was made to his former disaster, and this time he came away covered with glory and fully restored in his self-respect.

The book of travel, *A Tramp Abroad*, which Mark Twain had hoped to finish in Paris, and later in Elmira, for some reason would not come to an end. In December, in Hartford, he was still working on it and he would seem to have finished it at last, rather by a decree than by any natural process of authorship. This was early in January, 1880. To Howells he reports his difficulties and his drastic method of ending them.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

HARTFORD, *Jan. 8, '80.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—Am waiting for Patrick to come with the carriage. Mrs. Clemens and I are starting (without the children!) to stay indefinitely in Elmira. The wear and tear of settling the house broke her down, and she has been growing weaker and weaker for a fortnight. All that time—in fact ever since I saw you—I have been fighting a life-and-death battle with this infernal book and *hoping* to get done some day. I required 300 pages of MS, and I have written near 600 since I saw you—and tore it all up except 288. This I was about to tear up yesterday and begin again, when Mrs. Perkins came up to the billiard room and said, "You will never get any woman to do the thing necessary to save her life by mere *persuasion;* you see you have wasted your words for three weeks; it is time to use *force;* she *must* have a change; take her home and leave the children here."

I said, "If there is one death that is painfuller than another, may I get it if I don't do that thing."

So I took the 288 pages to Bliss and told him that was the very last line I should ever write on this book. (A book which required 2,600 pages of MS, and I have written nearer four thousand, first and last.)

I am as soary (and flighty) as a rocket,

[1] Family word for babies.

[2] See *Mark Twain: A Biography,* Chapter CXIV.

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to-day, with the unutterable joy of getting that Old Man of the Sea off my back, where he has been roosting for more than a year and a half. Next time I make a contract before writing the book, may I suffer the righteous penalty and be burnt, like the injudicious believer.

I am mighty glad you are done your book (this is from a man who, above all others, feels how much that sentence means) and am also mighty glad you have begun the next (this is also from a man who knows the felicity of *that*, and means straightway to enjoy it). *The Undiscovered* starts off delightfully—I have read it aloud to Mrs. C. and we vastly enjoyed it.

Well, time's about up—must drop a line to Aldrich.

Yrs ever,
MARK.

With *A Tramp Abroad* safely on the presses, Mark Twain was presently at work with new enthusiasm on a story begun nearly three years before at Quarry Farm—a story for children—its name, as he called it then, *The Little Prince and the Little Pauper*. He was presently writing to Howells his delight in the new work.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

HARTFORD, *Mch. 11, '80.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,— . . . I take so much pleasure in my story that I am loth to hurry, not wanting to get it done. Did I ever tell you the plot of it? It begins at 9 A.M., Jan. 27, 1547, seventeen and a half hours before Henry VIII.'s death, by the swapping of clothes *and places*, between the prince of Wales and a pauper boy of the same age and countenance (and half as much learning and still more genius and imagination) and after that, the rightful small King has a rough time among tramps and ruffians in the country parts of Kent, whilst the small bogus King has a gilded and worshipped and dreary and restrained and cussed time of it on the throne—and this all goes on for three weeks—till the midst of the coronation grandeurs in Westminster Abbey, Feb. 20, when the ragged true King forces his way in but cannot prove his genuineness—until the bogus King, by a remembered incident of the first day is able to prove it *for* him—whereupon clothes are changed and the coronation proceeds under the new and rightful conditions.

My idea is to afford a realizing sense of the exceeding severity of the laws of that day by inflicting some of their penalties upon the King himself and allowing him a chance to see the rest of them applied to others—all of which is to account for certain mildnesses which distinguished Edward VI.'s reign from those that preceded and followed it.

Imagine *this* fact—I have even fascinated Mrs. Clemens with this yarn for youth. My stuff generally gets considerable damning with faint praise out of her, but this time it is all the other way. She is become the horse-leech's daughter and my mill doesn't grind fast enough to suit her. This is no mean triumph, my dear sir.

Last night, for the first time in ages, we went to the theater—to see "Yorick's Love." The magnificence of it is beyond praise. The language is so beautiful, the passion so fine, the plot so ingenious, the whole thing so stirring, so charming, so pathetic! But I will clip from the *Courant*—it says it right.

And what a good company it is, and how like live people they all acted! The "thee's" and the "thou's" had a pleasant sound, since it is the language of *The Prince and the Pauper*. You've done the country a service in that admirable work. . . .

Yrs Ever, MARK.

The play, "Yorick's Love," was one which Howells had done for Lawrence Barrett.

In a letter of this period to his brother Orion Mark Twain had suggested that the latter should undertake an absolutely truthful autobiography, a confession in which nothing should be withheld—a work to rival, in its unreserved veracity at least, the confessions of a Casanova or a Rousseau. To Orion any literary suggestion from "Brother Sam" was like a gospel command, and the piling up of the autobiographical manuscript began promptly, and proceeded at a great rate. It went off in instalments to Mark Twain, whose approval Orion seems at last to have won by this literary effort. Orion's delight at the commendation in the following letter may easily be imagined:

To Orion Clemens:

May 6, '80.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is a model autobiography.

Continue to develop your character in the same gradual, inconspicuous and apparently unconscious way. The reader, up to this time, may have his doubts, perhaps, but he can't say decidedly, "This writer is not such a simpleton as he has been letting on to be." Keep him in that state of mind. If, when you shall have finished, the reader shall say,

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"The man is an ass, but I really don't know whether *he* knows it or not," your work will be a triumph.

Stop *re-writing*. I saw places in your last batch where re-writing had done formidable injury. Do not try to find those places, else you will mar them further by trying to better them. It is perilous to revise a book while it is under way. All of us have injured our books in that foolish way.

Keep in mind what I told you—when you recollect something which belonged in an earlier chapter, do not go back, but jam it in *where you are*. Discursiveness does not hurt an autobiography in the least.

I have penciled the MS here and there, but have not needed to make any criticisms or to knock out anything.

The elder Bliss has heart disease badly, and thenceforth his life hangs upon a thread.

Yr. Bro SAM.

Mark Twain sent his brother's manuscript to Howells with a suggestion that it might be acceptable to *The Atlantic*. But Howells could not bring himself to print so frank a confession as Orion had been willing to make. "It wrung my heart," he said, "and I felt haggard after I had finished it. The writer's soul is laid too bare; it is shocking." Howells added that the best touches in it were those which made one acquainted with the writer's brother; that is to say, Mark Twain, and that these would prove valuable material hereafter—a true prophecy, for Mark Twain's early biography would have lacked most of its vital incident, and at least half of its background, without those faithful chapters, fortunately preserved. Had Orion continued as he began, the work might have proved an important contribution to literature, but he went trailing off into by-paths of theology and discussion where the interest was lost.

Mark Twain's mind was always busy with plans and inventions, many of them of serious intent, some semi-serious, others of a purely whimsical character. The reader may decide to which class the project here proposed belongs.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

HARTFORD, *May 18, '80.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—I know you hate Clubs—at least they are an unpleasant suggestion to you, and doubtless they are borous to you—still I have been urged to ask you to consent to join a Club, and the easiest way to disburden myself of the matter is to unload it onto you, and leave you to consent or refuse, as shall seem best. I wish to hold myself purely neutral and say nothing to influence you one way or the other. The Club would be proud to have your name; that goes without saying: the membership is consonant with yourself, for it is refined, cultured, more than ordinarily talented, and of exceptionally high character. These facts are in its favor but I think I ought not to conceal a fact of another sort—one which I must ask you to treat as confidential: the intent of the Club is, by superior weight, character and influence, to impair and eventually destroy the influence of [name erased]—not from any base feeling, but from a belief that this is a thing required in the interest of the public good. The name of the new organization is peculiar—The Modest Club—and the first and main qualification for membership is modesty. At present, I am the only member; and as the modesty required must be of a quite aggravated type, the enterprise did seem for a time doomed to stop dead still with myself, for lack of further material; but upon reflection I have come to the conclusion that you are eligible. Therefore I have held a meeting and voted to offer you the distinction of membership. I do not know that we can find any others, though I have had some thought of Hay, Warner, Twichell, Aldrich, Osgood, Fields, Higginson, and a few more—together with Mrs. Howells, Mrs. Clemens, and certain others of the sex.

But I will append the "Laws," and you just drop me a line and say whether you and Mrs. Howells would care to belong—and John Hay. I have long felt that there ought to be an organized gang *of our kind*.

Yrs ever,

MARK.

LAWS

The organization shall sue and be sued, persecute and be persecuted, and eat, drink and be merry, under the name and style, of *The Modest Club* of the United States of America.

The object of the Club shall be to eat and talk.

Qualifications for membership shall be aggravated modesty, unobtrusiveness, native humility; learning, talent, intelligence; and unassailable character.

Both sexes admitted.

Two adverse votes shall destroy the applicant.

Any member may call a meeting, when and where he or she may choose.

Two members shall constitute a quorum; and a meeting thus inaugurated shall be competent to eat and talk.

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There shall be no fees and dues. There shall be no regular place of meeting.

There shall be no officers, except a President, and any member who has anything to eat and talk about may constitute himself President for the time being, and call in any member or members he pleases, to help him devour and expatiate.

At all Club gatherings the membership shall wear the official symbol of the order, a single violet.

Any brother or sister of the order finding a brother or sister in imminent deadly peril, shall forsake his own concerns, no matter at what cost, and call the police.

Any member knowing anything scandalous about himself, shall immediately inform the Club, so that they may call a meeting and have the first chance to talk about it.

Howells replied that the only reason he had for not joining the Modest Club was that he was too modest—too modest to confess his modesty:

If I could get over this difficulty I should like to join, for I approve highly of the Club and its object. . . . It ought to be given an annual dinner at the public expense. If you think I am not too modest you may put my name down and I will try to think the same of you. Mrs. Howells applauded the notion of the club from the very first. She said that she knew *one* thing: that she was modest enough *anyway*. Her manner of saying it implied that the other persons you had named were not, and created a painful impression in my mind. I have sent your letter and the rules to Hay, but I doubt his modesty; he will think he has a *right* to belong to it as much as you or I; whereas, other people ought only to be admitted on sufferance.

In a letter to Twichell—a remarkable letter—when the "new baby" which arrived that summer at Quarry Farm was about a month old, we get a picture of the farm and a characteristic glimpse of Mark Twain's reflective mind.

To the Reverend Mr. Twichell, Hartford:

QUARRY FARM, *Aug. 28* ['80].

DEAR OLD JOE,—Concerning Jean Clemens, if anybody said he "didn't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better 'n any other frog," I should think he was convicting himself of being a pretty poor sort of observer. She is the completest, and daintiest and perfectest little creature the continents and archipelagoes have seen since Bay and Susy were her size. I will not go into details; it is not necessary; you will soon be in Hartford, where I have already hired a hall; the admission fee will be but a trifle.

It is curious to note the change in the stock-quotation of the Affection Board brought about by throwing this new security on the market. Four weeks ago the children still put Mamma at the head of the list right along, where she had always been. But now:

Jean
Mamma
Motley } cats
Fräulein }
Papa

That is the way it stands, now. Mamma is become No. 2; I have dropped from No. 4, and am become No. 5. Some time ago it used to be nip and tuck between me and the cats, but after the cats "developed" I didn't stand any more show.

I've got a swollen ear; so I take advantage of it to lie abed most of the day, and read and smoke and scribble and have a good time. Last evening Livy said with deep concern, "O dear, I believe an abscess is forming in your ear."

I responded as the poet would have done if he had had a cold in the head—

"'Tis said that abscess conquers love,
But O believe it not."

This made a coolness.—For the one thing which Livy cannot stand, is wit. . . .

Been reading Daniel Webster's Private Correspondence. Have read a hundred of his diffuse, conceited, "eloquent," bathotic (or bathostic) letters written in that dim (no, vanished) Past when he was a student; and Lord, to think that this boy who is so real to me now, and so booming with fresh young blood and bountiful life, and sappy cynicisms about girls, has since climbed the Alps of fame and stood against the sun one brief tremendous moment with the world's eyes upon him, and then—f-z-t-! where is he? Why the only *long* thing, the only *real* thing about the whole shadowy business is the sense of the lagging dull and hoary lapse of time that has drifted by since then; a vast empty level, it seems, with a formless specter glimpsed fitfully through the smoke and mist that lie along its remote verge.

Well, we are all getting along here first-rate; Livy gains strength daily, and sits up a deal; the baby is five weeks old and—but no more of this; somebody may be reading *this* letter 80 years hence. And so, my friend (you pitying snob, I mean, who are holding this yellow paper in your hand in 1960) save yourself the trouble of looking further; I know how pathetically trivial our small concerns will seem to you, and I will not let your eye profane them. No, I keep my news; you keep your compassion.

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Suffice it you to know, scoffer and ribald, that the little child is old and blind, now, and once more toothless; and the rest of us are shadows, these many, many years. Yes, and *your* time cometh!

MARK.

At the farm that year Clemens was working on *The Prince and the Pauper*, and, according to a letter to Aldrich, brought it to an end September 14th. It is a pleasant letter, worth preserving. The book by Aldrich here mentioned was *The Stillwater Tragedy*.

To T. B. Aldrich, in Ponkapog, Mass.:

ELMIRA, *Sept. 15, '80.*

MY DEAR ALDRICH,—Thank you ever so much for the book—I had already finished it, and prodigiously enjoyed it, in the periodical of the notorious Howells, but it hits Mrs. Clemens just right, for she is having a reading holiday, now, for the first time in some months; so between-times, when the new baby is asleep and strengthening up for another attempt to take possession of this place, she is going to read it. Her strong friendship for you makes her think she is going to like it.

I finished a story yesterday, myself. I counted up and found it between sixty and eighty thousand words—about the size of your book. It is for boys and girls—been at work at it several years, off and on.

I hope Howells is enjoying his journey to the Pacific. He wrote me that you and Osgood were going also, but I doubted it, believing he was in liquor when he wrote it. In my opinion, this universal applause over his book is going to land that man in a Retreat inside of two months. I notice the papers say mighty fine things about your book, too. You ought to try to get into the same establishment with Howells. But applause does not affect me—I am always calm—this is because I am used to it.

Well, good-bye, my boy, and good luck to you. Mrs. Clemens asks me to send her warmest regards to you and Mrs. Aldrich—which I do, and add those of

Yrs ever MARK.

On the completion of *The Prince and the Pauper* story Clemens had naturally sent it to Howells for consideration. Howells wrote, "I have read the two P's and I like it immensely, it begins well and it ends well." He pointed out some things that might be changed or omitted, and added, "It is such a book as I would expect from you, knowing what a bottom of fury there is to your fun." Clemens had thought somewhat of publishing the story anonymously in the fear that it would not be accepted seriously over his own signature.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

Xmas Eve, 1880.

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—I was prodigiously delighted with what you said about the book—so, on the whole, I've concluded to publish intrepidly, instead of concealing the authorship. I shall leave out that bull story. . . .

Next day I attended to business—which was, to introduce Twichell to Gen. Grant and procure a private talk in the interest of the Chinese Educational Mission here in the U. S. Well, it was very funny. Joe had been sitting up nights building facts and arguments together into a mighty and unassailable array and had studied them out and got them by heart—all with the trembling half-hearted hope of getting Grant to add his signature to a sort of petition to the Viceroy of China; but Grant took in the whole situation in a jiffy, and before Joe had more than fairly got started, the old man said: "I'll write the Viceroy a letter—a separate letter—and bring strong reasons to bear upon him; I know him well, and what I say will have weight with him; I will attend to it right away. No, no thanks—I shall be *glad* to do it—it will be a labor of love."

So all Joe's laborious hours were for naught! It was as if he had come to borrow a dollar, and been offered a thousand before he could unfold his case. . . .

But it's getting dark. Merry Christmas to all of you.

Yrs Ever, MARK.

The Chinese Educational Mission, mentioned in the foregoing, was a thriving Hartford institution, projected eight years before by a Yale graduate named Yung Wing. The Mission was now threatened.

Perhaps at this time Li Hung Chang was experiencing one of his partial eclipses, or possibly he was not interested. In any event, the Hartford Mission did not survive.

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Silence

BY WALLACE IRWIN

IT was the silence of New York which had oppressed me the whole week. The vast city seemed to cringe away from me, and I am sure I should have gone raving mad had I not, by an opportune accident, encountered my deliverer, Mr. Hamilcar O'Brine; and though his timely rescue cost me something I dearly loved and cherished, still must I put the loss to his credit, as one thinks gratefully of a surgeon who, in saving one's life, has removed something valuable, like a kidney or a lung.

Our meeting was after this manner. You see, I was not one of those Westerners who rely upon the metropolis for recreation and excitement. Those were the days when I hated New York and New York, I was sure, hated me. We were temperamentally different—simply refused to understand each other. I was a home-loving man who, although not of a churchy frame of mind, maintained a somewhat ecclesiastical exterior. I affected gold-rimmed spectacles—not because my eyesight required their aid, but because they imparted dignity to my appearance. Under my ears, too, I cultivated neat oblongs of reddish-brown hair—side-chops, I think they are lightly called. I fancied cutaway coats of Oxford gray and high, square-topped derby hats. I was at that time nearing my fortieth year. I looked a trifle older, which was fitting, I reflected, in a man of business responsibilities.

It was on the Wednesday before my hurried trip to America's metropolis that Mr. Parker, head of our tinware novelty enterprise in Sycamore Creek, called me to his private office.

"Mr. Sprigg, I want you to take the afternoon train to New York, go to the Interplanetary Tin-Plate offices there, and sell our South Furia Pie-Dish Mills for the best figure you can get."

I evinced my astonishment, and protested that there were gentlemen connected with our company who understood New York and its ways far better than I.

"That's just the point," protested Mr. Parker. "I have picked you out because you are sort of oily and soft-spoken and soothing to look at. Did you ever hear of J. Whiffington Whack?"

The name of the Interplanetary's powerful president was as familiar to me as that of the Czar of all the Russias. I admitted as much.

"Well, Whack is eccentric. One of our agents saw him about six years ago. He was then one of the moving spirits in the Anti-Noise League. He had something the matter with his nerves and couldn't bear a quick movement or a loud sound anywhere in his vicinity. He made his office-boy wear padded shoes, wouldn't allow talk above a mumble in his neighborhood. His life mania seemed to be silence. He was crazy to put a husher on New York, and wanted to make an example of everybody that came his way."

"So you have chosen me because of my staid appearance and noiseless manner of approach?" I smiled, proud to be honored by so high a commission.

"That's it," Mr. Parker agreed. "Take my tip. Pussy-foot into his presence. Purr your way into his confidence."

Those were his parting admonitions as I hurried toward the train which was to bear me to the metropolis I abominated.

I had no sooner set foot in New York than I experienced that deserted feeling which always oppressed me there. Every one in this mad Bedlam seemed to be talking a different language from mine. I wandered, lonely as a cloud, utterly out of contact with my fellow-beings. Street-car conductors, policemen, loiterers in front of shop-windows

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I SPREAD BLUE-PRINTS BEFORE HIM

returned my appealing looks with an icy stare. I was not wanted in New York. Officially I was not there. I had scarcely been in the place an hour before a mad yearning to talk and be talked to took possession of me. It was as though I were stranded on some nightmare island, a place inhabited by awful automata built to look like men and women, who, eagerly running back and forth, insisted on pushing me here and there, stepping on my toes, knocking off my hat—yet never a sign of human sympathy, recognition, or apology.

It was in a dreary frame of mind, then, that I took the roaring subway on the morning of my arrival and pursued my mission to the noise-detesting J. Whiffington Whack. A machine-made stenographer outside his office door gave me a glassy glare as she surveyed my neat, almost clerical, appearance. Finally the clockwork within her skull seemed to conclude that I was admissible, for she pointed me to the holy of holies, which I entered a-tiptoe, respectful to Mr. Whack's mania for silence.

If that gentleman was wooing perfect peace, I had entered at an unfortunate moment, for his desk was placed near an open window which was almost directly under a bend in the elevated road. He was looking out of the window, rubbing his hands nervously, and the dreadful roaring of a passing train permitted me to reach his desk before he sensed my approach.

"Well?" he snarled, suddenly, wriggling impatiently inside his bright-green coat as, turning his little, drawn face, he focused upon me large, goggling, neurotic eyes.

"I have been sent by Mr. Parker in the matter of the South Furia Pie-Dish Mills," I began softly, knowing that brevity as well as quiet would best suit such a man.

"What's that?" he inquired, straining his ear closer to my lips. The elevated train, rounding the curve, was roaring horribly. I repeated my short introductory remarks and went on, monosyllabically:

"Our ground plans." I spread blueprints before him.

"Hum," remarked J. Whiffington

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Whack, scarcely glancing at my exhibit.

"Views of mills." I laid a sheaf of photographs on his desk.

He shuffled them over once and laid them down.

"Our financial condition," I whispered, producing typewritten sheets.

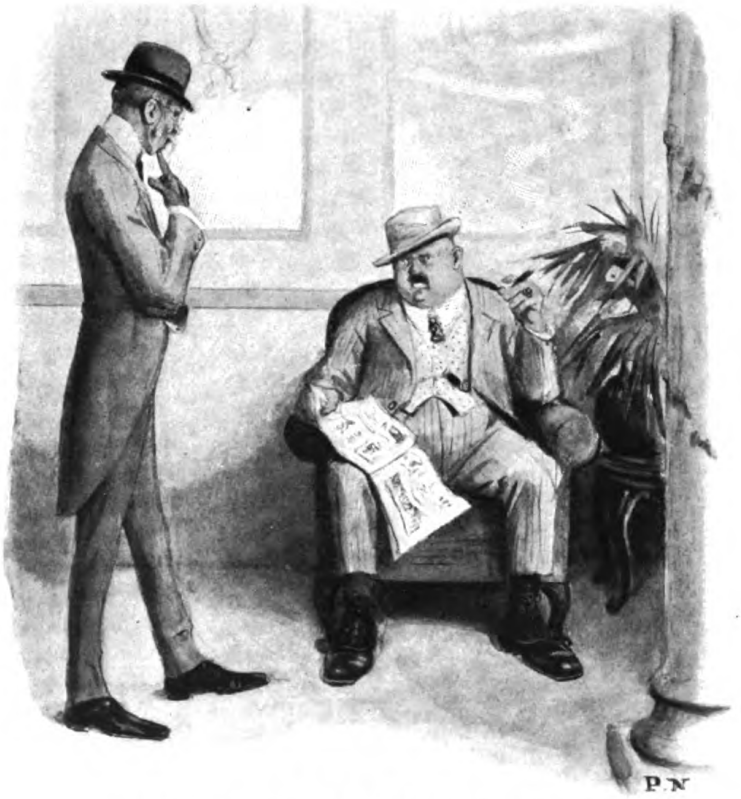
I was disconcerted to notice that Mr. Whack, his large, nervous eyes fixed upon me and not my exhibit, was touching a button under the edge of his desk. A secretary entered.

"Mr. Umph is waiting for you, sir," said the young man.

"Sorry," said J. Whiffington Whack, cracking a dry smile in my direction. "Come in some other time. I'll take your name and address."

He was gone. Crushed, disappointed, dazed by his disastrous snubbing, I slowly gathered up my prints and papers. Something about me, some strident note in my voice, some hasty gesture, had jarred his broken nerves. Mr. Parker, my revered employer, had given me this high trust because of my soft approach, my soothing delivery. And yet I had somehow bungled the job.

The gloom which had obsessed me now deepened from blue to brown as I limped wearily back toward the subway station. That outcast feeling which New York manages to give her visitors from the West clutched me with a demon claw. "If only somebody would talk to me!" I kept telling myself over and over. I was almost grateful to the subway guard who snarled, "Step up!" in my ear; but the expression with which he said it managed to take all comfort from his words. In all that crush of passengers which crowded the up-town-flying car there was not one voice to soothe me with a comforting remark. The elderly lady to whom I gave my seat sniffed suspiciously and sat down. The strap-hanger who, in reading an evening paper, persisted in tickling my side-whiskers with a corner of his sheet, glared at me defiantly when I attempted to read the baseball score on an inside page. I was alone, a leper, avoided by a city of five million souls.



I APPROACHED A FAT, JOLLY-LOOKING PERSON WHO LOLLED IN A PADDED CHAIR

In my bitterness of spirit I thought of returning at once to Sycamore Creek with its entirely human population. No one is alone in Sycamore Creek. There one may be the most unpopular man in town, but people will stop you in the post-office to tell you so. There is no such word as "stranger" in Sycamore Creek; the very newest arrival—unless he be a runaway criminal—is at once taken in hand by the Chamber of Commerce and given a free ride out past the water-works where there are factory sites to sell. No one is neglected there.

Moodily I returned at last to the

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Grand Babel Hotel, where I was lodged. After a solitary lunch, which ended by my waiter savagely snatching the tip I held out for him and giving no thanks in return, I strolled drearily into the foyer. In that vast marble hall were hundreds of travelers, many of them appearing as deserted as myself. In all this idle throng there must be some kind spirit, I reflected, who wished to speak and be spoken to. At last, upon a venture, I approached a fat, jolly-looking person who, a comic paper in his lap, lolled in a padded chair.

"Nice day," I ventured, politely, using the form of address most popular in Sycamore Creek.

"What's that?" asked the fat one, looking less jolly.

"Nice day—a little hot, but bright."

Without an attempt at reply, the plump stranger dropped his comic paper and fled. Later I saw him in intimate conversation with the house detective, the latter eying me suspiciously. Passionately I envied the fat man. He had found some one to talk to.

It was at that moment that my gaze, in following the broad marble steps leading down to the basement, lit upon a sign that meant sudden hope to me. "Barber-shop"—I beheld the gilt lettering on a black ground. An inspiration! Why hadn't I thought of that in the first place? You can always get a barber to talk to you. Any newspaper humorist will tell you that. In fact, according to all traditions I had learned to revere, it is easier to start a barber than to stop one. Therefore, my course was simple. With a smile of pleasant anticipation, I descended to the tonsorial department.

The room I entered showed the antiseptic, tiled whiteness of an operating-room. Only the buzzing of the electric shampoo, singing unpleasantly like a dentist's burr, broke the stillness of that dreadful place where, row upon row, many sheeted patients lay—etherized, perhaps—under the instruments of the white-clad surgeons who bent over them. Here there was none of the slipshod sociability prevailing in Sycamore Creek's leading barber-shop. Even the manicurists, flitting daintily from chair to chair, had somewhat the appearance of Red Cross nurses administering first aid. The head barber, a scientific-looking gentleman with an immense shock of hair, compelled me to occupy a chair in the center of the first row. I leaned back and, as the white sheet was being tucked under my collar, I entertained a momentary thrill of hope. The barber who looked down on me had warm, brown, human eyes and the humorous mouth of a *raconteur*. Here, then, at last would my hungry ears find satisfaction. With a somewhat finer touch than a Sycamore Creek barber could ever apply, the man began lathering my chin.

"The New York Giants are putting up a fine game," I ventured, by way of starting him off before his soapy layer had entirely sealed my lips.

The barber, smiling amiably, leaned his ear very close to my mouth in an attitude of interrogation.

"Nice team this year—New York Nationals," I pursued. "What do you think about the results?"

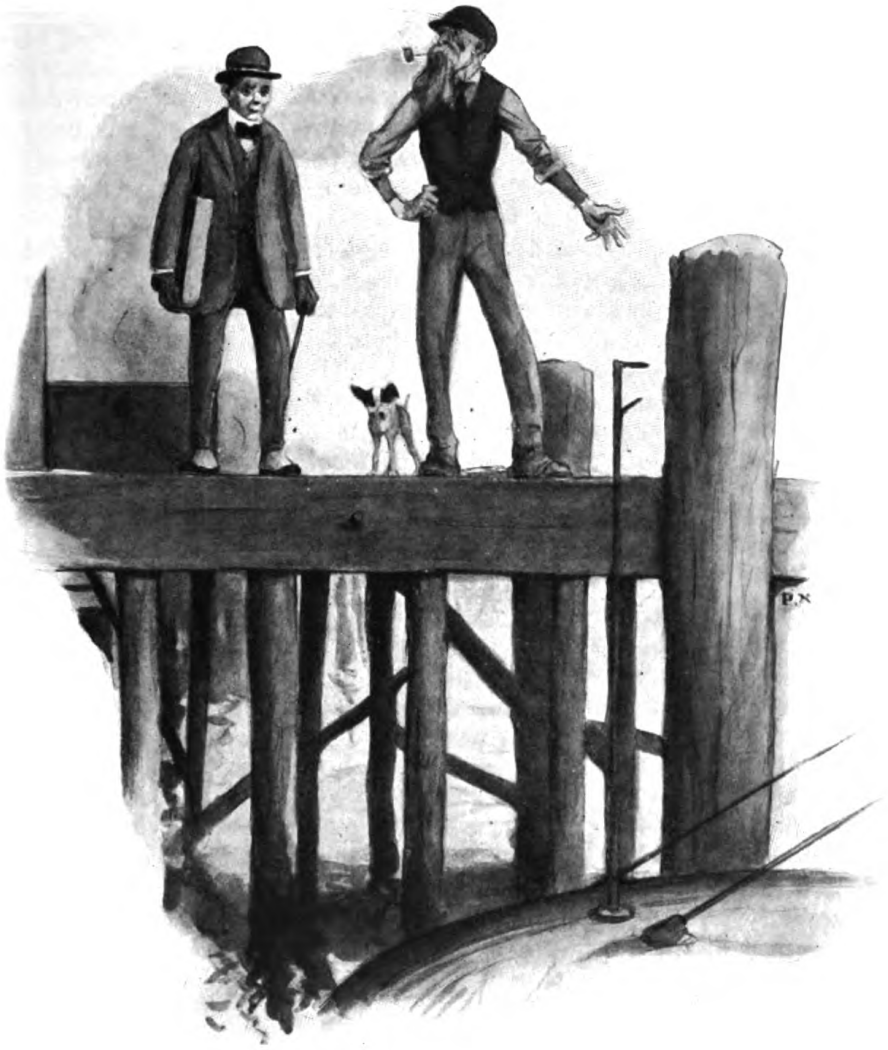
An expression of fright came into those warm, brown eyes. Glancing once furtively toward the head barber, he leaned again and whispered, rapidly:

"Sorry, mister. We ain't allowed to talk in this shop."

"Wipe off that lather!" I fairly shouted as I bounded from the chair and tore away my cerements. Even my mad haste did not seem to ruffle him, for he did as he was bid without a sound of protest and the next moment, having tipped the Greek pirate who helped me on with my coat, I was being bowed solemnly, silently, out by the head barber.

I rushed into the street, filled with despair's false energy. New York was driving me rapidly toward the madhouse. What sort of place was this where even barbers refuse to talk to their customers? Then, indeed, I remembered what experienced travelers had told me of the changing styles in barbers. The old-fashioned barber had been a monologist, a gossip, a purveyor of news, anecdotes, rumors. Through the abuse of his conversational advantage, taking his victim while he was down, and talking him deaf, the old-fashioned barber had become the gibe

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"I GOT JUST THE THING!" IKE SINGS OUT—"A SUBMARINE"

of the comic press; the humorists of the metropolis, reverencing nothing, had jeered so industriously at his trite remarks upon the weather and sporting futurities that the old-fashioned barber had been supplanted in the region of smart hair-dressers. Too long had he aired his political views to sophisticated worldlings who, gagged with lather, lay powerless to reply. His name had become anathema in Fifth Avenue, a blight on Broadway. The public had become wise to his wiles. No more could he stand, shamelessly bald of head, boasting the properties of his sure-growth hair tonics. The talkative barber, the bald-headed barber had fled. Efficient mutes with luxuriant heads of waving hair had taken his place. And I, alone in New York, thirsted, hungered, withered away for the lack of human conversation.

My disgust with New York grew as I walked her unfriendly streets. What was I to do with a town where even the barber refused to talk to me? Only a dogged determination to succeed in the commercial project which had brought me so far egged me on. I could not go home like this, acknowledging defeat. There must be some way of asserting my ego in the offices of the Interplanetary Tin-Plate Company. But how?

During this soliloquy I had walked far. At last, foolishly, perhaps, but desperate for activity, I decided to make

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a second attempt upon the sphinx-like Mr. Whack.

The sun had already sunk behind the skyscrapers when, still considering an effective method of attack upon my difficult customer, I wandered through one of the shabby side-streets which fledge lower Broadway. The red-and-white spiral of a barber's pole at first distracted me from my unpleasant reverie, and over this the sign that was to mean renewed hope to me:

HAMILCAR O'BRINE
THE BOSS DIME SHAVER

There was an open-hearted appeal about that sign. And when I glanced through the window, bright with cigarette advertisements, I glimpsed that which cheered my eyes to see—a perfectly bald-headed barber! Nobody with a skull so ivory-smooth as that could be other than an old-fashioned barber. Although I scarce dared form the thought, something told me it was so. Here was a fellow-being who would ope the founts of speech until I swam or drowned in inexhaustible conversation!

He greeted my entrance with sparkling eyes. Almost before I had seated myself in his embracing chair he was beginning to tune up.

"In the undertaking line?" he asked, as he tucked a towel under my collar.

"No," I assured him; "I'm a traveler for a Western firm."

"Don't sell caskets or hymn-books, do you?" he persisted. "Excuse me, but I didn't think anybody but undertakers ever wore these any more." He ran an experienced forefinger through the oblong of whisker under my left ear. "I once had a customer who shaved his neck so high that his back view looked like a caterpillar on a grape-fruit. There's no law against wearing what you want, so long as it don't interfere with other people's happiness. Shave? Sure. And, say, you ought to have a shampoo with Gunn's Germ Debilitator—antiphlogistic, prophylactic antidote for the mollicules of the hair. No, I never studied to be a doctor, but I get a lot of education reading the labels off the tonic-bottles."

He told me volumes about himself while I lay back, reveling in the music of it. He had been married and divorced twice, had been barber for a traveling circus, had been cured of rheumatism by the sting of a bee, and believed the powder trust was behind all this preparedness talk.

"I 'ain't always been in this part of town," he confided, his tongue and his razor-strop clattering with equal velocity. "Up to five years ago I worked in a flossy joint, twenty-five for the shave, seventy-five for the shampoo, extra for the tonic. But I ain't anxious to get rich. This is the life! Here a man can open his trap and let out a little dialogue without a spotter coming along and putting you on the carpet. I used to work at the Grand Babel Hotel. That's a choice morgue."

"It certainly is," I agreed, just as he lathered my mouth.

"For a year or so there, before they made the new rules, it was as gentlemanly a place as you'd wish. Everybody talking anecdotes and repartee. Them was happy times. Great actors and business men dropping into my chair—I got a brainful of grand talk every day. Then my hair began falling away and I knew I was ticketed for the minor league, barberously speaking. About that time they got a head barber who was a silence fan. Wouldn't let us boys in the shop say a word to customers. They got the wrong idea, those guys. It ain't healthy for a barber to keep still while he's shaving a customer. It's like filling a man with hot whisky and then stopping his pores. The death-rate among barbers has shot up like a rocket since that style came in."

By now a solid mask of thick lather covered my face, so, without fear of interruption, Hamilcar O'Brine, my gallant rescuer, was going full swing.

"No, sir, there's too much being said about silence in New York nowadays. The Anti-Noise League is trying to put a Maxim silencer on the elevated road, and they've made the Brooklyn Bridge so quiet that you can almost hear a lady scream when she's knocked down by a conductor. The trouble is, people are getting sensitive about having New York called the loudest city in the world.

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And then there's a lot of sound-proof cranks like J. Whiffington Whack used to be—they make a lot of trouble."

At the mention of the name of the gentleman whose ear I had been striving so vainly to interest in my project, I confess I jumped slightly. Mr. O'Brine obligingly cauterized the razor-cut which my restlessness had caused and went on.

"Ever hear what silence did to J. Whiffington Whack? Thought maybe you did by the way you jumped. He used to come to the Grand Babel Hotel for his shaves, and I guess it was him that got me fired. Whack was, at that time, one of the lawyers hired by the Interplanetary Tin-Plate Company, working in that same kinda peevish way he's kept up since he's been president of the concern.

"Well, one day J. Whiffington gets an idea that most of the business energy of America was being let out through the mouth. Got to be a sort of efficiency expert in the way of vocal cords, and declared that the gas wasted every day in talk would keep America in Zeppelins for a year. He wasn't boss in his law-office at that time, so he couldn't keep things as still as he liked, but he wore himself to a frazzle worrying over every voice that was raised above a whisper, and made himself darned noxious all over the place.

"One morning things came to a climax. It seems the company was suing somebody's heirs for about half the real estate in Long Island, and they'd given J. Whiffington the biggest job of his life—summing up alibis and *ad valoriums* which the company positively had to see by five o'clock that afternoon. J. Whiffington got down to his office before the janitor was up, and was just biting his teeth into page three-thirty-three of the law-book when in comes the office-boy and, standing in the hallway outside, began an imitation of Frank Tinney. This gives Whiff the Willies. He brained the sweet child with a paper-weight and went back again to page three-thirty-three. Suddenly there came an awful



"WHIFFY, YOU WAS CRUEL TO ME THIS MORN. YOU BEAT IT, NOT GIVING ME A CHANCE TO SAY MY SOUL WAS MY OWN"

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bump outside. It turned out that twenty men had come in to move a safe and was holding a mass meeting in the next room. This was an earful for the silence fan. He put a book-mark in page three-thirty-three, tucked the book under his arm, popped on his Kelly, and beat it for his home in the upper West Side.

"J. Whiffington Whack was living in a flat in those days. He was starting in small, so he only had two children and a dog, besides his wife, who was interested in suffrage work. When he got home that morning it was just a little after ten o'clock, so he figured it out that, by boring his nose into the volume for about six hours he could learn enough about alibis and *ad valoriums* to bring in his report before five. So he sets down and starts in again reading page three-thirty-three.

"Before he locked himself into his room he says to his wife, 'I want silence,' but Mrs. Whack was busy telephoning to Federation Headquarters, so I guess she didn't hear him. Anyway, he didn't get it. The hired help started a ballyhoo down the dumb-waiter; Mrs. Whack fired the nurse and took ten minutes telling her why; Baby Whiffington chewed Fido's tail and Fido came back by biting Baby in the ankle, which starts Baby howling like a wounded wolf. J. Whiffington pops on his Kelly again and comes scooting out of the door, mad as a German hero.

"'Is this what you call silence?' he pipes, loud and clear. 'It's what I call insulting.' She side-steps and lets him have two or three more haymakers before he can dodge down the elevator, his thumb still on page three-thirty-three, where he'd been interrupted.

"J. Whiffington Whack was fruit for the nut-bin by that time. The hours were turkey-trotting by; it was getting nearer five o'clock every minute and he hadn't learned any further than 'aforesaid' out of that law-book he carried under his arm. He wished he was Helen Keller, the noises and the sights of New York made him that mad. About Eighty-first Street and Broadway he got an idea—like a flash. He calls a taxi and orders the chofe to drive him post-hasty to the water-front on the East River. He knew a ship-chandler there named Ike Clark—it was him told me most of this story last Christmas when he got drunk and came in to get his annual haircut.

"It seems that Ike was setting in front of his box-office on the dock, eating tobacco and stroking the long Leopolds he wore all over his chin, when out bounces J. Whiffington Whack from his taxi.

"'Ike!' hollers Whiff, 'I want to hire a yacht.'

"'Plain or steam?' inquires Ike, who guaranteed to keep anything from a ferryboat to an airship.

"'The kind that don't make a noise,' snarls Whack. 'I want to put out to sea for about four hours and find if I can't get a little silence.'

"'I got just the thing!' Ike sings out, tilting down from his chair and leading Whack to the edge of the wharf where he showed him a queer kinda boat, laying half-submerged in the water and looking like a sheet-iron whale.

"'What's that?' asks J. Whiffington.

"'A submarine,' explains Ike, kindly. 'The Q-13, rejected by the U. S. Navy after she got a blow-out in the gas-tank and choked the engineer to death.'

"'Is she safe?' Whack, looking nervous, manages to get the question over his tonsils.

"'Safe enough,' says Ike, 'and that's pretty safe for a submarine. The point I'm getting at is this: There's nothing in the world so silent as the inside of a submarine under water. If you got any thinking to do, or want to pull off something in the murder line, hire a submarine. Charges, ten dollars an hour as long as you want, inside a year.'

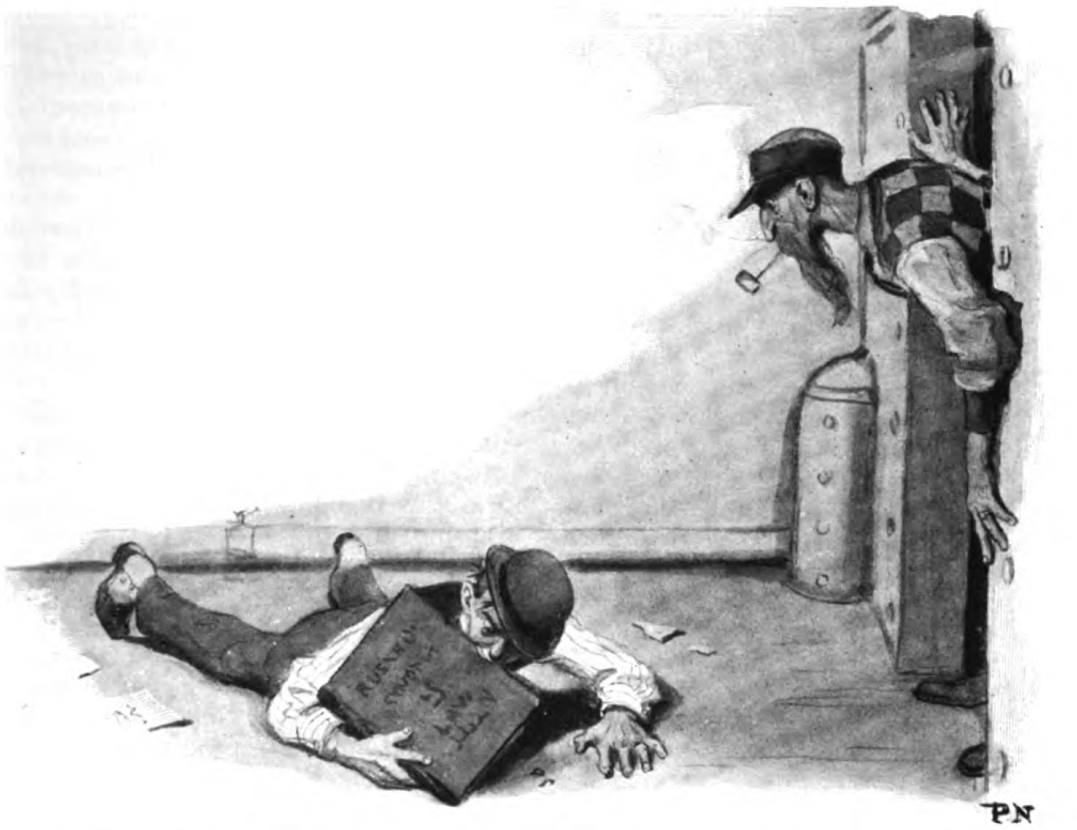
"'Who'll run her?' asks Whiff, still sort of doubtful.

"'Me,' says Ike.

"And the upshot of it was that Whack climbed into the mechanical fish, contracting for three hours under water and return to the same wharf when the time was up. Ike and his son Helmar seemed to be all the crew there was. But Whack wasn't scared, it seemed so calm and peaceful-like when the old tub started sinking toward the bottom of the East River.

"Whack locked himself into the sheet-

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IKE FOUND WHACK ON THE FLOOR CHAWING THE COVERS OF HIS LAW-BOOK

iron cabin and started to work. He sort of grinned as he probed his nose into page three-thirty-three of that old law-book. Here was silence, by hickory! with gilt trimmings! Not a sound anywheres except the swish of the water and the lullaby of the dynamos. It stayed this way about ten minutes. Then, suddenly, it developed that traveling in a U-boat gave Ike Clark that grand-opera feeling in the lungs. He just simply had to open up his soul in song. Ike had a voice like nothing outside the zoo, and when he had finished off 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean,' and had roared his way into 'Silver Threads Among the Gold' Whack jumps up and starts after him. Nothing doing. The door of his sheet-iron cabin was stuck like a fly-paper. He yanked it and pulled it and kicked it, but fast stayed the door and louder bellered Ike, now trying variations on the 'Anvil Chorus' by Wagner. 'Less noise, please!' pipes J. Whiffington in his funny little peevish voice. He might as well been blowing smoke at the Woolworth Building for all the good it done. Ike was a little deef and it never occurred to him he was disturbing anybody worth mentioning. Also his son Helmar was mending a steam-pipe with a monkey-wrench, which raised such a bell-chorus that Whack's voice sounded small, like a humming-bird's whistle.

"Well, the concert went on for three solid hours. J. Whiffington got tired of pounding on the walls of his armor-plate cell, so he decided to go plumb crazy. I don't know how long he stayed that way, but that afternoon, when the U-boat bumped back at her place in the East River, Ike pried open his passenger's door and found Whack on the floor chawing the covers of his law-book.

"After he got over the fit he was a-throwing J. Whiffington scrambled out to the wharf and looked at his watch. It was now three o'clock. Of course you can't pour a whole brainful of law-book knowledge into your head in that time; but Whack had two hours before five o'clock when he had to report

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to his boss with them alibis and syllabis and habeas corporations all learnt. If he could only find perfect silence! That's what was eating him as he streaked down the street and caught another taxi. This time he told the driver to rush him back to his flat. It was a useless job trying to keep that boiler-factory quiet, says Whack to himself, but he could at least find a soft chair where he could put his feet on the victrola and study that there book.

"As his taxi blistered the pavements on the way home, J. Whiffington kept thinking what he could do with two hours of silence. In two hours, left to himself, Washington planned the Battle of Waterloo. In two hours of uninterrupted monotony Edison discovered the five-reel Mary Pickford; in the same time, setting quietly inclosed with himself, Doc Cook discovered the North Pole. What couldn't J. Whiffington Whack accomplish before five o'clock, if he could only flam his wife into keeping his flat quiet for a while? Sure, he could cut a ripe intellectual cheese all right, all right.

"Well, still groaning and mumbling to himself, J. Whiffington paid the taxi man at his door and went up in the elevator. And he'd no sooner entered his flat than he hears the sound of sobbing—hic-hic—just like that. And there was Mrs. Whack with her face laid against the furniture.

"'Whiffy,' she guggles, 'you was cruel to me this morn. With a bitter word on your lips you beat it, not giving me a chance to say my soul was my own. But look!' She hop-scotched to her feet and pointed out the whole flat. 'I've fixed it so you won't be annoyed any more. I've arranged everything for you so you shall not hear the least sound. I have fired the Swedish kitchen chauffeur, sent the children and dog away to their grandmother, plugged the telephone-bell. Now what am I?'

"'Hubby's little angel-cake!' says Whiff. And the next minute he had took his law-book and made a home run for the library.

"Well, he locks the door, kicks off his shoes, opens the book at page three-thirty-three, and spreads himself out in the softest chair in the room. And with that he begins chawing away at that there law case, absolutely sure in his mind that he can finish the job before five o'clock. He is happy, mister. He's got silence, for there ain't a sound louder than an ant's college yell from one end of that flat to the other."

Hamilcar O'Brine, the old-fashioned barber, fell suddenly silent and began brushing lather reflectively into my side-whiskers, eying the job, head to one side, like an artist admiring some especially beautiful color effect.

"What happened then?" I asked, impatiently, curiously irritated by his absent-minded lathering as well as by the way he had left Mr. Whack locked in his library. "Did he master his law-book and get down-town by five o'clock?"

"He had been in that room nearly two hours," went on Hamilcar, his soapy brush still playing among the hairs beneath my left ear, "and all that time his wife had been a-tiptoeing around the place, squelching everything that looked like a noise. At last, as the hour of five drawed near, she heard a mysterious and awful racket thundering and squeaking through the place. She was that horrified she 'most screamed. She tiptoed to all the bedrooms, thinking a water-pipe had busted, but, search as she would, she couldn't find nothing, and the noise went on just the same. Still tiptoeing, she went sleuthing for that awful racket, which was now rumbling through the flat like it would shake down the plaster. Something fierce. At last she came to the library door and stood quite ghastly. Yes, the noise was coming from inside. A sort of cross between a groan and a whistle that had been married by a vampire, she heard it emerging. She was scared to interrupt her husband in his important work, yet there was no other way to it. Perhaps he was dying in there, crushed to death with the heft of his job.

"She opens the door softly and peeps in. 'Whiffy, darling!' she hollers, but there ain't no reply. Then she steals forwards more boldly—and what d'ya think she sees?"

I gave it up, so Hamilcar supplied the information.

"There, spread out in his padded

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chair, laid J. Whiffington Whack, fast asleep, his book open at page three-thirty-three, just where he'd started."

"Hadn't read a line?" I asked.

"Nope. Silence done it," explained Hamilcar as, with a dexterous flourish, he drew his razor through my left side-whisker.

"Here! What are you doing?" I fairly shouted, seizing him by his wrist as I leaped from my chair. "I didn't tell you to shave off my side-whiskers."

I surveyed myself in the glass. Indeed, he had done his worst, for the adornment which had so long hung beneath my left ear, imparting dignity to my entire personality, he had scalloped and rutted so cruelly with his razor that nothing remained but a ragged patch.

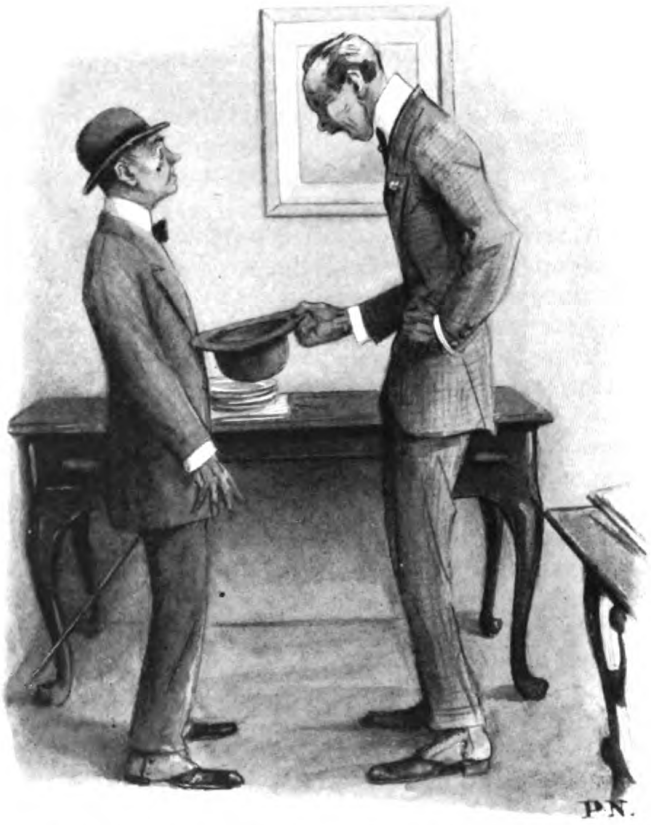
"Sorry, mister," he apologized, contritely. "I was that busy talking I forgot to ask you if you wanted 'em off. Most people do, you know."

"Why, man," I spluttered, losing my temper, I confess, "I've been cultivating these side-whiskers carefully for over five years. They're my identification mark; they're—"

"You ought to change your identity, if that's the case," urged Hamilcar O'Brine, soothingly. "Now come on, like a good feller. Let me slice off the other one, so your face won't look so lopsided. Honest, you'll stop looking like a cut-rate embalmer if you let me fix you up."

There was nothing left me now but to submit, although it was with a snort of indignation, mingled with a feeling of sentimental regret that I saw him shave away the right side and clean up the wreckage of the left. And as he worked he continued industriously with his monologue.

"Yes, sir. That there experience changed Mr. Whack's life clean 'round. Since that day he never could bear the sound of silence. Made up his mind there wasn't no use trying to cure New York, so he decided the only way to beat the game was to get used to it. Consequently he took to studying law in a turkey-trot parlor, the band going full blast in his ear. And what d'ya think happened?"



"MR. WHACK?" I ROARED OUT. "I HAVE COME WITH A LETTER TO YOU FROM MR. PARKER"

I held my peace.

"J. Whiffington Whack got to liking the big noise—all the horse-power in the city pounding in his ears. Changed his offices to a building where he could be under the elevated road when he worked. Always hires office-boys that whistle, stenographers that sing, and the janitor in his building says he won't listen unless you holler like a mule-driver."

Hamilcar O'Brine slightly lifted my head, so that I could inspect his work. After a glance in the mirror I was strangely surprised by my youthful appearance. Hamilcar shared my delight.

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"You're a good-looking feller, mister," he crowed. "All you ever needed was to give your face a chance. Now take those windows off your eyes, chuck the undertaker make-up, buy yourself a latest-model runabout suit of clothes, and maybe you can get into a modern office, after all."

"While you're about it, trim my mustache short," I suggested.

"Snappy style?" he inquired.

"Quite peppery," I agreed. "Did you say this J. Whiffington Whack had become entirely noisy in his ideas?"

"He believes," explained Hamilcar, "in doing business on the Diamond Jim Brady principles with a little dash of Roosevelt on the side."

By now the old-fashioned barber was combing my hair college-boy style. The face I saw in the mirror was pleasingly strange to me. I put my spectacles in their case.

Hamilcar was visibly affected. "Honest," he exclaimed, "you dropped twenty years with them whiskers. Go buy yourself a hurrah suit of clothes now, and a burnt-orange necktie, and—gee! you'll look wide-awake enough to do business with old Whack himself!"

Dimly in the distance I beheld a gentlemen's outfitter's sign. I fixed my course in that direction.

J. Whiffington Whack was just rushing out of his office when I rushed in. He was a little, fidgety man, and, although the bright-green suit he wore was striking, it was hopelessly outdone by the costume of pin-check pattern with which I enlivened the place.

"Mr. Whack?" I roared out, displaying a boldness which seemed to go with my changed character. "One moment, if I might ask it! I have come with a letter to you from Mr. Parker—"

"Well, well. I like your nerve!" bawled Mr. Whack. "So you've come, too, selling a pie-dish mill?"

I towered over him in an oratorical pose. I pitched my voice to a penetrating key. Employing an amount of cheek absolutely amazing to myself, I plunged up to my ears in the details of the pie-dish industry. Mr. Whack stood spellbound. Once or twice he opened his mouth as if to speak, but he was smothered under my deluge of oratory.

At last, with an unmistakable chuckle, "Enough!" he shouted, merrily. "Young man, you've got something to say. Step across the street with me. There's a little café there where I can sit and listen to your lecture."

A half-hour later we were seated at a small table, two empty glasses between us and the board liberally strewn with blue-prints, documents, and photographs. I paused, weary with speech, and mopped my brow. My heart was pounding wildly, for J. Whiffington Whack had just promised to take over the South Furia Pie-Dish enterprise at terms far better than I had ever dreamed of getting.

"I don't mind telling you," Mr. Whack assured me, as I sat folding up my documents, "you've got the manner that sells things in this generation—aggressive, self-assertive. You can't pussy-foot into success any more. Do you know what convinced me of your merit?"

I expressed my ignorance.

"Your voice," shouted Mr. Whack. "You're the first young man that's come to me for weeks that I have been able to hear above all the racket in New York. And I want to tell you," he pursued, "I like to talk business with nervy young fellows. . . ." Here he poked me slyly. "Oh, I'm onto the trick you played me!"

I was relieved that he was not offended by the way I had come at him again in my sudden disguise.

"That old chap with the side-whiskers that came around to me this morning with the same proposition—same name as yours, too. Well, with all due respect, I can't stand those male spinsters. I told my subordinates never to let him in my office again. But you put something over on me, you two."

"We two? I don't understand," I protested, quite honestly.

"Oh, don't you? Well, I do. As soon as your father found he was too old-fashioned to get a rise out of me, he sent around his son."

J. Whiffington Whack winked a slow and knowing wink which I returned by a signal as crafty as his own.

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Cruising in the "Yo-Ho-Ho"

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

IT has always been considered proper in the setting forth of any notable voyage, from the time of the sailing of Jason in the *Argo*, to preface the narrative with some account of the craft in which the voyage was undertaken. It is the more proper in the present instance because it is probable that no more extraordinary-looking craft has ever been seen on the face of the waters—none more calculated to create curiosity in the beholder—than the *Yo-Ho-Ho*. There are, needless to say, many larger and more splendid craft afloat, but I am sure I am safe in saying that there is none to compare with her in a certain apparitional quality which sets the oldest sailor on the Sound rubbing his eyes and wondering if he is awake or adream. The queenliest of private yachts would pass unnoticed were the *Yo-Ho-Ho* to heave in sight. The sight of the Wise Men of Gotham at sea in their bowl would scarcely make a greater sensation. Had Rip Van Winkle been a sailor, it is in such a craft you would have found him. It is evidently very hard for those seeing her for the first time to believe her real. She seems more like a maritime hallucination than an actual boat—something perhaps out of the Armada still haunting the seas—a time-battered, sea-worn galleon, her masts gone in the gales, all towered poop and high-riding prow. With her big, broad, many-bow-windowed house, superimposed on her rakish, antique hull, she looks something between a viking ship and an old bow-windowed Elizabethan inn. In such boats weird old gnomelike men in antiquated garments come sailing out of fairyland.

But she is a real boat, for all that, as her great windlass, and "sampson-posts," her huge rudder and wheel, and other nautical appurtenances attest. Also she is duly registered according to the maritime laws of the United States as a "steam-vessel," under twenty tons, though actually she runs by gasoline, a concession to modernity which is entirely overpowered by her general air of antiquity. How old she actually is no man seems to know, or perhaps a feeling of delicacy toward her femininity makes her many acquaintances shy of mentioning it. Still there is no clam-digging "captain" on the northern shore of Long Island Sound old enough to remember when she was young, though several of them remember her well in her previous incarnation as an oyster-sloop; and one or two of them have voyaged in her from New York to Narragansett Bay. And all speak well of her, as one of the toughest pieces of sea-going goods ever known on the Sound.

Her heart is literally of oak, and her measurements are sturdy, she being some thirty-five feet "over all," and no less than fourteen in beam. Yet, owing to her being built high in the bow, she escapes tubbiness, and, for all her girth and her years, rides the waves like a wild duck. She is painted bright blue in the hull, which is no small part of her astonishment, and thus suggests those warmer waters where the sailors are not afraid of bright colors. Her house is painted white, and she is furnished with a square, orange-colored sail which can be mounted over the broad deck of the house, and adds considerably to her "power" when running before the wind, as it adds, needs one say, no little to the general fantasy of her appearance. In spite of this and her years, she can, with her sail going, easily make her ten knots an hour, which is almost too fast for a boat whose business is dreams and whose destination is always, like Sir Walter Raleigh's, some form of Eldorado.

Like other ladies of a certain age, she has changed her name several times,

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the name by which she now goes being chosen as appropriate to her somewhat piratical appearance. It is painted in bold white letters on the blue ground, on each side of her bow, as the law enjoins, and again on her buxom stern, with the name of her home port added:

YO-HO-HO
FIVE-MILE RIVER

It has a fine, robustious, tarry look, suggestive of hoarse voices roaring out some deep-sea chantey to the rattle of the windlass chains. As she sways at her moorings in her quiet Connecticut cove facing the Sound she seems steeped in adventures, and has an air of having just come home from a two years' voyaging in far, spice-laden seas—and seems to sum up to the eye, as in one rich, rugged word, all that the imagination evokes when we roll on the tongue such words as reef, shoal, derelict, mutiny, lagoon, maroon, three-decker, the Spanish main, blockade-runner, capstan, marlinespike, and so forth.

This in spite of the fact that her most thrilling voyages are yet to be made, and the voyage herein to be recorded was of the nature of a trial trip in supposedly unmysterious latitudes and mild, unadventurous waters. Long Island Sound, and the Connecticut River! Does the reader turn up his nose at such familiar stay-at-home names? Of course, he thinks he knows all about both, and, at all events, any one can make the trip in a New York and Hartford steamer for a dollar. He certainly can, just as any one can take the train from New York to Boston, and think, if he pleases, that he knows the country in between. The man who happens to have walked it knows it in somewhat different fashion. And, in just the same way, to have made the trip up the Sound and the Connecticut River to Hartford in your own boat is so different from making it in the company's steamer or in some millionaire friend's yacht that the two experiences can hardly be said to have anything in common. In the one case you have been merely carried at high speed from point to point, missing almost everything in between; in the other all the "in between" is filled in for you with vivid multitudinous acquaintance with every yard of water and coast-line. You have followed every bit of it, sometimes anxiously, on your chart, know what every small-print name looks like writ large in trees and rocks and nestling houses, in gleaming beaches or jutting headlands, in solitary wave-washed "lights" or cozy harbors. You have learned for yourself, at first hand, what a piece of your country's map is really made of, and the knowledge is fastened in your memory by innumerable small incidents of the learning—sometimes not unexciting, sometimes just humanly commonplace. If you have all but gone ashore in a northeaster off the Penfield Light, you will know somewhat more precisely than most people the geographical position of Bridgeport; or, should you have filled up your gasoline-tank at Stratford for twelve cents a gallon, when every other port along the coast is charging eighteen or nineteen, your grateful amazement on the occasion will make it impossible for you to forget the Housatonic River. At least, in future you will always be able to spell it.

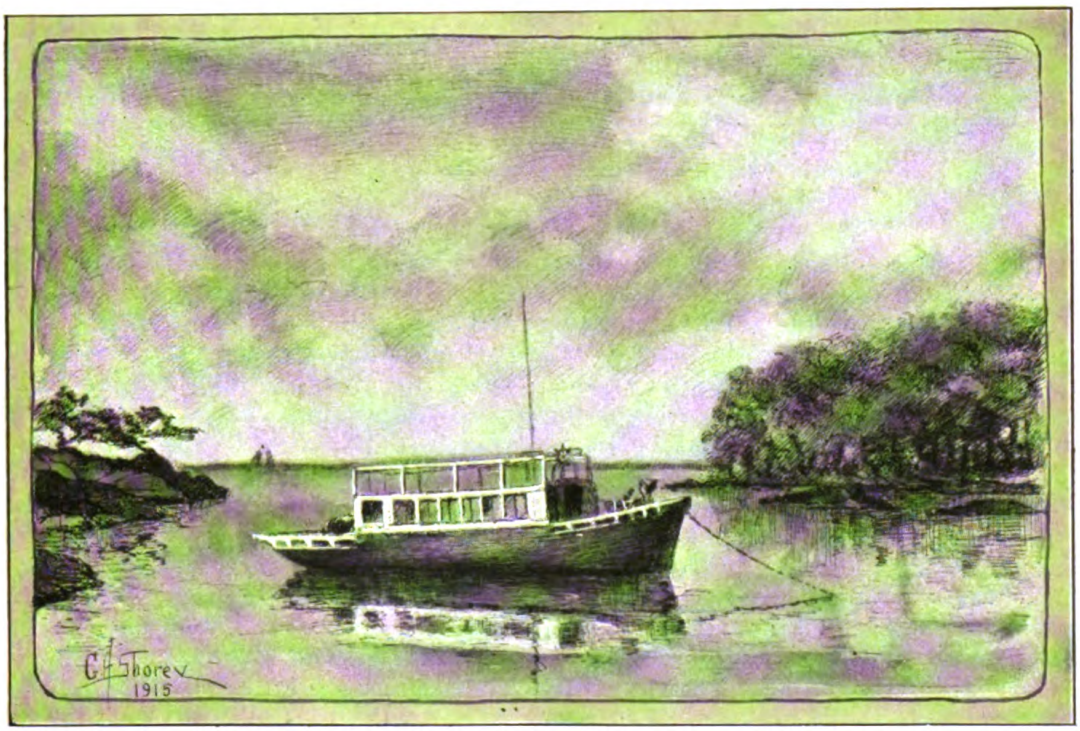
Not, indeed, that I regard such geographical acquisitions of much importance for their own sake. It is with such knowledge as with all knowledge. The value lies rather in the pursuit than in the acquisition, the "traveling hopefully," the going after it in your own boat. But, if you happen to be born to feel like Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "Water Rat," that "there is *nothing*—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats; simply messing — about — in — boats," then you will understand without any further telling. Your own boat is just like a new sweetheart. Everything about her is lovely. Everything she does seems fascinating. Nothing is a trouble to do for her, and any place you go with her seems wonderful. The Connecticut River, on the River Plate—it is all one. That shy bird Romance is ever ahead of you, in early mornings when the decks are all dripping with dew, or at nights when the bucket you sling overboard comes up brimming with phosphorescent stars. Such freshness and glitter and gusto of living are to be

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got nowhere else as on your own boat.

It was growing late in the year for such a trip, said the wiseacres—the first week in October. One of them telephoned me the night before we started to warn me of the danger. He wouldn't take such a trip at such a time of the year, he said, for a thousand dollars, and he knew every inch of the Sound from Norwalk born and bred, and had messed about in boats since he could remember.

So, having at length got all our belongings aboard—ship's stores, a small library of sea-yarns—Marryat, Dana, Jacobs, Conrad—also much valuable advice from the aforesaid wiseacres, on the morning of the seventh of October, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fifteen, we yanked the old windlass



THE "YO-HO-HO" RIDING AT ANCHOR

Hell Gate to Point Judith. Danger? How delightful! We had scarcely hoped for that fascinating companion on our modest trip. "All right! Suit yourselves," said my friend, and through the 'phone I could see him shaking his head. Fools rush in, et cetera. And it was quite true that the Artist and I knew as much about navigation as of aeroplaning. But we agreed that there is no way to learn a thing like doing it first. And had we not our full legal complement of life-belts, fire-extinguishers, fog-horns, "pilot rules," not to speak of charts, a compass, and a Bright Boy to help run the engine? In secret, I confess, we relied no little on the Bright Boy, who was up and down, got up the two anchors, big enough for Leviathan, and were soon chugging out of Scott's Cove, two handkerchiefs waving tender farewells from a small boat that soon began to look lost and wistful against the receding background of the Darien woods. It was a rather sad, "ominous"-looking day, the morning promise already clouding over, and quite a threat of coming storm in the rising northeast wind. Just the wind, of course, we didn't want. The day before had been the day—it always is—wind blowing steadily from the genial west. But we had had delays enough. We were going to start, let it blow all it had a mind to. For us there

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UNMYSTERIOUS LATITUDES AND UNADVENTUROUS WATERS

was no turning back. And we could always run in somewhere for shelter.

Outside the cove the white-caps were already waiting for us, the sea, so to say, baring its teeth in an ironic glee. It seemed to be promising itself some fun. And presently the pots and pans in the galley gave a fussy, startled warning that our voyage had really begun, as our bows plunged downward in real Atlantic-liner fashion, robustly returning blow for blow, scattering a shower of spray with fine zest, and rising up again, buoyantly ready for the next.

Hurrah! We are really off. All the good sea noises and boat noises in full swing. The gay hissing and rattling and swashing and rippling. The old inn-like cabin jollily rolling from side to side. Lanterns swaying, odds and ends falling around, a can upsetting, a dish smashing, just to teach us how to get things really snug and secure.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel and swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high!

We were just as much at sea, in just as real a boat, as the biggest and best of them. "You bet your sweet life!" as the Artist remarked. We didn't miss the Southern Cross, either. Then I left the Artist and the Bright Boy at the wheel while I went below-decks to take up my duties as ship's cook. No one who loves the sea can be insensitive to the suggestive charm of the word "galley," and as I set to work on our lunch I imagined myself cooking for a ship's crew in a hurricane, dodging along the deck, between seas, from fo'castle to cabin, with the captain's dishes—and other such childish make-believe. Actually we had quite enough sea on for me to realize that a ship's cook needs to be almost as much of a juggler as a cook, and I was justly proud of the way the coffee-pot kept its balance on the stove, with but one disaster, throughout the voyage.

"Better keep inside the islands," had said the Bright Boy after our first encounter with white-caps. He didn't mean the Sandwich Islands, but the picturesque, residential islands that make a natural breakwater for Norwalk harbor. It was not till we came out from under the lee of the last, most easterly of these, Cockenoe Island, that we really came face to face with the full force of the sea. Meanwhile, the wind had got up in earnest, and the tide was running strong against us. To "buck" both wind and tide, with a house presenting a fourteen-foot surface to the northeaster meant more gasoline than speed. Had we been wise, we would have given up our job for the day, and taken our ease snug inside Southport breakwater; but naturally we preferred to be foolish, knowing not, as Homer would say, the will of the gods. To crawl into safety within so short a dis-

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tance from home seemed, as you can imagine, an insufferably tame proceeding. At least, for very shame's sake, we would make Bridgeport before dark. To passengers on Sound steamers that will sound little enough. But while, as I had said, all things being equable, we could do our ten knots an hour, with that head sea and that northeast "snorter," we were making, as we judged by the way certain far-seen buoys seemed to keep their stubborn distance for all our fierce chugging and vibrating, perhaps a mile in the sixty hard-fought minutes. Slowly the square, tower-like Penfield Light loomed stormily ahead, pushed out at the far end of a wedge of angry-looking water running out a mile or more from the land, that even to our innocent eyes told of a long stretch of lurking reef.

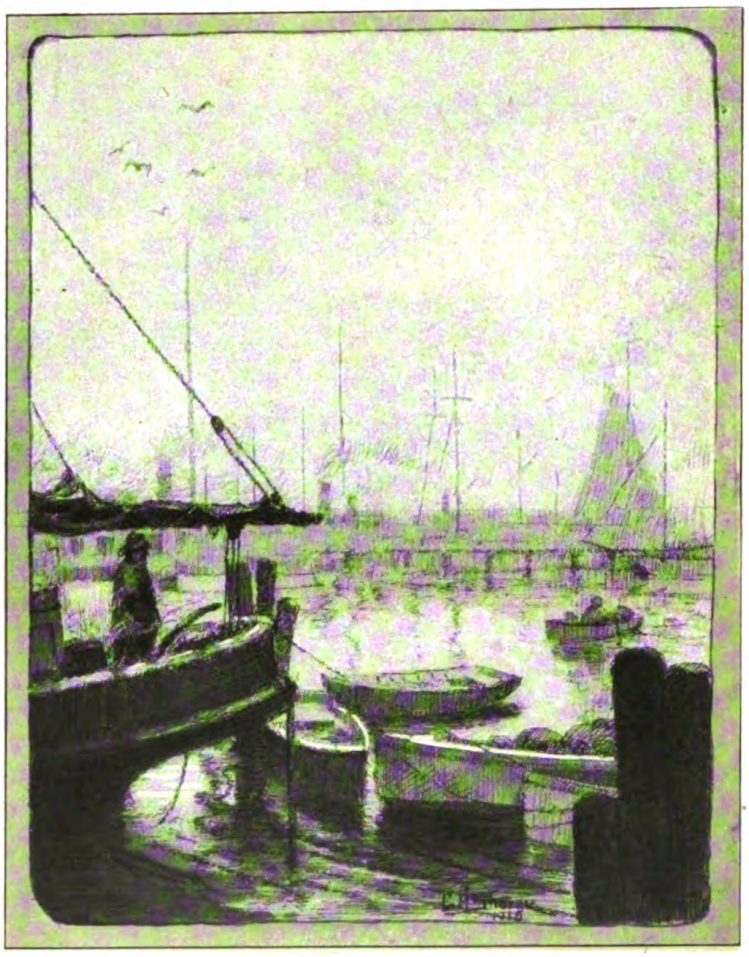
"Penfield Reef and Fairfield Bar," said the Bright Boy, "and if we make the Light in an hour and a half we'll be lucky."

An hour and a half! And already we seemed all but up to it. But the Bright Boy was right, for while he spoke—as Swinburne, whose "Tristram of Lyonesse" we had aboard, says:

> The east wind girded up his godlike strength
> And hurled in hard against that high-towered hold
> The fleeces of the flock that knows no fold—

and our speed henceforth was to be reckoned in inches rather than knots.

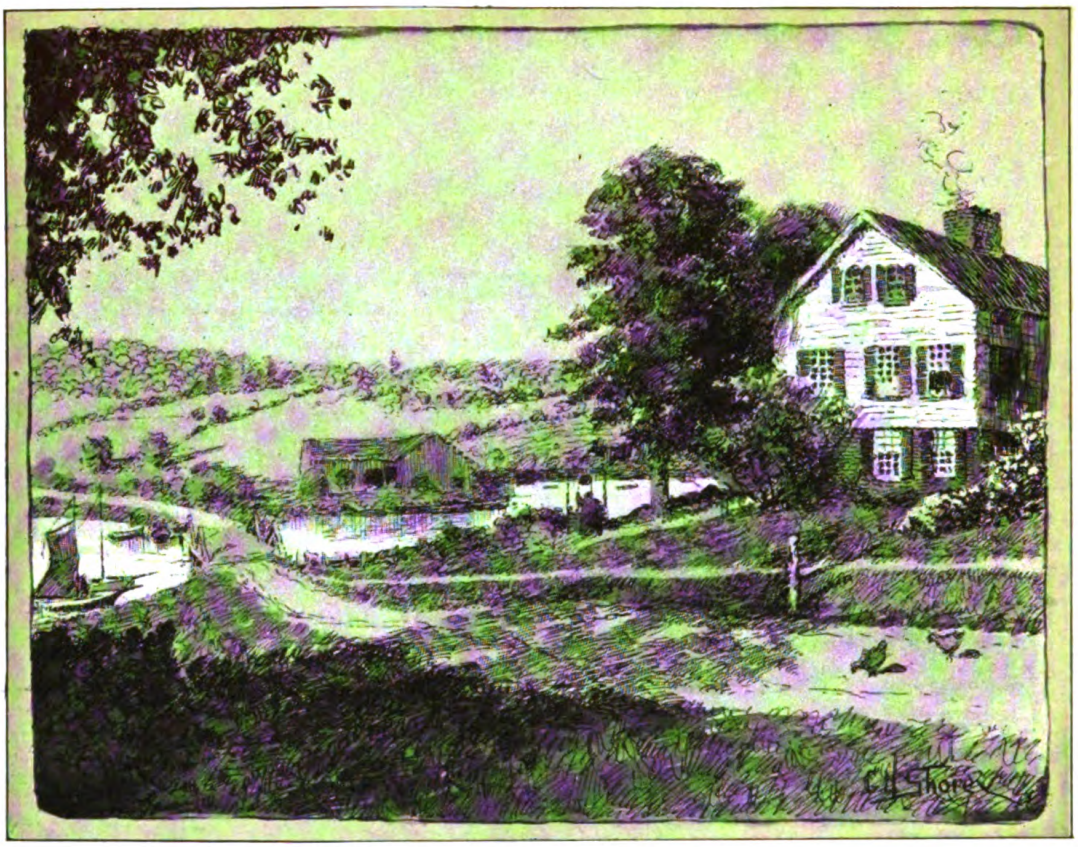
"We had better give up Bridgeport and put in at Black Rock," said the Bright Boy, as at length we came plunging and wallowing abreast of the light, little more than a stone's-throw from it. "If only we can turn the corner!" Inch by inch we battled on, making scarcely any visible progress, the light-keeper meanwhile eyeing us with evident concern from his rampart. Waves and wind seemed determined to keep us from turning the corner. And then suddenly—the engine stopped. The gods had declared their will. Then indeed the sea and the wind came at us, charging like bulls the size of mountains. "Now we've got you!" they seemed to roar.



LOW TIDE AT BRIDGEPORT

"Get the anchors down," cried the Bright Boy. "Quick! quick!" Yes, but would they hold? I don't think any of us thought they would. And if the old boat hadn't known her business, known how to negotiate those huge scooping

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A BIT OF SOUTHPORT

gulfs and towering rollers, we should probably have been swamped then and there. But while the Artist and I kept anxious eyes on the straining cables which, though they held, seemed to be slowly but surely drifting us toward the reef—and, as we confessed afterward, inwardly speculated on the proper method of fastening life-belts—the Bright Boy worked busily at the engine.

Marine engines, he explained afterward, always choose a ticklish moment like that to go wrong in; or when you are trying for a mooring in some busy port with big, threatening craft all around you, your power is sure to desert you and leave you without any steerageway. We can laugh, now that it is over—as Æneas told his followers in that "defessi Æneidæ" passage once known to every school-boy—but for ten minutes it looked as if already our trip had come to an end on its first day. I don't think we feared for ourselves. We could probably have managed to get dashed up on the lighthouse rocks, with a broken rib or two—but it was the old boat we were thinking of. Or perhaps I ought to speak for myself! It would have been heartbreaking to see her go to pieces so ingloriously, and with all that cargo of dreams. However, Heaven be praised! the engine suddenly recommenced its explosive melody. True melody, believe me, though the melody of a motor-boat "kicker" had never appealed to me before. It was not any too soon, for the anchors *were* dragging, and the engine had been our only hope. Danger, our romantic fellow-passenger, having thus allowed us a glimpse of her bright face, we were willing to listen to a soberer counselor who now ventured to steal out from his enforced seclusion under the fore-deck. The old gentleman Discretion found us strangely amenable to his suggestion that we should not even risk Black Rock. The engine might any moment do it again, and though we should round Penfield Light, there was

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over a mile of Fairfield Bar for us to be blown upon. So it was to be Southport for us, after all, that night. Such all the time had been the will of the gods; and we needn't have felt so shamefaced about it, for, had we known it, we were far from being the first that have had to do the very same thing, when turning about, wind and sea now reluctantly with us, we chose the better part of valor. We found it none too easy, either, for night was coming on prematurely black, with drizzling rain, and the wind growing more and more determined. So we thought ourselves lucky only to run into a mud-bank at the entrance to Southport cove, from which the rising tide and the piloting of a friendly boatman with a lantern finally released us.

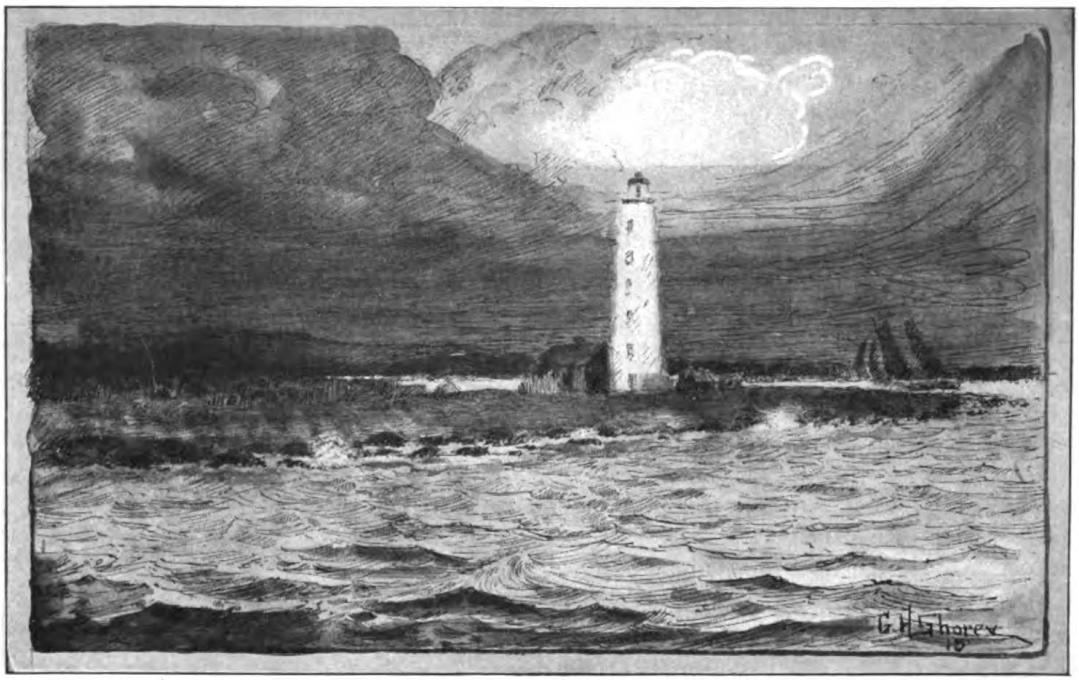
At last, safely inside the breakwater, it was mighty snug and comfortable with our anchor-light serenely shining, and inside the lamps filling the cabin with a homelike radiance, to descend into which from the roaring outer darkness of wind and sea was like stepping into some cozy star. Of our surroundings we could form no idea. The world about us was just a windy and watery blackness without form and void, punctuated here and there with scattered lights; and we seemed all alone, cut off from men and cities, in a companionable isolation curiously exhilarating, and, as we fell asleep, the wind and sea and the wild rain at our windows seemed like rough yet kindly nurses tucking us in all by ourselves in the warm "heart of darkness." Yet we knew that we had only to pull ashore to catch a trolley and be back at our homes inside an hour. So short a step is it into the wilderness; so easy is it to turn your back on civilization, when you go a-gipsying with the elements.

When we woke up in the early morning and could see where we were, our surroundings, still muffled in silvery mist, yew-trees and green lawns and dim, white houses, all indescribably hushed and phantom-like, gave us a sense of their having come there in the night and still dreamily shaping themselves. It was long before they became



AMONG THE THIMBLE ISLANDS

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A WHITE PHAROS OF THE STYLE STEVENSON'S FATHER TOOK PRIDE IN BUILDING

completely defined, and even when they had emerged into comparative distinctness, and a rarely beautiful little New England town by the water's edge had declared itself, there still remained a spell of quiet, and an air of old Colonial distinction which we felt belonged to the soul of the place, and which no activities of the noon were likely to dissipate. It was not all the dream-work of the early morning. Southport, we felt, was always like that, day in and day out, a home of ancient peace. Nor did the illusion vanish when we rowed ashore to do some shopping in stores that were as yet but half-awake, and which probably, we felt, never became boisterously wakeful. Its still gardens and pillared porticos look across a broad triangle of salt marshes that glitter between it and the sea. On the western edge of these marshes runs the sea-wall, which at once protects Southport from the sea and defines and deepens the little river that flows down from the inland pastures, and makes a mirror-like creek in which the tall old elms and white houses glass themselves.

Along this sea-wall, immediately facing the cluster of stores, and probably with special reference to the butcher's, a long line of gulls were strung out, watchfully waiting—as we rowed by—one of the prettiest pieces of natural decoration I have ever seen. The frieze broke up with wild wheeling and screaming as we came along, but presently settled down again into the perfect decoration we had unwillingly disturbed. Quiet little prim New England Southport—yet here were the white spirits of the wilderness at her morning door.

We had meant to make an early start, but our commerce with the mud-bank, the night before, had clogged up the engine, with the anatomical mysteries of which the Bright Boy must, therefore, busy himself, the Artist and I marveling at the skill of the modern babe and suckling. So it was two o'clock before we could start, the wind blowing northwest, which was all to the good, though the tide against us somewhat offset that advantage. Still we were able to sweep with a certain derisiveness by the dangerous corner of the day before, and at last really put the Penfield Light behind us; but we hadn't enough of the day left to do much with it, so had to resign ourselves to lying the night at Stratford, where we dropped anchor at five o'clock, having much admired the breadth and

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energetic flow of the Housatonic, which we would have liked well to further explore. Here it was that we fell in with the twelve-cent gasoline, and filled up every available vessel on the boat, not without a certain dubiety as to whether it wasn't too good to be true gasoline. The Bright Boy thought it smelt very like kerosene, and suspected, too, the presence of water. Yet the morrow was to vindicate the honest man who sold it to us, and to point the moral that we are too apt to turn aside from the good-fairy opportunity from a base distrust of our neighbors. It is so hard to believe that any one selling anything, especially at a low price, can be honest.

The sun rose at five-fifteen next morning very gloriously, coming to us at first through thick veils of golden mist, and it seldom seems so good to be alive as it seemed to us as, weighing anchor at six, we ran down-stream with a spanking tide, and, once more out in the open sea, we forged joyously on toward New Haven, wind west-nor'west. The whole world seemed to be feeling as good as ourselves, and the Sound smoked and glittered and sang far and near with the glory of the morning; and the porpoises leaped about our bows with wet, glistening sides. Two of them seemed gayer than the rest, and apparently not feeling their usual cart-wheels adequately expressive, leaped their full length some twenty feet out of the water, turning and diving again in mid-air, so that one could see the whole of their beautiful gleaming bodies. This within a few yards of us. The loveliness of their vitality made an unforgettable vision of elemental joy.

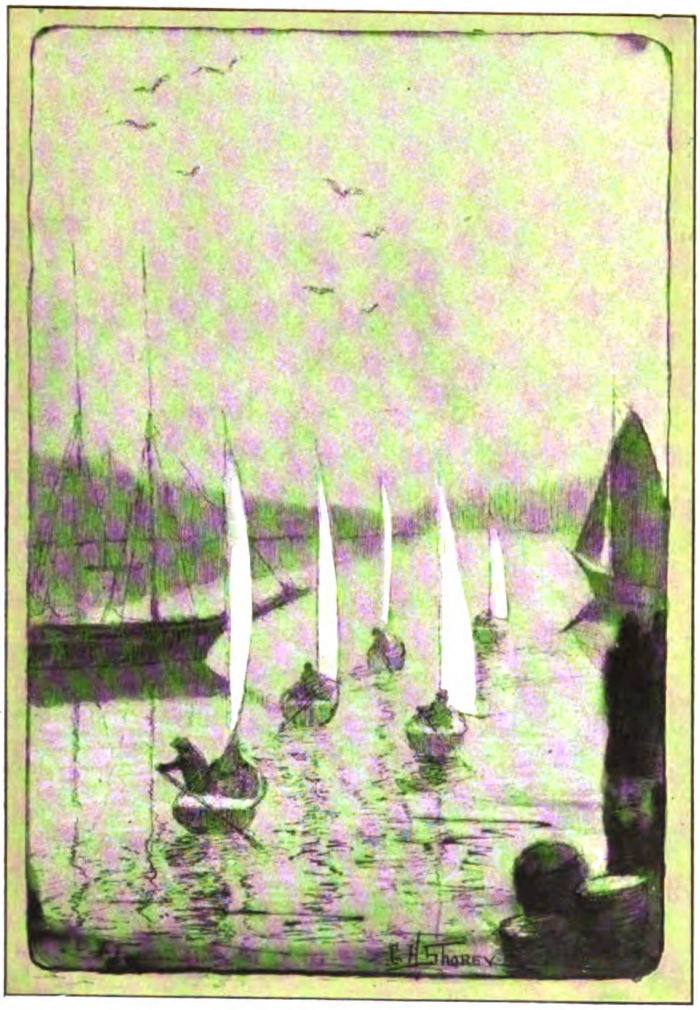
I have heard it said that New Haven from the sea is more beautiful than Venice, but it was as yet too misty to verify this proud American boast. We made the Old Tower Light about nine, a white pharos of the stately old fashion such as Stevenson's father took pride in building, and thence we picked out along the coast points and places with names full of the suggestive romance of American history—Branford, Indian Neck, Stony Creek, Sachem Head, resisting the temptation to thread our way through the pretty archipelago of The Thimbles. We felt the need of a pilot for such adventures, and judged it safer to keep



MARSHES NEAR SAYBROOK

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farther out at sea, where toward noon we made out, bearing south, a strangely shaped, barren island, treeless, but with a house or two in the center. At a distance it looked oddly like a dreadnought. It was Faulkner's Island. Far to the east, the coast which had been a panorama of rolling woodland embowering white villages, with low, cloudlike hills rising fold on fold behind, suddenly flashed a long gold line of beach running out to a distant point—Hammonasset Beach. Round that, we could begin to feel ourselves within hail of the river we had set out to rediscover. And we began to tell one another some history about it.



OYSTER BOATS ENTERING QUINNIPEC RIVER, NEW HAVEN

The name of a powerful tug-boat that had overtaken us, coming close to us, we were sure, out of curiosity, and saluting us with a very flattering camaraderie, had reminded us. It was the *Onrust*. We puzzled over the queerness of the name till one of us recalled that that had been the name of the Dutchman's boat that had first sailed up the Connecticut River in the spring of 1614. Mr. Edwin Bacon's delightful book on the Connecticut River was in the ship's library, so we were at once able to confirm our conjecture and refresh our memory of other facts which cast a glamour over the course we had traveled. We assume, of course, as I said before, that we know all about places and names with which we are familiar; though, as a matter of fact, most of us know much more about Central Africa than we know about our home state. I wonder how many people who glibly speak of Block Island know anything about Adriaen Block. Yet the fact that that adventurous old Dutch sailor was very much alive in 1614 was a fact of immense importance to the future of New England. Block, in company with other Dutch traders, had already made two trips to Manhattan in 1613, and was on the point of returning to Amsterdam in his ship *Tiger*, with a rich cargo of furs, when his ship was burned. He at once set about building another vessel, wintering in rude huts where now is Bowling Green. By the spring the boat was finished, and he named it *Onrust—Restless*.

In this boat he was the first European mariner to sail through Hell Gate on his voyage north, and it was he who gave it its very appropriate name. He called the Sound "the Great Bay," and—just

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four centuries ahead of us—he had passed our Norwalk Islands, calling them "archipelagos." He had also run up the Housatonic River—though not for gasoline. This he described as "a bow-shot wide," which is about right, and named it the "River of Roodenberg," or Red Hills. And then, pushing on, he came, as we were presently to do, to "the mouth of a large river running up northerly into the land," and, daring its unknown stream, discovered what he called "De Versche Riviere"—the "freshwater river"—known to the Indians as the "long tidal river"—"Quoneh-ta-cut."

And the boat in which he made this discovery must have been from its recorded description singularly like the boat in which we were now readventuring his adventure. Seeing that, according to Mr. Bacon, who traces the history of the *Onrust* through several subsequent voyages, under the command of other skippers, "her ultimate fate is unknown," and seeing, as I said at the beginning, that the origin of the *Yo-Ho-Ho* is likewise untraceable, fading away into the mists of antiquity, it can hardly be called fanciful to suppose. . . . Well, here are the measurements of the *Onrust*: "thirty-eight feet keel, forty-four and a half feet upper length, eleven and a half feet wide; and about eight casts or sixteen tons burden." Allowing for a discrepancy of a foot or two—and my measurements may be wrong (I must have them remade)—there is, it must be admitted, a singular correspondence between the measurements of the *Onrust* and the *Yo-Ho-Ho*, and their respective burdens are practically identical. In appearance, too—barring, of course, her sails—the *Onrust* must have been an actual "sister" to the *Yo-Ho-Ho;* and, at all events, the Artist and I agreed that, as we turned into the river at Saybrook, to which we were now rapidly approaching, the superstitious might very well imagine that here was old Adriaen Block come back to take a look at his old pet stream.

Sky

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

I KNOW there are lines of curving hills,
  Purple and bronze to-day;
The air is drowsy, the leaves still hold,
The far, blue haze is shot with gold—
  But city roofs are gray.

And I know where the plains reach up to meet
  Torn clouds that bring the rain,
The levels of brush and tall, burnt grass,
Bend to the winds as they circle and pass.
  Dim is my window-pane!

And beyond, the rounding blue of sea
  Meets in its strength the sand;
The patterns in foam-lace glisten and spread,
As the waves drag back to their deep, jade bed.
  How close the houses stand!

Between me and the vast, still ways,
  The roads of iron fade,
And yet, sometimes I see quite near,
Wide as the waters, gold-arched, clear.
  That roof no hands have made!

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An Adventure in Respectability

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

AS the steamer's hawser was being cast off, Beverly was conscious of a tremendous commotion on the dock. The spectators, fluttering their handkerchiefs in orderly fashion, were thrust aside like stalks of corn by an infuriated bull. A very drunk man appeared at the end of the dock. He was vast, he towered to the sky, he was wide as a walrus, and in his deep voice trumpeted forth entreaties and curses. He seemed like some vast, elemental force rather than a man.

Beverly was conscious of thinking that this man had stepped forth from some unexpurgated mythology. In spite of his bulk, which was incredible, and his age—he was verging on fifty—and his drunkenness, which one could say, without exaggeration, was great, his most impressive beauty was carried unmistakably over the fast-widening strip of green water. His entreaties and his maledictions were for one Lucy.

"My dove, my love, my light!" he bawled. "Come back! You shall marry whom you will, no matter who suffers. Ill-fated boat! Unfortunate passengers! Oh, Lucy, Lucy, my child, I love you, I love you! I can stand anything but dullness—*ma petite Lucy—ma petite fille chérie—mon chou, ma colombe!*" It was only Beverly who heard a young lady leaning over the rail next him say, under her breath:

"*Veux tu finir, gros espèce d'imbecile.*"

He looked up and beheld a demurely dressed young person gazing with indifference over the side of the rail. She seemed detached from life. Certainly her sober, irregular little face could have no relation to the clamoring and drunken Olympian now crying "My child! Oh, my child!" nor to the words that Beverly had heard. Then Beverly caught a glimpse of her eyes. They were yellow, with the wide iris of a cat and fringed with long lashes. They were full of malice and laughter. Her mouth drooped pensively, though the pose of her narrow shoulders expressed indifference; her eyes flamed with amusement and with an indecorously intense joy of living. This expression was gone so quickly that he was sure that he must have been mistaken.

She turned to Beverly with a sweet and candid look which traveled over him from head to foot—the exact and serious scrutiny which a child might have given. Then she said, indicating the clamorous figure on the wharf:

"That's my father. I'm running away."

She looked so little, so extraordinarily young, that involuntarily Beverly exclaimed, "Don't you know any one on the boat?"

"No," she responded, "no," and turned off down the deck with the air of one having closed the interview, and looking very little and very forlorn.

He wanted to go after her. He wanted to tell her how he would like to help her, but the inhibitions of New England chained him to the deck. He knew that this child in a way had appealed to him for help and that he hadn't been quite quick enough to give it. He wondered what there was in her that was so arresting. She wasn't pretty, but every gesture of hers and every expression that crossed her face he remembered, and then it was that Beverly decided that she was the most poignantly expressive person he had ever seen in his life.

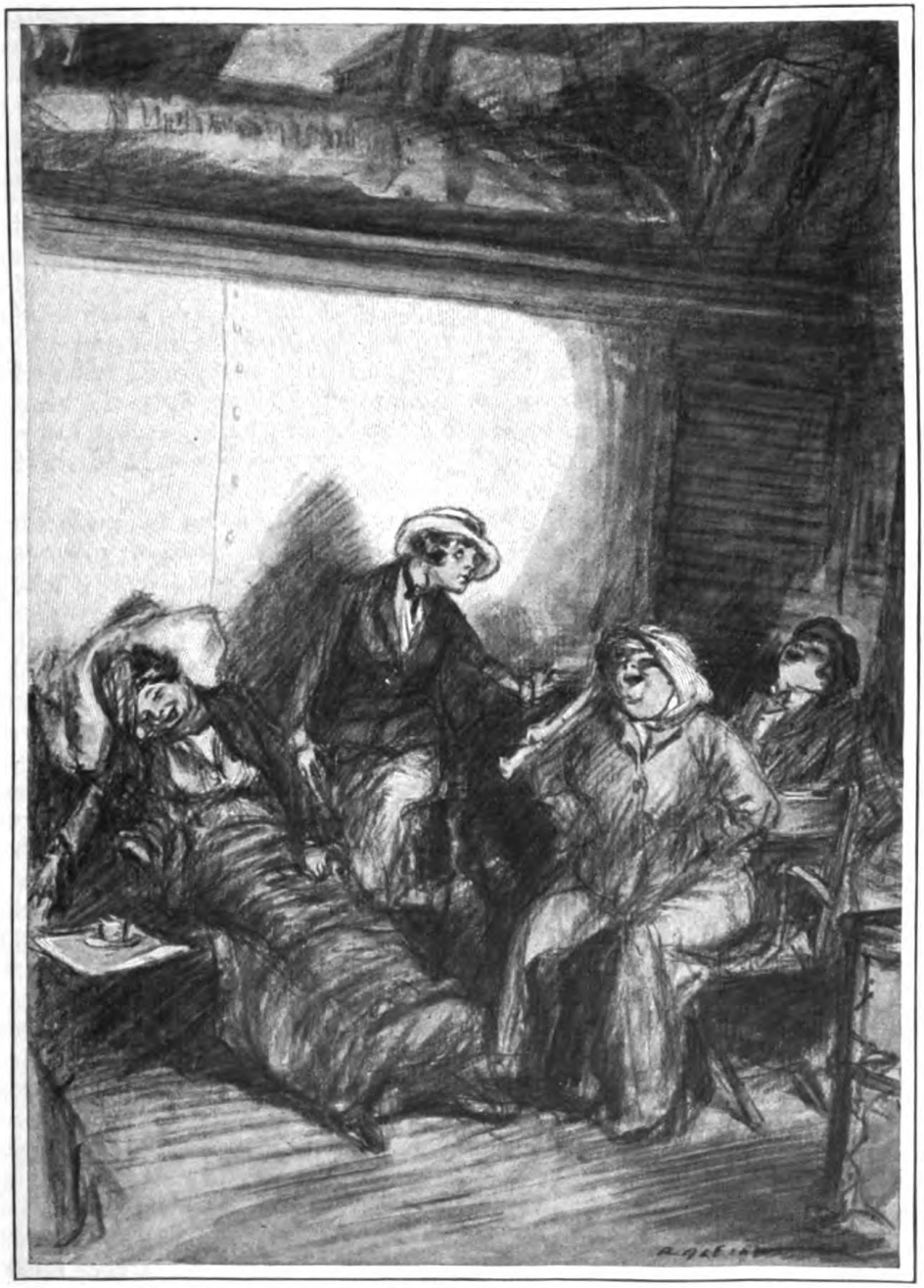
Although the curtain of their first scene had rung down, Beverly was so touched by the forlorn droop of her sloping shoulders that he hurried after her. He knew she must have heard his rapid footfalls, but she didn't turn.

"Miss," he murmured, inanely—"Miss—"

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She turned a startled face to him. There was again the flagrant gleam of amusement in her yellow eyes that he had noticed during that brief fraction of a second when she was regarding her raging parent. Then it was gone and she stood with her poignant melancholy and startled gaze resting on him. Her aspect wrung his heart. An impassioned and inarticulate chivalry stirred him to the depths. With an effort he broke the reserve of generations. The result was lamentable.

"Do let me be of use to you," was what he found himself saying. "Let me look after things for you in some way—chairs and your seat at table—and—" He searched around, miserably aware that these physical details were but inadequate symbols of his emotion.



AN INDECOROUS HOWL FROM THE LADIES ACCOMPANIED HIM DOWN THE DECK

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He wanted to take care of her—to fend for her. She hesitated for a moment, and trembled toward him with a smile and outstretched hand, almost as though she was going trustingly to put it in his with a gesture that would indicate: "Yes, I'm alone. Yes, I trust you—I need you." But she checked herself, and for a moment they stood looking at each other—Beverly a little breathless and feeling his heart beat, while his mind noted in surprise in what brief seconds he had progressed on the road to intimacy. Then, with a look of marvelous sweetness, "You're too kind," she murmured. "I'll remember when I do need something." Then she was borne away as by some irresistible tide of shyness. She left him wondering what had happened to him.

Beverly was a young man on whose very aspect it was written he had a careful mother, and by his attitude one could even divine sisters. On the other hand, while he had that grace in the minor courtesies of life which mother and sisters give a young man, his ideas regarding a friendship with a young woman was that one progressed in a certain orderly way, by very tentative and gradual stages. And here he was on terms of intimacy—there was no other word for it—with an unknown young party whose only social asset with which he was acquainted was an Olympian and drunken father!

Nevertheless, as one drifting in some hidden current, he found the head steward and stumbled through a description of one whom he knew as Lucy only. The head steward turned upon him a calm and inscrutable gaze.

"That young lady," he announced, "is, I regret, already seated. There have been two before yourself, Monsieur, who wished to sit beside Miss Sant' Anna." A sick wave of unhappy doubt engulfed Beverly. How, in this brief time, had she accomplished this?

When he came into the saloon his eyes fell upon her. She was seated between two ladies. Both of them were of a certain age; both of them were of a type most comprehensible to Beverly. They were of that fine type of visionary intellectual, whose natural habitat is New England. Both of them had ceased personal adornment in early life. The face of one was almost that of a delicate and intellectual man, and this effect was emphasized by her hair, which was uncompromisingly brushed back from her face and "done" in a coil at the back of her head.

The other lady was spare also, but with a certain grotesque irregularity. One could see across the room that she was what is known as a "character." Of the same party and the same generation was a billowy lady with kind, twinkling eyes. In her youth beauty had undoubtedly been hers. One could guess now that she had been a creature of curves, of dimples, of flying curls and smiles and laughter—a creature that many men loved and all men admired—the well-beloved, in fact; now she was old-modish and dated. Her finery still was a faint echo of her days of splendor. She was like some gracious flower-scented room of another period, which had mercifully remained undisturbed by modernity. These were the three who had chosen to look out for Lucy Sant' Anna. Their eyes met, and she flashed recognition at him.

When he came up on deck the next morning, Lucy Sant' Anna was ensconced between her friends. Her position was impregnable—no means of talking to her, no means of approaching her. Again her eyes met his. They followed him as he went up the deck. Her eyes haunted him. As soon as he swung around one side of the deck, they were fixed on him—they followed him—to meet his in a sudden flash of recognition. Later she walked upon the deck, flanked on the one hand by two of her table companions. The one with her hair straight back, and whom he learned to know later as Miss Mary Marsh, was of grenadier proportions. She was unexpectedly ample below the waist-line, though spare in the shoulders; she sloped gently and inevitably, though austerely, outward.

Lucy Sant' Anna's other companion, Miss Grace Alden, had eyes of piercing blue—they looked as though they would twinkle in the dark—an outrageous, humorous nose, a large, humorous mouth, to which a mole called violent attention, and a swiftly vanishing chin.

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HE WAS IN LOVE—THE KIND OF LOVE THAT WAS POISON, INFATUATION

With this patrol, Lucy Sant'Anna promenaded the deck, with her eyes eternally, disquietingly searching for those of Beverly. At meal-times he was conscious of their silent regard, a look with a meaning he couldn't fathom—it was questioning, apprehensive, tender, all at once. And yet her actions belied this glance which held in it such strange intimacy.

There was never a chance for him to speak to her. At the end he found himself prowling—there was really no other name for it—lurking around hungrily for the chance of a word with her.

The second day she missed him on one of his rounds. She was sitting upright, perched on the edge of a chair between her three friends, one finger in mid-air, sketching delicate, but derisive, gestures. Her head was tilted, one eyebrow lifted. She raised her shoulder ever so slightly. You would have called it the phantom of a shrug. But in her dangerous, poignant, melancholy eyes there flamed and sparkled the devil of derision. Then of a sudden she became some one else. She slumped in toward the middle; her head went out like a turtle; though she barely moved, inevitably she gave the impression of some one's ungainly walk. It was a blasting kind of mimicry—one to have led its victim to hide himself in a cellar forever. It took but seconds for Beverly to register this. Then his attention became absorbed in her listeners. Mrs. Elleander Wood had become a shapeless, heaving mass; her delicately tinted face was crimson. She puffed and snorted. Helpless tears streamed down her face. With both hands clasped helplessly to her diaphragm, she murmured:

"*Stop, stop! Oh, stop!*"

Miss Mary Marsh, relaxed, undignified, her cap—it was a man's traveling-cap—over one ear, sprawled backward in her steamer-chair, while the laughter of Gargantua shook her. Miss Alden rocked sharply to and fro, as though her trunk were fastened to her legs by a hinge. As she rocked she emitted staccato yelps. So violent was this action of hers that a tightly rolled twist of hair came sliding like a stealthy serpent around the side of her neck.

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Laughter was no longer a gentle thing; it was a passion, a storm, a typhoon. It took its place among the august emotions of the race, at once disintegrating and recreating. Heads craned forward. People up and down the deck laughed and rocked and snorted from sheer contagion, caused by the complete abandonment of the three respectable females.

Meantime, undisturbed, Lucy Sant' Anna continued to perch delicately upon the edge of her steamer-chair, putting in a few brief words when the tempest of laughter gave her a hearing. He heard her say—and, oh, the limitless and derisive mockery that lay in her even tones!—"*Then* he went like this!" Her face, a second before that of a mask save for the devilment of her yellow eyes, now took on an expression of limitless amazement mingled with heaven knows what look of greed and desire. Her whole face seemed out of focus—expressing an emotion raised to its *n*th power. Then suddenly Beverly realized that he was standing gaping before them. He hurried along. An indecorous howl from the three ladies accompanied him down the deck.

He went to the end of the boat and tried to sort out his impressions. A sharp vision of her drunken parent hurling vituperation at his child came to Beverly. Slowly, almost against his will, he continued his promenade. The calm of heaven brooded where cyclone had been. But Lucy Sant' Anna's candid, melancholy gaze was ready to meet his.

Gradually Beverly became aware that the whole ship's company was talking of her. A bright, buxom young female—one of Beverly's table companions—took it upon herself to inform Beverly that Miss Sant' Anna was running away from an impossible father.

"Poor girl!" she said—and Beverly could have cheerfully slapped her for her superior air—"she has so longed for true home life. Did you see the man, her father, on the dock? You know," she let her voice fall, "he's *the* Sant' Anna, the sculptor." Of course, thought Beverly, that howling Olympian was the great Sant' Anna whose talent and whose profligacy were of equal renown.

Following in Lucy's wake on the deck, he noticed the eyes of various couples fastened upon her, and then heads would bend together, murmuring, "Sant' Anna's daughter." In the smoking-room he heard a dissolute, though surprisingly good-looking architect—the type temperamentally repellant to Beverly—talking, he couldn't doubt, about Lucy, for he was opining that "She" would be some fun, pried loose from those "sanguinary relics." Pep, he went on to say, was what Miss Sant' Anna had. The group to whom he was talking—it was that inevitable group of hard drinkers which every ship's company carried—nodded knowingly. Beverly arose and left the smoking-room.

Pep! He understood now with what a sad and disillusioned wisdom beyond her years Lucy Sant' Anna was sheltering herself behind this rampart of hers.

During the next few days it was borne in on Beverly with ever greater force that Lucy Sant' Anna remained with her friends not because she was a decorous young woman who, having come unprovided with a chaperone, had hastily acquired several, but because for her they held some occult fascination, and what this fascination was held mystery for poor Beverly. It was like asking him to understand a fascination for his great-aunt Jessica, or his cousin Maria, or his aunt Frances, or any of his kind-hearted but uninteresting and respectable relatives. Why a girl, who to him spelled romance, should persist in finding her soul's sustenance with these worthy creatures was something he couldn't fathom.

It was about this time that Beverly, with the sense of being a duffer for not having thought of it before, took to cultivating Lucy's friends. He found this stratagem rewarding, for he was as comprehensible to them as they were to him; as though he had heard their bedroom colloquies, he knew that the older ladies agreed in finding him "presentable" and a "nice fellow."

He sat with them on the deck and watched Lucy astoundingly absorbed in their artless prattle. Miss Mary Marsh, it appeared, was a professor of economics in some woman's college: she and Miss Alden discussed the topics of

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the day with that intelligence which had made Beverly hate New England. Again, all three together would become anecdotal. They would discuss their relatives to the third and fourth generation, until Beverly would find himself thinking, savagely, "No wonder there are more women than men in Boston!" But Lucy egged them on. Why? Mystery inscrutable.

She loved them. There was the long and short of it. She treasured the words that fell from their mouths as rubies and pearls.

Beverly had not been a man of subtleties, nor one haunted by the mystery of life. He was therefore less prepared to meet the torturing curiosity which arose in his bosom. She had begun by attracting him by an unusual quality in her. She ended by drawing him as the sphinx.

He found he had now the opportunity to talk with her, for one or the other of the ladies was always sending her away with him, and she would go with him docilely. She sat with him on the deck and told him infantile stories of her fantastic childhood. He was always pondering over the mystery of Lucy's affection for her three friends.

"You like Miss Marsh very much?" he asked one day.

"I adore her!" Lucy responded, promptly. "I love her more than anybody."

Beverly had difficulty in preventing himself from crying out aloud: "Why? Why?" He only said, negligently, "Yes, she's very nice."

"Nice?" Lucy Sant' Anna flamed at him, stung by the faintness of his praise, a light in her yellow eyes. "Nice? You call Mary Marsh *nice?*" Her gentleness was gone. For all her slightness and youth, she looked like a young tigress. "Oh!" she cried, and flung out her hand at him with the gesture of one flinging a poniard. "*Oh!*" she cried again, and this one syllable told him that in the eyes of Lucy Sant' Anna at that moment he was the fool of the ages, a blind man; that his stupidity was criminal, an affront, an affliction, and that she for one was through with him.



LUCY PEERED IN, AS ONE GAZING AT A LOST PARADISE. "HOW LIKE HOME IT LOOKS!"

Somehow or other, by his faint praise of her friends, he had mysteriously accomplished the feat of jumping over-

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BEHIND HIM BOOMED THE VAST LAUGHTER OF SANT' ANNA

board, as far as she was concerned. He lived through a couple of miserable days. Every time he saw her it was as if some sudden hand choked him. His heart, instead of being the ruly member with which he was acquainted, fled like a frightened horse, and the blood thumped in his ears.

Then, from one moment to another, an amazing and cataclysmic fact dawned upon Beverly. He was in love—head over heels—and the kind of love that was poison, the kind of love that was infatuation. He couldn't look forward to the moment when he should see her no more. He couldn't bear this spiritual separation from her. He understood now why there are those who call separation from God hell. Then, in the midst of his bewilderment—at once delirious and enraptured—there came to him a sobering picture.

He saw his aunts—his Cambridge aunts; he saw them suddenly as though flashed on a screen, sitting in their own homes before the portrait of his cool, beautiful mother. What would they say to this love of his. "Wallowing" would be the cruel term his mother would have for it. What would they say to Lucy Sant' Anna—and to her expressiveness? And to her father! He knew but too well. The picture vanished, engulfed by his desire and his pain at their alienation. He leaned disconsolately over the rail.

He became aware of a large presence beside him. It was that of Miss Mary Marsh. Her profile, which held much nobility and beauty, was silhouetted against the evening sky. Her manner held the embarrassment of one who was about to commit a kind act. She had come, it was evident, to talk about Lucy. Beverly helped her out.

"Can you tell me, Miss Marsh," he begged, hungrily, "what I have done to displease Miss Sant' Anna?"

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"The child's absurd," said Miss Marsh. "She insists that you don't do what she calls 'see' me. She thinks you don't appreciate me. 'My child,' I told her, 'you can't expect all young men to understand my esoteric beauties of character.'" At this Mary Marsh laughed a pleasant, gay, compelling laugh. "The child and I have taken a great fancy to each other."

Just what Lucy did "see" in Mary Marsh dawned vaguely now on Beverly. He seemed to be surrounded by an atmosphere of limitless goodness, an understanding of wide and complete tolerance.

Miss Marsh hesitated. "You know there were many reasons for her leaving home. Lucy is very fascinating." She let this sink in. "She has found with me—and with you—what she came to look for. It was hard for her to leave, for she is a child whose heart is at the mercy of those she loves. Poor, tragic Lucy."

"Tragic?" Beverly wondered.

"I think those who laugh, whatever happens, are the most tragic of all, and Lucy will always laugh—even at her own griefs. Her own—those among whom she has been brought up—have failed her. I hope we shall not. She's a strange touchstone for false and true."

The words she spoke opened some closed door in Beverly's heart. The passionate chivalry and desire for service that Lucy had from the first awakened in him surged hotly over him.

"I think she likes me because I love her—really. All of her," Miss Mary Marsh now said, her eyes on the sea, embarrassment in her voice, as though she were telling Beverly how it was that Lucy should be loved.

Beverly wanted to cry aloud, "So do I!"

Miss Mary Marsh turned suddenly. "You'll find her," she threw at him, "down the deck."

He found a lonely little figure looking out at the darkness of the sea. At the sight of him something came over her face which was like a sudden sunrise. For a moment they stood silent.

"Oh!" she said, "I missed you so!"

Her words held in them grief and homesickness and tears, but the joy in her voice of this acknowledgment nearly swamped Beverly's reason. And then, having no adequate answer, and what he had to say being so far beyond the power of words, he put his arms around her and kissed her, feeling that his whole soul had gone out to her. And so they remained for a moment. He found himself murmuring to her:

"I love you, I love you."

She threw her head back and looked at him with a strange and doubtful scrutiny in which was apprehension and distrust and tenderness—and suddenly, with a gesture which had in it something of the furious intensity with which she had turned upon him in anger, she threw herself in his arms, her lips on his.

"Oh, Lucy," he said, "I've always loved you, I've always wanted to take care of you. Let me love you! Let me take care of you always."

She looked up at him, a look as of dawn in her eyes. She gave a sigh of such infinite rest and contentment that tears came to Beverly's eyes.

"Lucy," he asked, "why wouldn't you speak to me for so long?"

She looked at him, all malice and laughter had gone from her eyes. "I loved you so, I was afraid of you," she said, simply.

"We've always loved each other."

"I wonder," said Lucy, and again there came over her face a look of grave scrutiny—and then she hid her face on his shoulder with a gesture that told him she wished to shut out all the world. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" she said; and at this little cry it seemed to Beverly that she opened the door of her heart and showed him its golden treasures and there was a richness to it that overwhelmed him. He felt unworthy, and, far in the depths of him, appalled. There was something a little shocking at her frankness, something a little spendthrift—for a lady—in her gesture of surrender.

She looked up at him, love in her eyes. Then the look of supreme confidence faded slowly as though she read what was in his heart. Then she smiled a lovely, trusting smile, and, like a child, put up her face to be kissed, and fled from the deck, and left Beverly to the broken moonglade on the tumultuous

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sea and to the tumultuous beating of his heart.

There came to him a sudden vision of his own family and what they would think of this sudden and overwhelming manifestation of the great God. The ladies of his family were never overwhelmed. Poor Beverly went to bed feeling like one suddenly made king over a strange, incomprehensible, wild and beautiful country, full of incredible riches.

When he came on deck the next morning Lucy was there before him, but she was walking up and down with the dissolute and undesirable artist. It was with Miss Mary Marsh that Beverly walked. She put her arm in Beverly's and looked at him with deep happiness in her kind eyes.

"Lucy," she said, "has told me. I'm so glad. I was afraid"—she paused a moment, and laughed as she hesitated—"that perhaps — well, perhaps you mightn't do what she calls 'see' her."

But Beverly saw Lucy Sant' Anna! he saw her very well. She was walking ahead of him, and one could see that the young man felt he was right when he had proclaimed that Lucy had "pep." They turned at the end of the deck; as they passed by, the artist flashed a malicious gleam at Beverly. Something which seemed to Beverly an odious intimacy had shaped itself between the two. All too clearly the smile which played around the artist's lips proclaimed his opinion of Lucy. It was: "You never fooled me, kid. I always had your number."

For a torturing half-hour this continued, Beverly listening to Mary Marsh's happy congratulations, while his outraged eyes followed Lucy around the deck. At last Lucy finished her promenade. She joined Beverly, and Miss Marsh promptly left them together. Lucy looked up at him like an innocent and happy child.

"I could hardly wait to talk to you," she said. "When I woke up I thought I must have dreamed it!"

But to this Beverly, whose cup of bitterness was full, replied, "Why have you been talking with that fellow?"

"Why," said Lucy, the light gone out of her face—"why—he turned out to know lots of people I do. He's quite a nice fellow."

"Quite nice!" cried Beverly. "He's not the sort of man for my future wife to be talking to."

"Oh," said Lucy, slowly—"oh—your future wife!" She seemed to be thinking very deeply. She looked at him, very much as she had the first time—a candid look, the exact and serious scrutiny of a child. It was a look that quenched Beverly's anger, a look under which his vanity shrunk away, ashamed. It was also the look of a child hurt to the heart who cannot believe what it sees. She put out her hand. "Good-by," she said. "I'm going down now, to think about—your future wife. I'm also going to think about—my future husband."

"Lucy!" he cried after her. "Lucy! I didn't mean anything!"

She turned and faced him with sweet gravity. "We always mean something," she informed him, "by our sudden angers. That's when we do mean something—the things we say that we don't mean to say. Sudden anger is the truest thing in the world. You know that."

Beverly did. He knew that into his reproach he had put his whole doubt of her; that he had not in this moment loved, as Miss Marsh had said one must, all of her. And, as one may not spiritually dismember a person without murdering him, Beverly had a feeling of having murdered something lovely.

He passed a miserable day, hours of phantasmal hide-and-seek, when he couldn't find her; or, having found her, couldn't manage a word with her. He turned up on deck after dinner to look for her. He found her walking alone. They walked up and down once or twice without speaking. Then she paused before the smoking-room windows. With a look of intense wistfulness Lucy Sant' Anna peered in, as one gazing at a lost paradise. Then, with the tone of homesickness of one who says, "Oh, that one would give me to drink"—

"They're playing cards!" she murmured. Then added, with a little break in her voice, which was the very soul of nostalgia, "How like home it looks!" These words fell like ice on Beverly's heart. The artist had come upon them and asked Lucy, hospitably:

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"Don't you want to sit in?" He looked at Beverly with the tolerant air of one who says, "It's my turn now, old fellow."

Lucy smiled an ambiguous little smile at him. She allowed a pause which in some curious way took upon itself a dramatic element. She seemed to be reflecting deeply. At last she replied: "Not now, I think. I'm going to walk a moment, but—I may be back later."

"I'll be waiting for you," replied the artist, with assurance.

They walked in silence down the deck, Lucy's arm in Beverly's—and yet, a continent of misunderstanding between them.

Like an unholy litany of love, the words of Lucy's talented parent recurred to Beverly, nightmare fashion. That phrase, "You shall marry whom you choose!" also jangled in poor Beverly's perturbed brain. Whom had Lucy previously wished to marry?

"Why did you run away from home?" he now asked her, savagely.

The devil of all gutter snipes gleamed from Lucy's eyes. She narrowed them oddly until they were but a black-and-yellow gleam. Around the corners of her mouth laughter lurked.

"To be respectable," she said, with simplicity. "To meet lovely, funny, real respectables like you." She tipped her head on one side and gazed skyward and breathed a long sigh, which expressed a deep and intense satisfaction. "Oh, I've had a beautiful time!" she said. "I've had the same enjoyment that country girls have when they go to darkest Bohemia!"

This was what she said, but something behind her words—some forlorn wistfulness in her voice—made him cry: "Lucy! Lucy! I don't believe you," and his arms were about her.

Her defiance was gone. The look of dawn was again on her face. With an ineffable gesture of surrender she lifted up her mouth to his, and then in her eyes came fear. She drew back from him. She stood a little way from him, poised exquisitely as if for flight, allurement and deviltry in her pose, and in her fine, mocking tones:

"You thought I was going to let you kiss me, didn't you?" she inquired. "I did myself—I was sure of it—but it is better not. Why I withhold a kiss I don't know—the artist's instinct, perhaps. I wished to preserve our idyl intact. Though it may be my sense of humor. Who knows?" She let these words fall like drops of acid from a vial, as though calculating the poisonous effect of each one.

Again, through her pose of delicate insolence and her impossible words he felt wistfulness—as though for some inscrutable reason she was trying to shock his love to death. In some way there came to him the knowledge of why she had judged him. She had sensed the reservations in his love. He had not had the integrity to love Lucy bad, so he knew he did not deserve Lucy good—and she knew it—and yet, with wistful defiance she was giving him another chance. Despairing, he cried:

"Lucy, don't do this to me! I love you, I love you! Do you hear?"

"Not me, not me!" she cried. You love me because I intrigue you, because I'm strange." Then she flashed the ultimate insult at him. "Do you know who you're like? You're like Mrs. Elleander Wood. She peers down me as if I were some dark and poisonous pool." Then suddenly she burst into a tempest of tears. "Oh!" she sobbed. "Oh, if —you—were only like Mary Marsh! Oh, when people like that love you they don't suspect you because you're different. She just loves me, and you—you— I thought you were like that—for a moment! Oh! oh! I want Mary Marsh!" she sobbed. "She, you know, has a heart of love," and in the implication was Beverly's final damnation.

He had failed her utterly and miserably, and himself, too; and how deeply he had failed them both he knew by some treacherous little sense of relief stirring in the depths of his spirit. Lucy's tears had vanished—her bitterness also. She had completely regained her composure. She now looked him over with an insolent air. Then she let fall gently:

"When I consider that I was afraid of you; when I reflect that I did you the compliment of avoiding you! I thought you would have the perfect flower to give a woman," she reflected, "of love—

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trust, like Mary Marsh. Oh, well, I suppose I was as fascinated with respectability as you might be with Bohemia: we both asked the impossible dream."

She left him and he could not follow. There remained to him one awful picture. As he wandered up and down the deck, feeling like a lost soul, he saw shadowy figures behind the shelter of a boat, and by some extra sense he knew these were Mary Marsh and Lucy Sant' Anna. He walked uncertainly toward them and he heard the sound of very quiet crying, the sort of crying that is like the relentless bleeding of a heart, and he knew this was Lucy. Then he heard Mary Marsh say:

"Hush, dear, hush! *He wasn't good enough for you—he and his kind!*"

There he had it, he and his kind weren't good enough for this little Bohemian. Yes, and the sweet, naïve integrity of Mary Marsh was good enough.

Then, in a searing flash of light, Beverly perceived the difference between the goodness of negation and the goodness that comes from a loving heart, and he felt like an outcast from paradise. He knew that but for his blighting and irritable respectability he and Lucy Sant' Anna would have been in that paradise instead of being lonely wanderers. What would become of her? She had sought a haven and had almost found it, and now she was adrift again. The passion of chivalry, the desire to fend for her and serve her, assailed him, but he had forever lost the right, since his heart had found place for the mean and unworthy doubts of "his kind," of his Cambridge aunts—yes, even his mother.

They landed the next day. There, upon the quay, as they approached, a huge and drunken man loomed forth, with arms extended toward the approaching boat.

"Lucy!" he bawled, "Lucy, my angel! I come to you *viâ* the swift boat to England. Ah, Lucy!" And Lucy, with the air of one recovering from the homesickness that kills, hung over the side of the boat, her ravished eyes resting on her parent.

Later in the day, as Beverly wandered miserably through the streets of Havre, Olympian laughter smote his ear. Seated at a little table in front of a café, was Miss Mary Marsh, reduced to helplessness. Beside her was Sant' Anna, shaking the heavens with his laughter. Lucy was perched on the edge of her chair. Her eyes sought the distance. She did not see Beverly, but her gaze was the gaze that she had often fixed upon him. Suddenly she became some one else. Then to Beverly came Mary Marsh's gasping:

"Oh, that's he! Oh, to the life!" It was a respectable face—one of sanctimonious smugness. Who it was Beverly couldn't doubt. He crawled miserably away, his spirit stripped naked of the self-conceit with which a man in decency must clothe himself. Behind him boomed the vast laughter of Sant' Anna.

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The Passing of Economic Nationalism

BY ALVIN JOHNSON

BECAUSE political and military concepts have assumed definite shape, have organized themselves in well-wrought systems in our minds, we find it natural to interpret in purely political and military terms the struggle now raging in Europe. The democratic world is striving to pull down the German autocracy, that political freedom may be saved to the earth. The struggle is one of the naturally pacific peoples against a system of military aggression. These are indeed interpretations that are essentially valid. But they do not include the whole truth. German autocracy and militarism have had their counterpart in an aggressive system of economic nationalism. It is a system by which the whole economic life of a people, more especially its foreign trade, is subordinated to a national purpose of domination. The economic nationalism of Germany does not aim merely to create trading relations of mutual advantage with foreign states. It seeks so to intrench itself in weaker states that these may be compelled to exclude relations with other states. It seeks to stifle development of industry in the weaker states, in order that their dependence may be permanent. Economic nationalism is, in short, the principle of monopoly elevated to the plane of statecraft. The destruction of the system may not, indeed, be an avowed object of allied policy, but it will be no less certainly doomed by the defeat of Germany than aggressive militarism and intriguing autocracy.

Economic nationalism of the German type, I hasten to qualify, has not been confined to Germany. It has influenced commercial policy throughout the world, just as German military organization has been widely envied and imitated, and as even German autocracy has excited exaggerated admiration and has wrought modifications for evil in political systems that would naturally have developed in a more liberal direction. But just as the autocratic and militaristic ideas have been seized upon by the consciousness of the peoples as the essential spiritual content of the world-scourge of Germanism, and hence are certain to be discredited everywhere, so the policy of economic nationalism, no less characteristic of Germanism, is bound to encounter a rude shock when quiet is restored to earth and the shattered commercial relations of the nations come to be reconstituted.

Superficially there appears to be no great difference between the economic nationalism of Germany and the protectionism of a country like the United States. Germany has employed customs duties as the chief instrument of her policy; but can even Germany have been more preoccupied with tariffs than the United States? Germany has availed herself of commercial treaties to open foreign markets to her producers; we have executed a number of reciprocity treaties and have contemplated many more. Germany has made a national concern out of the development of ocean shipping; we have subsidized shipping at various times in our history and it is only by political accident that our ships are now shifting for themselves. Germany has established banks abroad to encourage trade, and we are doing the same thing. Germany has encouraged the formation of industrial combinations to carry on foreign trade; this we also are planning to do.

But the resemblance lies only on the surface. Our commercial policy has been actuated by a naïve selfishness, tempered by a spirit of live and let live. We wanted to preserve our home market for our own producers, imagining that thereby we should all prosper better, and we have cordially urged the adoption of the same system by other nations.

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The British tariff-reformers, the Canadian protectionists had our sincerest sympathy, although their proposals were prejudicial to our material interests. German policy was one of calculating, long-sighted selfishness. Not only did the Germans seek to reserve their home market through customs duties, but they strained every effort to prevent the countries with which they had dealings from adopting a similar system. No weaker state could undertake a revision of its tariff without being subjected to more or less veiled intervention by Germany in behalf of her threatened interests. The trading, financial, and political power of Germany was skilfully applied to extort commercial concessions for which no honest equivalent was offered. We have fallen into transports of megalomania as to the superiority of various of our industries over foreign industries, but we have not regarded our progress as a series of victories over foreign foes, as the Germans have done. To them the British and American iron and textile industries, the textile and art industries of France and Italy, have been hostile fortresses to be taken and razed. Germany is now resolved to hold if possible the iron and coal mines of northern France, not because her industry needs them, for it does not, but in order that the power of French industry may in so far be lamed. We should like to see our flag on every sea; we should like to be able to do our business through American banks in every foreign country. Our reasons for wanting this are vague, but they are certainly not invidious. America ought to be represented everywhere, we say, and, besides, we want to be assured of fair treatment. German shipping and foreign banking have a perfectly definite place in the scheme of national aggrandizement. They are intended to afford German trade every possible unfair discrimination. In neutral territory any one can do business through a British house without incurring the risk that his trade secrets will be transmitted to his competitors. The German house has existed largely for the purpose of acquiring trade secrets for the use of its nationals.

It was this spirit of systematized aggression that made German industrial development so menacing to other states. Recall the panic in England fifteen years ago when the label "Made in Germany" suddenly became ubiquitous. Goods made in France or America in whatever quantity had never excited the least distrust. Recall the apprehensive discussions of the progress of German trade in Canada, Mexico, South America. The progress of the trade of any other nation would have aroused only languid interest. This attitude of discrimination against them the Germans ascribed to "envy." It was the same kind of envy that their formidable military system excited. It was the envy one experiences when unawares he encounters his enemy armed to the teeth. No other nation wanted the German commercial and military systems as good things in themselves. Every nation was beginning to feel the necessity of copying them in self-defense.

Was it greed for gain that drove the German people into the path of economic aggression? The Germans are greedy of gain, but there is no evidence that they are pre-eminently greedy among nations except for power. Power: to this ideal the Germans have sacrificed everything—the joy of an easy life, liberty, humanity. It is the clue to German commercial policy also. A great population might live on the resources contained within the empire, but not a population great enough to realize a national ideal of unique and unprecedented power. To serve this ideal it was necessary to impose tributary relations upon the outside world. Let the markets of the world be forced open to German industry and forced shut upon the industry of the other overpopulated states, and the number of Germans might increase until the political and military might of Germany became utterly unassailable.

But could Germany be certain that in the interval between the first economic thrust for power and its ultimate achievement the other nations would lie asleep? Building up a population beyond the potential feeding capacity of the land is a policy that involves risk. What if a suspicious, or, in the German

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view, envious world should unite and deny food? Within reach of the German sword such an undertaking could be bullied out of men's hearts, but much of what Germany needed lay beyond seas, where the sword could not be applied without sea-power great enough to challenge the world. Hence the necessity for a navy "to protect German trade," a trade especially needing protection because it did not necessarily rest upon reciprocal needs and mutual good will. Without dominion of the seas, the only security for Germany lay in the wresting of contiguous territory from neighboring states. Such territories happen to be beset with populations dense enough to consume what the land yields, but this was no insuperable obstacle. Appropriate the lands and the business establishments and let the alien population scatter to the winds. The world is wide for them. Such was the published program of the dominant economic groups in Germany two years ago, when they imagined that an assured victory made it safe to expose their aims. Let us picture to ourselves the populations of north France, Belgium, Poland, evicted *en masse* from their ancestral homes that room may be made for Germans and that German power may be more solidly established for future action. We have a glimpse of the ultimate meaning of the system of economic nationalism.

There is little current talk of overthrowing economic nationalism. Nevertheless it is being overthrown. In a great part of the world the German agencies of "peaceful penetration"—banks, trading-houses, wandering commercial spies—have been extirpated. In the remaining neutral territories they are starving to extinction in consequence of the cutting away of all relations with their fountain of life, the Fatherland. They will not soon recover their welcome and re-establish their system. Not soon will other industrial nations be tempted into the evil way of their methods. "Peaceful penetration" is discredited. German shipping will revive, but as an instrument of discrimination upon the high seas its day is done. The German shipping companies will serve all freights alike, or they will be outbuilt and forced to live a thinly subsidized existence, a weakness to the nation, not a part of its strength.

The poverty of the weaker nations will survive the war, to be sure. And a poor nation will still be subject to the seductions of a trading organization that scours the country with engaging agents, studying the people's wants and having goods made up to suit any taste, to be paid for in nine months or twelve months—so far in the future, to those who are poor! And if then the customer can't pay, the same trading organization has a bank which will arrange extensions of credit, and which is also at hand to do other business. Perhaps there is a railway project in abeyance for want of funds; the bank will arrange for its promotion in the country to which the bank owes allegiance; it will also procure there rails and locomotives, and engineers to construct the track. As good engineers might be had locally and rails and equipment might be had cheaper in other countries. But then there would be difficulties about the promotion, and, besides, it would not be easy to arrange for the transportation of freight by the organization's ships, the only ones touching at the port. All manner of enterprises would have to be set up along the railway, and in these the organization would take stock. This is "peaceful penetration," as it was applied by Germany to Italy, Turkey, Brazil, Venezuela, and whatever other countries were poor and ambitious for development. Such countries there will still be. Will not the same kind of operations be resuscitated? Yes, if the other industrial nations become again as blind or supine as they were. But this is hardly conceivable. It is now coming to be understood that the supplying of the legitimate capital requirements of a poor country is a common concern of the advanced nations. They will not so soon be ready to consign a backward country to the mercies of Germany, or any other single state, to barter its national independence for petty loans. They will be willing to let Germany supply goods, for cash or credit, to establish banks, to subsidize ships. But they will not let her do these things alone, to the prejudice of their own interest and

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the consolidation of a perverse system that only war can dislodge.

The nations now making common cause against Germany include within their domains far the greater part of the commercial opportunities of the world. Even if Germany gained peace under conditions that gave her complete freedom to govern her commercial relations with her own allies on whatever principles seemed good, she would yet lack adequate opportunity for restoring her economic prosperity. Austria-Hungary is not a territory of great potentialities; Bulgaria is commercially negligible; Turkey, even restored to her ante-bellum boundaries, offers more riches to the imagination than to the purse. Germany will have to secure entrance to the system of international economic relations that will obtain among her present opponents. And whatever that system may be, it will certainly bear small resemblance to the system of economic nationalism.

Association in such an enterprise as the war with Germany throws into relief a principle that has usually been ignored or even explicitly denied in time of peace. The good of all nations depends upon the economic vigor and independence of each. We recognize that we have cause to thank our stars that England, France, Italy, Russia, and Japan are economically no weaker than they are. It is hard for us to think ourselves back into the state of mind in which we viewed Russia as primarily an agricultural competitor, a menace to our grain trade. The more Russian agriculture prospers, the greater will be our contentment, so long as the memory of the present peril is vivid with us. We read with keen regret about the unpromising condition of the grain-fields of France and England. The flourishing state of the British metallurgical industries, which formerly we regarded as our redoubtable competitors, fills us with satisfaction. The economic strength of our allies is our own salvation. Is it to be supposed that no trace of this mood will find its way into the system of economic relations between the nations when peace shall have been restored?

After the war, the cynic may argue, business will be business, and the nations will try to overreach one another, will rejoice in one another's distress, as of old. But this would not even be business. The relations of solidarity now forming contain some elements that do not allow themselves to be lost to sight. France has loaned money to Italy and Russia, Belgium and Serbia. Russia has loaned money to Rumania. England has loaned money to most of her allies, and we are loaning money to England and France and to how many of the rest indirectly it cannot now be determined. Among the allied group the national solvency is rapidly becoming an international concern. It will be many years before a crisis in France or England, Russia or Italy will be without baleful repercussion upon our own economic life.

There are some who hope that after the war commercial relations between the Allies, and perhaps commercial relations with Germany also, will be governed by the "simple and natural" principle of free trade. It is safe to prophesy that this cannot be the case. Every one is dimly aware, in time of peace, that a highly organized economic structure like the modern state presents many instances of neglected development, consequent upon the concentration of economic energy elsewhere. We should have been able to produce aniline dyes before the war, but we were not. We should have learned how to build Diezel motors, or other kinds of motors equally effective. We should have developed our sources of potash supply. The glare of war has lighted up the dark corners of industry in every nation. We are aware of our weaknesses as we never were before, and it would be astonishing if we made no attempt to remove them. Now protective duties will remain, as before the war, a popular stimulant to undeveloped or wasted economic organs. This may not be the best stimulant, and it will be certain to be applied for the relief of cases of hypertrophy as well. This will be unfortunate, but it is as well to recognize that it is inevitable. We shall see a recrudescence of protectionism rather than a movement toward free trade.

While each nation will attempt to se-

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cure a better rounding-out of its economic life, to the incidental disadvantage, perhaps, of the others, each nation will also recognize the expediency of the adoption of a similar policy by other nations, even to its own incidental disadvantage. And most nations will hesitate before seeking their own small advantage to a friendly nation's great hurt. After fighting side by side with England, and after interweaving our finances with hers, we shall proceed less blithely to the crushing of one of her industries than we did years ago when we entered upon the production of tin plate. International commercial policy will not assume an altruistic character, to be sure, but it will not completely disregard the principles of good will among nations.

Whatever the spirit of the coming commercial policy, its object is quite certain to be a national self-sufficiency in the industries of prime necessity. England now has reason to regret that her agriculture was allowed to fall into extreme neglect. The Russian failure to realize the importance of a national industrial development has been responsible for most of the terrible disasters that the armies of the nation have endured. Such lessons will inevitably influence her future commercial policy.

But not all nations can be self-sufficing. England must draw food and materials from overseas. Formerly she could rely upon her fleet to protect her lines of communication with the sources of supply, but with the submarine, such protection is not adequate. Only in a world organization precluding the possibility of war can a country like England rest in safety. Belgium is in similar case, and Italy and Japan are moving in the same direction. Germany, even with the excess agricultural production of her allies, is now suffering pangs of hunger. At the end of another decade, if population continues to increase at the present rate, it will be impossible for the nations now composing the Teutonic alliance to dispense with foreign food-supplies. Germany, too, will have to seek security in a world organization for peace and a system of international economic relations based upon mutual benefit and good will instead of upon the intrigue and aggression of economic nationalism.

But let it be supposed that a country like Germany refuses to rely for the essentials of existence upon so vague a guaranty as international organization. If she cannot dominate the world by military power, she still has an alternative—limit her population to the normal capacity of her soil for food production. Let her scrutinize the institutions that make for excessive fecundity or let her encourage emigration.

Encourage emigration and lose to the Fatherland innumerable energetic sons? This appears a hideous proposal to economic nationalism. But economic nationalism has had its day. To the coming internationalism there is nothing revolting in the idea of loss of a nation's sons by emigration. Why should not a country like Germany assume the attitude of a wise and generous mother who loves to keep her sons at home if she has bread enough, but sends them out to seek their fortunes when the home fields become too narrow? The world is wide, and German blood holds its color, whether in Canada or Brazil. What if it does learn to express its moods in English or Spanish or Portuguese? Germany has resisted the departure of her sons like a wild, insane mother who will deny her sons liberty to roam though she and they must commit crimes unspeakable to sustain themselves under her roof. She regards her sons across the seas, assimilated to a foreign nationality and speaking a foreign tongue, as worse than dead. Their energy adds strength to a nation that is hostile, for to economic nationalism all countries too powerful for exploitation are foes.

Economic nationalism may indeed be credited with important gains in industrial efficiency. These are no adequate compensation for the evils produced by its aggressions. It is national selfishness erected into a religion that menaces the peace and liberty of the world. Along with ambitious autocracy and ruthless militarism it is doomed to perish.

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The Familiar Birds

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I CALL the birds familiar in the sense that they make themselves very much at home in our midst, and not in the sense that their lives become an old story and fail to arouse our interest. It is a story perpetually retold, with endless variations. After you have named them all and have made yourself acquainted with their various characters and habits, your next walk to the fields and woods or along the highway or about your own dooryard may reveal some new trait in finch or thrush, or some significant incident in their lives that kindles your interest afresh.

The birds are pioneers that begin the world anew all about us each season, and their lives touch and cross ours at new points at all times. They are always the same familiar birds, the birds of our youth, but they are new as the flowers are new, as the spring and summer are new, as each morning is new. Like Nature herself they are endowed with immortal youth, and always present to us an endless field for fresh observation.

The first robin, the first bluebird, the first song-sparrow, the first phœbe, the first swallow, is an event which we mention to our neighbor, or write in our letters to our friends. It is an old story with a new interest. The birds have lived, and we have lived to meet again the old scenes. They bring us once more the assurance of the unfailing return of spring, and the never-ending joy and fecundity of life. Many of them are very likely the identical robins or song-sparrows that charmed us last season, but they come back to us with a new story to tell, and new service to render. They have passed the winter in strange lands, and we may have done so, too; but now, on the home acres, our lives meet and mingle once more.

Does that brief visitation in May of the rarer warblers ever become an old story? We do not see them when they come, nor when they depart; they are here eagerly feeding in the trees in the morning as if they dropped down out of heaven with the rising sun, as doubtless they did; and they are gone in a day or two, as if they had vanished again in the heavens at the going down of the sun, as is very surely the case. All night they travel through the trackless upper air above the sleeping earth, their pole-star that mysterious instinct to multiply and replenish the earth. Unfavorable weather conditions will cause them to tarry longer with us some seasons than others. This season, 1916, the bay-breasted, the Blackburnian, and the Canada warblers lingered nearly a week with us. The veery, or Wilson's thrush, lingered and sang in unwonted places.

Yesterday I walked in my neighbor's woods and orchards and saw many of these passing warblers — the bay-breasted, the black-capped, the magnolia, the black-throated blue, and others. How fresh they looked! They seemed just to have stepped out of Audubon. They conferred a new dignity upon the trees—those old, commonplace scenes, and then this touch of art and science and literature—how novel it all was! The male scarlet tanager down in the plowed field—a vivid bit of color upon the brown earth—how it delighted the eye! A cuckoo called and called in a maple, and then launched out in the air and flew down the hill, its long tail, its slender body, its thin wings, and its characteristic movements—how strange when contrasted with the other birds! so different from them all! A robin made a drive at it in the tree, which is a hint that the cuckoo is a criminal among the birds—probably at times destroying their eggs, as has been alleged of it.

Do we ever outgrow the charm and

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the wonder of the first song-sparrow's nest on the ground, tucked away under the grass, or hidden under a mossy bank —a bit of the waste and litter of the great crude out-of-doors taking such neat and pretty shape, and holding such delicate, pearl-like bodies? Can we behold it without a fresh thrill of pleasure? The rough, unkempt field or roadside, and in its midst this delicate, living treasure which a passing foot may crush, or some prowling enemy destroy. What trust, what peril, what artless art it all suggests! The April or May day when I find a song-sparrow's nest has a touch that the other days do not have; and if a spring goes by without my finding one or more, I miss something from my life. It is not usually by searching that we find a sparrow's nest; it is by accident, or by patient waiting. The past season I found my first treasure by patient waiting. I have found scores of the nests of this familiar door-yard songster, but none that ever gave me more pleasure than this one. The cautious little ground-builder betrayed the secret of her nest to me when, humanly speaking, she thought she was securely keeping it. I knew there was a nest near my study by the song of the male on the trees and bushes around me, and had made some search for it, but without avail. One must first have some sort of a clue to a nest. As I sat here in the summer-house one afternoon with only the most vague thoughts about birds, I chanced to see a song-sparrow flit out of the grass near the border of the just-plowed vineyard, alight upon the freshly turned earth, and in a fussy, nervous way go hunting about for food. Have you ever seen a setting hen come off the nest to feed, and noted how she fluffs out her feathers, flirts her tail, and hurries about as if in ill-humor? My little hen sparrow acted in the same way, and I instantly inferred that she had just left her nest in the grass a few yards below me. She fussed about on the ground for a few minutes, and then flew away, and disappeared in the vineyard. In ten minutes or so she returned to the bit of plowed ground where I first saw her, and went through the same fussy, nervous manœuvers as at first. Then she came up to a rose-bush quite near me and occupied herself there for a few seconds, hopping about amid the branches, and going down to the ground as if in quest of food, mindful all the time, I could see, of my presence. Then she flew back to the plowed land again, and hopped about, very watchful and suspicious, it seemed to me. She then came a few feet up into the grass and alighted on a small, dry maple branch that had fallen from the trees above. Here she flirted and attitudinized a moment or two, and then came to the rose-bush again and repeated her former movements; then back to the plowed ground, then to the dry branch where she sat still and considered a moment, and then hopped down in the grass and disappeared from my view. As she did not again appear, I knew she had gone to her nest. Presently I moved down there very carefully, and, scanning the ground closely, lest I step on the nest, I began the search. When I was within a yard of the nest, which proved to be completely hidden, I heard a rustle in some dry leaves, and saw a rapidly moving line of shaking grass-stems as the bird ran from her nest. Then I concentrated my gaze upon the ground and searched it inch by inch, but no nest could I see. Orchard grass grew there in tussocks or stools, and on the lower side of these stools the dry grass of last year sloped down, forming a little thatched roof about their bases; beneath one of these there seemed to be a slight opening; I thrust in my finger and felt the nest, and touched the warm eggs. Never have I seen a more cozy, or cunningly constructed, sparrow's nest. No rain could touch it, and no eye penetrate its secret. Last season my sparrow neighbors built in the heart of currant-bushes and rose-bushes, but this spring one of them at least has trusted her secret to the keeping of the grass, and, as it has turned out, has had no occasion to regret it. In due time she brought off her brood, and later in the season succeeded again farther down the hill.

A week or two later in walking along a secluded, bushy lane leading to the woods, which has been a favorite walk of mine for more than forty years, I

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chanced upon another secret treasure open to the eye of heaven, which gave me a degree of pleasure greater than any other single incident which my forty years' acquaintance with the old lane had brought me. I chanced to see upon the ground a deep, bulky, beautifully formed nest, encircled by the stalks of a tall-growing weed. It was a mass of dry leaves and grasses, with an unusually deep and smooth cavity lined with very fine vegetable fiber that looked like gold thread. Evidently a finished nest, I thought, but it was empty, and there were no birds about. It did not have the appearance of a nest that had been "harried," as the Scotch boys say, but of one just that moment finished and waiting for its first egg. A week later I returned to the place and was delighted to find that it was really a live nest. The sitting bird had slipped off on my approach so slyly that I had not seen her. The nest contained four small, delicate white eggs marked with fine black specks on their larger ends; these were completely dominated by a large, vulgar-looking cow-bird's egg. Presently two anxious birds, one of them strikingly marked with yellow, black, white, and blue-gray, appeared in the branches above my head, and began peering nervously down upon me and uttering a faint "sip," "sip." "Warblers," I said; and, as they flitted excitedly about me, I soon recognized the golden-winged warbler—a rare bird in my locality, and one whose nest I had never before seen. "What a pretty coincidence," I said—"the nest of the golden-winged warbler at the foot of a clump of golden-rod, and lined with gold thread!" The old, neglected farm lane had never before yielded me such a treasure. Presently a male chestnut-sided warbler, whose song I had been hearing near by—"This, this, this is me, sir"—came and joined the golden-wings, and appeared to share their solicitude, but, after he had inspected me from all sides, moved off in the higher trees and resumed his singing.

"*Your* nest is not far off," I said, "and maybe in some lucky moment I shall find that also."

What a touch these delicate and striking warblers gave to the old lane! It was like a page from Audubon or Wilson.

The golden-wings, much agitated, kept up their flitting about me till I withdrew. A week later I returned and found the eggs all hatched, probably a day or two previous; and the big, pot-bellied cow-bird fairly engulfed the frail little warblers. Up came its head with its wide-open mouth quivering with eagerness. I saw at a glance what would soon be the fate of those delicate baby warblers; they would be overridden and starved or smothered in less than three days. So I took the naked, ungainly interloper in my hand and resumed my walk through the bushy fields, hoping to find the nest of some larger bird with young, in which I might place it, and watch the result. I considered myself lucky when I found a song-sparrow's nest with the young nearly half grown. How closely they pressed themselves down in the nest and made no sign! When I put the little beggar of a cow-bird down in their midst, they remained as silent and motionless as ever. It proceeded to creep about over them, every moment or two thrusting up its mouth for food. Will the mother sparrow adopt this bantling, I wonder, and feed it? I had my doubts. The next day I returned and found it still crawling and sprawling about on the backs of its bed-fellows, and evidently very hungry. It thrust up its appealing mouth regularly twice each minute during the six minutes I watched it. Evidently it had had no share in the bounty of the nest. Its body had a throbbing movement, like a child with hiccough. I regret now that I did not feed it myself, and continue each day to do so, in order to have studied further the outcome. I returned the next morning and found the poor thing beneath the heap this time, and quite dead.

As I proceeded to remove its limp and shrunken body, the young sparrows suddenly took alarm and, with their wing-quills only mere stubs, scrambled out of the nest and struggled off in the grass and weeds. I gathered them together and put them back in the nest, but they would not stay. Out they floundered again as soon as my hand was with-

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drawn. It is always so; when young birds once leave the nest, the movement is final. It is the word of Fate; they will not be put back. They defile the nest as they leave, and that act is a contemptuous farewell.

Haste to leave the nest is characteristic of all birds. Their enemies are so many, and the young are so defenseless, that the sooner they get out and scatter and hide, the better it is for them. My sparrows would doubtless have remained several days yet had not my blundering experiment hastened matters. I had set in action the force of a natural instinct before the conditions were quite ripe for it.

Less than one hundred yards from the sparrow's nest I had the good fortune to find the nest of a yellow-breasted chat, one of the shyest and most elusive of our birds. The cat-bird, the chewink, and the brown thrasher, all skulkers and hiders, do not approach the chat in this respect. It haunts low, bushy fields and tangled, swampy retreats whence, in May and June, issue the strange, interrupted, polyglot cat-calls of the male. But to see him or his mate, you have got to out-skulk him, and that is no easy task. He is a fine, strong-looking bird, with his deep olive-green coat and yellow breast and black, curved bill, and black feet and legs. He is one of the hide-and-seek birds. His weird calls have a tantalizing air of secrecy and elusiveness, as if to challenge your curiosity, changing from the quack of a duck to the mew of a cat or the caw of a crow or the bark of a fox or the rattle of the kingfisher.

When you penetrate his retreat he suddenly ceases and begins manœuvering to see you without being seen. In the present case I knew a pair had a nest in the corner of the bushy lot that held the sparrow's nest, because I had heard the male sending forth his polyglot challenge from that vicinity on several occasions, and twice had I ransacked that part of the field and the busy border of the adjoining field pretty thoroughly. On this day, which was a wet one, I renewed the search, beating through the low growths of sumac and witch-hazel and scrub-oak very carefully. As I reached the corner of the field where my course was barred by an old stone fence, I paused and was about turning back, saying to myself regretfully and half audibly, "I *should* like to find that nest," when, turning around, I spied the nest in a hazel-bush not five feet from me. The sitting bird slipped off as my eye caught her nest, and silently disappeared in the bushes. In a moment more, and while I was inspecting her nest, she appeared fifteen feet away and uttered a sharp, harsh, feline mew. But her mate did not show himself, nor did he during any of my subsequent visits. I often heard him sending forth his unbirdlike calls from the bushes, but never once did I lay eyes upon him, though I tried hard to do so.

The nest is quite a massive structure in the forks of a hazel-bush, about four feet from the ground; it held four handsome speckled eggs. I should like to have put my young cow-bird in such a nest, could I have found it at the right moment, and watched the result.

This nest prospered; the young were out in due time, but not once did I see or hear young or old after the nest was empty.

Bird life is the fullest and most intense during the mating and nesting season. Love or war, courting or scrapping, rule their activities. What jealousies and rivalries, what warring and winning, go on all about us! The birds are all glad and mad at the same moment.

One morning in April I heard the excited voices of bluebirds and robins in the vineyard below me; going down there, I saw a pair of bluebirds and a pair of robins flitting about and perching on the wires and posts in an angry and excited frame of mind. Some of their movements and gestures suggested that they were scrapping. "But why should bluebirds and robins scrap?" I asked myself. I had never seen them do such a thing, so I began looking about for a common enemy, and expected to find a cat skulking in a ditch there, or maybe a snake. But I could find neither; still the excited and accusing voices kept it up. Then I chanced to see some dry grass and weed-stalks hanging down from a grape-post which was splintered

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and broken at the top. I found that the robins were building a nest there in a ragged depression on the top of the post, and that a foot and a half lower down the bluebirds had preëmpted a downy woodpecker's old hole, and were making a nest there. The fracas was explained; neither pair of birds wanted the other such near neighbors. Each looked upon the post as its own. I saw that the robins had made a bad choice—no cover or screen of any kind. The first fish-crow that flew over in egging time would see the nest and rifle it promptly. I would I could have told the mother robin of the dangerous site of her nest. A week or ten days later I saw her brooding her eggs in apparent security, but not long afterward I found her gone and her nest empty and torn; but as I put my hand in the post, out went the mother bluebird. The crows and jays could not reach her, and she was right in claiming the post as alone suited to her needs. Birds have their troubles as well as we featherless bipeds.

In May the jays are out on their egging expeditions in the groves and orchards. I see two or three together sneaking about—not graceful flyers, or very pleasing birds in summer, but in winter it is a pleasure to see them. Most other birds seem to know them as thieves and robbers. Yesterday one alighted on a post in the vineyard below me and sat quietly taking his bearings. Suddenly a robin came from ambush somewhere and made a vicious pass at him. The jay squatted to avoid the blow, and uttered his ugly "Scat!" The robin took his stand near by and watched him. The jay flew to a near-by apple-tree, and the robin shot in after him very savagely. The jay soon flew down toward the river. I think that the robin does not quite hit the jay on such occasions, but her angry tone and threatening manner make the thief know that she is aware of his purpose. Cry "Thief!" loud enough, and the thief is very apt to take to his heels.

Most of the birds are in a more or less explosive mood in the nesting season. They alternate between love and anger many times a day. Each bird in nesting time has its little domain, and is jealous of all trespasses. A male wood-thrush quite early in May seemed to lay claim to an old apple-tree near the house where a brood of thrushes were reared last year. He made his headquarters in that tree, waiting, I fancied, for his mate to arrive, and behaving in a decidedly unfriendly way to every robin that invaded his precinct. For days I saw him scrapping with robins in and around that tree. The robins, innocent intruders, were taken by surprise. "What is that speckle-breasted dandy so red-hot about?" their manners seemed to say. The thrush would charge the robins spitefully, and follow them into the garden with his threatening gestures and sharp, "Quit, quit, quit!" He would always give way when the robin turned upon him, feeling apparently that in a trial of rude strength a poet like himself was no match for a plebeian mud-dauber like the robin. But he would return to the charge, and keep up his pretty, graceful protests whenever his tree was invaded. Finally his mate, or another female, came, and the two now have a nest there, and all seems well with them. But the male has a rent in his brown coat, and a feather is missing from his waistcoat, revealing the dark gray lining, and giving him just a suspicion of shabbiness. I am wondering if some indignant robin could not tell how he came by these blemishes.

This particular male thrush, by the way, has the most robin-like note I have ever heard come from a wood-thrush. Often his "Fip, fip, fip," is so like the robin's that I have to look to see which bird it is.

When the female had been here a few days I frequently saw the pair inspecting a fork near the end of a low branch of the apple-tree; they were evidently considering it as a likely place for a nest. Then one morning I saw the female bring a piece of white paper and place it in the fork and sit down upon it. She went through this performance several times without making any progress. Once I saw a sheet of note-paper dancing around on the gravel path in a most extraordinary manner, and presently caught a glimpse of the thrush beneath it, holding one edge of it in her beak, and trying hard to get such control of

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it as to be able to carry it to her nest. But the problem was too much for her. After I had torn the sheet in strips she took them one by one to the branch in the apple-tree, determined that her domicile should have a paper foundation. But she could not make the paper "stay put"; it quickly fell to the ground. She would peer down upon the fallen fragments in a curious, helpless way, but made no attempt to recover them from the wet grass. When white paper is not available, the thrush usually starts her nest with dry maple leaves; she rejects newspapers and colored papers of all kinds. It is probably the printer's ink, and not the politics of the newspaper, that causes her to reject its fragments.

The next day my thrushes abandoned the site where the paper acted so contrary, and began a nest higher up in the tree, saddling it on a large, horizontal branch, but still weaving a piece of white paper in its foundation. Here the pair prospered, and by the middle of June brought forth their brood of three young. In a warmer season they would doubtless have had four.

On the same wet morning above referred to, while on my way to the post-office in the rain, I saw a wood-thrush flying through the dripping trees and bushes with a large piece of white paper in her beak. "Another home being started on a paper foundation," I said, "and on a wet morning at that." I followed the bird with my eye and saw her fly to the top of a tall white elder-bush and place the paper in the forking branches. I tarried while she flew over toward the grocery-store for more material. Presently she came back with a long, ragged piece of paper that trailed behind her like a banner. In going through the tops of the bushes with her burden, it caught on a limb and fell to the ground. She dived down to recover it, but failed in her attempt. The following day I saw quite a mass of white paper in the tall elder-bush, but the nest made no further progress, and the pair chose another site. I say the pair, but in reality I think the female alone selects the site. Her actions on such occasions seem much the more purposeful and decided. The male attends her, but never, to my knowledge, lends a hand in nest-building. When the young are out, he does his share in feeding them.

I am at a loss to know why certain birds have such a penchant for something white woven into, or placed on the outside of, their nests. A robin will reject bits of colored paper, but will often use strips of white paper or white rags. One in the vines of a near-by shed has made very free use of the cast-off hair of our old gray horse, nearly white. A robin's nest here in the summer-house has a long strip of white-silk paper. On a friend's house in a Michigan city I saw more than a yard of candle-wick dangling from an unfinished nest. Even the sly cat-bird likes a bit of white paper in her nest. Nearly all the vireos have a habit of sticking bits of white material on the outside of their nests, usually the cocoons of spiders. One day, high in the branches of an elm that shaded a village street, I saw a yellow-throated vireo at work on her nest. She was evidently in want of the white, felty bits of spiders' cocoons to bedeck the outside, and was duped by a white rose-bush that was dropping its petals in a near-by door-yard. I saw white rose-petals on the ground under the nest, and wondered where they came from. Keeping my eye on the bird, I saw her fly down to the rose-bush, seize a petal and fly up to her nest and try to make it stick to the outside. But it was not fuzzy or wooly like the spider's material, and would not stick; it quickly came sailing down to the ground. Time after time I saw the bird carry up rose-petals to her nest, only to see them fall back to the ground. She seemed to have no judgment in the matter; the size and the color of the petals were all right, but their texture was not of the right kind. I think she finally gave up the attempt to make use of them. Do these patches on the side of the dark gray nest of the vireo help to conceal it? They help give it a mottled appearance, and in the flickering light and shade of the tree-tops they may help to render it less noticeable, though only to eyes underneath it. A crow or a jay, the bird's arch enemies, would not be misled by them.

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It is always interesting to me to see the young birds leave their nest. It is, as I have said, generally an irrevocable step; they very rarely go back—young swallows do, however, perhaps more frequently than other birds. The nest is in no sense a home, but a nursery for a brief period. Most of our birds who bring off a second brood build a second nest, though a robin will occasionally reline and otherwise patch up an old nest. Nesting birds leave the nest one by one, sometimes at intervals of an hour or two; at others, of a day or more. A brood of three young bluebirds recently left the nest in a box on the corner of my porch between seven and ten o'clock. The day before, they began to appear in the opening, and to look out upon the bright summer landscape and chirp; now and then a wing was thrust out and exercised for a moment—probably no bird leaves its nest till it has flapped its wings a little. On the morning of the exodus, the young were more than usually restless and loud and persistent in their calls to their parents. The parents in turn called to them in a new way—it was the plaintive, far-away call that the birds utter on their arrival in spring, and that they send forth when apparently starting on a long flight. The young answered back in the same tone—"Pure, pure," as if on the eve of a great adventure. Presently the bird that sat in the opening fluttered out and clung to the outside of the box, where it remained clinging and calling for a minute or more. Then, with a sudden impulse, it let go its hold and flew straight to the branches of an apple-tree fifty or sixty feet away. It was a successful flight, and a successful alighting. One of the parent birds was on hand instantly, uttering an approving or an encouraging note, or maybe only a note of solicitude. In the course of two or three hours the two other birds left the nest in a similar manner, except that there was no preliminary clinging to the outside—they flew straight from the opening to the old apple-tree, and the next day were drifting about the orchard with their parents. By fall or before, they will probably join the earlier brood which I think still lingers in this vicinity, and the united families in a loose flock will drift about this part of the country.

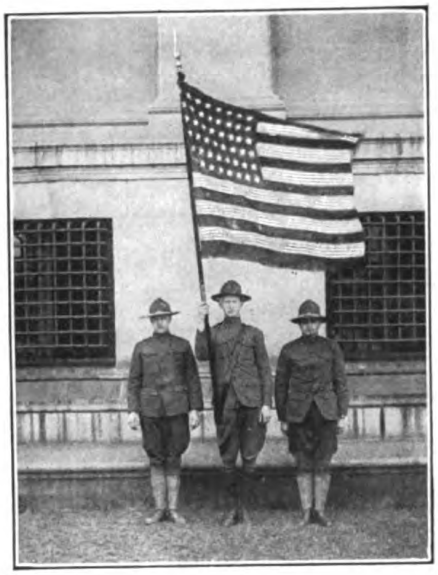
In June I saw a brood of young wood-thrushes leave the nest. In all cases there seems to be one bird a little more forward than the others. In this case one of the young thrushes perched on the edge of the nest for a few minutes and chirruped. Then, in a blundering way, apparently more by accident than design, it reached the big branch upon which the nest was saddled. After a while it flew a few feet to another branch. The two others, after similar manœuvering, joined it in the course of the day, but neither of them left the apple-tree on that day. At night there was a heavy thunder-shower with violent wind, and in the morning two of the young thrushes were back in the nest. So, under exceptional circumstances, young birds do return to the nest. If they had left the tree, it is quite certain they would not have taken refuge in the nest. But the fury of the elements made them turn to the old cradle—and very human-like they were in so doing. During the day they left its protecting arms, never to return.

I have seen young barn-swallows cling to the outside of their nest and beat their wings vigorously a day or two before taking flight. The young of the grouse and quail and of the small water and shore birds run away from the nest the day they are hatched; they trust to their legs long before their wing quills have sprouted. The young humming-birds that I have seen leave the nest shot up into the air as if a spring beneath them had been released.

The current notion that the parent birds teach the young to fly—that of set purpose they give them lessons in flying—is entirely erroneous. The young fly automatically when the time comes, as truly so as the witch-hazel nut explodes, and the pod of the jewel-weed goes off when the seeds are ripe. The parent birds call to their young, and I have thought that in some cases they withhold the food longer than usual, to stimulate the young to make the great adventure. But in the case of the bluebirds referred to, the young were fed up to the moment of flight.

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OUR COLLEGES AND THE WAR

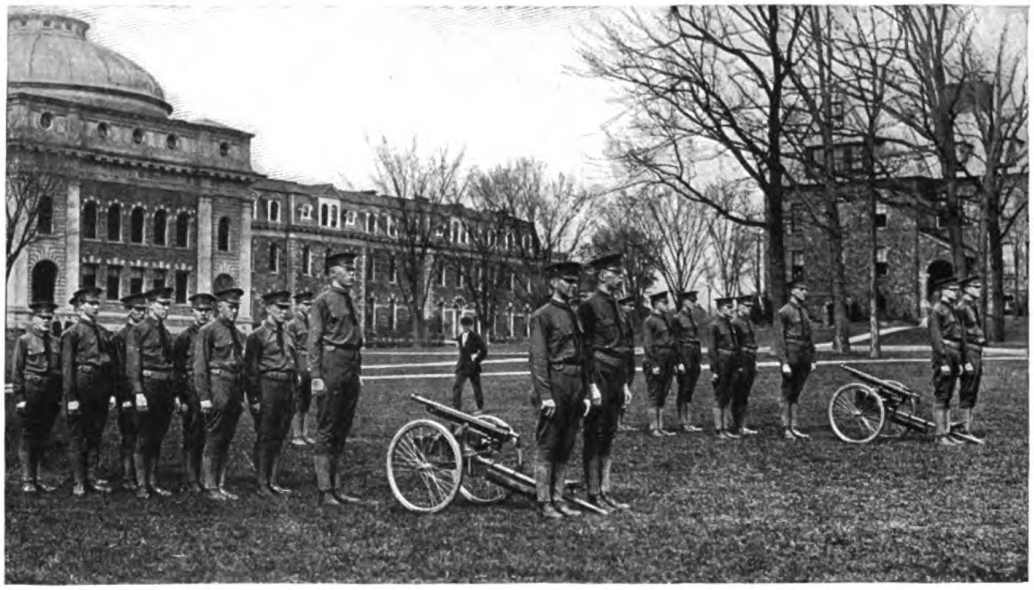


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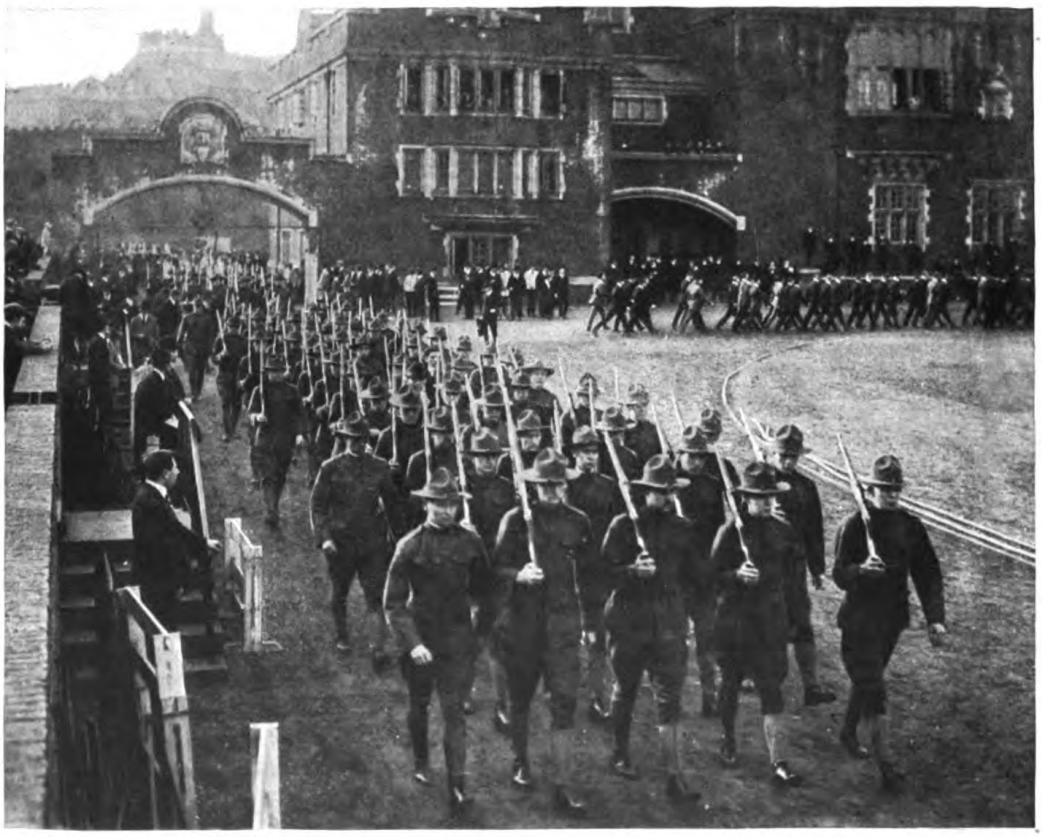
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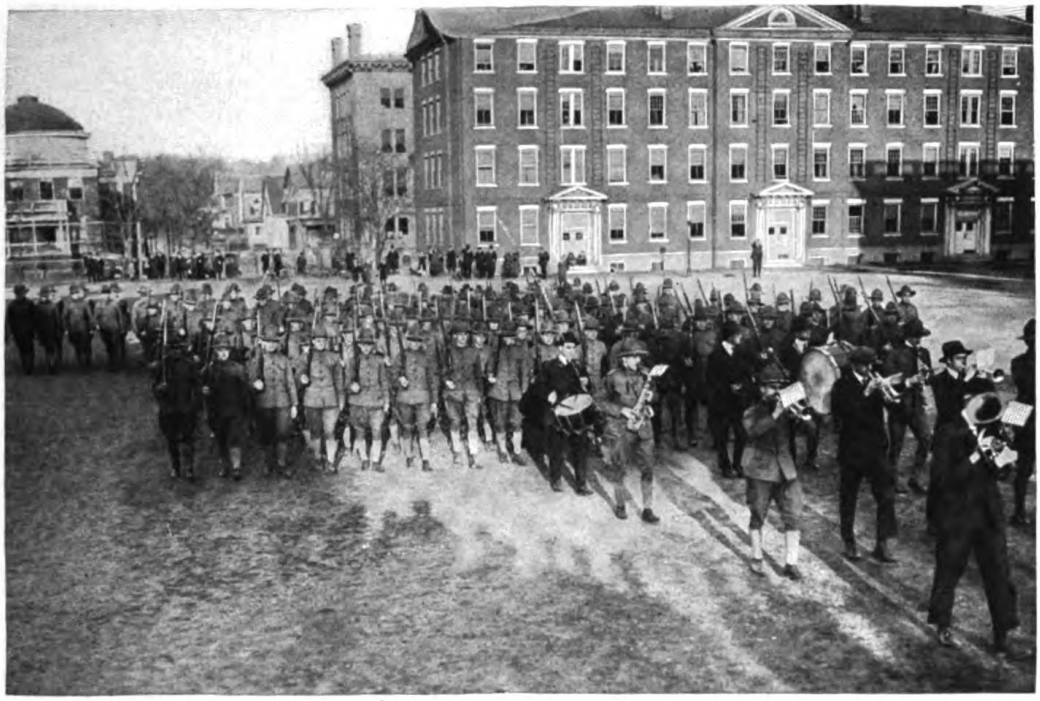


A MACHINE-GUN SQUAD—CORNELL



DRILLING AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

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READY FOR THE CALL—BROWN UNIVERSITY



AMHERST STEPPING INTO LINE

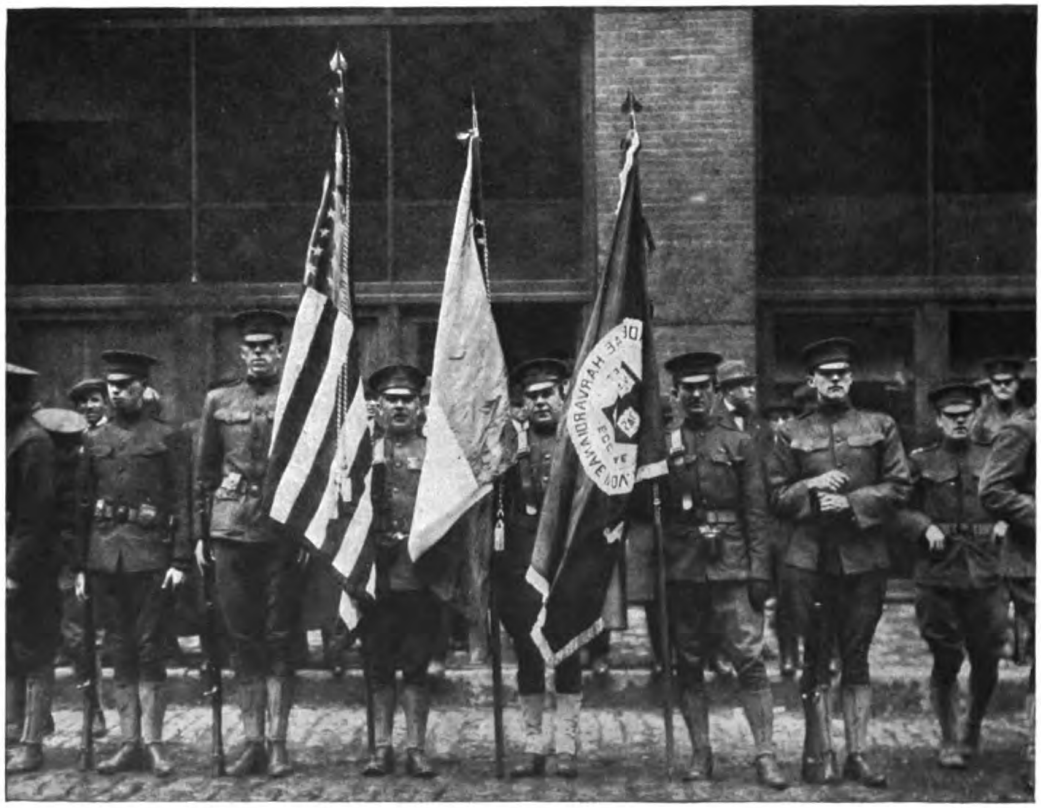
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FIRST DRILL OF THE DARTMOUTH REGIMENT

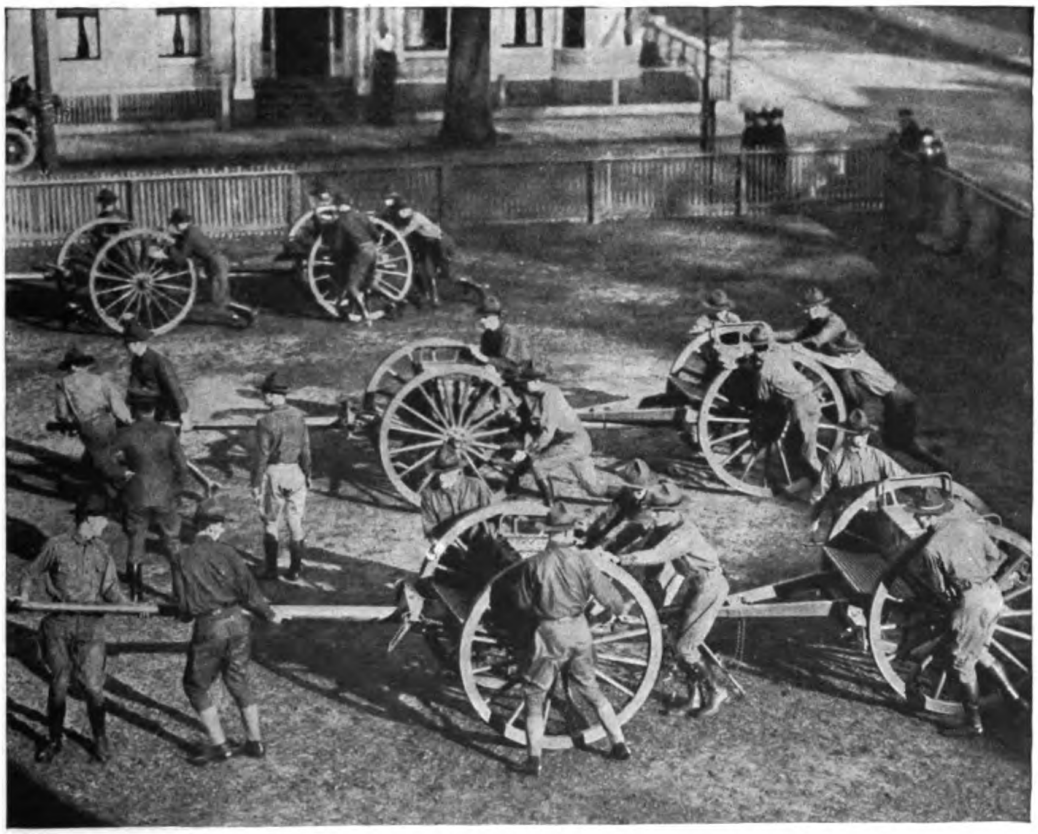


HARVARD MEN BEING REVIEWED BY FRENCH OFFICERS

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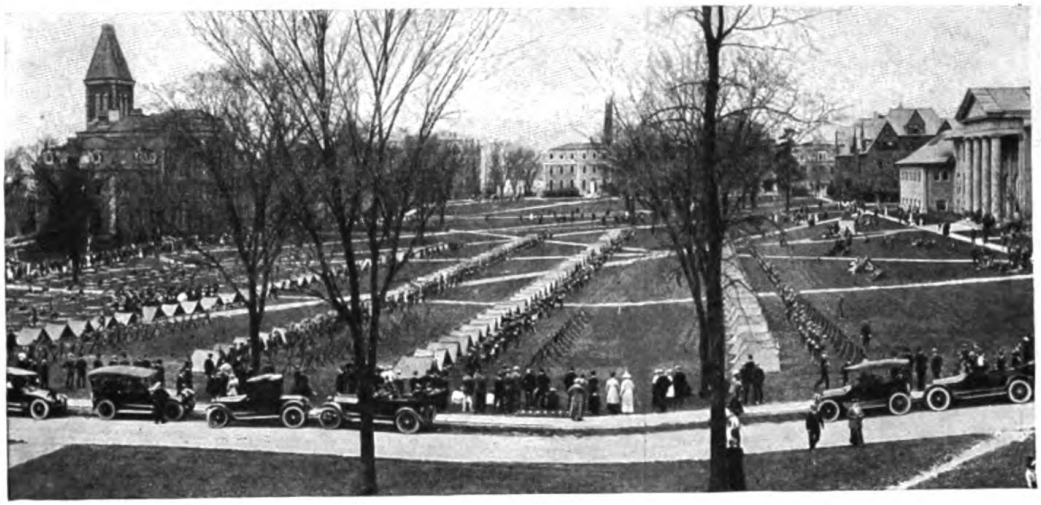


DRESS PARADE AT RANDOLPH-MACON WOMAN'S COLLEGE

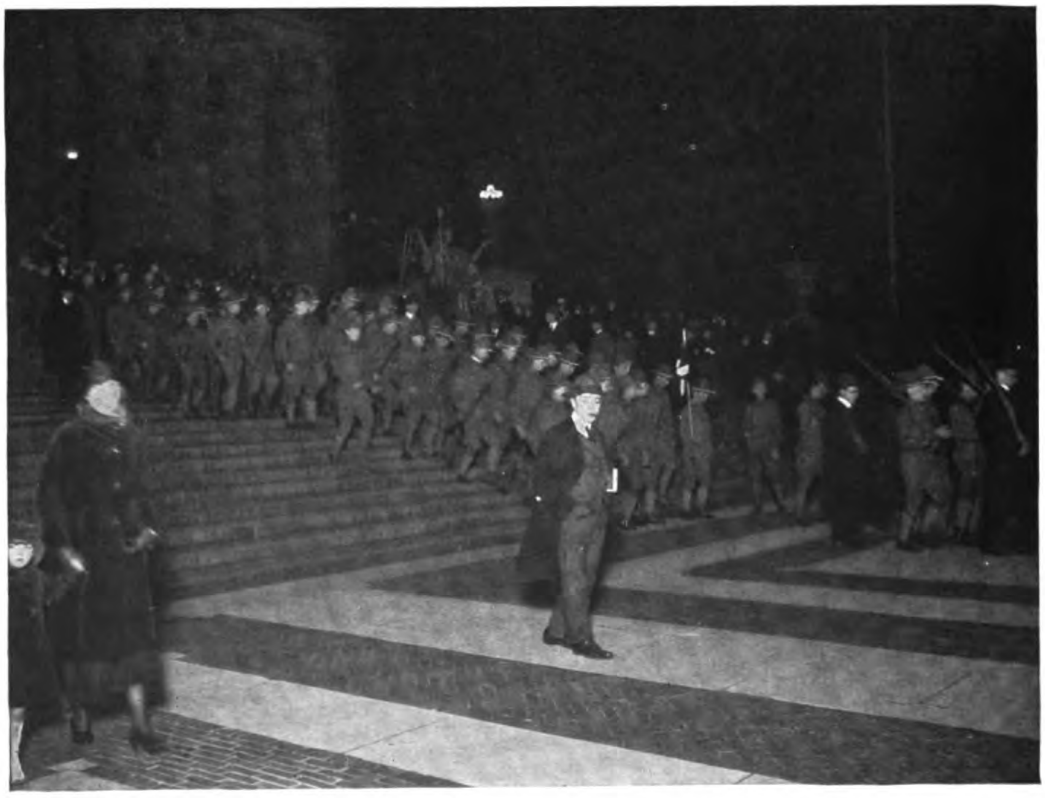


THE YALE BATTERY

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INSPECTION DAY AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

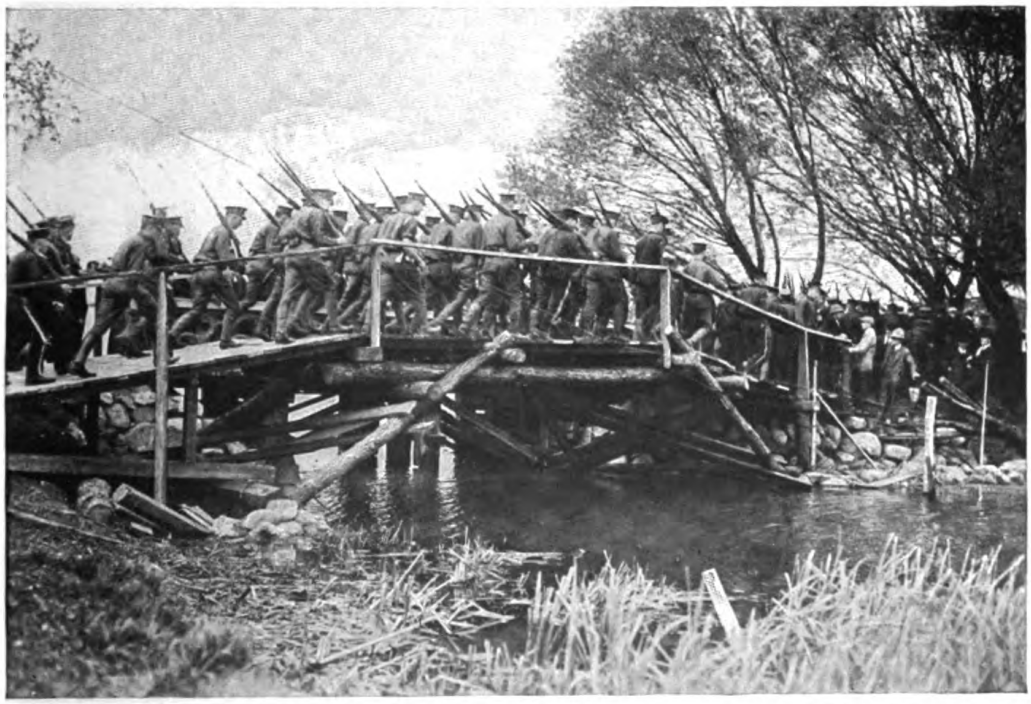


COLUMBIA STUDENTS DRILLING AT NIGHT

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TRENCH WORK AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY



A PRACTISE HIKE—UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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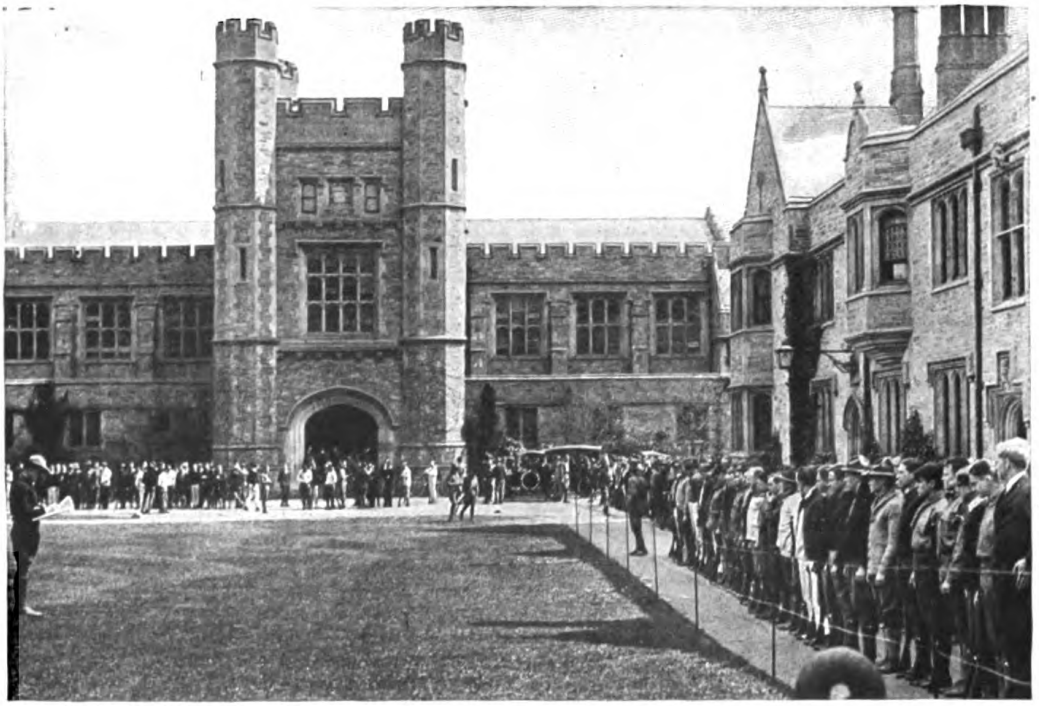
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STRETCHER-WORK BY VASSAR STUDENTS



FIRST LESSONS IN SOLDIERSHIP—PRINCETON

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The Half Ghost

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

BOTH of us had the feeling about Gale, though I had said nothing to Beckweth and Beckweth had said nothing to me till we paused on an out-curve of the crazy wheel-track which served the Footstool as a road, and stood for a moment gazing down into the blighted hollow. I think the feeling was general in the club. Gale did everything well that one should do well in men's society: put up a corking cue at pool, squeezed more out of a poor hand at cards than his neighbor, knew what was good in the dining-room, and talked with ease and always inoffensively. He was never a bore—one never felt responsible for Gale. He was every man's man. It was surprising, when notes were compared, how little any one knew about Gale. It amounted in the aggregate to precisely nothing. A tall, willowy, darkish person with eyes large and rather sunken, close black hair that might have been slightly oily, an impenetrable graciousness, and invariable green-rubber soles that came soundlessly to the beck of any one and every one, from Beckweth of the Bank, to "Tub" Tusby, who was in a chronic state of being posted—that was Gale.

Gale had been on both our minds, naturally, since we left the station at Three Brooks that afternoon, for the climb into the Footstool. It was Beckweth who broke the ice.

"Do you know, Sands, he would be capable of anything."

"I wish to Heaven," I announced, "that I was out of this."

"Why?" Beckweth's gray eyes came to me. "Getting jumpy?"

"No. But it's all so confoundedly silly. Look at us!"

I meant him to look at himself, standing there in his idiotic knickerbockers and cap and corduroy hunting-coat—Beckweth, the Director!

A spot more forsaken of God than that depression in the hills I have never seen; Gale must have counted on that when he made us do it on foot. There had been people here once, for there were still ruinous signs of them: a barn directly beneath us with its roof smashed in, as if by a huge fist; a solitary, naked chimney spiring on a spur of the farther side; a vague scar where a field had once been tilled.

"Splendid week-end," I resumed, with a deeper rancor. "Capital! Togged out in queer duds and footing it into the devil's own mountain to sit up all night with an alleged ghost—on a bet. By gracious! why am I cast for the innocent bystander—always? If there's an argument within a mile I'm dragged in, somehow or other. What in the name of Heaven do *I* care, Beckweth, whether ghosts are or aren't?"

Beckweth's big head sank between his shoulders and he made a jaw at me.

"He got my goat," he croaked.

"Well, it's no robbery. You got his. I'd never supposed he had one."

"That's the queer part."

"What's the queer part?"

"Why, hang take it! Sands, he led us up to it—if you'll look back at the conversation—led us up to it, by Hector! like a couple of lambs to the slaughter. I tell you, Sands, he'd be capable of anything. Anything!"

"Except that he's well on his way to Chicago by this time."

"Are you *sure* he's well on his way to Chicago?" Beckweth glared at me from under his ragged eyebrows. To the uninitiate, Beckweth's most casual query was an insult.

"I am," I said, "because I happened to see him settled on the Limited this forenoon—from behind a pillar in the station. You see, I was just a little suspicious of this sudden call to the West. It sounded just a hint—well—reassuring—to *us*."

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"Yes. Just a hint like an—alibi." Beckweth thrust his hands deep in his pockets and brooded at the blasted roof below, chewing his cigar in a savage mood. Shaking himself out of it after a moment, he glanced at the westering sun.

"Where *is* the damned dump? It's getting late and it's going to rain."

Gale had told us to go as far as the road did. We turned and went on, the uncertain track carrying us down a declivity and through a company of shivering aspens before it struck up again across the stark, red-lit ribs of the gorge. A lean cow with a dried-up udder looked down at us over a snake fence. A little farther we were surprised by a human being—a woman, leaning on the bars where a branch track led up through the snake fence toward a lank, sour-looking barn, a dwelling-house constructed of afterthoughts, and a hay-cock as hard and shining and gray as the granite of the Footstool. She gave us no time to speak.

"I come from Wyoming," she told us. "We lived in a street-car from Denver; seven windows to the side. It was pretty."

I looked at Beckweth, and he at me. He removed his cap uncertainly.

"Can you tell me," he inquired, "if there's a place around here called the Mansion House?"

The woman shook her head mechanically, sapping our strength with her large, starved eyes.

"No. I ain't from here. We had a nice home in Wyoming, and a nice field of sugar-beets, and there was a bunch of cottonwoods by the ditch, a piece down the road, where the Consumptives' Home come to have their picnics. It wasn't me wanted to come East; 'twas Oscar."

We fled, leaving her alone there on the mountainside, to dream of the sumptuous lost excitements of the desert.

"Lord!" I heard Beckweth muttering. "Good Lord in heaven!"

Blue shadows welled up in all the crannies of the hills. The air on the upper levels was brilliant, unstirring, and heavy with an electric burden. A thunder-head rolled across the southern hemisphere.

The road came to an end in a pocket of mountain-willows populous with dogs and pigs. The dogs barked and the pigs didn't; otherwise they were much alike. A man sat in the doorway of a slab house, smoking a pipe and braiding his yellow-white beard. He got up when he saw us, and came forward through the unnatural dusk of the pocket, kicking dogs and pigs out of his way.

Yes, his name was Barway. He had curious, lack-luster eyes which shifted from one to the other of us without perceptible motion. Yes, Barway. How did we come to know it? Gale? Oh—Gale! Yes, the Mansion was just a piece up the hill. Why? Were we looking to buy? Eh? Spend the night? We didn't mean—spend the *night!*

He backed off among the animals and, retiring to the doorway, squatted there, a figure of stubborn silence, braiding his beard. Without saying a word he gave us to understand we had better go on back to Three Brooks before it got too dark for the road.

What was wrong with the Mansion House? He seemed angry at the question. He was visibly shaken, however, by Beckweth's offering of a gold piece, and got it into his pocket with a spider's quickness.

"Gale?" he harked back. "Gale's friends, eh? I want it should be understood it's none o' *my* doin'. They was a couple once before."

"What happened to them?"

He got to his feet and studied me a moment with his ground-glass eyes. Then, tossing his shoulders and muttering, "Nawthin' p'ticular," he turned and started off among the willow boles at a tremendous pace. He was an old man, but, all the same, we had to run to keep sight of him through the trees.

The arch of a stone lodge-gate, lichen-bitten and half buried in the foliage, passed over our heads, and for the first time I realized that the weeds and bramble underfoot covered the gravel of an old driveway.

Beckweth was grunting in my ear, "What sort of a layout is this, anyway?"

"Don't ask me. Good Lord, Beckweth, you seem to think I know every-

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thing! . . . Now where's the beggar gone?"

Coming out above the trees, it was like another dawn, after the false twilight of the pocket. Our guide awaited us, sitting on a boulder in the flat radiance of the sunset, combing out the braids of his beard. An orchard of twisted and fruitless apple-trees ran up beyond him; our driveway, emerging from the brambles, wound skyward across the benches, a pink ribbon fretted with the skeleton shadows of the trees; at the top, stark against the purple of the coming storm, the Mansion greeted us with the fires of a hundred panes.

It belonged to that period, not too far back, when they painted things a chocolate brown. It had all the points of the breed—haphazard bays and dormers, futile towerettes, round, square, octagonal; an immense confusion of scrollwork and lattice—suggestive of something German and Christmas. There it reared above us, the pomp and festival of decay, flaming with the death-fires of evening, and ruin sweeping up the sky beyond.

I wondered how Beckweth was taking it. Beckweth was good and mad. One could tell it by the deliberate way in which he searched for a cigar and by the flicker of his cheek muscles. Beckweth wasn't used to being made a fool. It gave me a moment of glee.

"I suppose," I prodded Barway, "that there are plenty of ghosts around these parts."

He favored me with his vacant regard. "Not s' many 's folks say."

"Why, how's that?"

"Some says any man 'll ha'nt. I don't hold with 'em. I hold a man won't ha'nt 'less he figgers to, and if he figgers to ha'nt, why, nawthin's goin' to stop his ha'ntin'. There was a man in these here hills once killed hisself for the special pu'pose o' ha'ntin', and he'll ha'nt till hell freezes over, you mind me."

Beckweth was scowling savagely at me.

"Why'd he want to haunt?" I urged.

"Why? Eh? Well, he went to work an' built him and his wife a house, and his wife went to work an' died before they'd moved in, hardly; and this man, he says, nobody else is goin' to live in that house, says he, and up and hangs hisself in the entry. 'Twan't known for a couple o' weeks; then the sheriff went up an' let the rest of him down—"

"The—*rest?*"

Beckweth overrode me with an unnecessary violence. "Clever! Damned clever! Stay here, if you want to, Sands. I'm going up."

He was off ahead of us, stiff-backed. I followed with Barway. The old fellow gave no evidence of rancor at being shut off so; indeed, from first sight, except for his prodigious powers of locomotion, the man seemed more dead than alive.

I had fallen into his pit, though. When we had climbed to the crest and stood on the unkempt turf by the house I edged my question in again.

"The *rest* of him, Barway?"

"Yeh. The rats 'd let part of him down before they got there. There was a shelf sticking out from the wall, about half-way up—far enough for the varmints to reach out."

"But not *this* house, Barway. Not—You don't mean *this* house?"

There was a perceptible motion in his eyeballs this time as they came to dwell on me. Now I'm not Beckweth. Beckweth has convictions. I had to get my eyes away from the singular fellow, out across the writhing orchards and the darkling folds of the Footstool. I heard Beckweth laughing, behind me, in a rasping bass.

"Naw," murmured Barway, "I wouldn't go s' far 's to say 'twas this p'ticular house, but 'twas in these same hills here."

I left him and followed Beckweth, who was prowling up the steps of the blistered piazza, still making sour fun of me.

"Not *that* door," the old man's voice pursued us. "Round t'other side is the front door. That one's locked, mister. Take care!"

Beckweth shook his head at me. His face was the color of bricks.

"Don't pay any attention to him," he advised me, bitterly. "Gale's filled him so full of second-hand lies to spout that he can't see straight. Come on!"

Putting his big, soft shoulder to the door, he pushed. The thing was wormeaten to the core and went down like

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cardboard. Beckweth sprawled with it, and I, unbalanced, went over on top of him. We seemed to have opened the whole side of the place; the last flare in the west, red as blood and shot through with the dust of our catastrophe, illuminated the bare old plaster on the walls, and a shelf and a rat-hole and a ring in the ceiling, with three strands of hemp hacked off short near the iron.

Beckweth got up out of the débris and shook himself.

"Barway!" he bawled, in a choking voice. "Barway! Damn you!"

Getting my legs free of the crumpled panels, I followed him back to the piazza. He looked fit to eat nails. Barway had vanished.

The world went dark as we stood there. The great hulk fell to moaning, of a sudden, and then the orchards beneath us felt the wind and turned gray cheeks. Rain was on the wind's heels; it smote us in a driving sheet, rumbled across the cunning roofs and towers, and channeled in the gutters. Lightning showed us to each other. We crept back into the entryway, stupefied by thunder.

"Confound it all!" I protested, dismally. "It was between you and Gale. I didn't say anything either way." I lifted my voice, stung by his inconsiderate silence. "Beckweth! What's the matter?"

He was fumbling darkly around the edges of the narrow place.

"By gum!" he growled, "they've gone to work and walled the thing up. There's no inner door. We'll have to stick here till the squall lets up a bit, and then pad around and get in by the front door."

"I'm going now," I told him.

I was out already on the beaten gallery, my head ducked under my collar and my fingers following the clapboards. Beckweth came, too, for all his sarcastic gruntings, stamping his feet on the hollow planks. I overran the door and he found it; his voice came, drowned by the rain:

"Here it is, old man."

A flash of lightning showed him, streaming with rain-drops, one finger resting on his chin. I called, asking why he didn't go in. Darkness came again, and thunder, and after that Beckweth's voice, slightly muffled, from within.

"Sands, come here!"

I groped my way in beside him. If I had thought it dark out of doors, what was it here?

"Look," he growled near my ear. "Damn their souls!"

A doorway hung in the blackness ahead of us, flickering with a dim and lurid light. The air of the unknown chamber where we stood lay lifeless and unstirring on our heads, struck through with the faint, dry decay of clean things.

"Beckweth," I whispered, "I'm through. I don't care enough."

He left my side and walked toward the feeble glow, a thick, grim silhouette. His voice was like a sudden gun-shot in the silence.

"Barway! I say! Barway!"

I hadn't thought of Barway. I was immensely relieved.

The hillman greeted us with a listless stare from beside an open fire in what must have been intended for the Mansion's dining-room. One arm was full of wood; the other hand had hold of the end of his beard.

"What are you up to?" Beckweth quizzed him, sharply, from the door.

The old man watched us for a moment with his unblinking eyes, then bent deliberately and deposited his fire-wood on the hearth, as if washing his hands of it, and started toward us. Beckweth faced him.

"Where you going now?"

"Home." He spoke without the slightest color of emotion. "I was thinkin' ye'd like a fire."

Beckweth didn't budge from the doorway.

"I thought you were afraid of the ghost here, Barway."

"Ghost?" The old man paused and tilted his hairy head ever so little to one side. "Ghost?" he murmured, vacantly. "Ghost?"

Beckweth stepped into the room and sat down on a plush sofa, a new one, for all its years. It parted under his weight and let him down to the floor, where he remained, squatting, in the impalpable cloud of its destruction, peering after Barway's retreating form. When the

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front door banged he began to laugh, not ironically, but in a deep and healthy bass. Beckweth had a good girth for laughter. I'd rather tell a good story to Beckweth than to any other man in the club; the reward is better in quantity and in quality.

Just now, though, it was a little startling. I studied his crinkled face for a moment, and then took a chair facing him. I fetched up, as he had, on the floor. The thing was like a berry-box. There was nothing solid in the place.

"Beckweth," I challenged, patiently, "would you mind telling me?"

"Gale is a wonder," he chuckled. "He ought to be in business. A marvel at organization. Do you realize, Sands, how near he came to having us on the run? Right at the start? Awful close, now, I tell you. I put up a front, maybe—but darn near, darn near."

"You seem to be feeling better now," I murmured, without enthusiasm.

"Now? Oh, fine! Once you break through and see how funny it all is. Look! Even the squall's passed. It's licked."

I had forgotten the storm and the storm had forgotten us. I went and looked out into a courtyard, flagged and hedged, and open on the farther side, giving upon a company of outbuildings, all with gaping black doors and one digesting its own roof. The moonlight bathed everything with a suave clarity. The room was already growing close with the fire. The window-sash was stuck; I broke a pane, and the cool air flowed in, bringing the scent of new-wet earth.

"You can hardly lay the thunderstorm to Gale," I argued, with a gently caustic flavor.

"No," he agreed. "Nor that horrible woman from the Garden of Wyoming, probably. That's why I say he's a marvel. He's covered with horse-shoes. Lord! how I hate that chap all of a sudden! I wouldn't let him win now for a bucket of diamonds."

"I'm afraid he has already," I reflected, in gloom. "We weren't to go out after we once stepped in, and we did, remember? Out of that entryway?"

"A technicality! A damned technicality, Sands!"

"He put us on our honor."

"The lowest form of blackmail and extortion in the book. It ought to be actionable. Put a man on his honor, and you can bleed him four ways from Sunday. Not *me!* . . . And don't think," he went on, with some violence—"don't think for a minute he's really figuring to take us at our word. Gale? Not in a thousand years. Not Gale. . . . By the way, how far is the Western electrified? Eh?"

"Hanberg," I told him. Seeing him nursing his chin, I protested. "Oh, come; I've thought of that, too. The Limited has to change engines there; Gale could hop off, and all that. But, good land, Beckweth, Hanberg's a good forty miles across-country from here."

"With a good car, though—"

"On these roads? Man, use your head. And the worst of it, after dark? And the rain? He's not that much of a crazy fellow."

Beckweth studied me with his shrewdest office manner, quite intolerable.

"Gale needs the money," he pronounced. "He needs that thousand, at one to ten, and he needs it very, very bad."

"Would you mind letting me know where you got the details?"

"Nowhere. I'm making them up as I go along."

"Ah!" It failed to move him.

"Wait. Just wait." He made calculations on his thumbs. "Soon after midnight, I should say. He could make it quicker, but what's the use? Small hours for ghosts. In the mean time let's have a bite."

"Kind of a picnic—what?" He was quite the clubby fellow as we sat cross-legged before Barway's fire, discussing the sandwiches M'sieur Emile had charged us with.

It was a big room, all plaster and soft wood varnished to look like hard, and the blackest sort of doorways opening out into farther darkness. A fat thing emerged from one of them and examined us. I got my feet under me.

"Beckweth," I stammered. "Will y-y-you look at that?"

"Rats, eh? Nice fellow!" He turned a mocking eye on me. "By the by, you keep right on at it and they'll give you

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the vote in the end. No question about it. It's the coming thing."

"Oh, all right," I yawned. "Only, what do they feed on? And why has this house been standing empty?"

"I don't know."

We munched for a while. The doors were rather fascinating.

"I wonder," I mused, "how many rooms there are."

"I don't know. I don't care a hang, what's more. Too comfortable." Beckweth stretched out his legs. "You see, Gale's probably had the whole place planted with objects to lure the eye, like that entry, and I'm going to fool him by not looking."

"I'm going to look one place," he admitted, by and by, getting up and throwing open a door on the side opposite the fire. It was a closet stacked with more furniture.

Beckweth nodded his head. "Made to order," he said.

"What's the idea?" I queried.

"Gale would be wild if he came here to do a piece of 'ha'ntin',' and couldn't find anybody to 'ha'nt.'"

"If you imagine," I said, "that I'm going to hide in that hole, why, you're mistaken."

"All right, old chap. Stay where you are."

Stepping in, he closed the door to an inch crack, and I heard creakings as he made a cautious nest. I was quite alone in the big room now, except for the rats — tremendously comfortable, good-looking fellows with bright eyes. A breeze had risen, and a draught made the fire flicker abominably. There must have been a hole in the rat corner—toward the walled-up entry.

Beckweth's mischievous drawl crept out to me, "I'm watching you!"

I went and got into the closet with him.

"This sofa," he confided, "is all right if you sit clear out on the end there. Do you get a nice view through the crack? Well, don't go to sleep now, and snore."

"Sleep!"

Now that I had left, the rats came out and enjoyed the fire. I could see just a section of the door leading into the hall. I stared at it steadily. Sleep? I sleep? I wanted to laugh.

The next thing I knew I was waking up suddenly, quite dazed.

"Wha-what?" I stammered.

"'Ssssh!" sounded Beckweth's wisper.

"What do you want?" I persisted. "What did you kick me for?"

"I didn't kick you."

"What's the time?"

"I don't know. After midnight, though. And he's just come. I heard the outer door squeak. He's been prowling around. Stood by the door for a while, by the sound. Listen."

I listened. The fire in the room was down to one red eye and the pale moon was in possession. Somewhere a rat was busy in a wall; beyond that—silence. And then a tiny silver note, muffled, rang thrice—Beckwith's repeater in an inner pocket.

"Three o'clock," I whispered.

"Yes. He's later than we looked for."

"But where is he?"

"He'll begin in a minute," Beckweth reassured me.

The air in the closet was foul. I seemed almost to hear the lugubrious mastication of the moths and worms in the upholstery. Then I heard something else in the mysterious regions toward the roof; a faint, slow creaking along the boards, weightless footfalls passing from room to room, pausing, resuming. The footfalls were descending the stairs, out there in the black hall, one slow step at a time. At the bottom they ceased, and the distant rat went on in solo, gnawing the interior of his wall. Beckweth whispered, impatiently:

"Yes? Y-e-s? What did you kick me for?"

There was a moment of silence. Then Beckweth's hand moved across the door crack, and it was drawn shut.

"Watch out," he warned in my ear. "Don't jump!"

There came a rustle and I blinked in the flare of his match and its refraction on his bald spot, as he bent his head to peer under the sofa. He made a grab at something, and missed.

"Gale!" he cried, booming in the narrow space, "Gale! you fool! Come out o' there! Hear?"

The match died. The owner of the kicking feet made no answer.

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"Gale," Beckweth growled. "Your game's up, and you'd better come out!"

I didn't say anything, but I flung the door into the dining-room open. Beckweth came after, backward, dragging the crumpled sofa with him.

"Get busy!" he yelled. "Haul out this junk. He's under there."

"How," I protested, "did he get *in?*"

"How the hell do I know? Come on!"

Under his angry hands the furniture came tumbling out of the closet to vanish in dust and lint on the moonlit boards. I helped him. Our racket echoed and re-echoed through the hollow chambers like an awful desecration.

"All out," he called from the gloomy hole. He lit another match. "Look here," he said. "A door from the other side. So!" He sounded relieved, for all his bluster. "Come on," he called, bursting into the farther room.

It was the kitchen; the moon showed us its virgin and obsolete appointments. We didn't pause. There was only one door out, and we took that at a run, and the chamber beyond, which led us back into the front hall. Here we were on the wrong side of the house for the moon; a vague glamour helped but little. A clear ray showing through some upper window picked out a patch on the landing half-way up. That was all.

"I'm afraid he's got us, Beckweth."

"Like the devil he has!" Beckweth lifted his voice. "Gale! I'm going to wring your damned neck, and you watch!"

"Lord!" I cried. "Look!"

A pair of feet, crawling, passed out of the patch on the landing, going up.

Beckweth roared and gave chase, catching the stair-foot wrong in the dark and plowing through the rotten balustrade. The stairs thundered under our feet. We made more noise than Gale. In the upper hall we brought up, because it was dark as the pit. Beckweth lit another match. Gale had said nothing about matches, though lanterns and flashes were considered taboo.

Up here the doors were all closed. There must have been a dozen around the walls of the sizable hall; these and the raw, livid plaster.

"Which one?" Beckweth puffed. His eyes were slightly bloodshot.

"Maybe none. There must be back stairs somewhere there."

The match burned his fingers and he got rid of the ember with a sharp word.

"See here," he announced. "I'm going to open up these doors. You stand where you are and keep an eye out."

I caught his coat.

"Beckweth, old man, what makes you so certain it's Gale, anyhow?"

"Don't be an ass."

"All right, if you feel that way, Beckweth. But we've only seen legs. What's wrong with its being Barway or —or—well—anybody?"

"Does Barway wear rubber soles? Green ones? What?"

"Was it green-rubber soles," I said.

He left me standing there, and began throwing open the doors along the south side of the hall, letting in the dim glow from the moonlit chambers. I could see him pausing at each opened door, thrusting out his thick neck, peering about with an owlish motion. He crossed the hall and did the same for the doors on the dark side, working back toward me. The last, the one nearest to me, was locked. Beckweth rattled the knob for a moment, then pounded a fist on the panels, calling, "Gale! Gale! Gale!"

He soon desisted, and turned to me.

"Let's go down-stairs. We know he's there, so what's the difference?"

"That's right," I agreed, eagerly.

But instead of coming he plucked my sleeve, crossed his lips with a furtive finger, and tiptoed across the hall and into the opposite chamber, beckoning.

"What's the game?" I demanded, in his ear, when I had followed.

"We'll watch that door. Get over there out of line—sit on the bed—go easy. Don't want to bust the thing."

Save for the bed, the room was bare as a box and quite radiant after the gloom in the hall. The moon threw shafts of whiteness through the windows. One fell on the bedside, framing Beckweth and me in its cold purity. Beckweth craned his head to peer out of the door; I sat beside him, cursing myself for a witless dupe. Having nothing to do, I picked at the burlap covering of the mattress. The thing had never been unwrapped from the makers. I could have stuck my thumb through it.

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Beckweth's head jerked toward me suddenly, his eyes wide with inquiry. My blankness was his answer. As I watched the slow beads of perspiration forming on his forehead, I felt panic taking hold of me. He reached over and took my arm just above the elbow, bruising it.

"You stay here," he said, and it was as casual as a coffee order. "I'm going over to look out of the window."

I watched him go and stand, an inky silhouette, against the square of light. It was several seconds before I began to realize that he was facing the wrong way, not out, but back at me, studying me and the bed. And it was just then that something touched my left ankle—like a gentle kick. Beckweth yelled.

"Get to the door, Sands! Look! he's under the bed! The *door*, man!"

He started forward, jarring the floor, even as I leaped. It was too much for the crazy room. The place was thick with thunder; something carried me down, stunned, choked, sprawling, and I lay there an instant, half buried in the débris of the falling ceiling.

Beckweth reared before me, gray with plaster. From the corners of my burning eyes I caught a shadowy leg and foot slipping across the threshold toward the black hall, and Beckweth flinging his weight to slam the door to on the thing—a little late.

"All right, Gale! We'll see!"

He jerked the door open and plunged into the hall, bellowing and running blind. His pounding footsteps broke off, of a sudden; I heard him yell; there was a sickening sound of something bouncing twice on the lower stairs. After that the silence was disturbed only by the infinitesimal settling of the plaster dust on the floor.

It was utterly beyond me to stir from my plaster nest, to say nothing of venturing out into that sightless hall, but still I went because I had to, and groped my way down the black stairs. Half-way down my fingers touched a huddle of something that was Beckweth.

I wasn't strong enough to carry him, but I had to and I did, down the remaining steps, out the front door, across the piazza, and I was about to lower him over the railing when the crazy thing gave way and flung us both in a heap on the matted turf below. I groaned, with most of the wind knocked out of me, but Beckweth remained singularly silent. I reproached him bitterly.

"Beckweth! Beckweth!"

He ignored me. I shook him cruelly and tried to make him sit up, propped against the lattice. But he would stay there only so long as I held him, and his mouth kept dropping open.

"Beckweth!" I bawled. "Wake up! For God's sake, say something!"

The night was fine and cool out there, after the horrible stagnation of the house. The early mists were beginning to smoke the grass-tops, and the moon, low in the west, threw the shadow of the roof across a mile-wide valley to lose itself in the dusk of the farther mountainside. A very faint rose-spot glowed for a moment in the zenith. In a clump of lilac bush a bird rustled and twittered.

We were in the shadow, but the lilac-bush was in the moonlight. I was quite certain the legs were there, at first glance, but the grass was so thick that it took my eyes a moment to untangle them from the wiry shadows. They were very peaceful legs. I could see them up to the thighs; beyond that they were hidden in the blackness under the bush. One of them was bent the wrong way at the knee, but it didn't seem to matter. They rested serenely there in the blue-misted turf—quite as still and careless as Beckweth's.

I didn't want to look at them, but I had to. The bird in the branches above them had gone to sleep again.

"Gale," I protested, "it's a poor joke. You've gone and killed Beckweth." My voice sounded like a stranger's.

The legs ignored me. The moon was sliding down the sky at an appalling rate. Odd notions began to enter my head and, getting up, I walked toward the bush on tiptoe. When I was nearly there the legs quivered a little and dragged into the leaves, lazily, the bent one slightly behind the other.

I was at a loss. Gale was acting the blackguard, and gratuitously, too, since he had won his game and got us out. I developed an idiotic bitterness.

"All right for you!" I bleated into the bush, and was in the act of turning back

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to silent Beckweth when I observed the legs again, rather ostentatious this time, scuttling around a corner of the piazza to the right. How they got there so quickly I couldn't say. But they were going somewhere, and they wanted me to come and look. I felt very queer. I felt queerer when I got to the corner and found myself face to face with the black hole we had smashed in the entryway—the one with the shelf and so forth.

I stood there for some time, gawking. I began to perspire.

"Nothing's gone in lately," I told myself. "Otherwise the rat sitting on the threshold, there, would be scared."

The hush which precedes the dawn was disturbed by a sound of groaning, long-drawn, curiously insensate. The thing came from behind me.

I turned and walked back to Beckweth. His eyes were open and fixed on me with a lusterless stare, almost like Barway's. I bent to touch his shoulder, and his hanging mouth groaned again.

"Beckweth, get up!"

"I fell," he announced, in a thick voice.

"Yes, yes, I know; but you've got to get up and come now."

He moved his hands heavily to his stomach. "I'm sick," he mumbled. "What makes me so sick?"

My knees were knocking together, but I had to speak to a child. "You'll be all right in a second. I'm Sands, you know. Sands!"

"I fell," he went back, blankly.

"Come, come!" I began to be sharp. "We've got to go, Beckweth."

"Will Gale take me in the car, do you think?"

"Car? There's no— Why, yes, of course, old chap, if you'll get up."

"It's so far down there," he complained. He was on the point of tears. I couldn't help following the direction of his eyes, he seemed so certain. I straightened up.

There was no doubt about it, it looked like a car. It stood in the shadow of a thicket half-way down the hill where the orchards left off. The mists were too thick now to be sure of anything, however.

I made him get on his feet, and, once there, he followed me down the winding drive, lurching like a tub in a cross-sea. My own shadow was none too steady. He wasn't himself at all. His voice was queer.

"Shut up!" I yelled back at him. "Shut up and come along faster."

"Gale!" he began calling, in a dismal voice. "Gale, Gale, be a good fellow and wait for me. I don't feel well."

"For God's sake, quit it!" I bellowed. "He'll wait, all right."

"Gale's a good fellow," he mumbled, and then, growing still more maudlin, "Gale cap'ble *anything*." With that he fell flat on the gravel. I got him up, pummeling him without mercy.

"Look! Look!" he wailed. "Gale's going."

The roadster, distorted and huge in the mists, slipped out from behind the thicket ahead, and began to slide downhill, slowly at first, picking up fast on the heavy grade. I pulled up, appalled by the utter and diabolical senselessness of the thing. It was low, unspeakably low; the sort of trick no grown-up man would think of playing. What kind was this fellow Gale?

I felt, rather than saw, that Beckweth had come up beside me. When he spoke his voice was more nearly rational. Beckweth was a great hand for motoring, and I imagine the sporting appeal got into him as nothing else would have done.

"Dear Lord!" he whispered. "He's going too fast."

The car must have hit a rock just then, for it bounced and careened like a drunken thing, and swung along on two wheels down the broken ground. How it swerved when it came to the drive was a miracle, but it did, catching on to the smooth going and missing a ten-foot stump by inches. My mouth was hanging open. Beckweth crouched beside me, breathing like a buck-saw. A slice of sun peeped over the hills, setting the mists on fire, and through the lurid conflagration we watched that dim, wild plunge into the depths. Beckweth was repeating something under his breath, like a prayer.

"When he hits that tangle at the bottom—that at the bottom—"

My eyes went to the mat of blue-green where the willows choked the

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dusky pocket below. The car met them and vanished, swallowed up.

I began to run. It seemed miles and miles down that dawn-flushed slope. Beckweth, sick and rasping, overhauled me, and labored on ahead, profiting by superior weight. The willows swallowed us up, too, but we carried on, tearing the weeds and vines in the twilight.

There, of a sudden, was Barway's house, and a slatternly female standing in the doorway, peering down the road beyond. It was an unearthly hour. Her face, like the face of the woman from Wyoming, lighted up at sight of us, eager, almost ecstatic. They were starved for events here in the hills.

"Was he a friend o' yourn?" she screamed, hopefully, as we bolted past.

Beckweth turned his head.

"W-h-e-r-e?" he panted.

"Round the bend," her voice trailed us. "Barway's t-h-e-r-e—"

The Footstool was mysterious in the dawn; populous, too—it was a wonder where they all came from. Vague, pink-misted forms multiplied about the bend where the road ducked around a sharp elbow of the hill. An old man sat in a wagon, staring down into the valley. Barway came toward us, clawing nervously at his beard. Barway was another man this morning.

"O-oh!" he stammered, when he recognized us in the cloud. "It's you!"

He turned and walked back with us, almost appealing.

"It's too bad. 'Twas all in fun, ye know. He come up to game ye, and look what happens. He was goin' too fast, and what with the rain in the night —oh, dear! An' to think 'twas all in fun—and all that pack o' lies I told ye last night, and that shelf I rigged up, and all."

"Is he—he—badly hurt?"

"Hurt? Good God, if ye could see what it done to 'im. There's his automo-bile—what's left. Somethin' 'r other took 'im in the middle—bad."

He didn't need to point; we could see the machine, thirty feet down the bank, lodged between two boulders. I felt very sick at my stomach, and dizzy. Beckweth was rubbing his bloodshot eyes. The woman from sweet Wyoming was there, sitting on a rock, feasting her vision.

"Where is he?" I asked Barway, in a small voice.

"Sam Ed's took him down to Three Forks."

"Already?"

"*A'ready?*"

"Why—why—it can't be much over three or four minutes."

He jerked a suspicious glance at me. There was something clammy in the air. I turned to Beckweth and found him still rubbing his eyes.

"Look at his tracks," he whispered, uncertainly. "For God's sake, Sands, look where the wheel-tracks left off. He was coming the wrong way—*up* the valley—not down."

I whirled on Barway.

"Tell me," I cried, "when did all this happen? Say?"

"Why—it must 've been somewhere after two 'clock this mornin'. 'Tween that an' three. I—I s'posed ye knew."

"But the car—the *other* car—the one that came down the hill here about five minutes back?"

The old fellow stared with a blankness not to be questioned, shaking his head slowly. I was getting dizzy.

"You say he was—*mangled?* At the —the—*middle?*"

"Cut clean in two, if ye call that mangled. They never found both the legs till jest a piece back."

"And one of them was—was broken—at the knee?"

"Now how 'd ye know that?"

The vacancy of his stare was changing to wonder. I found a hand on my shoulder, and my feet stumbling down the Footstool road. Beckweth was grunting like a stuck pig.

"God, Sands, let's get back to the city!"

It was a glorious morning in the Footstool. Beckweth walked fast, and I could hear him ahead of me, talking to himself about the state of the market. As for myself, I couldn't keep old man Barway's voice out of my brain:

"If a man figgers to ha'nt, why, he'll ha'nt, an' nothin' in the world's goin' to stop his ha'ntin'. . . ."

We were both glad to get back to the club.

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Psychiatry and the Army

BY PEARCE BAILEY, M.D.

NAPOLEON is hardly to be blamed for having placed little dependence on what medical officers could do toward strengthening his armies. Voltaire's vision that "to conserve is almost as good as to make" was still seeking realization as far as the legions of the empire were concerned. In those days the best way of keeping an army efficient, even if it kept it diminished in numbers, was to imitate the behavior of the Zulus, who hit a sick man on the head with a club, and push on. To guarantee healthy, vigorous men for a commander to push on with is the only service a medical corps can render a military machine, considered solely as such, and it was not in the days of Napoleon, or of Grant, or of Von Moltke, or even in the Spanish-American War, but now, within the past decade, that medicine, through its methods of prevention, has done just that thing. By keeping troops free from diseases which formerly made non-effective rates disastrously high, a medical department has become an essential and integral ally of force. It may even decide wars. Baron Takaki, once Director-General of the Medical Department of the Japanese Navy, used to say that he won the Chinese-Japanese war by keeping his country's seamen in a condition to fight. Previously berriberri kept all ships' crews in those Eastern waters constantly on the sick list. By strict dietary regulations, imposed in the face of Oriental superstition, Baron Takaki kept this powerful ally of the enemy clear of the Japanese ships, with the result that China, which exercised no such precautions, opposed full Japanese crews with her own crews half useless through a paralyzing disease.

Figures derived from the medical department of our Army offer a striking contrast between the old and the new ways of checkmating preventable diseases. Typhoid fever, a one-time scourge of all large collections of men, has practically ceased to exist in controlled communities. During eight months in 1898, the time of the Spanish-American War, nearly one-seventh of the United States Army was rendered useless by typhoid infection. There were 20,926 cases with 2,192 deaths, out of 147,745 regulars and volunteers. During the year 1915 there were eight cases in the total American Army, and during the period between May 1, 1916, and October 8, 1916, Colonel Chamberlain informs us, among 170,000 troops which served in border camps throughout the Southern Department and in Mexico there were only 24 cases, with no deaths. The medical measures which to-day maintain an army's fighting strength are the sanitation of camps, screening against flies and mosquitoes, ventilation of sleeping quarters, the use of preventive serums and vaccines, and the enforced prophylaxis against venereal diseases. All of these are of the utmost military significance, because they insure officers and men for duty, and also because they save time and resources which would otherwise go to transportation and care. The gain in effectiveness becomes readily apparent on comparing the current report of the Surgeon-General of the United States Army with the reports running through the past ten years. In 1915 the non-effective rate for the entire Army from all causes was 25.22 per 1,000 (for disease alone, 20.85), while in 1906 it was 47.86 per 1,000. The falling off in the number of men applying for treatment to the medical de-

NOTE.—Since this article was written, special units for the treatment of nervous and mental diseases have been organized and equipped by a committee of medical men. These are destined to be attached to base and other hospitals of the military services of the United States.

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partment for the entire Army shows the same thing. They were 1,188 per 1,000 in 1906, but in 1915 had sunk to 726.19 per 1,000.

But while army strength now is being conserved by the prevention of physical diseases, military authorities have been backward in grasping how seriously mental and nervous defects among soldiers cripple effectiveness, and in taking steps to eradicate this blight, which, from its tendency to elude observation until the damage is done, is all the more dangerous.

The purposes of industry are not satisfactorily met unless there is some method of rigid exclusion of all those not mentally fitted for it. Such exclusion is even more essential for a military organization, for the fewer men who break down, the fewer there are to count out, take care of, and to pension. It is, therefore, if only from these two latter points of view, highly important to consider how seriously nervous and mental diseases and defects concern the solidarity of an army, and the means of avoiding them.

The class of nervous and mental diseases of regular incidence in armies includes epilepsy, which, during our Civil War, occurred in four out of every thousand Union soldiers; chronic alcoholism and drug habits; delinquency, so frequently of mental origin and intimately connected with questions of discipline, especially as regards desertion and, in war-time, cowardice; and neurasthenia and hysteria, which show such a tremendous increase at the front. But as insanity is the principal disorder concerning which statistics stand most ready to hand, it may be taken to serve as an index of frequency of the whole class.

Insanity is the most frequent single cause of discharge for disability of enlisted men in our Army, being nearly twice that of tuberculosis. It causes one-fifth of all disability discharges. Approximately one-third of all men invalided home from the Philippines in 1915 were invalided home for some mental disability; and of 474 discharged for disability during that year, from the Letterman Hospital in San Francisco, the largest general military hospital, 125 were so discharged for mental alienation. On the list of diseases which cause the greatest amount of non-efficiency in the Army, insanity holds the third place.

The world over, insanity is rated as being approximately three times as frequent, even under peace conditions, in the Army as in the civil community. Those who see nothing but evil in armies may construe this as proof that army life produces mental disease. But another explanation seems nearer the truth. It seems a more reasonable hypothesis that the army demonstrates constitutional incapacity and weakness rather than creates mental disease; that, under a service which requires a robuster mental stability than do some of the varied opportunities of civil life, slightly unbalanced persons, who might get along fairly well in a suitable civil capacity, are immediately detected as not fully fit for an army, and so are discharged from it. A large percentage of the soldiers who break down mentally had, before recruitment, already either passed through nervous episodes which required sojourns in sanatoria, or through periods of mental distraughtness which interfered for a time with the usual routine of their lives. That these interruptions in activity are symptoms of constitutional unsoundness rather than initial attacks of mental disease, is borne out by the fact that the recovery rate from insanity in soldiers is nearly twice that in civilians. Inferences drawn from statistics to be informative must be considered with some knowledge of the purpose for which the statistics were gathered and the way they were collected. For its own safety, a military organization must, sooner or later, identify and count its undependable persons. In civil life there is neither demand nor opportunity for such a minute survey of mental health. Civil communities only count the insane who actually require confinement, and so even in the best-surveyed States, the registered insane are well under the actual number; in those States which provide inadequately for the insane, and keep them herded in almshouses or jails classed as paupers and criminals, the insanity rate falls far below the normal rate of one insane person for every thousand of adult population. But, obviously, a rate so arrived at is untrue and misleading.

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The army rate of insanity, 3 to every 1,000, high as it seems, only remains at that level under peace conditions and only then when the troops stay at home. Foreign service causes it to go up, even in peace. For example, there is more insanity among our troops serving in China than in those stationed at home. Under war conditions, the normal rate rises. This cannot be entirely explained by the actual hardships of war. It must be partly explained by the same emotional factors as those which upset civilians. The outbreak of war, like the occurrence of such allied catastrophes as earthquakes and conflagrations, dislocates all mental operations. To be harmonious, mental actions must be in accord with actual conditions, and during the process of a sudden and violent readjustment to new conditions the mind undergoes severe tests of its resistance. Some cannot make the adjustment to war-times at all, as is shown, at the outbreak of war, by the increased number of old persons who die, by the increase in apoplexy, and by the fact that many persons who were able to maintain their equilibrium under ordinary conditions find their way, as though called by the clarion, to asylums. In countries such as England and America, in which three years ago war seemed like some legend, war brings with it to many a collapse of moral support and a complete transmutation of ethical values. They are suddenly told to renounce their cherished belief that the world has reached a point of perfection where wars are impossible. They become much depressed, and face the alternative of making some personal adaptation to the new and ugly condition, or of going mad. Some find their relief in believing that this marks the end of all thought-out destruction; in others the early distress is replaced by a welling martial spirit as they realize the actual peril or humiliation of their own country. They thus construct for themselves psychological defenses of some kind, although few who are not actual combatants can do so completely, as is shown in the falling off in all original work not directly connected with the national defense. The compensation most commonly arrived at is the sinking, for a time, of personal considerations. National interest absorbs all others. Under its stimulus, professional and social differences fade away and exclusiveness becomes less a goal. Even butlers find their long-deferred opportunity to converse. There is an emotional desire for action, to do something for the common cause, to help at no matter what personal sacrifice. In Germany, at the outbreak of this war, the luxurious sanatoria lost most of their wealthy patients, and in one prison the complaints of the prisoners diminished by half. Under the steady daily routine of discipline and service and sacrifice, as organization replaces enthusiasm, these emotional reactions become less conspicuous; and as war becomes a grim business, the whole nation settles down to its work, accepting its hardships and sorrows more and more as a matter of course. That people live with more temperance and less leisure may explain the strange contradiction that the admissions to civilian institutions for the insane, which go up at the beginning of war, sink below normal finally.

The struggle to attain a personal adaptation, which disturbs the civil population, must also in a measure account for the increase in insanity among soldiers at the outbreak of war. It is greatest during the earlier months—that is, during mobilization and training, before the fatigue and exposure and exhaustion of continuous fighting. With the exception of campaigns carried out in foreign countries under unusual climatic conditions,[1] insanity is noted most at the main bases and diminishes with an actual approach to the front. Under the exactions of discipline, of prompt obedience, of giving up or doing without what he prizes, the individual who is physically and mentally sound usually experiences a distinct benefit from the new form of life. But such measures are not always so successful in persons who are distinctly neuropathic. They may think themselves unjustly treated, feel they are persecuted, or may find themselves falling short of the expected, and thus be brought to a fuller realization of their own inadequacy. They become much

[1] In the German Army, during the Boxer campaign, the insanity rate attained 50 per 1,000.

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depressed in this way, and their minds become troubled, less over the present situation, perhaps, than over past problems of their own, which in civil life, with its protection and possibilities of avoidance, they were able to compensate for. It has been noted over and over again in this war that soldiers, in their mental distress, referred less to immediate issues than to defects in their own past conduct and relationships.

The figures which show a threefold increase during war of a disability which strikes harder at military effectiveness than any other medical disability, are drawn from the cases of actual insanity only. They by no means express all that armies suffer by reason of mental disability. Among other conditions which, while not classified as insanity, are allied to it, both in causation and effects, are two well-known neuroses, neurasthenia and hysteria. Of eighteen United States Army officers retired for disability in 1915, four were for neurasthenia. It is never possible to define exactly the limitations of these two neuroses, but they are generally understood as indicative of mental worry or of anxiety, or of shock; they are essentially recoverable and do not correspond to the general symptoms of insanity. They are always frequent in armies, even during peace, and are more apt to arise at the front than are cases of actual insanity. By hysteria is usually understood a mental state which, more or less independently of consciousness, arouses physical symptoms or dictates some specific behavior for the purpose of obtaining a personal advantage or avoiding a disagreeable situation. The hysteric, without entirely realizing it, shams illness for an end, under the various circumstances which make illness an asset rather than an incubus, and which changes the normal impulse to get well into an impulse to stay ill, until certain disagreeable conditions are removed. In civil life it is found in many of the ailments of children, among plaintiffs who are suing for damages for personal injuries, and is a classical means for one party to a matrimonial contract to keep the other in hand. Armies have always had to contend with it as the soldier's way of signifying his unwillingness to endure longer. It even gets into his slang, as when he says "he is sick of it." The appeal for relief is expressed, not in words, but in physical terms of the situation itself. Hysterical blindness is a mute way of stating unwillingness to look any longer at horrible sights, deafness a refusal to hear any longer the explosions. The paralytic refuses to stand up or go, and the tremors, speech defects, and other symptoms of hysteria are a way of saying, "Don't you see how ill or badly injured I am?"

It can be shown that there is no physical interference with the nervous structures which preside over the lost function. The interference is not in the nerves, but in the willing. Experience proves that these states are actual mental disorders, with the motive only half conscious. They present a sharp contrast to insanity by their symptoms, but especially for the reason that they are so much more certainly curable. They are not curable, however, while the conditions under which they arose persist. They are only curable under a treatment primarily psychological, which more or less disregards the physical symptoms which are the most conspicuous features. Patients of this kind in civil life rarely, if ever, recover in general hospital wards, and in military hospitals they may be counted on to get worse, surrounded as they are by the physical disease which they copy. Such suggestive surroundings fix nervous symptoms of this kind rather than lift them. But under the routine of a hospital personnel and equipment especially organized for the purpose of combating abnormal mental trends, such patients do surprisingly well. A physician from one of the special French hospitals reports that it happens over and over again that soldiers invalided on account of hysteria, who have passed months in general hospitals without improvement, recover in a few weeks in a special hospital, and are returned to the front. An English surgeon especially interested reports that he returns 36 per cent. of such cases.

It will be a long time before the medical statistics of the present war are available, but everything seems to show that cases of this kind, including most

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of those of "shell shock," have been extremely numerous. They overwhelmed both the English and French medical services, which were unprepared to take care of them. In the autumn of 1914 a special English officer was sent to France to arrange for them, and England was forced to make rearrangements of the whole medical service. Two "clearing" hospitals were established for the purpose of assorting and classifying, and neurological sections were created in all the territorial general hospitals in England, Scotland, and Wales. It was not until 1915 that the French Neurological Society urged the Government to establish special hospitals for such cases, and then psycho-neurological centers sprang up all over France. From the point of view of efficiency and humanity cases of the hysterical class merit the most intensive consideration, for the reason that the patients recover when suitably treated, but, neglected too long, become incapable of resuming military service, or even remain unfit for civil life.

The question of alcoholism, in many respects a mental question, is too comprehensive to be considered in detail in this place. It may be said, however, that alcoholic insanity, which is something quite different from intemperance and a totally disabling affair, becomes especially conspicuous under war conditions. In the Russo-Japanese War, one-third of Russian officers who became insane became so by reason of alcohol.

The scientific consideration of delinquency is inseparable from psychiatry, for it is being more and more firmly established that a considerable percentage of individuals who constantly break rules, who do not profit by punishment, who are in trouble over and over again for infractions of law, are mentally unsound. This mental unsoundness is sometimes due to actual disease of the brain, demonstrable physically, but more frequently is the result of a constitutional inability to find adaptation. Such disability may not appear from a direct examination of mentality, but becomes a conclusion from the persistence of a characteristic motiveless, abnormal behavior. Individuals with this disposition, the despair of philanthropists, do not profit by experience, however frequent or drastic it may be. It does not teach them. Nothing does. Every chronic military delinquent falls under the suspicion of being a person who cannot be courageous and cannot be taught to obey, because he is mentally incapable.

This condition of psychopathic personality finds full recognition at the United States Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Delinquent soldiers are classified by the psychiatrist stationed there, Major Edgar King, in accordance with their mental qualifications, determined largely by their behavior. It may result from the work now going on at Fort Leavenworth that some place, even if not on the firing-lines, may be found for sub-normals in the Army.

In view of the burdens which all the various mental disabilities put upon armies, it would seem that no military organization was efficient without a part of its medical department being devoted to their recognition and treatment. Yet in the past little provision of this kind has been made. The first military psycopathic hospital was established by Russia at Harbin, in Russia's war with Japan. It consisted at first of one building with fifty beds, but soon developed many dependencies. Through the central building there passed, incidental to the siege of Port Arthur, 1,740 insane patients. The experience taught that patients do much better when immediately treated in special base hospitals than when sent on long railway journeys. It was even found necessary to establish small hospitals along the Trans-Siberian Railway, where patients could rest for two or three weeks.

This Russian initiative was not followed until the present war, and then only under the stress and hurry of an urgent necessity. Our own Army has been poorly provided with men specially trained in nervous and mental diseases. Few psychiatrists enter the Army. One officer is detailed every two years to be trained at the Government Hospital for the Insane in Washington, but that is hardly enough to provide for the needs even of such a small army as we have had. Yet it is quite evident that the frequency of nervous and mental dis-

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eases justifies the same quality of special organization for an army as has been found necessary in civil communities. As things are now, insane soldiers are unwelcome guests in the hospital ward, where they disturb other patients and take time on the part of orderlies and physicians, to no special purpose, or else they are kept in the guard-house, sometimes in steel cages, or in a prison ward, not because they are delinquents, but because it is the easiest way to protect them from injuring themselves or others. As prisoners they are not allowed to work out of doors as sane prisoners are, and thus are deprived of such ordinary privileges as fresh air, sunlight, and exercise.

A military organization of psychiatrists promises more than the actual care of the insane and of those suffering from neuroses. If the service of psychiatrists were fully utilized at the time of recruitment, admissions of undesirables could be largely prevented. In the Navy, recruits who pass preliminarily are accepted for a probationary period of six months before final enlistment. At any time during this period they may be summarily discharged if they do not promise to turn out good men. That no such probationary period exists in the Army makes it even more necessary for the examination as to the mental caliber and ability of recruits to be painstaking and thorough. When the examinations are not thorough the individual always turns out badly, and especially so in the event of overseas operations. A large number of Canadian recruits had to be returned to Canada immediately after their arrival in England from Canada. Recruits in the United States Army who become insane in the Philippines have to be returned to this country for discharge, as no discharges are made in the islands. These expensive round trips are avoidable.

But psychiatry could do more than supply immediate military needs. An army should aim to educate its soldiers in the ways of meeting life. It may be remembered that Charles Francis Adams believed that the four years with his regiment during the Civil War taught him more than his four years at Harvard. It is the principles of education of that kind which psychiatry, better than any other branch of medicine, is able to develop and foster. From its intensive study of individuals it is rapidly drawing many socially useful conclusions. It is becoming more exact in its identification of the different types of individuals, in determining the numerical distribution of these types throughout a community, and in knowing beforehand what these different types, under certain conditions, may be counted on to produce in the way of behavior. Psychiatry takes life as it finds it and insists that, of the policies which concern men, the wisest are those based on the broadest knowledge of humanity. Although its chief activity is among persons who do not succeed, its very familiarity with failure has made it able to advise how best to avoid what interferes with success. It does not underestimate the importance of physical health; but it insists that physical health, without mental health, is thrown away, and that obedience and self-denial and recognition of authority, which an army demands for its own sake, are indispensable for the upbuilding of a stable personality and for the assurance of happiness. In our country, in which the Army had become too small to be a feature in our society, where uniforms had practically disappeared from the streets, where few people had relatives or friends in the Army or any association with it whatsoever, we had rather lost the idea of what a large military organization might mean to society. We have spent so much time discussing the evils of armies that we have failed to grasp fully what a great factor for good they might be. We have failed to see that many of the undoubted evils might be obviated if there were a closer touch between the army and the public at large. An army is created for the purpose of maintaining what we think best worth maintaining in our civilization. It is, therefore, an integral part of our civilization and as such must serve the high purpose of it. An army takes young men for the period before character is fully formed, when passions and general activities are at white heat, when habits are in the making, and when crippling diseases are

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most likely to be contracted. The army takes such young men (the years twenty-one and twenty-two are the favorite ones for enlistments) and keeps them for three or four years and then hands them back to society. Among enlisted men, soldiering is hardly a profession. It is rather that soldiers during a tempestuous period give themselves over to the guidance and control of a powerful and dictatorial organization to be trained after its standards. This organization should so fashion and shape them that when they return to society they will be healthy and better instructed to meet the varied conditions of civil life. Army officers recognize this in full, but complain, and with justice, that they are not met half-way by civilians.

As regards venereal diseases alone, which have the highest rates both as to non-effectiveness and as to admissions, methods of prevention are at hand by which these may be largely avoided. If not avoided, a large percentage of soldiers will continue to acquire, as soldiers always have done, diseases which cripple their military usefulness and which, years later, when they have become members of the civil community, will make them dependents. But many of the civil population take the stand that such things should not be recognized—and attack the Army for trying to keep its men physically clean.

The question of alcoholism requires an even heartier co-operation between the Army and the civil community. Alcohol has always flayed armies. In addition to the inefficiency and disease which it causes during the soldier's service, it beguiles him at the period when practically all habits are formed. Army organization might be an efficient aid in the campaign against alcoholism. It does what it can. It excludes alcohol from its barracks and camps, but it meets with very little co-operation on the part of the civil community, as is shown by the drinking resorts which collect in the neighborhood of military posts. Drinking should be made impossible near large points of concentration. Fortunately for the troops stationed last summer along the Mexican border, Texas had a local restriction regarding alcohol which forbade the sale after 9 P.M. Even such a restriction was a great benefit and resulted in there being little alcoholism among the troops serving along the Rio Grande.

With the proposed enlargement of our Army, and especially with the establishment of a compulsory military service, the Army becomes a more important factor in our education than ever before. Perhaps no one inexperienced with large groups of human beings gathered from all parts of the country can picture how much instruction the average young man needs in the simplest matters of life. A vast proportion of the world's physical deterioration would be prevented if youth only knew what an army, better than anything else, is in a position to teach. The improvement in the health of recruits, even after a few months of service, shows plainly how far they, as civilians, had been falling short of their physical possibilities. From scattered sections of our country young men come to the Army who are ignorant of the simplest rules of personal care. One-half of one State's regiment on the border last summer were found to be infected with hook-worm. They were cured of this shortly after entering the service, and the gain in weight of that regiment was estimated in thousands of pounds. They went home wearing shoes.

Soldiers who receive lessons in adaptation to life become an immediate asset to the nation. They go back as missionaries to the remote communities whence they came and disseminate the knowledge acquired through military experience. In this way an army becomes an active agent in spreading throughout the whole country the kind of education best calculated to conserve and improve mental health.

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A Bargain in a Baby

BY ELOISE ROBINSON

I SHOULD not mind so much if it had not all happened because of a baby—a measly, snub-nosed baby. If it were even a pretty baby it would not be so humiliating to my dignity. But I don't believe there will ever be much outcome to this child; certainly there isn't much promise of it now. He is so fat it is positively disgusting. His legs are crooked, and the hair is all worn off of the back of his head, and in the face he looks like a poor imitation of a monkey. I say this even though it is our affliction to have this baby in the family—he belongs to my sister Ella. You might think, being the way he is, that Ella would try to make him as inconspicuous as possible; but not so. Instead, she takes every opportunity to call attention to him. She seems to be just as crazy about him as if he were all right. She acts positively foolish. Mother tells me that this is only natural. All I can say is that if ever I am put in Ella's position I shall try my best not to be natural. But mother is nearly as bad as Ella herself. You would never believe that a woman of mother's age and social position would get down on her knees by a crib and waggle her finger and make idiotic faces and repeat perfectly by the hour, "Ze tunnin' itty hookem-tookem," but she does.

The way Ella is rearing the baby I should not think she would allow mother to do this to him. She was horribly shocked when I wanted to show him the funny paper; she said it would degenerate his esthetic appreciations, whatever those are. But she doesn't say a word to mother, who looks ten times funnier than Mrs. Katzenjammer ever did.

It is a base calamity for Ella to say that I was prejudiced against her baby all along. I had nothing against Junior in the start. In fact, I have always thought and said that if only there were a younger person in the family the others wouldn't have so much time to observe all my actions and pick faults in them.

But if I had any pleasurable thoughts on hearing that Ella was going to bring her baby home for a visit I was soon disillusioned. The baby had not been in the house more than an hour before I had learned that I must not do the following things:

Turn on the phonograph,
Run up-stairs,
Whistle,
Leave any of the doors open,
Play "Casey Jones" on the piano with one finger and the loud pedal,
Make our terrier bark,
Kiss the baby (I did not want to),
Use slang in his hearing,

and many other things which are too numerous to mention. It was without a word that I gave up wearing a large red bow on top of my hair, although this style is very becoming to me, because Ella said it was making the baby cross-eyed, but it was going really too far to expect me to be a nurse-maid to that mewling and puking infant. (Ella does not allow me to call Junior a mewling and puking infant, which shows her ignorance, this not being a slang expression, but only a quotation from Shakespeare.) So, if there were any unfortunate consequences to my taking care of Junior, Ella has no one to blame but herself.

It was at the breakfast-table that this last indignity was put upon me. As usual, mother began it:

"You're going to the Barretts' this afternoon, aren't you, Ella?"

Ella looked troubled. "I wish I could, but I don't see how I can. It's Lucy's afternoon off, and I don't dare to ask her to stay in for fear she'll leave. I wouldn't lose her for anything. I don't know where I'd find any one else so careful about Junior's milk and all."

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MOTHER WOULD GET DOWN ON HER KNEES, WAGGLE HER FINGER, AND MAKE IDIOTIC FACES

Mother thought a minute and then her face brightened. "I want you to go, Ella, and Barbara can come home and take care of the baby."

"I?" I exclaimed in surprise and disgust.

"All of your friends will be there," mother went right on to Ella, rudely ignoring me, "and you may not have another opportunity of seeing them again."

"You'd better not leave Junior with me," I warned Ella. "I'd be sure to give him Paris green in his bottle or something."

Ella turned pale. "Oh, it *wouldn't* be safe, mother," she cried.

"Nonsense!" retorted mother. "The trouble is we don't put enough responsibility on Barbara. You can feed Junior yourself before you leave and put him in the baby carriage. Then Barbara can take him out for his walk just as Lucy does. We won't be gone more than a couple of hours; but if Barbara comes back before we do, I'll tell Delphine to take Baby up to your room. Barbara won't have to touch him."

"Well," Ella agreed, after some further urging, "I suppose that would do. I do want to go to the Barretts'."

"It's settled, then," said mother.

"I like the way you settle things without consulting me," I remarked, coldly. "I have another engagement this afternoon."

"Can't you put off your engagement until to-morrow to take care of dear little Junior, Barbara? Don't you want to do that much for your own sister who has come so far to see you?"

"Oh yes, *I* can *always* put off *my* engagements," I cried, bitterly—"for *darling* little Junior!"

Mother lifted her eyebrow. I have often thought about the remarkable power of so small a thing as a lifted eyebrow.

"Oh, well," I grumbled, as unpleasantly as I dared, "I suppose I can walk up and down awhile."

"That's my good little daughter. To-morrow you may have the whole afternoon for yourself."

"Can Fidenia Jacocks go with me?" I wanted to know.

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"I suspect she *can*, unless she has broken her leg," mother replied, suavely. "She *may* go, dear."

This is mother's usual pleasant way of correcting my English. I merely put it in to show what I have constantly to go through with. In the book in which I write down all the things I want



I HAVE OFTEN THOUGHT OF THE POWER OF SO SMALL A THING AS A LIFTED EYEBROW

to remember not to do if I ever have a daughter, I have put down, "Do not be pleasant when you are finding fault. It's a mean trick."

Of course Fidenia hadn't broken her leg, and she came home from school with me. Ella was already poking and prodding a fuzzy robe over the baby carriage where Junior was buried, but she had to take it off and show him to Fidenia, although I tried to keep her from making herself ridiculous by saying we ought to hurry out while the sun was shining. I must say Fidenia acted very well and did not forget to be polite. But after we had started, Ella calling out to remind me for the hundredth time to ease the buggy down all the curbs, I learned Fidenia's real opinion.

"What do you think of the baby, Fidenia?" I asked her.

"Well—" she began, cautiously.

"You needn't mind me," I told her. "Go ahead and say what you think. *I* know he hasn't all his buttons just as well as you do."

"He is sort of lumpy looking," Fidenia allowed. "And it isn't true what your sister said about his looking like you."

"What?" I shouted, forgetting that a perfect lady never raises her voice. "Did Ella say that?"

"Yes, when you went in for the blanket. She said Junior was more like you than any one else. She said your expressions were exactly alike."

I stopped the buggy where we were and pulled the fuzzy things off and pointed to the fat, white, wiggling mass inside. "Fidenia," I demanded, sternly, "as you live, tell me the truth. Am I like that?"

"Don't be silly," was what she answered me.

"Has my jaw bumps in it, and do I keep twisting my whole face from the nose down, and does my hair appear to be moth-eaten? If this is so, I want to know it. Why, even his legs aren't straight!"

"You goose!" Fidenia returned. "I said it wasn't so. People with babies are always a little cracked."

But in spite of Fidenia's comforting words I felt that my nerves were distinctly shattered. I have never claimed that I am beautiful, but I did think I had style. And Junior had about as much style to him as a boiled oyster. I was so unstrung that I told Fidenia that we would simply have to stop in at Maleine's and get some kind of a real gooey *parfait*. It was absolutely the only thing that would do me any good

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at all. I said it would be my treat, but Fidenia said no, it was her turn, and we had our usual argument. We were up to Maleine's before we decided to compromise—also in our usual way—by having an Angel's Delight, which she would pay for, and then a Merry Widow on me. Before we went in I was careful to put Junior's buggy in a safe place in front of the window with the brake on so that it would not roll into the gutter. Fidenia will bear witness that I did all an earthly power could do to make him safe. I even looked under the robes to see that he was asleep.

We were inside only a short time, considering what we accomplished. Just as we were finishing our Merry Widows a woman came in and ordered a Doublemint Tulip. Neither Fidenia nor I had ever heard of a Doublemint Tulip, and we thought best to try one. At that we finished before the woman did, not getting the whole good of the Tulip from hurrying so that Junior would not be left alone too long. He was perfectly all right when we went out. The only thing that had happened was that he had been joined by another baby in a white carriage just like his. I was about to wheel him off when Fidenia cried:

"Barbie! You're taking the wrong one! This is Junior!"

"Why, no, it isn't," I corrected her. And then I looked at the other carriage and at Fidenia and back at the one I was about to wheel away and I began to feel doubtful. I wasn't really sure which one was Junior. "What makes you think that one is ours?" I asked her, weakly.

"I don't know," Fidenia stammered. "I thought it was because it had a fur rug on it, but I see the other rug is fur, too."

The longer I looked the more puzzled I was. To save me, I couldn't tell which was the right baby.

"What shall we do?" I was really eager to know.

"Pooh!" Fidenia came to the rescue. "Don't worry. We'll look at the babies; that's how we can tell."

Fidenia pulled back the rug from the one on her side and I uncovered mine. Now I do not expect any one to believe what came next. I could scarcely be-



SHE GAVE THE COVERS A FEW PATS—THEN WALKED OFF WITH HIM

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lieve it myself, and I was there and saw the whole thing. You couldn't have told the difference between those two babies to have saved your life. One was just as much like a fat white grub as the other, and they both had faces something like little pug dogs, but not so cute. And the other baby, whichever was he, had Junior's habit of screwing his mouth around as if he were chewing gum.

"Heavens!" Fidenia uttered. By her strong language I saw she was utterly bewildered.

"Fidenia," I asked, "am I seeing double? Do you think one Angel's Delight and one Merry Widow and a Doublemint Tulip could go to a person's head? Or do those babies look alike to you, too?"

"I couldn't pick out Junior if I had to," Fidenia assured me, solemnly. "I do believe he's gone and hatched himself into twins while we were inside."

"Don't try to be funny." I gave her a severe look. "It won't be funny for me if anything happens to Junior. Maybe neither one is he. Maybe somebody's come along and taken him and left twins."

"That's silly. What would anybody do a thing of that kind for?"

I regarded her darkly. "It's not silly. If you had a baby in the family you'd know. One's only half as bad as two."

"Still," argued Fidenia, "the most sensible thing to think is that some one else did what we did and left her baby here while she went inside. Probably the Doublemint Tulip woman is his mother."

"Well, I don't know what we're going to do. I wouldn't have believed that there could be two such ugly babies in the city."

"Didn't Junior have any distinguishing marks?" Fidenia wanted to know.

"He didn't have any hair on the back of his head and his legs were crooked." I hated to admit how bad he was outside of the family, even to Fidenia, but I could see it was necessary.

"We'll have to take off their caps."

If anybody has ever tried to take off a baby's cap and look at the back of his head she knows it is an awful task, especially if the baby is slippery, as these were. And even after we had taken their things off, if you'll believe it, both of those babies had bald spots! It was the last straw when we discovered that one's legs were just as crooked as the other's. I looked at Fidenia in horror.

"Good grief! What are we going to do?"

"Let me think," commanded Fidenia.

I let her. I was only too glad to have her think. She stood wrinkling her brows and regarding her baby's fat legs while she dangled the fur rug from one hand. I looked at her hopefully. Fidenia is a very original and resourceful girl and I did trust she would think of something. And at last she did. It was a perfectly good plan. That it did not work out right was not Fidenia's fault, and I do not lay it up against her.

"There's just one thing to do, Barbara," she told me. "We must cover the babies all up again and wait until the other baby's mother comes out. We'll let her take her pick of the babies and then we'll know the one left over is Junior."

"Why, of course!" I said.

So we went over to the other window and pretended to be looking in at the boxes of candies. It wasn't long before the Doublemint Tulip woman came out. She didn't seem to have any hesitation about picking out the right child. She gave the covers of the one next to the door a few pokes and pats and then walked off with him.

With a long breath of relief I took hold of the other carriage. It was a great comfort to have the thing settled. It had been really making me nervous, and every one knows no woman who expects to make a social success in life can afford to be nervous. If I hadn't been afraid of another baby's coming along I should have gone in for another *parfait*—something with coffee in it. Instead we hurried home, and I had Delphine take Junior right up-stairs and put him in his crib. It was getting late and I had had enough worry out of him for one afternoon. To show how illogical mother is when she says this experience could have happened to no one but me, Delphine took him without a question and removed his coat and cap.

It would have been better for me if

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Fidenia could have stayed until mother and Ella came home, but she couldn't. She had only been gone a little while when the folks came breezing in with that air of having accomplished something remarkable that people always have when they come home from a party where every one has been impressed by their clothes. As might be expected, Ella had just stepped her foot inside the door when she wanted to know "How's Junior?"

"He's all right," I said, shortly. "Delphine took him up-stairs."

"He didn't seem to be cold, did he, Delphine?" Ella gave Delphine her coat and started up-stairs.

"No, ma'am," Delphine calmed her. "He was asleep and I didn't waken him."

Ella went on up-stairs while mother smiled at me approvingly. "It was nice of you to be so careful of Junior, dear. Ella and I were saying on the way home that for being so sweet about it we would have to get you—"

I never heard what it was that I was going to get, and I never shall hear—now. Mother's words were cut short by an ear-piercing, heart-rendering cry. If I had given it, it would have been called an unladylike scream.

"Mercy!" cried mother. "Junior!" And she started up the stairs as fast as she could go, and faster, followed by Delphine. Some premonition of disaster made me wait in the hall below. But I did not wait long. Calls and cries summoned me upward.

"Barbara, you terrible child!" Ella grasped me by the shoulders and, without considering my feelings or my dignity, rattled me back and forth. "Where is Junior? What have you done with Junior? Answer me this instant!"

"Control yourself, Ella," was all I replied in a cold voice. "There's your baby," pointing to where Delphine was turning him over and over.

"That's not Junior!" She dashed across the floor, snatched the baby and held him up to me. "See! Where is my boy, Barbara?"



"THAT ISN'T JUNIOR?" I REPEATED, BLANKLY

"That isn't Junior?" I repeated, blankly. At the same time the feeling came over me that I might have known all along that something would happen.

"Where is he? Where is he? Why don't you tell me where he is?" Ella was, to put it kindly, greatly excited.

I turned to mother. "Can you tell me whether Ella has gone crazy?"

"Ella dear!" Mother spoke gently but firmly in her let-the-meeting-come-to-order voice. "If you will just be calm we can straighten this out sooner. Let me talk to Barbara." She turned to me. "Barbara, didn't you know this wasn't Junior?"

I stared at her. It came over me that maybe both mother and Ella had had something at the party.

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"Answer me!" mother repeated.

The state she was in I thought best to humor her. "It seems to me you're making a big matter of nothing," I said, soothingly.

But mother didn't act soothed. "Nothing! Nothing!" she exploded. "Do you consider it nothing that Junior is gone?"

"But *there* is Junior." I pointed again to the bed.

"That—*that* my baby!" Ella sobbed, indignantly.

"Well, how do you know it isn't? He looks all right to me."

"How do I know?" Ella interrupted. "Not know my own son?"

"No need to discuss that, Barbara." Mother's tone was final. "It isn't Junior. For one thing, this is a—ah—a little girl."

At that moment I gave up. I felt as if I had slipped on the last step and sat down too hard. I saw then and there that babies are a mystery I shall never understand.

"Now," mother continued, "where did you go this afternoon?"

"As far as Cross Lane," I replied, meekly, still suffering from the shock.

"And then right back?"

"Yes'm."

"Did you take the baby out of the buggy at all?"

"No'm."

"You didn't show him to any one or stop at any of the girls' houses so they could see him?"

"Show *him* as my nephew? I should say not!"

Mother was now looking puzzled as well as worried. "But you've *lost Junior*, Barbara! Think! Haven't you any idea where he is?"

"Not exactly."

"Not exactly!" cried mother. "What do you mean? Oh, Barbara! is this another of your awful mistakes?"

"It wasn't my mistake," I defended. "If it was anybody's, it was the Double-mint-Tulip woman's fault." And I told her about Maleine's. I had to. As I finished there was a groan of agony from my sister and mother looked positively hectic. She ought to be careful; she might have appleplexy.



I SUPPOSE EVERY ONE THOUGHT IT WAS OUR FIRST CHILD

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"What shall we do?" came from Ella. "Oh, my little, little baby! I shall never see him again!"

I didn't tell her I thought she wouldn't lose much. I only remarked, very politely: "I don't see why you need be making such a fuss. I don't know why this baby won't do as well as the other. Girls are said to be easier to raise than boys, and it's just as homely."

"Oh!" Ella strangled in rage and grief.

"Barbara!" mother thundered. "Silence! I have never known so unnatural a child. What you think or do not think makes no particle of difference. You will come with me at once back to the place where Junior was taken. After this is over we will attend to you. Delphine, the car at once. Don't worry, dear"—she turned to Ella—"we'll find him, never fear. No doubt this other woman is just as disturbed as we are by this time."

"Oh no, oh no," Ella moaned. "It was a trick to kidnap him. I know it was! And to think that my own sister would be the accomplice!"

"Come, dear," mother soothed her; "you will need all your energy to help find him again. You must stay here to answer the telephone, and you'd better call up your father and have him send the detectives right out."

Ella fairly ran out of the room, crying as much as if she had lost her diamonds instead of Junior. She left the other baby lying upside down on the bed, which showed that it was really a better bargain than Junior, because it did not cry and Junior would have howled something fearful. Half-way out, Ella ran back to snatch up a package of Junior's last pictures, which had just come home, and give them to mother. Mother thought this a good idea, saying it would help identify him. She told me to put one in my pocket in case I needed it to show to people and then hauled me off up-town.

At Maleine's we found that Junior had not been returned, though when mother used the tone of voice she did use every one scurried around and looked under all the counters and out the door half a dozen times, just as if they expected to see him any minute. Even a young man who was drinking beef-tea at one of the tables seemed much interested in a quiet but efficient way, and I heard him asking who mother was. Finally one of Maleine's waitresses volunteered the information that the Doublemint-Tulip woman might be a Mrs. Somebody or other who came in nearly every day and who had a little baby. They brought the telephone book and looked up her address, and mother went tearing off. But before she left she spoke a few meaning words for my private ear.

"Barbara," she said, "this is the worst thing you have ever done. I can only hope you realize the gravity of it. Now I am going to leave you here to watch for this woman to come back with Junior. I have telephoned for Delphine to come up here at once, but I tremble to leave you alone until she comes. Just remember this: if you do anything rash—" Mother's unfinished sentence was worse than a threat. "Should the woman bring Junior back, wait here for me, and don't let him out of your sight one instant. If the woman cares to go for her own baby, let her do so. And just let me say this: if Junior is not at home before dinner I will employ a guardian for you and you will not be allowed to go outside of the house alone —not until you are eighteen."

These were bitter words to hear. It would be four years before I was eighteen. Unless I could find Junior I might just as well pray for death. It was in the midst of these sorrowful reflections that the nice young man drinking beef-tea stepped up to me.

"I overheard about the baby," he began. "Perhaps I can be of some service."

At his words I felt a little more cheerful. It is true that having a manly arm to lean upon always brightens the darkest moment. But I was not rash. I was careful to ask his name and his occupation before I had anything to do with him. He said that he was Mr. Gary, and that he was a humble servant of one of the noblest institutions of this great country. I naturally took it that he must be a minister, and, in spite of what mother says, so would any one else.

"If the baby isn't found within half

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an hour I shall have to have a guardian for four years," I informed him.

"The dickens you will!" he exclaimed, much interested. "I say, that would be a shame! Was it you who lost him? Suppose you tell me all about it and perhaps we can think of something."

I told him the whole story. I have never known any one to be more interested in all the details of a thing than he was. He wanted to know my full name and age and father's name and business and where we lived; how old Junior was and where Ella lived, and what her husband's name was, besides all the story of the afternoon, including the Angel's Delight and the Merry Widow and the Doublemint Tulip. He was simply delighted when I showed him Junior's picture, and put it in his pocket for future use.

"Golly! he's a headliner," Mr. Gary said.

I had never heard a baby called a headliner before. I knew it could mean nothing complimentary, because Mr. Gary had looked at the picture. But I did not care. Whatever it meant, it was nothing more than the truth. When I had told him all, he suggested:

"See here, Miss Barbara Vane, there's one thing your mother hasn't thought of; it might be a good idea to try it. Suppose you and I walk over to the police station and see if the baby isn't there."

"The police station!" I admit I was a little shocked. "Why, do they arrest *babies?*"

"Well—er—the woman might have discovered that she had the wrong child and left him on the street somewhere and then the policeman would have taken him up for—er—loitering."

"Good *grief!*" I said. "If Junior has been arrested— All right; let's go."

I forgot for the moment that mother had been very definite about my waiting for Delphine. Still, I don't see the logic of blaming a person for a thing she forgets. If you forget you can't remember, can you? And, anyway, it was a good thing I did go to the police station, because I know mother would never have thought of looking in such a common place, and *darling* little Junior would have grown up to be a criminal and a great curse to the family name.

Well, there was Junior. He was howling as hard as he could howl, and three policemen were trying to find out, by looking on his clothes, where he belonged. I guess they were glad to get rid of him, because, after they had asked all about where he had been lost and the young man had showed them his picture, they let us have him. Probably they were afraid he would keep the other prisoners awake, squalling the way he was. But first they made me telephone to the other woman that her baby was at our house. She seemed nearly as silly as Ella, for I could hear her weeping over the telephone. She said she would go right over herself and get him—I mean her. I told her to hurry up, because when I left she was lying upside down, and maybe she was smothered by this time. The woman gave a loud scream and dropped the receiver instead of hanging it on the hook, which showed that she was in a hysterical state.

After that the young man and I went home together on the vulgar and unhygienic street-car. Mr. Gary had to carry Junior because I absolutely refused to touch him. From the way Mr. Gary acted, I don't believe he had had much experience with babies, either. And Junior was howling the whole way like a fire-whistle. I suppose every one who saw us thought it was our first child.

When we reached home it was to find a scene of confusion. Mother had found out that the Mrs. Somebody-or-other had her own baby and not ours. Stopping at Maleine's on her way back, she had discovered Delphine but no Barbara, and learned from the soda-girl that I had gone off with a strange young man. Any one who knows my mother can easily imagine what her state of mind toward me was. The detectives had come out with dad and were trying to find some clues to work on. However, when we came in with Junior, I was forgiven for going away from Maleine's, but not for losing him in the first place. Everybody tried to see the *darling* little thing at once. It's a wonder they didn't drop him.

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"How—where—did you find him?" mother wanted to know.

"Here is his rescuer!" I waved my arm at Mr. Gary.

They all crowded around Mr. Gary, and Ella dropped a tear of gratitude on his hand, which was romantic but wet and uncomfortable for him.

"Where was the baby?" mother inquired again.

"At the police station," Mr. Gary answered.

"The police station!" Mother turned yellow. "Don't tell me he was at that—Oh no!"

"The police station!" Ella shrieked, and made a dash at Junior, who was now yelling in dad's arms. "How terrible! How very terrible! No telling what germs he has picked up. I must sterilize him at once! Oh, I do hope he has not caught a disease!" And she rushed upstairs, calling to Delphine to turn on the warm water and bring the peroxide.

Dad had gone over to Mr. Gary. "We must all thank you, young man," he said. "That is the only grandchild in the family, and, ah—" He blew his nose very hard.

Mr. Gary blushed. "Not at all, not at all! Very glad to be of service, I'm sure. But I should like to keep the little chap's picture." He shoved it in his pocket.

"By all means!" dad cried. "Delighted to have you!" He was beaming, and acting nearly as proud of Junior as Ella did. "Stay to dinner with us, my boy!"

I looked at Mr. Gary appealingly to stay, because I knew that would delay my punishment, and the longer it was put off the calmer mother and Ella would be. But Mr. Gary said he had work calling him down-town right away.

"At least give me your name and address," dad insisted, "so that I'll know to whom I'm indebted."

As he opened the door, Mr. Gary took out a card and handed it to dad. Then he turned and ran down the steps. He was in a hurry.

"Who is he?" mother queried.

Dad glanced at the card. "Great balls of fire!" he ejaculated. With a queer expression, he handed it to mother.

Mother adjusted her lorgnette and looked. Then, with a low moan, she let the white square drop to the floor. "This is awful, awful!" she uttered in a stricken voice. "And he had Junior's picture!"

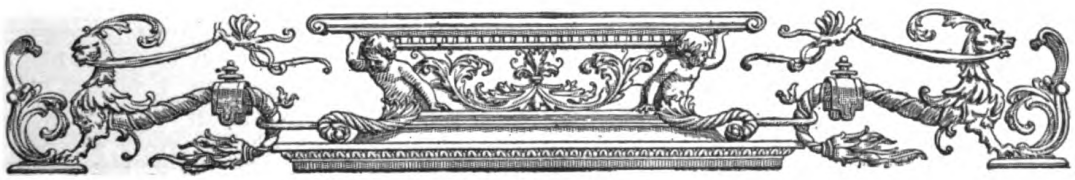
"The confounded cub!" father rumbled. "Of course that's why he wanted it. Then with one accord they turned to me as if I were to blame for something.

"Rash, foolish girl!" were mother's words. "What have you done? There will be no end of unpleasant notoriety. Of course he will put in everything, even the police station. It will take months to live this down!" She groaned again.

"Don't tell Ella to-night," father begged her. "She has had enough trouble for one day."

I bent down and picked up the obnoxious square of cardboard. I couldn't see anything to make such a fuss about. It simply read:

MR. THOMAS GARY
Representing
THE EVENING STAR



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The Problem of the Mexican Peon

BY W. A. JOUBERT

THOSE who have lived in Mexico know that the overwhelming majority of the six million Indians, six million mestizos (mixed bloods), and three million whites who constitute Mexico's population are not at all concerned over affairs of government. Of this fifteen million, less than three hundred thousand have had any part or interest in the various uprisings of "patriots" during the past few years of bloodshed and destruction. With a few exceptions, such as the idealist Madero, these movements have been led by military or political agitators seeking their own aggrandizement, or by plain bandits intent on lust and loot. The "patriots" in the ranks are largely poor helpless mozos torn from their homes and forced to fight for a leader in whom they have no interest, or for a cause they do not understand.

Americans who have lived in Mexico and have come in actual contact with the Mexicans do not agree with some very good people who, in comfort and security here at home, evolve most attractive absent-treatment plans for rendering the Mexican people peaceful, prosperous, and happy, while the Mexicans themselves have not asked anything of us but to be let alone, and thus far have deeply resented our interference in their affairs.

Some typical illustrations, drawn from a residence of many years in Mexico, are here set down for the candid consideration of Americans who have not set foot in Mexico. Let us, for example, proceed to the *tierra caliente*, and there in the "hot country" start converting a forest into a banana-plantation. Venturing our life in the perils of the jungle, and our capital in a pioneering hazard, we launch an enterprise which, if successful, will provide our country with a superior fruit, establish new steamer communication between Mexico and the United States, accelerate business in a Mexican port, settle a wilderness, and by developing a new industry provide work for hundreds of Mexican peons, who on an American *hacienda* will receive from two to four times what they ever earned before, and live under better conditions than they ever aspired to. It may annoy us later on to be told that embarking on a foreign enterprise is very reprehensible, if it is in Mexico, and that if one is killed by Mexican bandits armed by the aid of his own Government with American guns, it is unfortunate, for one could have remained at home; but it is noticeable that the advocates of this doctrine continue to drink tea and coffee sweetened with sugar, using rubber in a hundred different ways, and many other things too numerous to mention. How they would get these things in sufficient quantity if all Americans were good patriots and remained inside the three-mile limit is puzzling to some of us who have had the temerity to venture forth and pioneer in foreign lands.

But to return to our six thousand acres on the banks of the Grijalva or Ucamacinta. To clear and plant this land we require one hundred men, and we now come in contact with the peonage system. We cannot advertise in the papers, "one hundred men wanted," for no laborers will respond. It will be necessary for us personally to seek our hands, and so we wait for a *fiesta* in some not distant village.

Every Mexican community has a patron saint, and the week of his or her nativity is given over to celebration. Like the fast day of New England, this religious feast has fallen on evil days, and the religious observances are very much in the background, and the *fiesta* is more akin to a combination of old-home week and the fakers' lane of a country fair. The main street of the

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village will be flanked with booths, temptingly displaying all manner of vendible wares, with refreshments for the hungry and thirsty. To this *fiesta* will come the people of the surrounding country, and especially all those who by birth or other connection bear a personal relationship to the place. No matter how much money the mozo or peon has on Saturday night, you may be certain that he will not have a cent on Monday morning; they never save, and so they arrive, some of them from a distance of one hundred miles on foot, with their clothes on their backs and rations for three or four days. Being at a *fiesta* with no money to spend would not be a *fiesta*, and so the first care of the mozo is to seek funds. We now appear on the scene with several bags of small change, and let it be known that we are in search of laborers. We shall soon be surrounded by eager mozos looking for work.

Pedro introduces himself and asks for employment. We ask him the very unnecessary question if he has an "account" (for they all have "accounts"), and he brings forth a much crumpled piece of paper showing that he is in debt to Don Carlos, a distant neighbor, to the extent of one hundred and fifty pesos. The man is a likely looking laborer, and, besides, the "account" is very small and one we are glad to obtain. So we seek out Don Carlos, pay him the amount, get a receipt, and return to Pedro and announce that we have bought his "account" from Don Carlos, and that he is to work for us, all of which is eminently satisfactory to all concerned. Now Pedro will plant himself in such a position that one cannot escape, and will stand there, shifting from one foot to the other and twirling his hat, without saying a word until you ask the next foolish question, "What more do you want?" He will reply, "*Un adelante, señor*," which translated means "an advance." You will say, "How much?" He will probably name some impossible amount that he knows he will not get, and will depart with the ten, fifteen, or twenty-five pesos that you may give him. In the afternoon he is back for more, and every day thereafter during the remainder of the *fiesta* he is after you morning, noon, and night for *mas dinero* (more money), even arousing you at midnight at your lodgings. And if you have one hundred of these men advanced, I promise that you will understand the meaning of the word "pest." I have found it necessary to saddle my horse, ride out into the woods, and stay there all day fighting mosquitoes to rid myself of these mosquitoes in town.

One may have noticed that few of these men have inquired where they are going to work, what kind of work they will be called upon to perform, or how much they are to receive in wages. These insignificant details can be learned later. They do not know how much money they are taking, nor realize how it is being spent, and how it is ever to be repaid doesn't enter into their calculations at all.

Saturday morning comes and the end of the *fiesta*, and each one of these hundred men has been advanced from three hundred to five hundred pesos. I call the men before me and tell them there is no more *fiesta* and no more money; I am going to return to my *finca*, and I want them there Monday morning. Not many will report Monday morning, but before that week is out every one of those hundred men will have arrived on the plantation. I never lost one cent from a runaway mozo. It is their system. There is no other way of getting agricultural labor except through this method. It is their game, and they play it according to the rules laid down. It may be said here that the peonage system applies principally to agricultural laborers, the skilled laborers being as independent as American mechanics, and in some respects more independent, for their lesser needs render them less dependent on their labor for existence. Carpenters, for instance, never asked me for more in advance than would represent a small part of their prospective earnings on a job, thus leaving a substantial balance when the work was completed. Incidentally, the Mexican carpenter is an "all-'round" man who will not only build you a house but do the most excellent cabinet-work, making your furniture also.

Once on the *finca* one might suppose

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that a mozo began the reduction of his account, but such is not the case. The manager's chief function will be to prevent him from adding to his debt. To take a specific instance: I had working for me one Juan Lopez. He came to me one day for permission to go to Salto, our nearest town, twenty-four miles distant. Being short of help at the time I refused to let him go, and noted the disappointment depicted on his face at my refusal. Then I was seized with one of those missionary inspirations that come to Americans in Mexico from time to time who, as a class, have an interest in their fellow-men, and who are in the majority. Acting on my inspiration, I said to Juan, "Now why can't you go to Salto?" He shrugged his shoulders and gave the usual reply of "*Quien sabe?*" I then said: "Juan, you should be ashamed of yourself. Here you are a gray-haired man asking me if you can go to Salto, and I say no, and therefore you cannot go, because you are not a free man. You owe me two hundred and sixty pesos; you are in my debt, and that is why you can't go to Salto. Now there is your big boy doing nothing. Why not put him to work? What he earns will be sufficient to provide for your family, and what you earn can be applied toward your debt; and if you will let me manage this thing for you, I can credit you every day with your earnings, and in two hundred and sixty days you will not owe me anything, and then if you wish to go to Salto I would still expect you to come and ask permission to go, but if I refused, and you still wished to go, you would be a free man and could go whether I said yes or no." I elaborated this idea until it began to percolate through his brain and appeal to him as quite a new and desirable procedure.

We started—at least I did, Juan taking no very active part in the experiment. I made it a practice to "liquidate" my men at the end of every month, which consisted in reading off their accounts and getting their confirmation—a rather formal affair, as few of them remembered from month to month what their account was and cared less. But to return to Juan: the time passed, and I was surprised one day to find Juan's account had been reduced to only twenty pesos, due to the fact that I had exercised the privileges of a Dutch uncle in his financial affairs. The following morning, when I received the labor roll from my majordomo, I noticed that Juan had not reported for work. As he was a steady man and never sick, I was surprised, and inquired why Juan was not working. The majordomo stated he didn't know, but Juan was coming down to see me. In the course of the forenoon Juan presented himself at my office and began questioning me in an endeavor to assure himself that all he owed me, and had to pay, was this twenty pesos. When I had convinced him that this was the total amount of his indebtedness, he immediately and brusquely asked for his *carta cuenta*, or account. I at once saw my endeavors in his behalf vanishing into thin air. This was during the Madero régime when it would have been difficult for Juan to find anybody to buy his account of two hundred and sixty pesos; but a small account of only twenty pesos anybody would buy, and Juan might receive one hundred pesos more in advance, which would give him about a three-day celebration. Having in mind the welfare of his boy, I refused to give Juan his *carta cuenta*, and explained to him that I was not going to have all my hard work, extending over so many weeks, come to naught by the foolishness I knew he had in mind. He then informed me that I must give him his account because he had not had an account for over a year. It is a custom as strong as law, if not the law itself, that every mozo can have seventeen days every year, during which time he may seek an advance elsewhere and pay the amount of his account, or, in default of this, return to your employ for another year. I still refused to give him his account and told him he must report for work in the morning, which I will admit was arbitrary, and which illustrates how the peonage system, like any other system anywhere, may be abused. I took it upon myself to decide what was best for this individual, and in circumstances that I thoroughly understood, which is possibly no worse than forcing one's will on an entire

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country and people that you do not know or understand. Juan again asked to go to Salto, and this time I knew it was for the purpose of reporting me to the *jefe*, with the fair prospect that if Juan got to the *jefe* first I would land in jail, for, strange as it may seem, the law in our section was no respecter of persons, and a manager of a plantation was as amenable to the law as the mozo.

The following morning, however, Juan appeared for work and had soon forgotten about his desire for a *pasear* (pleasure trip). A few weeks later he came to me again requesting permission to attend the *fiesta* at Playas, his native town. I should have granted him permission under any circumstances, for he had now (under my supervision) cleared his account. I readily gave him the fifty pesos that he wished, and he went his way. At the end of the week his wife returned, and came to me crying, beseeching me to get Juan out of jail. Investigation proved that Juan had certainly celebrated at the feast in Playas, for, by the time I had paid his fine and settled for some damage he had done in a hilarious moment, it had cost one hundred and fifty pesos, which, with the fifty pesos advanced, put him back into my debt two hundred pesos, almost the amount from which I had extricated him during those long tedious months of playing attorney to a mozo family. My missionary spirit still undaunted, I started in again, and in due course got the amount to the other side of the books, and now I owed Juan twenty pesos, which, as soon as he learned, he asked again for his *carta cuenta*. Discouraged, also disgusted, and having no right to refuse, I gave him his account.

Without so much as a *gracias* or an *adios*, Juan took his account, and with the twenty pesos started for his house, and inside of fifteen minutes he and his wife and boy passed out through the gate and vanished in the jungle. Of course the twenty pesos disappeared at the first place he came to where there was anybody to take the money, and I learned later that he had accepted a big advance and had gone to a mahogany camp in the interior. This is neither an isolated nor unusual case, but the results generally obtained when I tried to interest myself in the welfare of these irresponsible children.

To cite another instance: one of my best men was Pedro Jiminez, a most likable fellow, as most of them were. Pedro always appealed to me, for he had such a persuasive manner that I could never refuse any request that he made, no matter how adamantine I tried to be. He had the art of gaining his point, with the result that Pedro had the biggest account of any man on the place, until it had reached such proportions that I finally hardened my heart and steeled my resolution to a point where I began the reduction of Pedro's account. In time the account had dropped from five hundred to three hundred and fifty pesos, and this is the conversation that I overheard after calling off the accounts to the men. Pedro addressed two other victims of my economy thus:

"What is the matter with the *señor?* He is getting to be mean and stingy. When I ask him for twenty-five pesos, he only gives me ten. The other day I wanted to buy a hog, and he would not sell it to me. *Que caramba!* a little while ago my account was five hundred pesos and now it is only three hundred and fifty!" Pedro was grieved. He had lost caste. From high-debit man he was getting down into the class of ordinaries, and it hurt his pride. Continuing, he said: "Your accounts are going down, too. Now I believe the *señor* is getting ready to discharge us, and is working off our accounts. I don't want to leave this place, and I want to get my account up again."

He did. He and his husky boy became suddenly afflicted with all kinds of ills—fever, gout, rheumatism, and everything else their knowledge of ailments suggested. I tried dosing them with all the different kinds of nasty medicines I could find in my medicine-chest, but they were game, and I capitulated. When Pedro had his indebtedness up to a point where he felt he had recovered his self-respect, he and his boy were suddenly restored to health, and again joined my working force.

As I myself was a "dictator" in Mexico, I will explain how that position was thrust upon me, and how, under certain conditions, and with the mental

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development of certain classes, this form of rule may be not only necessary, but desirable. Personally and on general principles I do not believe in dictators, nor would I choose the rôle if avoidable; but one may not always choose conditions nor be a master of circumstance. The last plantation of which I had charge was twenty-four miles from the nearest town, and my closest neighbor was eight miles distant. I was not only *gerente*, but judge, lawyer, jury, sheriff, policeman, doctor, coroner, and undertaker, and anything else that happened along. I took charge of this *finca* in the early days of the Madero régime. The men were restless; eruption seeming to be in the air. The liberty about which they had heard so much was not apparent. They still found themselves obliged to labor for a living instead of being supported by the Government, which some of them seemed to have expected; debts must be paid, theft and murder were still punishable, and altogether life was much as it always had been. Such was the situation.

Shortly after my arrival my majordomo wished to be gone three days, leaving me alone one Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The first day passed without incident, and I was congratulating myself on Sunday that I was going to get through without any trouble, when José, my house-boy, came running to the house, shouting, "*Señor*, the canoe has arrived from Salto with freight; the *bogadores* (canoe-men) are drunk; they have had a fight, and one man has been killed."

In my function as coroner, I proceeded to the river to view the remains. I found a man rather badly cut up, but whose wounds were superficial. I had him taken to his house where (now as surgeon) I patched him up. In the excitement I neglected to search the quarters of the *bogadores* for contraband, and so was not surprised after dusk to hear the merry twang of the guitars and the hilarious singing of the men.

Now this was generally a very pleasant part of the day, these early evening hours; all alone, with nothing but the stars to gaze at, I enjoyed the singing and dancing and merry chatter and laughter of the people as it floated to me in the quiet eventide, but I didn't enjoy their singing on this particular evening because I detected more joy-water than joy in their voices.

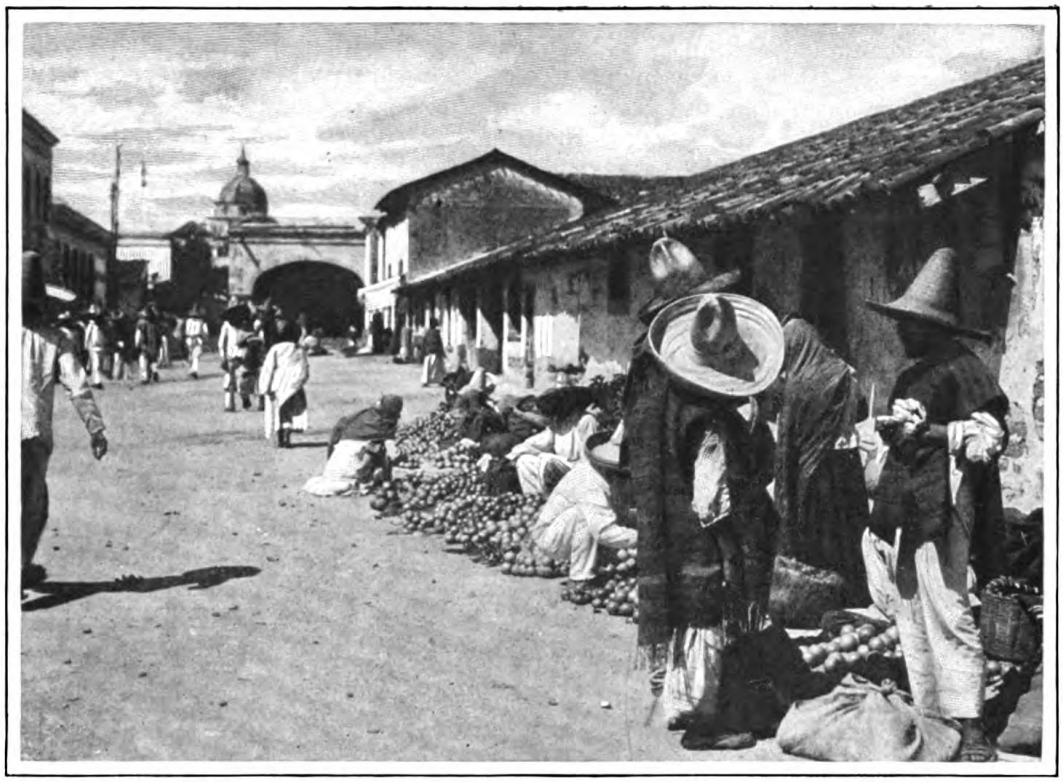
Suddenly from the river camp came a blood-curdling yell, which was answered in a more subdued form by the jungle camp, and I felt trouble coming. Soon Elias, the *capitas*, came running to the house, informing me that José Lopez was crazy drunk and trying to kill the people. I then heard the shrieks of the women and the screams of the men, and the thump, thump of their bare feet as they rushed across the sward in their attempts to escape from the rum-crazed José. Seizing a couple of rifles from the wall, I gave one to Elias and, taking the other myself, started on a run for the jungle camp. It was a bright moonlight night, and as I approached the camp my heart stood still when I caught the glint of José's machete in the moonlight as it flashed at every stroke aimed by José at those to whom he could get near.

I made a rush at him; he saw me coming and turned to receive me with a full blow, but, changing his mind, whirled about and fled into the jungle.

The mozos or peons are scarcely more than simple-minded, irresponsible, overgrown children. They are not stupid, but simply undeveloped, and their attitude on this occasion was the same as that of the New England schoolboys of the old red-school-house days who tried out the mettle of the new schoolmaster, and unless the said schoolmaster proved himself physically able to control the biggest boys or the big bully, he could not hold his position. While this try-out was taking place the younger pupils were simply interested spectators. That was the situation on this night. The danger being now removed from them, it resolved itself as far as the mozos were concerned into a sporting event; if I could capture and punish José I would be all right; if José, however, drove me into the house, or chopped my head off, I would be—well, a "dead one."

While Elias and myself were discussing ways and means to capture José, a warning scream caused me to turn,

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RED AND GOLDEN PILES OF FRUIT LIE IN THE SUNSHINE

and there at my back, having crawled out from behind some banana plants, crouched José with his machete started on a wide blow aimed at the back of my neck. Quick as a flash I swung around with my rifle, catching him a fair and square blow on the head that knocked him down. As he fell, his machete described a parabola, falling some thirty or forty feet away. I made a rush for the machete, and as I ran I could hear the men exclaim: "*Que caramba!* he is quick, he is strong! Bravo! *Viva el señor!*" One moment the men had seen me standing with every prospect of having my head severed from my body, and before the blow had fallen I had reversed the tables and caught José on his head, knocking him down. The presence of mind, rapidity, and ease with which this was done not only met with their approval, but their admiration. Their sympathies now were with me, the victor.

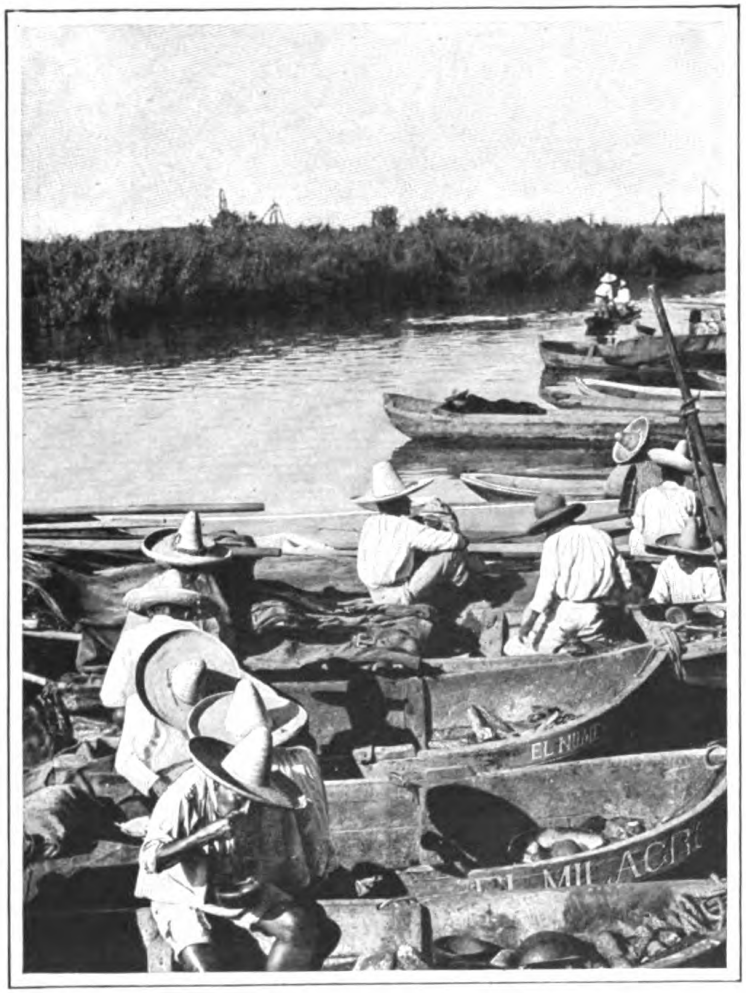
I then made a prisoner of the much sobered mozo, and passed him over to Elias and one Esteben to place in jail. Three times José bowled over Elias and Esteben as if they were ninepins, saying, "The *señor* can take me to jail, but I will go with no mozo"; and so I finally took him by the sleeve and he unresistingly accompanied me to the jail, where I locked him up. Placing one Avalino on guard, I returned to the house only to be informed later that José and the guard had both disappeared. The loss of recently acquired prestige being my most serious concern at this news, I set forth in search of my prisoner and his guard and found them both rolled up in one blanket not far from the jail, an empty *aguardiente* bottle showing that Avalino had evidently decided that bacchanalian slumber was the most desirable method for passing the night, both for prisoner and guard. I now took José to my quarters and bound him to a post, ordering all hands to retire, while I stood guard the remainder of the night.

The hours dragged on with not a word from José. Just before daybreak he asked if I could not remove his bonds, and I inquired if they hurt. He replied:

"Oh, *señor*, I have suffered all night, you have bound me so tight; but that

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is not why I ask you to set me free, *señor*. I can't remember just what happened, because I was very drunk, but it must have been something very bad to be punished like this. But if I deserve it, *señor*, I am willing to take my punishment; but, *señor*, daylight comes; soon you will sound the *concho*, my comrades will pass by here and see poor José tied up like an animal, and José will die of shame. *Señor*, please let me go."



A FLOATING MARKET

Irresponsible, childlike, they do have hearts and a conscience. This poor boy had stood there for hours stoically enduring torture because he knew he had done wrong, and felt punishment was deserved. They take a just punishment without any resentment. Then came this feeling of pride that shrank from being seen in so humiliating a position by his friends. And these characteristics, often dormant, encourage me to believe that some day the poor mozo of Mexico will come to his own, for the germ is there to fructify, but it must be through his own efforts and ambitions, and not by edict.

I released José and then sounded the horn, and was grateful when about two-thirds of the men presented themselves. I called the roll, and made a list of the absentees, and then sent a man to each absentee with word that he must present himself at once or I would fetch him myself. Much to my relief they all appeared. I then addressed them, reviewing the night's happenings, until they stood before me a shamefaced lot, for though their penitence is not long-lived, a mozo both feels and acts contrite when caught in a wrong and properly appealed to. I instructed Elias to take charge of the men and to report to me any man who refused to obey orders, and then said: "*Muchachos!* Last night you tried to run this *finca;* to-day I am going to take charge. Now when I say, 'One, two, three, march!' I want every man to start off behind Elias without one moment's hesitation. *Muchachos! Uno, dos, tres, adelante!* and like a file of well-disciplined troops they started off with Elias to work. I was now the tyrant and dictator of Finca San Jacinto. Finding I could hold my own, the men were now glad to acknowledge my authority.

After one or two similar episodes not

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BLESSING THE CROPS—A FAMILIAR CEREMONY

quite so serious, I had no further occasion to use force, and the happiest years of my life have been passed with the mozos of Mexico. And not the least among my mozo friends was the same José who tried to separate me from my head.

There rode to my place one day a man who announced that he was a Government courier sent there to open the polls, as a state election was being held. At his request I sounded the horn, and got in twenty-six men. It developed upon me to explain the nature of this man's errand. I had read the speeches of Madero, and, taking a leaf from his own book, I gave these men a good patriotic Madero *oracion*. When I had concluded I was a little disappointed to notice that there was no mad scramble for ballots. The men stood on one foot and then on the other, twirling their hats, seemingly bored or worried, until one man, whom I suspect feared that unless somebody spoke up and said something I might start that harangue all over again, said:

"*Señor*, do we have to vote?"

"No, you don't have to vote, but you should."

Seemingly puzzled, he considered a moment, and then said, "*Señor*, will you feel vexed if we do not vote?"

I replied, "It is no concern of mine; you may do as you wish."

Still more puzzled, he finally said: "*Señor*, this is what we will do. If you will tell us what to vote for, or whom to vote for, we will do just as you wish."

I explained to them that as a foreigner I had no right either to advise or dictate to them in their political affairs. They must decide those matters for themselves. Then Pedro spoke up, saying:

"Well, *señor*, if you don't care, may we go back to work?"

I assented, and twenty-three of those men immediately started off for the jungle to resume their tasks; three remained behind to vote, and voted exactly as the courier told them to vote. These are some of that "eighty per cent." whom we have been told never had a "look in on government" and are so eager to exercise the franchise!

After the overthrow of Huerta, when

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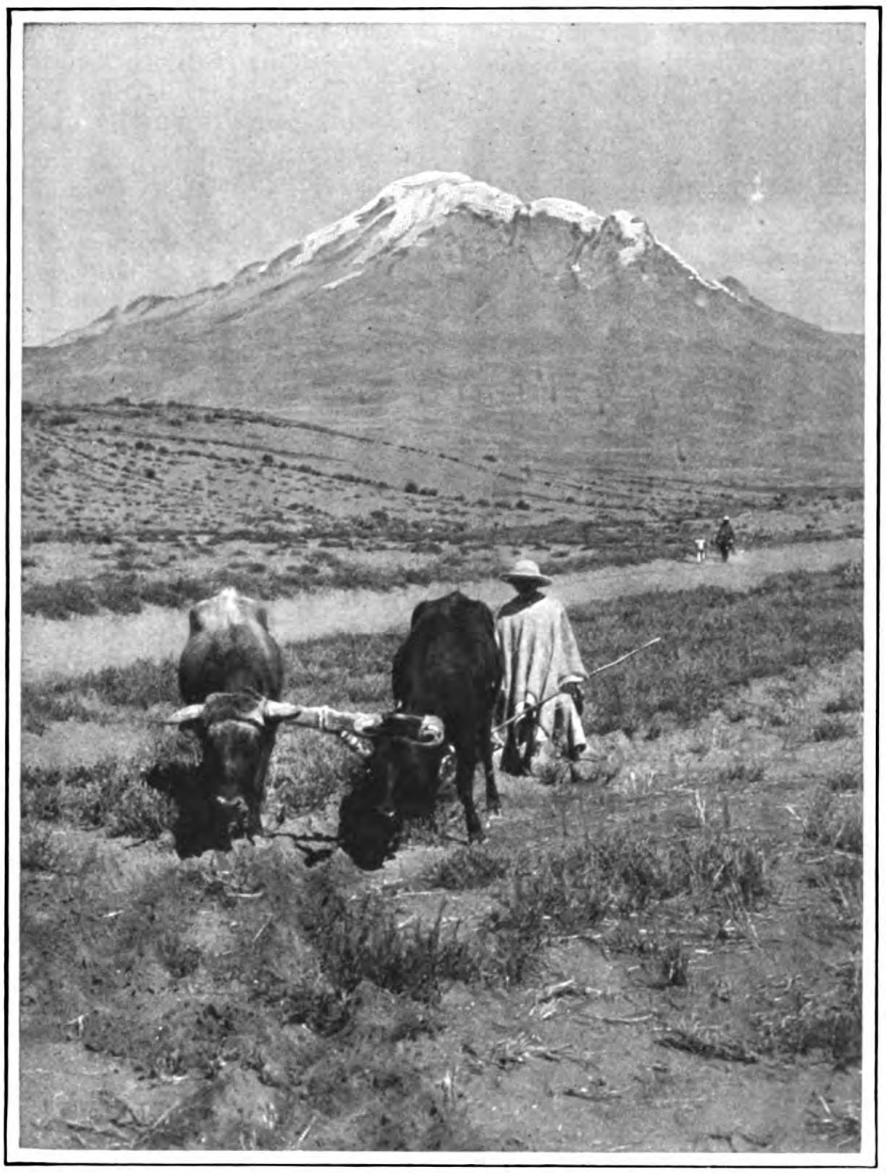
tne political conditions rendered it impossible to conduct our business in Mexico, it became my sad duty to close down the *finca* and say good-by to my mozos, toward whom I felt as a big brother. Not wishing to abandon the place entirely, in case it should be possible to return, I selected three of my best men to remain on the property. I offered them the entire run of the six thousand acres to use as they pleased, advising them to plant crops and become independent farmers. I wiped out their debts and told them under no circumstances to ever accept another advance from anybody. I divided among these three families all the provisions in the store, giving them rations for several months. To the women I gave all the cloth, etc., on hand, enough to clothe their families for five years to come. They had their houses, all the implements on the place. I gave them my turkeys, ducks, and hens; left them a cow and two horses; and then made the fatal error of leaving with a neighbor a sum of money, out of which he was to pay each family five dollars a month for spending money until they had harvested their first crops. No man could ask for a better "stake" than I gave these three mozo families. After I left they took the provisions to town, converted all the supplies I had left them into cash, spent the cash, and then came back to the place with nothing to eat. They now called on Don Guillermo for heavier payments with which to buy food.

When the money I had left with him was gone, Don Guillermo advanced his personal funds against their promise to repay him in produce when they harvested. When they gathered their crops, they took these crops to town, sold everything they had, had another good time, and came back to the property without cash, without anything to eat, and not even seed for planting—absolutely destitute, with neither corn nor cash to repay Don Guillermo the amounts that he had advanced, which



THEY THRONG THE STREETS IN PICTURESQUE IDLENESS

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A MEXICAN TILLER OF THE FIELDS

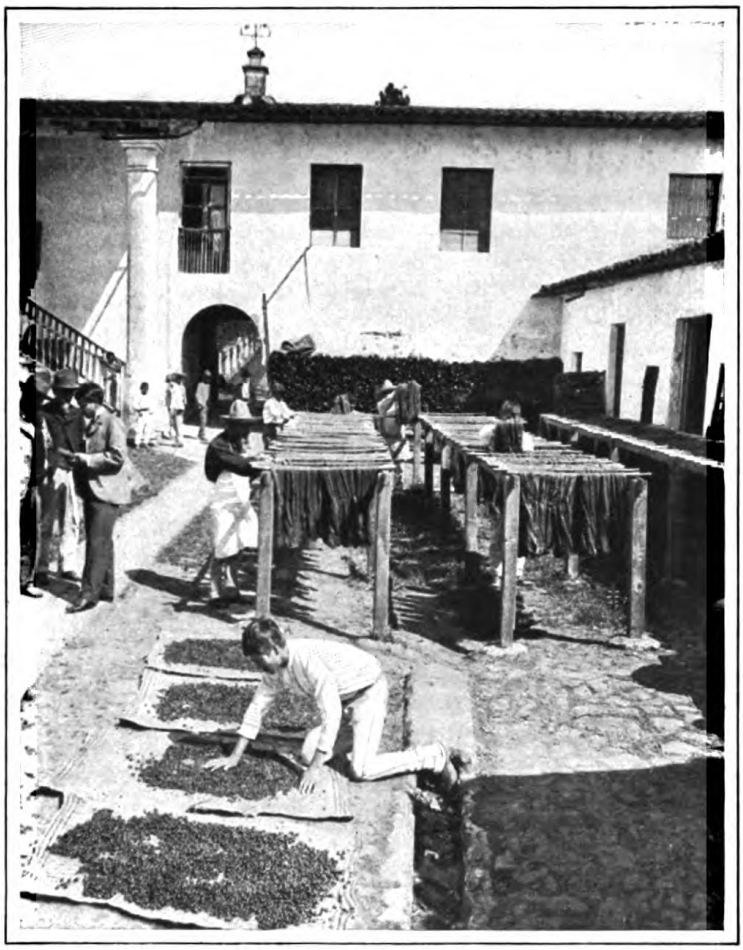
they had entirely forgotten—not because they are dishonest, but simply irresponsible. If I had divided that six thousand acres among a hundred men, giving each one sixty acres, and returned in a year, I would have been happily surprised to have found even one of these men cultivating his sixty acres and holding title to it.

Education is often suggested as a panacea for all the ailments of Mexico, and often by those who were prejudiced against the well educated Huerta and felt kindly toward the illiterate Villa. There has been a compulsory school law in Mexico since 1858, and prior to 1910 I saw the little school-houses springing up in all the small pueblos of our section. During the disorders of the Madero period I saw these same little schools flicker for a time and then die out, for when a country is in chaos there is no money to maintain schools.

Most of the American plantations in my section had at the start built a school-house and at their own expense employed a teacher; but when the nov-

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elty had worn away and the American manager found he was a truant officer in addition to his other duties, and had to take the children from their protesting parents every morning and force them to attend their classes, he lost interest, and these philanthropic school-



DRYING SKEINS AT A COTTON MILL

ing enterprises were gradually abandoned. It should be stated, however, that American friends from the northern states of Mexico tell me that their schools, conducted by some of those "grasping, grafting American interests," are eagerly attended.

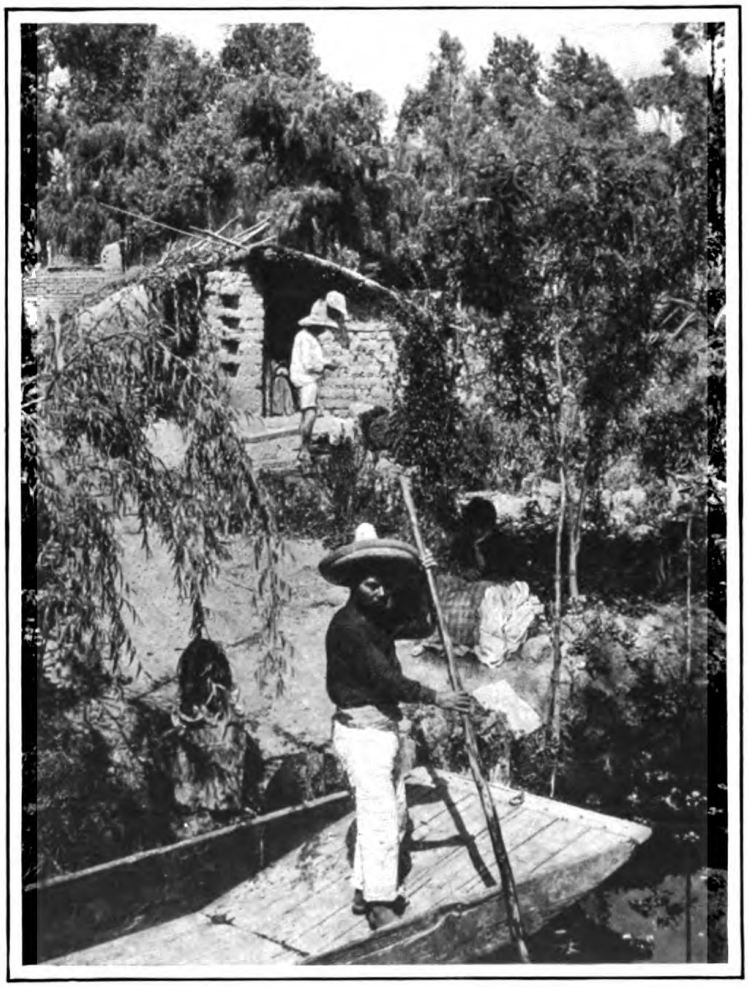
With the experience of my predecessors to discourage me, I made no effort along educational lines with my people but I did become interested in the utter lack of motive in the play of the children. The boys of my majordomo straddled a stick for a horse, and with a lariat played *vaquero*, lassoing the others in lieu of cattle, and indulged in other rational boys' play, even playing marbles as American boys do; but the other children, when they were not lolling about doing nothing, simply tumbled about aimlessly. The spirit of reform stealing over me, I decided to establish a playground, and even had visions of an improvised Christmas tree hung with toys that I had listed from a mail-order house catalogue; but no, the story will be too long, and so I will begin at the end, when I had Don Enrique, the carpenter, make a horse upon which we placed a long, nicely planed mahogany plank. Then the children were all invited to assemble, and, putting two youngsters at one end, I sat at the other and started to see-saw. They were at first startled, but when they found it was a harmless performance their pleasure was as keen as when their mamas sent them to me to take a dose of castor-oil. The other children, however, enjoyed it hugely, their enjoyment, I discovered, being caused by the sight of *el señor* playing clown on the end of a plank, which was a rare treat, and appealed to them as the best part of the sport. I tried them all, and they all dutifully took their places like martyrs, and when I thought they had mastered the art, I left them and returned to the house. A short time later I was aroused from my reading by the quietness outside, and looked out to find the children departed and the plank lying on the ground where it was still lying when I

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left, for it was not replaced nor did they ever return to "teeter." My ambition to do settlement work and run a playground on the *finca* expired at this point.

Among the many demagogic attempts to befuddle the Mexican situation before the American people has been the effort to create a prejudice against the Americans in Mexico by classing all American effort as "big, grasping American interests," and picturing them as robbing the country, and the cause of its political upheavals. Where there was one "big interest" there were ninety-nine small ones, and even a big interest that secures a water right, constructs a concrete dam conserving water power running to waste, building good homes for its Mexican laborers, and paying them larger wages than they ever received, with free medical attendance and free schooling for the children, and then with the power generated lights a town and transports its citizens by electrically driven cars—even this grasping interest is not wholly bad for a country.

At the last I represented an "American interest" composed of small stockholders, the "big capitalist" and head of the company being a court stenographer earning two thousand dollars per year. In a stretch of ninety miles there were fifteen American enterprises, all of this same caliber and composition. We cleared a wilderness, connected our properties by trails through what had been a pathless jungle, maintained roads and bridges at our own expense, gave support to several hundred families who received more cash wage, better and greater variety and quantity of food than they had ever known, and lived rent free in houses superior to anything they themselves would have thought of constructing. Oh yes, these enterprises were organized for profit, but wherein had they grafted off the country, and how are the ragged, starving men, women, and children who once got at least three meals a day, and had a roof over their heads, better off since these Americans were forced to abandon their investments and leave the jungle to reclaim its own? What poor, starving mozo in my section of the *tierra caliente* would not be glad to see the former American *gerentes* flocking back to the



FLOATING GARDENS NEAR MEXICO CITY

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abandoned *fincas*, some of which are beyond reclamation and gone forever? With the exodus of the Americans, Mexico and the Mexicans lost their best friends, for among this host were thousands who were as Christian, humane, enlightened, educated, and intelligent as their compatriots north of the Rio Grande.



HERE STRAWBERRIES ARE PICKED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

Huerta had restored order by May, 1913, until thirteen-fifteenths of the people in eleven-fourteenths of Mexican territory were again living under peaceful conditions, and this order was maintained till we overthrew the Huerta Government by our attack on Vera Cruz, April, 1914. What has been accomplished since then by our protégés, Carranza and Villa we know but too well.

I have recently received from two American friends resident in Mexico letters written from different points. They both tell identically the same story of ragged and starving people, paralyzed industry, fiat money of no value, and commerce reduced to mere bartering of commodities. One writes of the town being captured by *revueltos*, who held it for ten days while they collected *contribuciones* (contributions, a polite form of hold-up), and then, packing a mule-train with all that could be seized in the shops, departed, most of the officials and residents having fled in the mean time. Then appeared the Carranza soldiers who shot at two friends of mine, a German and a Spaniard, who, because they remained in the town, must have "favored the enemy." Fortunately, the long-distance volley did not hit my friends, who were taken prisoners. The German secured his release by an able plea, but Don Antonio they brought before the *commandante*, after relieving him of his money, watch, and boots. Don Antonio was finally freed and, abandoning his property, representing years of labor, fled to the coast. My old friend Don Rafael was summarily executed by these same soldiers because his brother-in-law was "with the enemy."

These are not untypical occurences in Mexico to-day.

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The Presentiment

BY ABBY MERCHANT

JOE HUGHES and his wife Lora were the bright particular joys of Smith's Junction. Joe was the youngest engineer on the line and the driver of a fast mail, while Lora, the Junction considered, was the prettiest bride that it had ever had since Lucy Kenny. When the Hugheses moved into their house the Junction showed its appreciation by giving them such a house-warming that the cakes and confections represented every nationality in the town—and Smith's was as cosmopolitan as Cairo.

Now it chanced that at Smith's, as at other junctions, there was a large number of unattached young men whose layoffs did not, naturally, all correspond with Joe's. Many of these young men had been present at the house-warming, and there it was evident to everybody what a wonderfully adorable, perfectly desirable, and altogether satisfactory wife Joe had achieved. In view of this, and the fact that Lora was just nineteen (Joe was as much as twenty-five), Joe thought it a part of his duty to warn Lora against possible advances of said young men, although his displeasure seemed to fall in particular upon one Charlie Adams.

He began to speak concerning Charlie and his character when he sat down to dinner one noon, just before he left for his run. After Lora had removed the steak and brought back the pie and coffee, she said she had learned nothing about Adams except that Joe did not like him and did not wish her to. Joe objected to her summing up of his discourse. He said, sharply, that he was only thinking of her; that he did not wish people to think she flirted.

Lora said she didn't think that people would think she was flirting because she treated her guest with ordinary pleasantness. Joe returned that he only wondered what she considered "ordinary pleasantness." If it was talking several minutes longer to Adams and several times oftener to him alone than to any other person there, including her husband, and finding a great deal of amusement in everything that Adams said, why he, Joe, thought, etc., etc. . . .

Now this was really unjust, for if Lora had found Adams more interesting than any one else at the house-warming, Joe was probably the only person that noticed it. She knew that she had only to accuse him of injustice to reduce the rising temperature of the conversation to normal, but somehow she did not.

To begin with, it was all so absurd and stupid that it gave her a queer feeling toward Joe. She was not given to analysis or she would have said that she felt his attitude to be unworthy her ideal of him, and that she resented his talking in so undignified a manner. For Lora, being utterly delightful to the eye, and having swum through her short life on one unbreaking wave of popularity, had so little acquaintance with the Green-eyed One that she did not know him when she saw him in all his verdancy; she only felt hurt and considerably insulted, and she also resented the idea that Joe should think she needed lessons in behavior. She concluded that if Joe wished to be unjust, he could be so—at his own risk. It was no affair of hers. So she let him go on directing the conversation as his mistaken ideas of duty suggested.

Things were in a terrible state of tension when Joe rose and took down his cap which hung by the door. Lora remained quietly seated at the table. With his hand on the door-knob, he turned and surveyed her. He could not quite believe that this was not a joke, for of course he knew that he was not really angry with Lora—well, hardly!

"Aren't you going to kiss me goodby?" he asked.

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"No," said Lora, calmly.

For a second Joe thought he was in the engine-cab, things swayed so about him, but he stuck gropingly to what he believed about Lora and, again thinking of her he said, clumsily: "I'm afraid you'll be sorry, Lora, if you don't. Three days is a long while."

It was the truth, but what of that! He implied that all this was her fault, when he had begun the whole thing. Moreover, she thought it rather egotistical of him to be afraid that *she* would be sorry. Had she reached the point where she could not exist three days without him? If any one were to have extra pangs at this parting she rather thought it should be Joe, not she. So she said nothing with a speaking silence, and, as the schedule decides the fate of the engineer in many ways, Joe left.

Lora watched him cross the blue avenue of cinders. Beyond was the great stretch of tracks and paths, a vast brocade of brown on blue, pointed with silver where the sun glinted on the polished rails. Suddenly it all blurred together, for, with no reason at all, Lora was crying.

Two enormously large tears rolled down her cheeks and she began feeling up her sleeve for her handkerchief. It was not there, nor in her belt, nor in the pocket of her apron hanging by the door, and so she had to leave the window and go into the other room to look for it. When she got back Joe had pulled out. She wondered if he had waved the blue handkerchief from the cab-window as usual, and she almost hoped that he had not because she had not been there to wave back. She had meant to wave because she wanted to show him that she was not really angry. It worried her a little as she stood, looking at the clock and waiting for him to whistle for the grade crossing at Sawyer's Grade, four minutes outside the Junction.

Trains were whistling continuously at Smith's; but Lora, like every good railroad wife, knew the voice of her husband's engine as well as she knew his own. She watched the clock because Joe had a new engine on this trip, his own being up for repairs, and she wanted to be sure what the whistle was like. Promptly at the end of four minutes it came, and, although she was expecting it, she jumped. It began like the bay of a hound and ended like the shriek of a madcat; it was a tearing, rending, raucous screech, and the second time it was no better. It was the type of whistle to send creeps down the spine and Lora thought that there was no danger of her not recognizing it when Joe returned from his run, for the whistle at Sawyer's Grade was the signal for the performance of a little domestic ritual. Lora, when she heard it, gave a hasty look at all the viands in preparation for her husband's dinner, put the water on to boil for his tea, and then, and not until then, crossed off the last day of Joe's absence on her calendar.

This calendar played an important rôle in Lora's married life. It hung, with a stump of soft lead-pencil dangling on a long string beside it, against the frame of the kitchen window. At the end of the month it looked like a variety of checker-board, with its alternating oblongs of red and black; three cheerful red dates denoting Joe's days at home and then an equal space where the dates were veiled, as it were, in gloomy black —his days away.

Joe's wife was not more superstitious than most people who trust their lives, or their lives' happiness, to the sea, the mines, the rails, or to any occupation where risk is constant, but nothing would have induced her to cross off that last square before Joe whistled his safe return at Sawyer's Grade.

Now, as she looked at the unbroken series of red dates, she felt a terrible temptation to cross off the present day, just to feel that it was a little nearer his return; but she restrained herself. She was not going to tempt Providence like that, and, knowing that the best way to get over feeling blue was to busy oneself about something, she began to wash the dishes just as fast as she could. Only she did wish she could have waved to Joe.

That night she lay awake a long time wondering what he was thinking about her. She had a sickening sense of impotence as she thought of him rushing through the night, farther and farther away from her, and with every revolu-

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tion of the wheels his anger perhaps growing against her. Suppose, when he came home, he wouldn't speak to her!

When the daylight came she felt braver; she knew Joe must realize he had been awfully silly to talk to her the way he had about Charlie Adams. But at night things looked different again.

She seemed to see him crossing the avenue while she stood at the window. The eyes of her memory, clearer sighted than the eyes of her actual vision, noticed the heaviness in his step and the little droop in his shoulders. It occurred to her that she might have hurt him more than she knew and that she had been too quick to take offense. Now she thought of him, not angry against her, but suffering because of her; believing that she no longer cared for him; tortured as she had been only last night with the thought that she was nourishing a growing anger against him.

It was a miserable, miserable night, and it was not until dawn, when she knew that he was starting on his return trip, that she fell asleep with her head on his pillow, her own being uncomfortably moist with tears.

Immediately she awoke she hurried down-stairs and with inexpressible content crossed off the second day on the calendar. She longed to blot out the last, but fifteen hours must pass before she dared to do so. She looked at the calendar reproachfully, from time to time all day, and at last so far indulged herself as to black out all around the figure. She thought there could be no harm in doing that, persuading herself that it was the numeral which held the magic spell; so there it stood, a bright-red figure against a background of lead; a unique day in the calendar.

When it came dark she set about preparing for dinner when Joe should return. Although she had slept little the last two nights she was as excited and wide awake as though she had taken strong coffee. She wished some of the neighbors would come in, for it was the custom at the Junction for the women who were expecting their men on the night trains to foregather at one house and spend the evening together. Lora's was a favorite gathering-place, as she was popular and her house near the tracks, and because Joe, coming in with the "twelve-three," was the latest of the arrivals. None of the neighbors came, however, and about eleven o'clock Lora turned down the gas and knelt in the dark by the open window to wait for Joe. A ray of light fell on the calendar hanging just above her head, and, putting up her hand, she swung the dangling pencil back and forth in anticipation of making it do its duty later on. It was then that Charlie Adams happened by.

Adams was about thirty-five. With a good family and a good college behind him, he was a brakeman on a railroad train. He had broken with his family and with his college by the simple system of never, regardless of effort or expense, denying himself anything that he wanted, and never wanting anything of permanent value. Without being dissipated or particularly vicious, he was nevertheless singularly pernicious to himself and to the persons with whom he temporarily allied himself and over whom he exercised a complete fascination. As he was continually moving on, the world was full of his admirers—for he had quality, brains, and force, but he was a bundle of "short lengths."

Coming quietly down the sidewalk, he bade Lora "Good evening" in a voice that accorded so perfectly with the soft spring atmosphere of the night that it did not even startle her. Remembering Joe, she was not very cordial, and Adams took her to task for it in such a funny way that she could not help laughing. At the same time she felt that he found her crude and schoolgirlish, for of course she knew all about his family and his education and the interesting peculiarity that made him prefer to be a brakeman when, of course, he might have been anything he wanted. However, she did not wish to be very cordial and she was not; and then Adams startled her by suggesting that her coolness was because Joe had forbidden her to be otherwise.

Lora knew what *she* thought about Joe's behavior anent Adams, but she was not going to have any one else think the same, so she said, very positively, that Joe was not that kind of a man; Joe was above jealousy.

"Wonderful man, Joe!" commented

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Adams, and laughed in a way that made Lora determined that she would just make Mr. Adams understand that Joe *was* a wonderful man; and almost any young wife who had heard what she said would have agreed that she made out the case.

Joe, it appeared according to Lora, had no wish to control her behavior in any way. He realized naturally that a grown woman of nineteen was capable of taking care of herself, and it never occurred to him—gracious, no!—to warn her against anybody as Adams had suggested. Really she imagined, and with a shrug of her shoulders, that Joe would hardly consider it either necessary or—worth while.

Adams listened attentively to all that she said, but when she had finished his only comment was that he would like to see her prove it.

Lora was staggered. She felt his eyes fixed upon her as she began toying with the dangling lead-pencil to hide her embarrassment. How she wished Joe would come and defend himself! Adams's voice would go on banteringly at her ear:

"You're really funny," he was saying. "Why do women always want you to believe that their husbands aren't jealous of them when they are, and when they like them to be? I suppose"—musingly—"that women consider it a proof of affection, when any *man* knows that it is merely the feeling of possession he has for everything that is his. Why, I'll bet Joe would be raving if they tried to take his engine from him"—and again he hit the bull's-eye—"unless, of course, they gave him a better one."

Lora felt as if she were going to cry. Did Adams mean that Joe only loved her because he had never happened to see any one nicer or prettier? She clutched the pencil more firmly. If Joe would only come!

"I don't think he would," she said.

"Oh no," teased Adams, "of course you don't think so. No woman does, but I never knew one who wanted to put it to the test. Why, you wouldn't dare tell Joe you were talking to me here to-night."

Lora knew that she would not. As she felt his eyes on her averted face a panic arose in her heart and bewildered her. She wanted to push him away from the window. She thought of telling him she must see to the dinner, but she knew that he would know that she was running away and she did not want to show herself a coward. She had made her boast and now she must see it through. Adams seemed to be cutting her off on every side; to be so smotheringly near to her that she could not think. Unconsciously, she sought for some relief from the strain of his concentrated gaze. Her eyes were on the calendar and the pencil was between her fingers. Turning farther away from him, her hand crept slowly up the side of the window-frame and she began moving the pencil deliberately back and forth across the last square.

"Oh, here," Adams cried, gaily; "here's a proof! You mentioned you were going to Springfield shopping next week. There's a nice quiet street there, you know—runs by the graveyard; well, I'll bet you don't dare tell Joe that you are going to meet me there and lunch with me. You wouldn't dare."

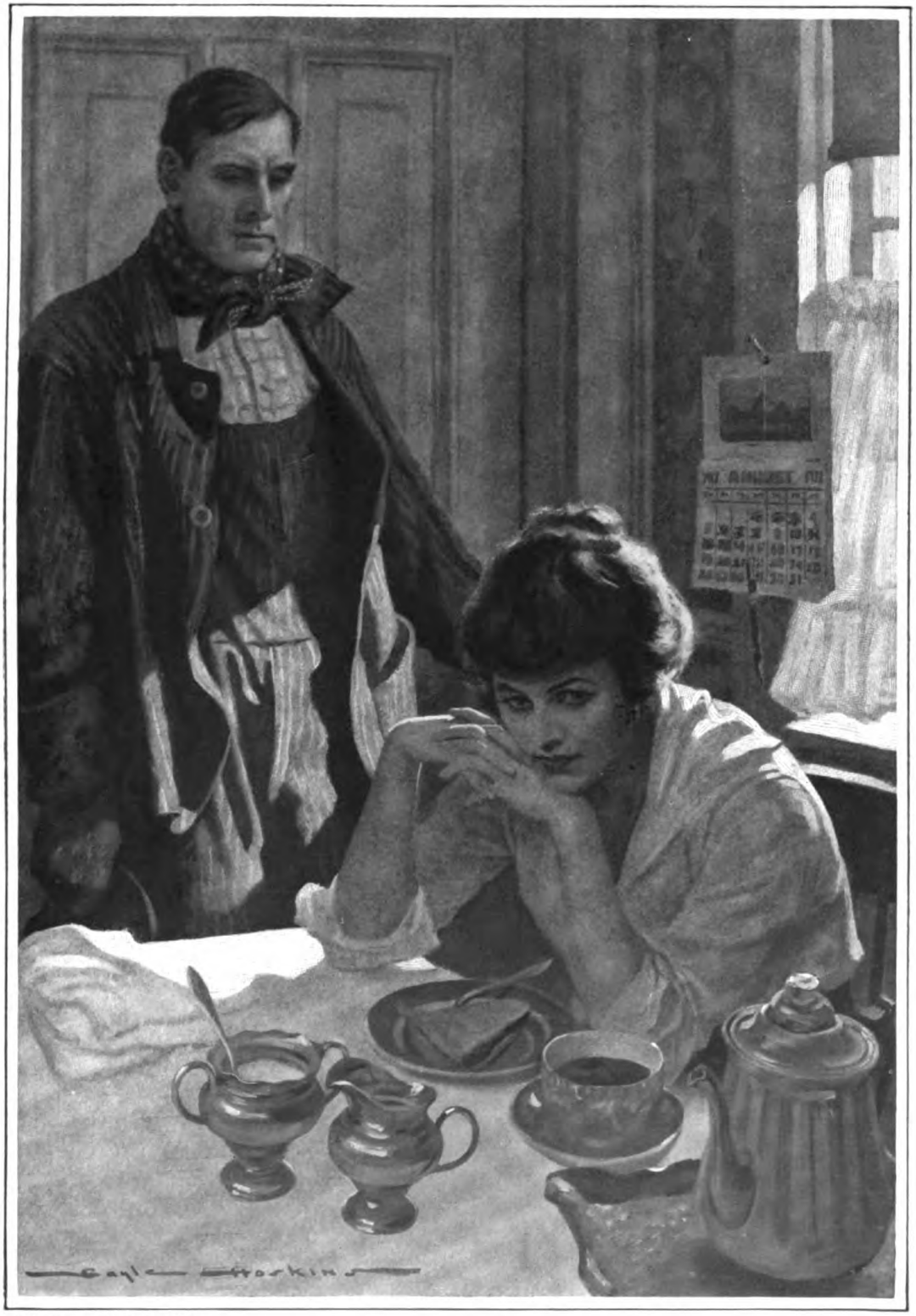
"I do!" she said, haughtily.

Adams threw his hat in the air and caught it again. "Aren't you cross with me!" he said, delightedly, and then, as if to irritate her as far as he could, he crowed: "And if you tell Joe you were talking to me to-night, it's good-by for ever! I'll be there, but *you won't.*"

It all seemed such a childish performance and he was extracting such an absurd delight from it that Lora could not help laughing again, and Adams joined in with the heartiest, frankest peal of merriment. The whole thing was a joke! The strain was snapped and Lora felt that she had been quite in the wrong—silly, suspicious, and really evil-minded. It would be awfully amusing to fool him, she thought; to meet him at Springfield and make him think Joe knew that she was there. Then, of course, she would tell Joe all about it and explain how she had defended his character. It even occurred to her as a splendid way of proving that he needn't give her any more lectures on her behavior, and that she was quite capable of managing herself.

Adams, starting off down the street,

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Drawn by Gayle Hoskins

"AREN'T YOU GOING TO KISS ME GOOD-BY?" HE ASKED

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called back his last "dare." "I won't see you in Springfield," he called. "Good-*by!*"

"Good *night!*" called Lora, laughing, and, leaving the window, she turned up the gas and looked to see how the meat was cooking. She hummed to herself as she prodded the sizzling beef and thought that in half an hour at most Joe would be home to eat it. As she crouched before the oven, Mrs. Powell, a gaunt New England woman, stopped outside the window and spoke. Lora jumped nervously at the sound of her voice, and looked over her shoulder. Although she could not have said who it was that she feared to see, a wave of relief swept over her when she found that it was only Mrs. Powell.

"Guess I'll come in and set until Ed comes in," said her neighbor, and in a moment more she entered the kitchen. "My, your dinner smells good!" she exclaimed, sniffing the air. "What is it? I'm going to give Ed ham 'n' eggs tonight; that don't take much time."

Lora retailed her menu with pardonable pride, and Mrs. Powell listened with rapt attention.

"You must like to cook," she commented, pithily. "I ain't hinderin' you dinner-gettin', am I?"

Lora assured her that she was not. Everything was well under way except the tea, and she never put the water on to boil for that until Joe whistled at Sawyer's Grade, and then—

"I suppose I'm superstitious," said Lora, with an embarrassed laugh, "but I keep Joe's time marked off on a calendar, and I never dare cross off the last day until he whistles. If I did I should think that something dreadful would happen to him, counting him home before he really came." She turned instinctively toward the calendar as she spoke. Then she went slowly across the room toward it and touched it with her finger to make sure, for there was the last numeral carefully blacked out of sight; not only the space around it that she had penciled in the afternoon, but the whole square, and blacker than all the others. She turned breathlessly to Mrs. Powell. "Look!" she said, in a low voice. "Somebody has crossed it off."

"I guess that somebody was you," said Mrs. Powell.

"But I don't remember doing it."

"I guess you're absent-minded."

Lora ran over in her mind all that she had done since she last looked at the calendar, which was just before Adams had stopped at the window. After he left she had turned on the gas, examined the dinner, and then Mrs. Powell had come. If she herself had crossed it off the only possible time she could have done it was when she was talking with him. As she stood there, quite forgetful of Mrs. Powell, and staring at the calendar, it slowly came back to her that in her embarrassment with Adams she had reached up and taken hold of the pencil. She seemed to remember seeing her hand move back and forth across the square. How could she have done it—the one thing she dreaded most to do! Horrified by her own violation of the fetish, hoodoo, superstition that she had herself set up, a conviction slowly formed in her mind that something had happened to Joe. She turned palely to Mrs. Powell, who easily read her face.

"Now I should just worry myself to death over that," said she. "You know very well that a figure on a calendar hasn't nothing to do with Joe Hughes and his engine fifteen miles away. I've been daughter, granddaughter, and wife and mother to railroad men, and I've noticed that when you get a presentiment nothin' ever happens. It's when you ain't lookin' for trouble that it comes up and hits you a lick."

Oh yes, Lora knew. "I hope Joe won't be late," she said.

"Um-m, I'd hate to have a dinner like that sp'iled," commented Mrs. Powell, ignoring any other meaning in Lora's words and her tone redolent with the assurance that she was offering an example of self-control and common sense.

"It isn't *her* husband," thought Lora, resentfully.

As she turned sadly from the calendar, a woman put her head in at the window. Lora had never seen her before, but Mrs. Powell hailed her familiarly as "Charlotte." Charlotte gave them a hurried good-evening and asked anxiously if they had seen "Lucy." Finding that they had not, she hurried on her way.

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"That's Charlotte Benton," volunteered Mrs. Powell, in a whisper, although the woman in question was far out of ear-shot. "Lucy, Lucy Kenny, is her half-witted sister, and I s'pose she's run away again. Lucy's husband was the first driver killed on Number Three-three-three, you know. That's what turned her head."

"I hope Joe won't be late," said Lora, and Mrs. Powell did not feel encouraged to go on with Lucy and her troubles. They sat awhile in silence, a silence broken momently by the hoot of whistles and the sizzling of a shifting freight-train. The west-bound limited tooted hilariously through the station.

"Real pleasant-voiced trains, them limiteds," mused Mrs. Powell. "Don't you think trains are a real lot of company?"

"Yes," said Lora, abstractedly, "but you get to dislike some of them."

"That's right," agreed Mrs. Powell. "Number Three-three-three, now, give me the creeps the first time I heard it, and"—she dropped her voice to a tone of mysterious conviction—"the only accident my husband ever had"—and here she leaned over and rapped on the wooden table—"was on that engine."

Lora sat up. "They gave Joe a new engine this run," she said, in a toneless voice. "It had a horrid whistle."

"Did it?" asked Mrs. Powell, in a voice so ringingly hollow that it was evident that the seat of her superstition was struck. "What was the number?"

"I don't know," said Lora, miserably. "I didn't go down to see him off."

"Oh, well," returned Mrs. Powell, recovering herself nobly, for it wasn't her husband, "the whistle can't have anything to do with the engine, of course."

"Of course not," murmured Lora, wondering if it would look "naggy" if she went over and asked the train-despatcher where Joe's train was. How soon did people find out when anything had happened? Would they send some one to tell her immediately? A thunderous knock sounded at the door. Lora felt so weak that she dared not rise, and called "Come in!" from where she sat. It was only two more of the neighbors, Mrs. Swenson and Mrs. Gallagher.

Mrs. Gallagher was newly returned to the Junction and bent on catching up with the events which had occurred during the four years of her absence. Lora herself, being the most recent event, could contribute but little to these conversations, and was forced either to listen or to continue her own line of thought. To-night, absorbed in her dismal forebodings, she heard only a babel of sound—Mrs. Powell's sharp New-England accents falling like punctuation points in the flowing sentences of Mrs. Gallagher's brogue which gained a sonorous fullness now and then when Mrs. Swenson boomed in with an occasional, "*Ja*, I t'ank so."

Lora began to picture the flow of voices as an undulating river surface breaking around the sharp stones of Mrs. Powell's remarks, and after a little it seemed to her that this river was flowing over her head and pinning her below the current with the suffocating thought that something had happened to Joe. She began to feel that unless those ceaseless sounds were stopped she should die of suffocation, unable to think herself free of this sense of her husband's doom. The combined flow of voices seemed to wash her own thoughts out of her mind before she could grasp them, and swirl them away in that eddying current of sound. Fragments of ideas fraught with terrible significance floated in and out her mind, but every time that she seemed about to find their meaning the conversation around and above her seized on them and bore them away. Suddenly the talk stopped and immediately at the cessation of sound the fragments jumped together and made sense. She had put the dinner on a little before eleven o'clock, and as Adams had come by almost immediately she must have blacked out the fatal numeral just as Joe was crossing the Minottan Dam.

An eery shriek rent the air.

"My soul!" said Mrs. Gallagher, "I thought that was the Bride's Rival. Where is the Reekin' Shame?"

The name caught Lora's ear, its melodramatic suggestion blended so perfectly with the hysterical condition of her thoughts. She felt that she was about to learn something of importance.

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"I t'ank she ban devil, Number T'ree-t'ree-t'ree," chirruped Mrs. Swenson, like a basso-profundo cricket.

"Her whistle was enough to tell what she was," declared Mrs. Powell, for in the excitement of Mrs. Gallagher's conversation she had forgotten Lora's little difficulty with the calendar. "They only use her for an extra now," she explained, and then added, as relevant to the subject, "Charlotte's out after Lucy again to-night."

Lora, tense with apprehension, remembered. It was Lucy Kenny's husband who had been the first driver to be killed on No. 333, and they called that the Bride's Rival.

Mrs. Gallagher and Mrs. Powell agreed that it was a shame about Lucy; and Mrs. Swenson, who seemed more frankly to believe in the legends of the road, said in her slow, mysterious voice that "it was a funny t'ang," but Lucy seemed to have known that something was happening to her husband. She had cried all day.

"I guess you'll find," sniffed Mrs. Powell, "that her crying was due to some tiff she and Harry had had. They quarreled all the time about Macahone."

Lora drew a long breath. This Lucy and her husband had quarreled about Adams—not Adams; Macahone.

"What happened?" she asked.

The story they told her was neither very long nor very new, but every word burned into Lora's consciousness. Lucy was pretty, petted, and spoiled; Harry, quick-tempered and jealous; Macahone just fool enough to enjoy flirting with another man's wife. Even so, it would all have straightened out if it had not been for No. 333.

As near as any one could find out—for all who could have told were dead—the crank-pin had broken going down a grade and one of the rods went wild. It broke through the side of the cab and hit the engineer on the head. Then, with every revolution, it struck him again and again.

A whistle sounded in the distance. Two long hoots and a short. Mrs. Powell rose hurriedly.

"Excuse me," she said. "I hear Ed. I've got to go put the spider on." Lora made no answer.

"Go on," she said to Mrs. Gallagher.

Macahone had married shortly after the accident, it had seemed, and, strangely enough, No. 333 was given to him, all repaired and repainted.

"My Pat was firin' for him," explained Mrs. Gallagher, "and between you and me it was only that I hadn't married him then that saved his life. The first thing he noticed was the rate they were going at, but Macahone was hanging out the side of the cab, as usual, so Pat went on feeding her. When they didn't slack up for a steep grade that was ahead of 'em he thought he'd better speak to Mac. He sez he had only to put his hand on him to know he was a dead man, and a funny feeling one at that. When he pulled him back from the window there was no head on him at all!"

"Chust a bleedin' stump between his shoulders," said Mrs. Swenson, solemnly.

"What happened?" gasped Lora.

"They think it was a piece of loose telegraph wire," said Mrs. Gallagher, "but I dun'no'. They took to calling her the Bride's Rival after that, and when they offered her to Pat—he got his promotion bringin' her in—I sez, 'No!' for I'd made up my mind to marry him."

In recollection of the occasion Mrs. Gallagher closed her lips in a determined silence. Lora sat with every nerve shuddering before the horrible picture of the headless engineer, resolutely quelling the "Suppose—suppose—" that rose to her lips. Mrs. Swenson seemed about to say something, but just then the kitchen door swung noiselessly upon its hinges and a strange little figure poised itself upon the threshold.

At first Lora thought it was a little girl, she seemed so young. She wore a muslin dress of many puffs and ruffles, with long white gloves on her arms. About her head was a black-velvet fillet sewn with artificial roses, and she carried a pink parasol which she twirled over her shoulder in a very airy manner. She stopped and smiled at them from the doorway, like a stage favorite expecting an ovation, but suddenly her whole manner changed and she walked swiftly and cautiously into the room.

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"You don't hear Charlotte coming, do you?" she asked. "She follows me everywhere. She wants to see if I meet Macahone."

Lora had the usual repulsion from insane people, and this coming of Lucy piled upon her the last horror of all this hour of horrors. Again she had the sense of being shut off from human reach and sympathy, but this time it was with this pretty little girl who was years older than she was. She crouched back in her chair with her eyes fixed on Lucy, as confused and dazed as the poor creature herself. Lucy, catching sight of her, dropped the parasol wherever it happened to fall, and made straight for her.

"How pretty you are!" she cried. "What a pretty dress!" and she fell to stroking Lora's hair and gown. "I had ten new dresses when I was married, and one made-over. I wouldn't wear this if Macahone is coming; Harry 'll scold you."

"Sit—sit down," faltered Lora, her tongue cleaving to her mouth.

Mrs. Swenson saw that she was frightened. "Don't you be afraid," she said, kindly; "she won't hurt you. Come, Lucee; come home with me."

Lucy paid no attention. She chattered on about Harry and Macahone and her new dresses. "My dresses will all go out of style before Harry comes," she whimpered, and then she announced brightly that Harry was coming and that she was on her way to meet him.

"Harry won't come to-night; he's on another division now. Don't you remember?" asked Mrs. Gallagher.

It was an old trick that had sometimes worked before; but not this time. Lucy clasped Lora's limp hand in both her own and faced them.

"He has come back unexpectedly," she said, with childish pomposity. "I saw him and I heard old Three-three-three whistle. I knew it right off, and all the factory-whistles blowing for noon-time, too. Listen!"

With pretty affectations and grimaces she put her fingers between her pursed-up lips and blew two long, hoarse whistles. Lora leaned forward; the whistles were unmistakable. Lucy smiled naughtily. "Macahone taught me that," she said. "It's just like old Three-three-three, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Lora, her voice flat with despair, "that was it."

"I ran right to the window," prattled Lucy, pleased with the seriousness of Lora's attention, "and it was Harry. He waved his handkerchief at me, too," she added, triumphantly, looking about. Then her face clouded; something seemed stirring in the confusion of her mind and her lower lip drew against her teeth in little shuddering breaths. In utter, sudden abandon she dropped on her knees before Lora and caught her hands.

"I don't believe he was very cross with me, do you?" she wailed. "He wouldn't have waved to me if he'd been very cross, would he?"

Lora looked at her unfeelingly. "What color handkerchief was it?" she asked.

"Blue, blue," whimpered Lucy. "He wouldn't have waved to me if he'd been so very cross, would he? I've always had so much attention, I miss it," she pleaded, as if in extenuation of some quarrel; and then her poor, lightly anchored mind floated free in another direction. Still on her knees, she tossed her head, pouted, and looked down.

"If he's as jealous as that," she pattered, "he'd better have married a homelier wife. That's what I tell him." A puzzled look came into her eyes. "Why doesn't he come in?" she asked, curiously, and then repeated it over and over again, terror creeping into her voice and mounting with each repetition.

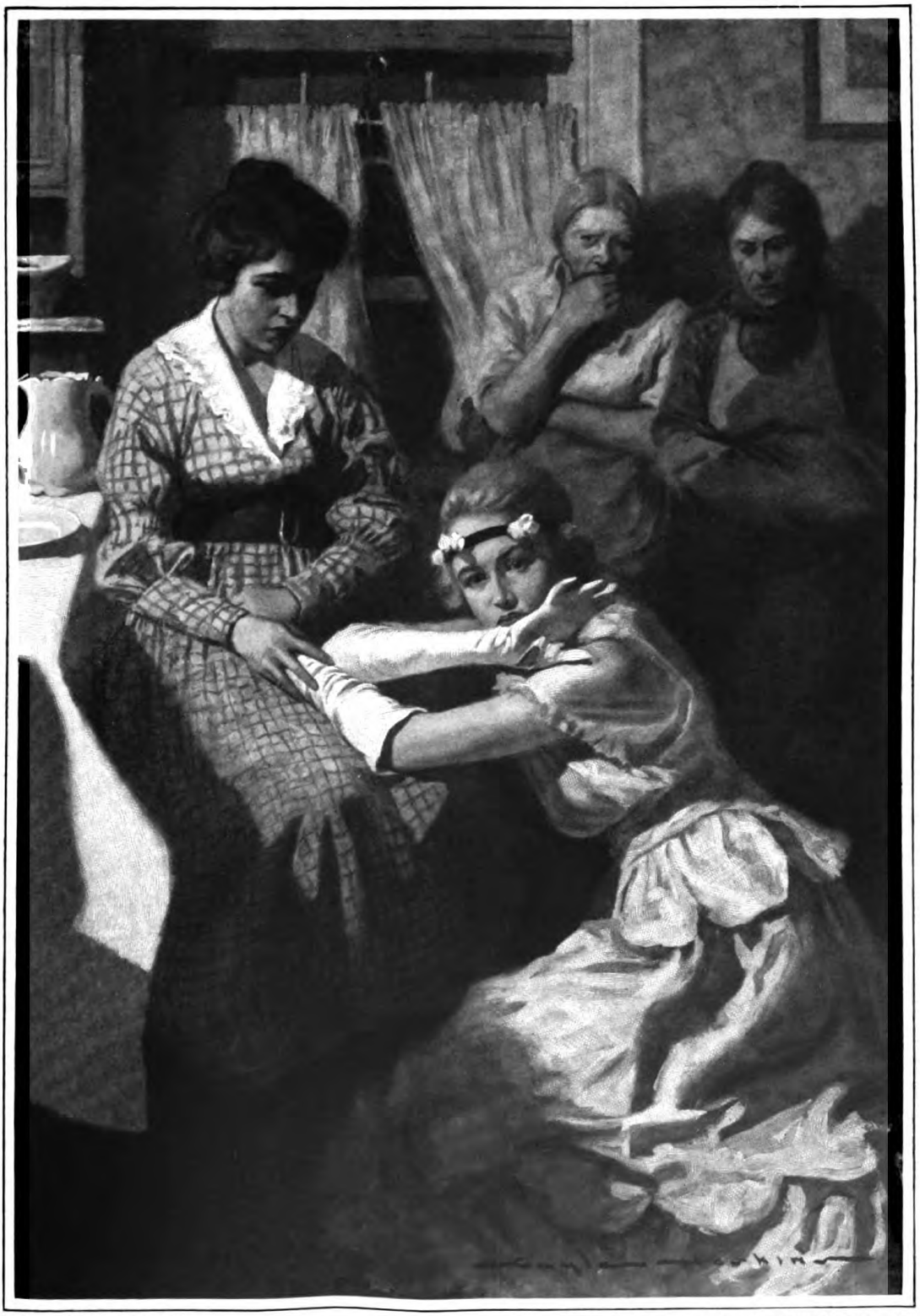
"Have you heard him whistle for Sawyer's Grade?" she wailed, wringing her hands.

Lora met the eyes raised so tragically to hers in which her own horror was mirrored. The terror of fact and the terror of fancy were all one and linked them in a ghastly bond. Her fear of Lucy melted away, and when the poor thing gave her hand a little shake to quicken her answer she put out her other hand and laid it on Lucy's shoulder.

"No, no," she answered, miserably; "I haven't heard him."

Mrs. Gallagher thought Lora rather silly to talk to her, and she tried to lead Lucy away.

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Drawn by Gayle Hoskins Engraved by H. Leinroth

"IF HE'S AS JEALOUS AS THAT, HE'D BETTER HAVE MARRIED A HOMELIER WIFE"

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"You needn't be so frightened of her," she said, coldly, to Lora. "She's a poor harmless thing. She always goes on this way."

Neither of the two paid any attention to her, but continued staring fixedly at each other. To Lora, Lucy seemed the one understanding person in that room, the only one that knew the agony of her mind. She listened while Lucy went on in the low, brooding tone in which she talked to herself for hours, repeating doubts and fears which were Lora's own.

"No, he hasn't whistled," Lucy half crooned. "They say the whistles broke, but"—she paused significantly—"why doesn't he come in?"

"I don't know," moaned Lora; "he is three minutes late now."

"Don't talk to her, I tell you," said Mrs. Gallagher, angrily. "It only eggs her on."

"You don't think anything has happened to him?" Lucy asked. "Not to-day! Any time but to-day, when he thinks Macahone—"

"Don't, don't say that, Lucy."

"Any time but to-day!"

"There! Who's that?" demanded Mrs. Gallagher.

As in a trance, Lora heard the rapping of knuckles upon the door. Was it some one come to tell her that Joe was dead? That the dam had burst? That he and No. 333 were at the bottom of Minottan Creek? Who had screamed?

She got to her feet as a woman entered and, after a short struggle in which she mechanically disengaged Lucy's hands and arms from about her neck, watched the poor creature hurried out between Mrs. Swenson and Charlotte. As the door swung to, Mrs. Gallagher dropped into a chair.

"I'm all in!" she exclaimed. "Ain't you?"

But Lora had already forgotten. "And he never came?" she asked.

Mrs. Gallagher glanced at her quizzically. "You sit down!" she commanded. "You're all upset." As Lora obeyed her, she vouchsafed: "No, he didn't come. That was the time he was killed."

"And it was true about Adams?"

"Adams? You mean Macahone?"

"Yes, I mean Macahone. Was it true?"

"Yes. You see what she was."

"And she had a presentiment that he was going to die?"

"I wouldn't take too much stock in that. They had quarreled."

Mrs. Gallagher leaned her elbow on the table. Lora sat opposite, her hands folded in her lap. Outside, a freight-train, shunting cars, shifted and sizzled and groaned and creaked. Occasional brief hoots came from the engine as if it were giving orders to the long line of "empties." Lora, listening for her husband's signal, heard all these sounds dully at first until the unvarying chatter of the clock forced itself upon her attention. The ticking seemed to be increasing in nervousness and haste. She fell to listening for the moment when it must inevitably reach the limit of its speed and break, but it went on faster and faster, until her hearing could hardly keep up with it. She was struggling to follow the ceaseless ticking as if she were slipping the links of an endless chain between her fingers, when the freight engine gave a shorter, sharper hoot; the long vertebræ of cars gave a ghastly scrunch and the ticking of the clock exploded into nothing. Lora sprang to her feet and leaned wildly across the table to Mrs. Gallagher.

"It is after midnight," she said, "and he has not come in. He was due fifteen minutes ago and he hasn't whistled yet for Sawyer's Grade. Oh, I tell you something has happened to him! I know it as she knew it. Something has happened to him!" She burst into tears.

"Good Lord!" thought Mrs. Gallagher, "do you take on this way every time himself's late?" But she set about administering comfort and Lora sobbed upon her shoulder, murmuring that she loved Joe more than anybody in the world, she did, she did.

The repetition of this apparently obvious statement aroused Mrs. Gallagher's suspicion. Had Lora quarreled with Joe? Lora did not know, but she hadn't meant to. Was Joe angry with her? Lora didn't know that, either, but she remembered that when he had come back from the round-house that morning before dinner he had seemed

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worried over something. Then a new fear clutched at her heart as she connected this heretofore forgotten circumstance with the talk at dinner. Some one at the yards had said something to Joe about her and Adams!

"Oh," she moaned aloud, "you don't think they told him about Macahone?"

"Macahone?" puzzled Mrs. Gallagher.

"I mean Adams."

Mrs. Gallagher disengaged herself from Lora's arms and, her shoulder damp with her tears, towered above the weeping girl in righteous indignation.

"So," she said, slowly, "you are that kind of a fool, are ye?" And she set about gathering up the facts of the case; the quarrel, the talk with Adams, the little joke of the luncheon at Springfield. Lora was only too glad to tell, feeling in her inquisitor a tower of light before whose beams terror and superstition fled. She had experienced all the comforts of confession when Mrs. Gallagher concluded what she admitted was "a good goin'-over."

"And now," she said, briskly, "you wash your face, for Joe 'll be comin', any minute."

Lora rose, weak but repentant. "He hasn't whistled yet," she said. "I didn't tell you he is on Number Three-three-three"

"What!" cried Mrs. Gallagher. "How do ye know? Ye don't know."

"Lucy knew," answered Lora. "She heard the whistle and she knew it, and she saw him tie his handkerchief to the window. It was a blue handkerchief. Half-past twelve already! Oh, why doesn't he come in!"

Mrs. Gallagher crumpled back against the wall. She heard a banshee wailing across the tracks and the ghosts of Kenny and the headless Macahone and all the other victims of No. 333 floated before her eyes. The fear that had made her prevent her husband from taking his promotion with that engine had her fast in its grip, and she looked at Lora in speechless pity. As for Lora, she saw her tower of strength crumble before her eyes.

"You didn't know that, did you?" she said, tauntingly. "It's all right to say the whistle's broke and he's only late when you don't know. Look here; I marked it off on the calendar when I didn't know what I did—just as he was crossing Minottan Dam. The black is when he isn't home. I shall make them all black now."

She crossed toward the calendar and picked up the dangling pencil end. Mrs. Gallagher tried to pull herself together.

"He's only late," she cried, faintly.

Lora turned and looked at her. "You are frightened," she said. "Why don't you go home?"

"I'll stay," faltered Mrs. Gallagher.

"What for?" asked Lora, coldly. "You can't help me wait, can you?"

Facing Lora, Mrs. Gallagher also faced the door which Mrs. Swenson and Charlotte had left on the latch. Now and then it had swung a little upon its hinges and now it began to move again. The motion caught Mrs. Gallagher's eye, and she looked up. Lora, watching her, saw her expression change from a casual glance to a look of scared inquiry until, dropping into a chair, she threw her apron over her head and began to sob. Lora looked down at her hastily and turned toward the door and the man standing there. With outstretched hands she lurched across the room.

"Joe, Joe!" she cried, and, regardless of soot and cinders, buried herself in his arms.

"Why, girlie," said the puzzled Joe, looking from one weeping woman to the other, "I'm not so very late."

In the morning Mrs. Gallagher came around to learn that No. 333, in an effort to live up to her reputation, had lost a nut necessary to her anatomy and then had strained her throat, so to speak, and gone dumb. It was at the end of this story, while Joe was in another room, that Mrs. Gallagher gave Lora some excellent advice.

"Don't ye forgit," she said, in her flowing brogue, "that the shadow of sudden death is foriver over your house, and niver ye let that boy go out of it with a hard word in his ear nor suspicion in his heart, for it's the last word ye said to him may be the comfort or the curse of your achin' nights."

But, like so much excellent advice, it came like coals to Newcastle, for Lora knew.

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

WITHIN a month or two of this writing, there died in Cincinnati a poet of such rare, and of such genuinely Western, quality that not to note his loss would be to fail of duty to a phase of our literature which the Easy Chair feels tenderly bound to honor. This poet was old, as the young count such things; he was eighty-two years old, and the last three of these years he lay paralyzed and helpless after a fall from a carriage still three years earlier. His accident marked the end of his literary activity, but he remembered from time to time, though less and less, the desire of his poetic youth; he faded rather than wasted, and when the end came, it came so softly that nothing less vigilant than the love that watched and tended him could have known it for the end. Then, on one of the morrows that follow the early days of grief, this love found, "in an old box where he had put it," a dateless poem, which some anonymous Greek of the Anthology might have written, and which for younger readers will be as strange as if some anonymous Greek had indeed left it the record of his beautiful courage, though the time was when the name it bears was bright with contemporary welcome.

MY LAST DAY

How far? How near? What mortal eye can see
How dark, how bright, that day far-fixed for me?
Enough whene'er it dawns if I can say
Let the sun rise, it brings me my Last Day.

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

Piatt's Last Day came to him when, following long exile, he had long been at home in his native air. He was born in Indiana, but most of his youth was passed in Ohio, where, after his boyhood on his father's farm, with whatever schooling could be the chance of a farm-boy, he was apprenticed to the craft which has been the university of so many Americans from Franklin onward. Types and letters were at one in his instruction, but he was richer than most of these printers in the learning that not only good neighborhood schools, but even an Ohio college, could give. Later, he was fortunate in the companionship of a man uncommon of his kind anywhere and at any time, and perhaps not more uncommon in Kentucky in the days before the Civil War than he would be now. Piatt became the secretary of George D. Prentice, and he wrote many pieces of verse under the kind eye of the editor, himself a poet, for the Louisville *Journal*. Then, when Lincoln was elected, the Secretary of the Treasury gave Piatt a place in his department as fitting for the poet as Lamb's place in India House was for the essayist. But it was livelihood and opportunity, and it was no bad preparation for the consular posts which he afterward held. He was sent first to Cork, and then promoted to Dublin, where he so endeared himself to the whole community that the chief citizens joined in appealing to an imagined ideal of civil-service reform in an adverse administration, for his continuance in his office.

But a petition signed by the Protestant and Catholic bishops, the professors of Trinity College, all the Irish men of letters, and all the Irish Members of Parliament, with Parnell first, could not avail to have him reinstated. He came home and passed the rest of his life on his farm overlooking the Ohio River, with winter changes to the city which used to be called "The Queen City of the West," before Chicago had forged so far ahead of Cincinnati as to leave her indefinitely behind in population as well as in the repute of literature and art. Cincinnati, indeed, could

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hardly have been counted a literary center, even before our literary centers had become countless, but among her people there were those who loved books if they did not write them, and were hospitable to the arts and sciences. From the beginning she was Western in the best and truest sort, and she was the metropolis of the region which was Piatt's native scene, reflected in his earliest verse and in whose light his earthly vision ceased when his Last Day came.

But his rare quality was not recognized first in the West of his day. The actual West is perhaps superconscious of its literary importance, both creative and critical, but in the days of the years of the eighteen-fifties and 'sixties it was diffident of its merits and powers. It waited very modestly for the East to say whether the thing it did was good or not, as the East used to wait for English recognition before it valued American performance; and if Chicago now gives the law to Boston in the brave matter, say, of free verse, the prior fact was in the order of nature. The West is still an indefinite term, and many things have been called Western which more strictly were Far-Western. The efflorescence of California in the brilliant satire of Bret Harte, to name him only who was first of the Californians, was an effect of the East in the new conditions of the Pacific slope. It had no root in the soil, and none of the poets who formed the San Francisco School of Harte's day were of California birth, much less culture; they were only Western by sojourn. Harte himself, who was first of them, had greater originality in his verse than in his prose, but he was born and grew up in Albany; the literary atmosphere which he breathed in the West was, as it were, piped from the East, and his ambition was, as the generous expectation of his fellow-exiles was for him, to suggest in his prose the literary art of Doctor Holmes.

The poetry of the West is really native in the Middle West, the West of the Ohio Valley, or the easternmost region of the Mississippi Valley, and it is this region which has given our literature three names of peculiar worth: the names of John James Piatt, of James Whitcomb Riley, and of Madison Cawein. The first is at least first in point of time, though it will not be first in the thought of the youthful student of our literature. It is a simple matter for a poet who is loved as soon as he is read and finds himself at home in the hearts which he has touched; it is a simple matter, too, with the poet who renders the beauty of a new land in the terms of the old, and who makes its lover feel that Kentucky and Arcady are finally the same and that you have only to go deep enough to find the one in the other; but it is not so simple with the poet who comes earliest to a new land and asks it to feel the beauty of eld and faery in its homely antiquity and the memorials of its every-day life. This was the office of Piatt's poetry, and his name has not the prompt appeal of Riley's or Cawein's. He came feeling the pathetic charm of the past which was so nearly the present that his generation still knew the irk of its hardship and rudeness. When he sang of the prairie fire and the old cabin and the pioneer chimney, he touched the hearts of those who remembered them from their early days, but not the fancy of the young who turned impatiently from them and were perhaps tired of hearing of them from their elders.

The spirit of his poetry was the first voluntary expression of the Western life in the love of the Western earth and sky, and when most young American poets were trying to write Tennyson, Piatt was trying to write himself and, in spite of the ruling ideals, doing it. There is something of the movement, though scarcely the manner, of Tennyson's bucolics in "The Mower in Ohio," which came later, and which remains one of the best poems of the Civil War. "The Pioneer Chimney" recalls Wordsworth in its sober simplicity, but it is as wholly Western as if Wordsworth had never been; and "The Morning Street" is of a note quite new in its emotionalized thoughtfulness.

Eventually, Piatt became the author of three or four books of verse; but he is best represented by the little volume called *Sunshine and Firelight*, unless we are to own a fondness—or call it a

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weakness — for a first volume called *Poems of Two Friends*, where he dared publicity with another boyish rhymer of his time and place.

Sunshine and Firelight does not give his whole range, but it fairly suggests it, and, as we turn its leaves, the quality of his poetry breaths from them again and again; from many a lovely rhyme gleam or glow colors of that elder West which the poet's verse remembers tenderly rather than passionately. In a certain sonnet called "September," the picture is the whole poem, which we give in great part, underscoring a line or two as Leigh Hunt used to do when he wished his reader to like them as much as himself.

SEPTEMBER

All things are full of life this autumn morn!
The hills seem glowing under silver cloud;
A fresher spirit in nature's breast is born.
The woodlands are blowing lustily and loud;
The crows fly cawing among the flying leaves;
On sunward lifted branches struts the jay;
The fluttering brooklet, quick and bright, receives
Bright, frosty silverings slow from ledges gray
Of rock in buoyant sunshine glittering out;
Cold apples drop through orchards mellowing.

This is purely Piatt, but not more purely than another sonnet in which his imagination finds intellectual maturity and possesses his reader with no help from his art of picturing.

TRAVELERS

We may not rest content; it is our part
To drag slow footsteps after the far sight;
The long endeavor following up the bright,
Quick aspiration; there is ceaseless smart,
Feeling but cold-hand surety for warm heart
Of all desire; no man may say at night
His goal is reached; the hunger for the light
Moves with the star; our thirst will not depart
Howe'er we drink; 'tis what before us goes;
Keeps us aweary, will not let us lay
Our heads in dreamland, though the enchanted palm
Rise from our desert, though the fountain grows
Up in our path with slumber's flowering balm.
The soul is o'er the horizon far away.

Of the three Western poets whom we think the most representative, James Whitcomb Riley is incomparably the most popular. He keeps mostly to the simpler, almost the simplest, interests. Passion, as we understand it from the novels and the covers of the magazines, enters scarcely at all in his winning appeal which has to do with children, their pathetic little fears and hurts, their quaint ideals and superstitions, their world, as they know it and as their elders tenderly sympathize with them in it. The little boy who has curvature of the spine, "Little Orphant Annie," and her frightening conception of a universe abounding in "gobbelins"—these and the like of them are the heroes and heroines of the lovable poet's fancy, and we cannot think at the moment of his yielding to the claim of any "love interest" more poignant than that of the father whose daughter has eloped, but who remembers that he, too, eloped in his youth, in the recurrent refrain, "I 'ain't got nothin' to say, darter, I 'ain't got nothin' to say." One must have heard Riley (we shall never hear him more!) recite this exquisite and truthful poem to value him fully. He was a perfect artist in that kind, and renewed on democratic terms the mediæval tradition of the bards who chanted the verses they had made.

Cawein's divination of the unity of all beauty and the identity of the past and present, wrought acceptance for him with a public which was rather far than near. Yet one feels that he is as genuinely Western as Riley; and that his courage for the kind of thing he did in air empty of tradition and waiting for his instinct to give it voice was a poem which he lived.

In the West there can be no talk of origins, but only of derivations, and from their names it is plain that Riley's derivation was Irish and Cawein's German. Piatt's name does not so clearly spell his French ancestry, but he was of the race which first settled the Middle West, and his family fought such autochthons as the Indians were, for its possession. By ancestry as well as by nativity he had the right to be the first of the Western poets to feel the beauty of that newer world and translate it in the terms of the art which can never be old.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

THE really significant words we use seem to have, each, two sides, corresponding to body and soul. The soul side ordinarily escapes notice, not being linked by any laws of association with the visible environment, but impinging obliquely upon the consciousness in irresponsible fashion, like an apparition. We might call it the ghost of the word, that independently of its body comes to haunt us from its hidden realm. An intuition of the creative reason comes to us like that, only not out of darkness, but from the unseen source of light.

The terms we use in common parlance are ordinarily sensed as indicating definitely apparent relations, as if they had the power of position only. What this power of relative position is it is the office of the grammarian to schematize in cases, voices, moods, and tenses. Usually in our schools the mental regard of language by the pupil is fixed wholly upon this scheme, as expressed in parsing—a sacred rite for exorcising the ghosts we were just speaking of, or rather for guarding against their approach, since they never appear to any but those in quest of real meanings.

The technical philologist is usually satisfied in tracing derivations and distinguishing between the primary and the secondary meaning of a word, having little sense of his real business. That is, he falls short of the psychical intuition—an easy lapse, for in the creation of a language the intuition is not apparent, but only its shadowy implication. Thus the primary sense of the term "intuition" itself is veiled, being indistinguishable from any other that signifies the physiological function of vision, except by its later selection distinctly limiting it to the psychical act of direct inward beholding.

Language, in its primitive stage, was created long before instinct had been to any appreciable extent supplanted by conscious mental processes, in a period when, because of the insulation and immediacy of instinct itself, subject and object blended. There was only a glimmering of analysis in this twilight of the mind. The mental functions seemed quite identical with their physiological analogues. Thus the same word, "to see," was used for physical as for mental vision. The organs and functions of the physiological structure were burdened with meanings afterward discerned as supersensuous. *Anima*—whether as mind or soul—was an immediate implication of *animal*. With the progressive specialization of consciousness, from the first a mental detachment of subject from object, this blending was loosened. The detachment of the soul, in our modern psychical sense of the term, from the body was much later.

We know, or think we know, what living is for our individual selves, by conscious awareness, in sensation, perception, feeling, thinking, and willing, and we supplement this knowledge by observation so as to include the entire "land of the living," prompted by our social instincts, our interests, our sympathies, and our curiosity. We study physiology, metaphysics, history, and sociology. And as we speculate imaginatively in philosophy and poetry concerning the possibilities of living, so our faith overleaps the term of our visible existence and, penetrating the land of death, creatively shapes invisible habitations in which, by reason of our convictions, we dwell more surely than in those that are visible.

The images, concepts, notions, fancies, beliefs, and intuitions, attendant upon this expansion of consciousness, mark successive stages of mental and psychical detachment, at variance with

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instinct. Language reflects this detachment in its manifold variations, by advanced specialization, as the result of formal classification or of creative coordination. Thus words come to have separate compartments by spontaneous choice or arbitrary allotment. The same word often will occupy a physiological ground-floor and, with no change but one of meaning—yet that change involving discorporation—ascend to an upper mental story. It is wonderful into how many various limbos a root-word may be sent by simply a change of prefix—usually a preposition, though often it is subject to strange variations grammatically inexplicable—or of suffix, mostly in words of Latin derivation.

Language so immediately reflects our processes of analysis and classification that we can hardly say which comes first, the meaning or the word—whether, indeed, we could think at all except in words. The question has been as extensively discussed by Max Muller and other learned philologists as that other: When does the soul enter the body? or, Can there be a soul apart from the body? We know that in scientific terminology Latin and Greek words have been arbitrarily selected—Latin in formal classification, as in eighteenth-century botany, and Greek more recently as descriptive of newly discovered forces and processes in physics, biology, and psychology—thus more definitely distinguishing scientific terms from those in common use. But in philosophic interpretation, from Bacon to Spencer, the tendency is to revert to idiomatic usage; and here language is determined by creative rather than formal specialization.

As all the motions of a human body, whether spontaneous or determined by conscious volition, are living, so we must regard as living all articulate speech and, in the same general sense, all literature. But in all living—physiological, mental, and psychical—there is metabolism involving on the visible side a descending movement and, on the invisible side, a movement of ascent. In nature and in man, so far as he is bound up with nature, the integrity of this metabolism is never disturbed and the two movements are seen as really one, the hidden anabolism determining the visible movement of descent. The defoliation of a tree in autumn is the complement of the beginning spring within the tree not open to observation. That is, autumn, in all its ripe fruition is, in the interpretation of tree life, but the register of springtime. We have used this similitude before in the Study as illustrating that metabolism of all life, in which involution is seen as determining evolution, as in singing inspiration regulates expiration. We wish now to consider this law of life in literature as, in its growth and development, correspondent with the specialization of language. Thus we revert to the proposition with which we set out at the beginning, distinguishing between the incarnate meaning of words and their discarnate significance. A casual study of linguistic development discloses two distinct stages; the primitive, in which instinct is sufficiently dominant to preserve a comparatively unconscious sense of the integrity of body, mind, and soul, followed after a long twilight of glimmering consciousness by an advanced stage, marked by the breaking up of this integrity through definite mental detachment and analysis—the stage of concepts and of notional classification. In this second stage ancient civilization had its beginnings, with the passing of the communal sense in provincial social organizations, each, within its limited area, bound together by obligations based upon common instincts. A more extensive society took the place of the tribal community; and it was differentiated by a rigid classification that advantaged the will to power of a few—themselves ranked as kings, priests, and soldiers in a hierarchy of symbol-mastery whereby not only the people, but the dead, and even the gods, were kept in their allotted places.

In this connection we have found Elsie Clews Parsons's *Social Rule*—a discussion of social classification as a means of social control—a most suggestive volume, not only as showing in abundant detail how, in all human relations, this classification has operated in the past, and is still operating in the present among both civilized and degenerate races, in the interests of oppression, but

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also how, in the control of non-personal conditions through modern science, it promises an increase of social freedom.

In passing from primitive conditions humanity did not at once emerge into that comparatively superior conscious stage of social organization connoted by the term "civilization." An era of barbarism intervened, genuine, instinctively vital, and still communal, with no distinction between chiefs and their followers based upon intellectual leadership. The symbols, magical and ritualistic, through which the masters of these gained their hold upon the religious community, could hardly be termed intellectual.

The mental development, which began with the use of implements for the mastery of nature in a crudely industrial era, was slow; complex social groupings and even the foundation of empires preceded the birth of science; and all ancient mental enlightenment, as a means of social control, was confined to a privileged few. For the most part, in ancient civilization and in the mediæval feudal organization of European society, controlling social energy was absorbed in the structural and formative activities characteristic of an externalized life. The ruling classes, even when in the exercise of these activities their intention was beneficent, were hampered by the ignorance of their subjects which gave more leverage to exploitation than to improvement. The creative side of life had little manifestation in literature, whatever its showing in religious faith, in artisanship, and in art.

But the metabolism of life was never, in any period, without its hidden ascent. In institutional growth, when both physical and intellectual energies are absorbed in structural and formative processes, we must allow for the emphasis of time, veiling eternal realities, while the creative activities of the soul seem to be held in abeyance, though there is far more of these than is taken account of, even in a culture wholly independent of literature or literacy. Yet creative art and literature, in ancient civilization, had their birth among heroic and liberty-loving races and came to rare perfection, remaining the most valuable assets of modern culture. We easily see why Athens excelled Rome in this order of imaginative faculty and sensibility, and why Rome, which sacrificed everything to administrative efficiency, was institutionally the leader of the world.

Civilization has not been allowed to pursue a straight and continuous course in the establishment of arbitrary rule and conformity, supported by authority and tradition, though all these were relatively necessary as protective walls of social life in its plastic growth. No walls, grown useless, can withstand the rising currents of an invisible creative power and intelligence, which is our eternity; and every breach opens up a new highway of evolution in freedom, faith, art, science, and literature. We know along what highways the winds of fresh inspiration were blown; when Plato replaced Aristotle; when the Bible became the people's own; along what ways Dante and Shakespeare came, Cromwell and Washington, Bacon and Galileo, and all the creative masters in art and letters since the Rennaissance.

It amazes us to see during how recent an era, through the expansion of enlightenment and experience, the peoples of America and western Europe have become participant and initiative in governmental control. This democracy —a further incentive to the material and intellectual progress that made it possible—when wholly real, is the doom of social classification and of class control. The twentieth century seems likely to be the turning-point of civilization, in the passing of all formal and arbitrary power over personalities, save as equal members of a commonwealth. That is the one great hope of the world-conflict of to-day, the realization of which would be worth all its cost and sacrifice.

We await, not all-embracing empire, or a leagued world-federation, treaty-bound, or a socialistic world-communality, but a vitally reintegrated humanity. In that consummation words will find their souls, reality displace notions and symbols, and literature rise to its highest plane of creative communication. It is the informing spirit that determines form itself in essential Beauty and Truth.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Re-Echo Club

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE Re-Echo Club, at its semi-periodical meeting, mulled ale and the New Poetry.

"What is it, anyway?" asked Alf Tennyson, mildly curious.

"It says it aims at the concrete intensivity of life," explained Bob Browning, "which is, of course, what I've always done. But you can tell it always, by the fact that it won't use *'neath*, *o'er*, or *forsooth*. It says our stuff is 'over-appareled,' our apples too fruity."

"Ah, I see," mused Dan Rossetti; "we must take off our fatty degeneration and sit in our veins, eh?"

"Yes, that's it. And the subjects must be concrete—that's the idea, concrete. No more sunset and evening star of Freedom on a mountain height, but stick to tomato-cans or a bent hairpin or a little dog who doesn't feel very well. And keep him concrete."

"Sounds easy enough," observed Ed Poe, "once you get the trick of it. Bet I could do it. I'm the man who put the Poe in Poetry."

"Any one can do it," snorted Chaucer. "I've done it. Why, when I was in the Formative Fourteenth—"

"Regiment?" asked Perce Shelley, innocently.

"Century! But come ahead, let's try it. I'll do my bit."

"Go to it!" exclaimed young Keats. "Any rules?"

"No; you have to use unruled paper. But shape the stuff so it looks like an old, broken comb stood up on end. That's concrete presentation. And be shocking, if you can. You see, you take verse liberties with manner and matter both."

"Right-o!" cried Bill Wordsworth. "I'm keen for it. I rather think we'll have some topping soul-jam to spread on the minutes of this meeting!"

For half an hour sounded only the tapping of the types and the crackling of the flames as genius burned.

Then Percy Shelley, having cast off meter of all description, thus bared his soul:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Loosed at last
To fly, to soar, to volitate at will
In unpremeditated art.
Higher! Aloft! Above!
Up! Up!
Into the blue cosmos,



THE RE-ECHO CLUB, AT ITS SEMI-PERIODICAL MEETING

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The far, far-swirling star-dust,
The zenith, the welkin,
The empy-re-re-rean—
Oh, why stint words?
Pour them out in harmonious madness,
In extravagant delirium!
Spill syllables
Unsparing, ungrudging,
In ostentatious madness, in liberal and unnecessary prodigality
Of lavish profuseness,
Like eggs
Broken into an Easter Bonnet!"

This was deemed sufficiently *libre*, though some thought it open to the awful stigma of "over-apparelment" so fatal to real poetry.

"You won't say that of mine!" chortled Ed Poe, and he orated as follows:

"Midnight!
Dreary midnight!
The black o' the clock!
The towering apex of all the hours!
The deep, dark well of Time!
I slathered in the sable well of midnight,
Gurgling, gaspling, chokling, windpipe-throttled,
I clambered up the oozèd sides
Only to slipslide back
Into the dark of a yet midder night!
For there,
All in crashing black,
Crawling and shrieking like an icy flame,
Was the Raven!
Ay, the Raven, with his beak,
His great lump of beak dripping with blood!
Taut-strung, and sharp as an iron, iron spike.
Hss! Plang!
Into my heart it went!
Singing like live coals,
While tongues of fire
Clanged out a funeral knell—knell—knell.
And the tentacles—
The black-red tentacles of the dread bird
Drew out my soul
In tiny, stringèd shreds."

With the omission and exception of the apostrophe in the third line this was passed with honorable mention.

Although by no means an advocate of Verse Control, Jack Keats said he was willing to try anything once, and he liberated this:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Thus may we find
Loveliness in a fair poached egg.
Its white and gold
Pathetically young and soft.
Again,
A fish defunct;
Ah, the weird colors that play round its gills!
Soft pinks and azures—iridescent greens
That blend and shade
And subtly harmonize.
But is there aught
More exquisite fair than cold lamb stew?
Its tints of pearlèd gray,
Dull drab and faded mauve;
Its leaden, livid hues of whitish mouse,
That show a passionate apprehension
As it slow congeals, coheres, coagulates
From lambent lamb
To vapid, torpid tallow."

"Exquisite! Wonderful! Important!" were the earnest encomiums showered on this gem. "Full of organic rhythm!" "A bit of perfect exteriority!" You see how quickly they caught the jargon—I mean the *argot*.

Harry Longfellow shook his curls and seemed a mite pettish, but he came up to the abrasion.

"Tell me not in measured numbers
That this life is but a dream;
'Tis the Cosmic Urge
And surge,
And spirit splurge,
Vitally vibrant with symbolic art,
Freed from meticulous bonds of basic rigor,
A thaumaturgic intercalation



FOR HALF AN HOUR SOUNDED ONLY THE TAPPING OF THE TYPES AND THE CRACKLING OF THE FLAMES AS GENIUS BURNED

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AND THEN, BY SPECIAL REQUEST, MOTHER GOOSE BOBBED UP SERENELY, AND PROVED HERSELF A *VERS LIBRETTISTE* OF NO MEAN ORDER

Expressed—ha!—in elemental rhythms.
A stunning, swooning measure,
Like a cat eating carrots,
Carrots edged with fur!
Ha!
Isn't it gay?
Down go the carrots
Zigazgging down the cat's throat!
Flapping and swooping down the cat's throat!
Ah, this is life!
Whee—ee!
Bumpti—ling—bing!
Bang!
Boo!"

This quite took the poets off their poetic feet. But one can always depend on the New England poets to get there with both feet.

Alf Tennyson, too, went straight at the concreteness of it:

"Doff your flannel nightgown early,
Say, at cockcrow, Mother dear;
To-morrow will be the crystalline day
Of all the opal year.
Of all the cloisonné year, Mother,
With its tin and turquoise drool;
For I'm to be April Fool, Mother,
I'm to be April Fool!

"As I went in the cabaret
Whom think ye I should see?
But Robin! Drowning in a dance
With that fright, Lulie Lee!
But I wound him round my finger
Like bastings round a spool;
For I'm to be April Fool, Mother,
I'm to be April Fool!

"Little Effie can go with me
If she'll wash her white gloves out;
And don't you wear that basque, Mother,
It makes you look so stout.
I've a new, green, oozy, woozy frock
Like a slimy, scummy pool;
And I'm to be April Fool, Mother,
I'm to be April Fool!"

Of course, it was metered, and you couldn't pry Tennyson loose from rhyme, but it was adjudged concrete, so it passed.

Bob Browning flatly refused to have anything to do with the Libertian crimes. Said all his societies would be unemployed if he became concrete. But, he added, kindly, he'd turn the job over to his wife, for he thought it a womanish movement at best.

Elizabeth gratefully accepted the crumb from her master's voice and set to work to tauten her heartstrings.

Thus played she:

"How do I love thee? Why, for goodness' sake!
List now, and I will tell thee every way.
I love thee like a serpent getting gay
And crunching buttered toast. Ha, the red snake!
Writhing and shining with tumultuous coil,
Madly his rhythmic, brutal love to slake—
Tut! tut! The sonnet form has got awry!
What matter? Any roseate rhythm take.
Who cares for rhyme, for rhythm, or for trope?
Give me but rope
Enough
And I will hang myself.
Soul-stuff
I keep upon the shelf
To whet my fond desire.
I love thee—love thee—
Like a house afire!"

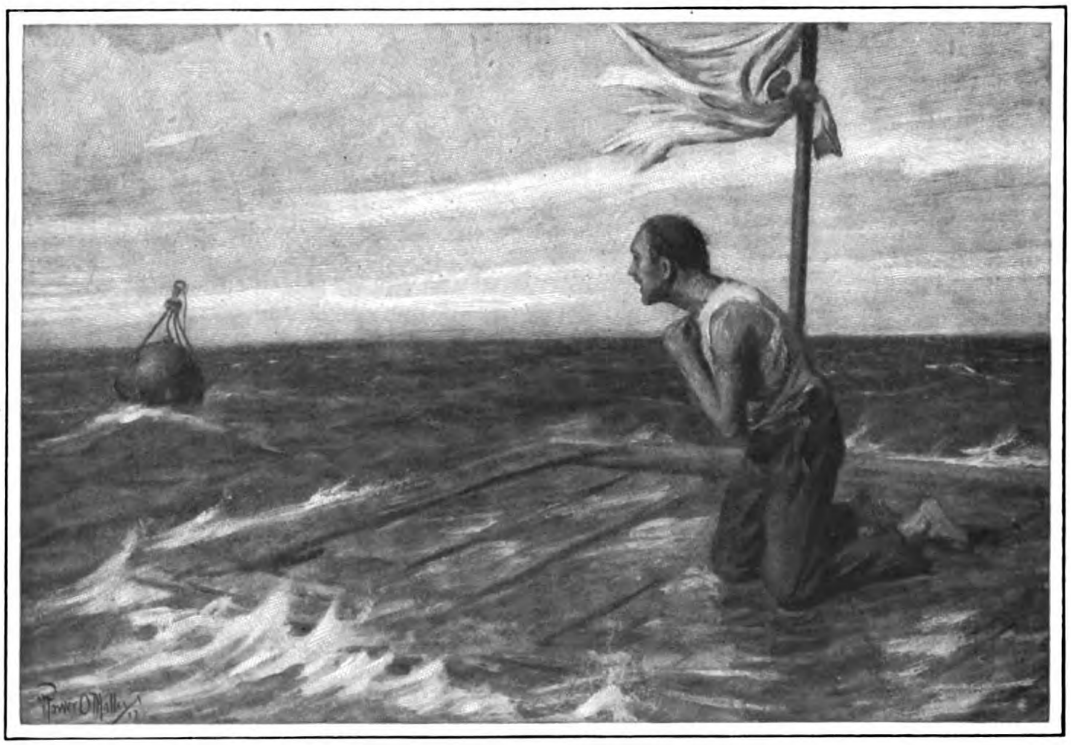
This had what they call authentic vitality of theme, and so it got across.

And then, by special request, Mother Goose bobbed up serenely, and proved herself a *vers librettiste* of no mean order.

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"Jill,
A live woman with dead lips.
And eyes
Like trumpet-flowers,
All blare and noise;
Jill was the sort who bear
The scent of F sharp on the fervid air.
She, like a wingèd snail,
Sped up the height.
Beside her, Jack,
A flying oyster, pranced.
O'er houses a mile high,
O'er fields of screaming asphodel
They scudded.
Water! Water!! Water!!!
Down thudded Jack.
The sharded path scratching like broken pottery
His creamly-puffing face.
Jill,
Roughly, as skein of silk in sew-prickt fingers,
Yet soft and stayless as a pink pincushion,
Rolled like a tambourine
Spang! on the dead man!"

Then they all said, "Vital!" or "Important!" and went home.



CASTAWAY: "*Thank Heaven, I must be nearing civilization—there's a floating mine*"

Thrifty

THE engagement between a wealthy young society woman of Washington and an impecunious business man of a near-by town came dangerously near the "breaking-off" point not long ago by reason of the unfortunate mistake of a florist's assistant, of whom the young lover had ordered flowers for his fiancée on her birthday.

With a flutter of joyous anticipation the society bud opened the box and gazed with rapt admiration upon the American Beauty roses which reposed within. Then, lovingly taking them out, one by one, she came across a card which she read first with astonishment and then with indignation. Upon the card was inscribed in familiar writing:

"Roses. Do the best you can for $4.50."

Habit

TWO girlhood friends were exchanging confidences over their afternoon tea.

"I saw you in church, dear, yesterday," murmured the younger one.

"Oh, you were there? I didn't see you," gurgled the other.

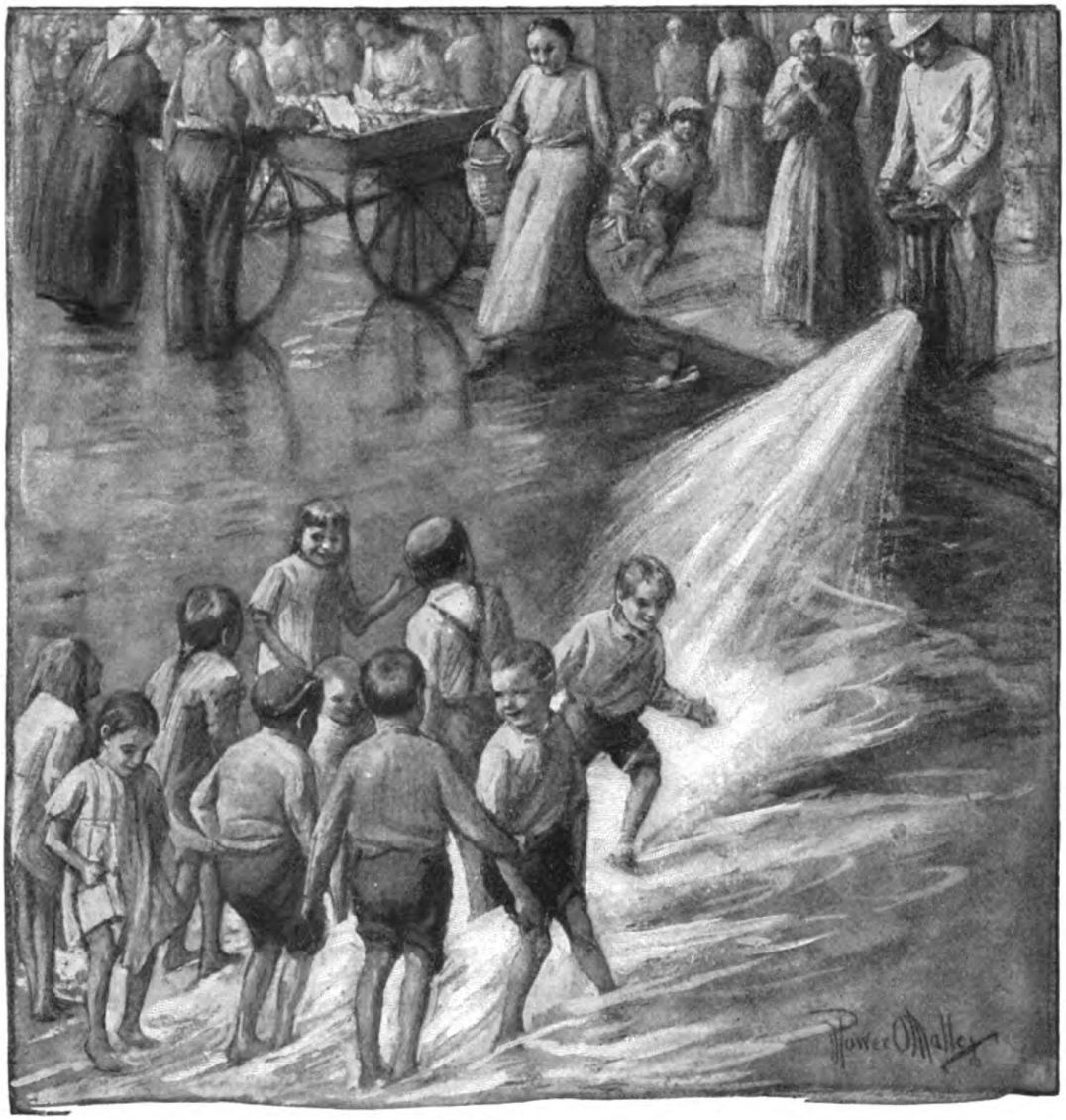
"Yes. And I was so glad to see that you finally induced your husband to accompany you to divine worship."

"Yes, Frank came along with me. He'd much rather go to the theater, but the theaters are not showing anything on Sundays now. But he disgraced me."

"Really? In church? How, pray?"

"The minister read four chapters from 'The Acts of the Apostles,' and my husband insisted on going out after every act."

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The Bathing Season Opens

An Intruder

"JOHNNY, did I not hear you say something in the pantry just now?"

"Yes'm. I said, 'Rubber.'"

"And what moved you to say that in such an angry tone of voice?"

"I was goin' to steal some jam, an' I remembered what you said about the Lord seein' everything I do."

Reminiscent of John

AT the Army stations in the West it is the practice for the officers, on leaving their post for some distant station, to sell off everything they do not care to keep.

There was a very estimable woman living at one of the garrisons in Montana. She held an auction before she left, after her husband's death, and when some silver-plated knives were put up, she rose and in a tremulous voice said:

"Oh dear! Oh dear! I can't sell those! They have been in dear John's mouth too often."

His Application

AN alien, wishing to be naturalized, applied to the clerk of the office, who requested him to fill out a blank, which he handed him. The first three lines of the blank ran as follows:

Name?
Born?
Business?

The answers follow:

Name, Jacob Levinsky.
Born, Yes.
Business, Rotten.

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Faith

GOVERNOR and Mrs. Stanley, of Kentucky, have an interesting young family. They are also regular Sunday-school attendants. The youngest member of the house of Stanley has been very much indulged, but lately the wise mother has taught him that he must not ask God for such things as he coveted. The small heir ceased praying after that for a speckled pony and cart, which a little friend of his owned.

One night, not long since, the Governor and his lady were entertaining guests in the Executive Mansion when the elder boy called his mother to the foot of the stairs. The visitors were amused to hear the lad saying, in a stage whisper:

"Mother, I wish you'd come up here to brother—he's worrying the Lord again about that speckled pony and dog-cart."

A Cook With Foresight

THERE is a certain Brooklyn man who takes a great interest in his household. So the other day, just before he left his office, he 'phoned to his wife to ask whether she wanted him to bring anything home.

"Yes," said the wife. 'I wish you would stop and get some tea. And you might as well, while you're about it, get a set of china, too."

"China?" gasped the husband.

"Yes. Of course we've got some, but cook says there's not enough to last the week out."

The Customary Place

A WELL-KNOWN bishop in the South some time ago lost his third wife. A clergyman who had known the first wife returned from the North and wished to see her grave. He called at the church and saw the sexton.

"Can you tell me where the bishop's wife is buried?" he asked.

"Well, sir," said the sexton, "I don't know for sho', but he mostly buries 'em at Milledgeville."

Mistakes Will Happen

A WOMAN doctor of Philadelphia was calling on a young sister, recently married, who was in distress. In response to the doctor's inquiry the newly wed said:

"I cooked a meal for the first time yesterday, and I made an awful mess of it."

"Never mind, dearie," said the doctor, cheerfully; "it's nothing to worry about. I lost my first patient."

As He Heard It

LITTLE Raymond returned home from Sunday-school in a very joyous mood.

"Oh, mother," he exclaimed, as he entered the house, "the superintendent said something awfully nice about me in his prayer this morning!"

"Isn't that lovely! What did he say, pet?" questioned his mother.

"He said, 'O Lord, we thank Thee for food and Raymond.'"



BOTH WOMEN: "*Why couldn't I have had that! And really have lived.*"

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YOUNG BRIDE: "*How would you like to go away to some romantic spot with Harold and me, Uncle Henry?*"
UNCLE HENRY: "*Um, blindfolded, I guess.*"

Didn't Know Him

HENRY, aged four, had just returned from the hospital where he had been introduced to a brand-new baby brother. His grandfather met him at the door and said:

"Well, sir, how did you like him?"

"All right," said Henry, indifferently.

"Well, but what do you think of him?" insisted his grandfather.

"Oh!" said Henry, in a somewhat apologetic tone, "you see he looked so funny I didn't know him."

Scientific Management

"DID your wife scold when you went home so late last night?"

"You don't know what it is to have a wife who was once a school-teacher. She simply made me write one hundred times on a slate, 'I must be at home every night by ten o'clock.'"

Shifting Responsibility

PHYSICIAN: "Tell your wife not to worry about that slight deafness, as it is merely an indication of advancing years."

MR. MEEK: "Doctor, would you mind telling her yourself?"

It Paid

MRS. SKINNER keeps a boarding-house where it is whispered the guests are by no means too well fed. One of her neighbors attempted to point out to the lady the error of her ways.

"I should think," began the neighbor, "you'd do well to feed your boarders a little better. You can't expect them to say a good word for you when they leave."

"Oh, but they do," was the quick reply. "Almost every one of them has a grudge against some friend or other, and he invariably recommends my house to him. I get lots of new boarders that way."

A Critic

LITTLE six-year-old Allan, scion of a bookish family, had mastered reading so efficiently that his first glimpses of story-land were growing hazy in his memory. One afternoon he confided to his mother:

"Mildred was showing me her new book to-day, and it's the queerest thing you ever saw! Why, it just says: 'Is it a cat? It is a cat. Can the cat run?' and a lot of stuff like that! 'Course I was too polite to say so, but it didn't seem to me the style was a bit juicy!"

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BOATMAN: "*No call to get scared, lady. W'y, bless yer heart, if the wurst comes to the wurst there ain't more'n six feet o' water under ye!*"

The Attic

I LOVE to climb the attic stair
And see the things they keep up there;
They are so very old and queer,
And yet I think they're very dear;

There is a clock that will not tick,
The dust upon its face is thick.
My mother had it long ago—
I s'pose that's why I like it so.

And there's a table with a drawer,
The nicest thing you ever saw.
It's full of letters written fine—
Oh, how I wish they all were mine!

And once I found a picture there,
A little girl with curly hair,
And round her neck a little chain
Of pearly beads, like drops of rain;

And when I see the looking-glass
That stands close by where I must pass,
I look just like the picture, too.
I always wonder why I do.

When mother was a little girl
And wore the little chain of pearl,
I'm sure she climbed the attic stairs
And sat in all the attic chairs.

MARION MALLETTE THORNTON.

A Misunderstanding

THE two were sitting on the parlor sofa. He had just asked her to be his wife. She half closed her eyes and looked thoughtfully at the ceiling.

"What would you do if I were to turn you down?" she murmured.

The young man made no answer. Finally she looked at him and said:

"Didn't you hear what I said?"

He gazed at her in surprise. "Pardon me," he replied. "I thought that you were talking to the gas."

Proving It

A WOMAN owning a house in Philadelphia before which a gang of workmen were engaged in making street repairs was much interested in the work.

"And which is the foreman?" she asked of a big, burly Celt.

A proud smile came to the countenance of that individual as he replied:

"Oi am, mum."

"Really?" continued the lady.

"Oi kin prove it, mum," rejoined the Irishman. Then, turning to a laborer at hand, he added, "Kelly, ye're fired!"

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Painting by W. J. Aylward Illustration for "Maine and the Summer Sea"

THE SIMPLICITY AND HEALTHFULNESS OF LIFE ARE STILL A LURE

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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Maine and the Summer Sea

BY HARRISON RHODES

SERIOUS thinkers in Maine all agree that intensive culture of the summer visitor is the State's greatest industry. The crop raised on the barren rocks along the Atlantic exceeds in value the produce of the great forests or of the lakes and rivers, or of the fabulously fertile potato-fields of the remote Aroostook country. Enthusiasts even hope soon to grow the winter visitor by cultivating the snow and ice with skees and toboggans and skates and sleighs. The dullest tables of statistics call up to the most unimaginative a majestic vision of countless trains and ships converging upon Maine, bringing from every corner of the country, and from Canada as well, the human freight which is merely a sort of glorified seed-corn which is to produce by autumn the State's golden harvest.

Perhaps the most astonishing and symbolic sight of the region—though it has possibly not struck many people as such—is to be observed at Kennebunkport. Kennebunkport, the very quaint name of which instantly recommends the town, is an agreeable and traditional little watering-place, moderately remote and moderately obscure, one would have said. But at its railway station may be seen lying trains of cars which have run straight through from Chicago to Kennebunkport as an Eastern terminal! This is some adequate measure of how pants Chicago for Kennebunkport, and all that great, hot Western country for the cool coast of Maine.

That the train runs through Canada is significant and interesting. Back in the early nineteenth century it was rich families from Montreal who first started the Maine coast resorts upon a prosperous career, driving to them in their private carriages. Maine indents the Dominion, and its proximity has always given a certain color to Maine tradition and history. The race, in stage-coach days, to carry the mail from Portland to Montreal faster than Boston could get it there is a gay chapter in local annals. The railway soon followed the coaches, and to-day in the delightful confusion and turmoil of the Portland station, where the currents of travel meet and eddy, Canadians of all kinds may be seen on their way south to the nearest salt water. The French provinces contribute to the picturesqueness, perhaps a black-frocked *curé* conducting a band of jabbering *collégiens*, or a super-prolific bourgeois family migrating in a cloud of strange, foreign-looking luggage to some popular beach. With pilgrims from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia and from all the Western country to the Rockies they mingle kaleidoscopically.

Maine claims to be, numerically, the most popular summer resort of America. Its greatest rival is, oddly as it will seem to many people, Michigan. But there is a profound significance in the

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pre-eminence of these States. Maine, it is true, is well enough advertised, while Michigan blossoms almost in obscurity. But neither contains any resort which can rival the metropolitan congestion of Atlantic City or the fashionable sparseness of Newport. People are simply everywhere in Maine—as they presumably are in Michigan. And they do not come primarily for either roller-coasters or dinner parties. They come for the cool, clean air, for the blue hills and the bluer water, for rocks and sands and green trees. Of course in these surroundings they maintain all the necessary country clubs and play all the necessary games. But it is, after all, for the country that they have come and for country life and country food and country sleep.

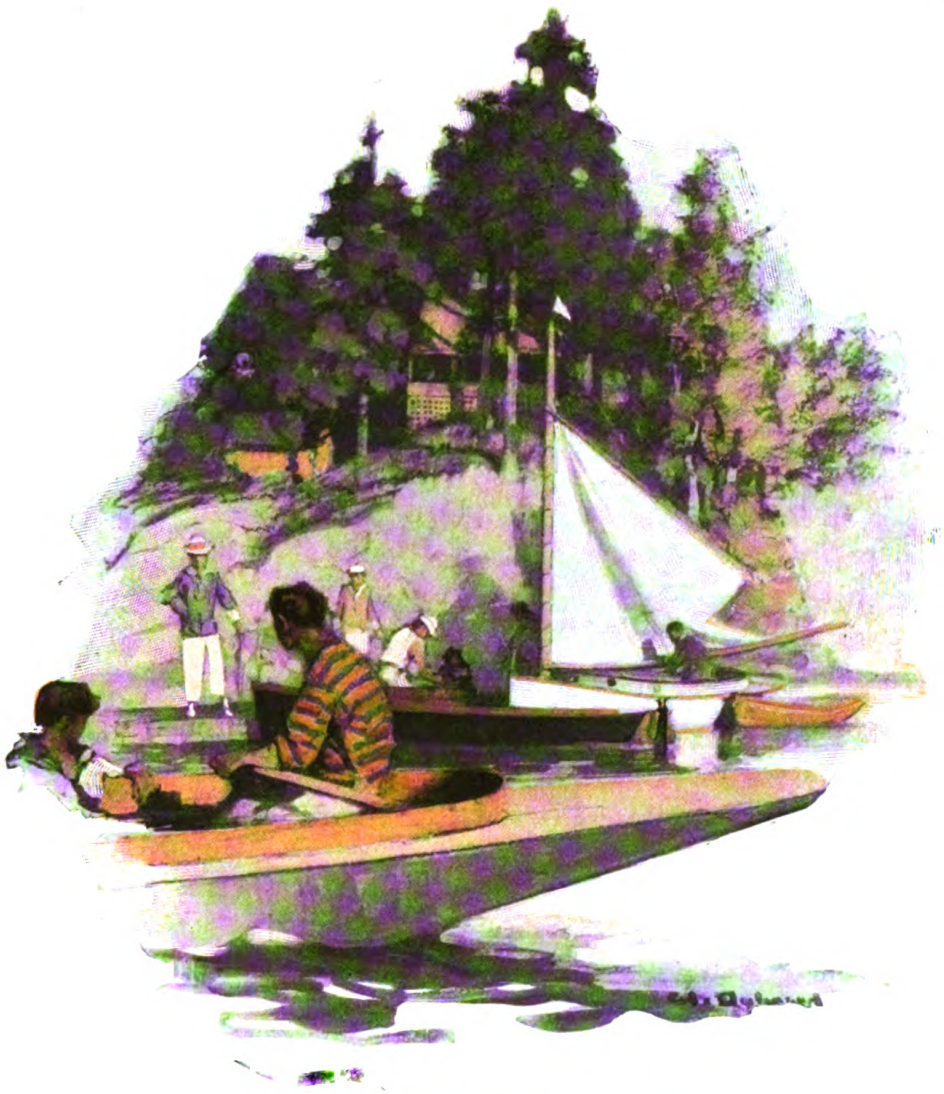
An unhappy Parisian butler, transported by his employers to the quietest little shore settlement, protested violently against this American dependence upon unimproved nature. "*Que voulez-vous? Il n'y-a pas de casino! Il n'y-a pas de musique. On ne s'amuse pas ici.*" And as there was no casino, no band, no café, no promenade, no theater, there was for him, to all intents and purposes, no summer resort. Perplexed and bored, he endured it a week and fled back to New York's August heats. Perhaps one of the most engaging of our national traits is this tradition of simplicity in country life, this belief that God has done better than any landscape architect in making our countryside lovely.

It is always quaintly agreeable to remember that Maine is to be spoken of as "down East." (The old books speak of settlers from Massachusetts as from "the West"—an additional quaintness.) But Maine is for most of us not so much east as north. Most of the vegetables and fruits there do not come to perfection till September, thus permitting the native to feed canned goods to the July and August visitor with a clear conscience, and to have the "pie-filling" shipped on from Boston. But it is an agricultural axiom that the farther north any fruit or vegetable can be ripened the better it is. The fresh produce that *can* be coaxed to come early, or that eaten by lingerers into the golden days of autumn, has a crispness and sweetness and tang of the north. Down in Georgia they advertise their best seed-potatoes as "grown in Maine." As they plant them under the southern sun they must almost feel the cool breath of the Maine breezes from the pine woods and from off the sea.



ON GRAY DAYS THEY SHOP

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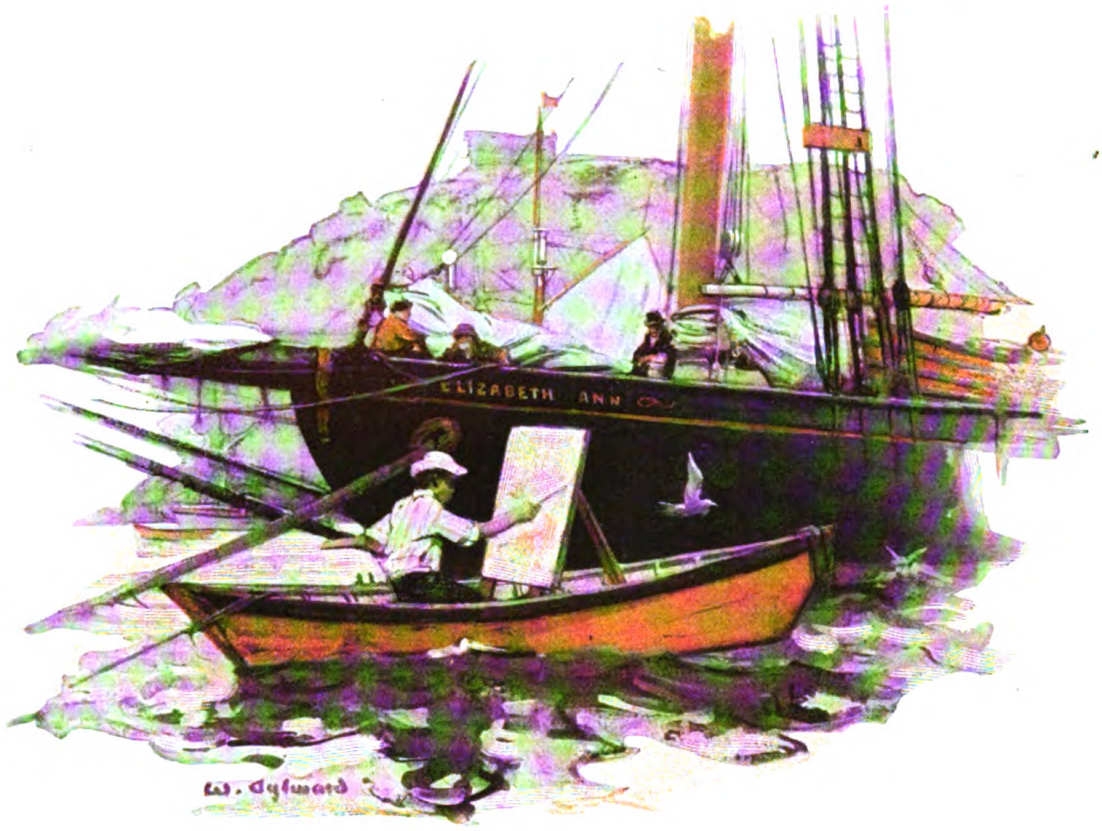


THE COTTAGE BOAT LANDING

Coolness is a great boon, and Maine offers it—indeed, guarantees it. Middle-aged people who blink at advancing years by alleging a strange but increasing affection for the heat of midsummer must be reminded that really young people still like to be kept cool. Indeed, every one will probably admit the superlative charm of bright weather which lets you light a wood fire as the sun goes down. And health seems to sweep in with every gust of the tonic Maine air. No race, moreover, can ever be enervated or enfeebled which can plunge with shouts of joy into the sunlit, crystal, icy water of the Maine shore, as do countless thousands each summer. In Bar Harbor there is a swimming-pool where the sun raises the temperature measurably above freezing, but it is more *chic* to desert the pool for the more bracing sea itself.

Even in more southern climes the traditional first day for sea-bathing is the Fourth of July, but at Old Orchard Beach, Maine's most populous resort, the date used to be June the twenty-sixth. This was the day after the General Court at Saco, and there was a curious, half-pagan belief that the Atlantic's waves on that day had some magic healing quality. One may indeed believe that so early in the season immersion would either kill or cure.

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TO ARTISTS THE CALL OF THE COAST IS IRRESISTIBLE

Though one may not think the sea off Maine was ever meant to swim in, one must feel that it flows there for every other purpose of delight. Where the Atlantic washes our shores there are rocks only at Newport, along the Massachusetts north shore, and in Maine; the rest is a low-lying stretch of sands. There are sands in Maine, even some which have good-naturedly adapted themselves to the modern sport of motoring on the beach. But for the most part the land comes green and rocky to the water's edge. In the Camden Mountains, Blue Hill, and that amazingly lovely Mount Desert it rises in serene beauty to most respectable heights, while from Maine to the tip of Florida the highest rise of ground is a preposterous hill on the Jersey coast of only two hundred and sixty feet, grandiloquently termed Mount Mitchell!

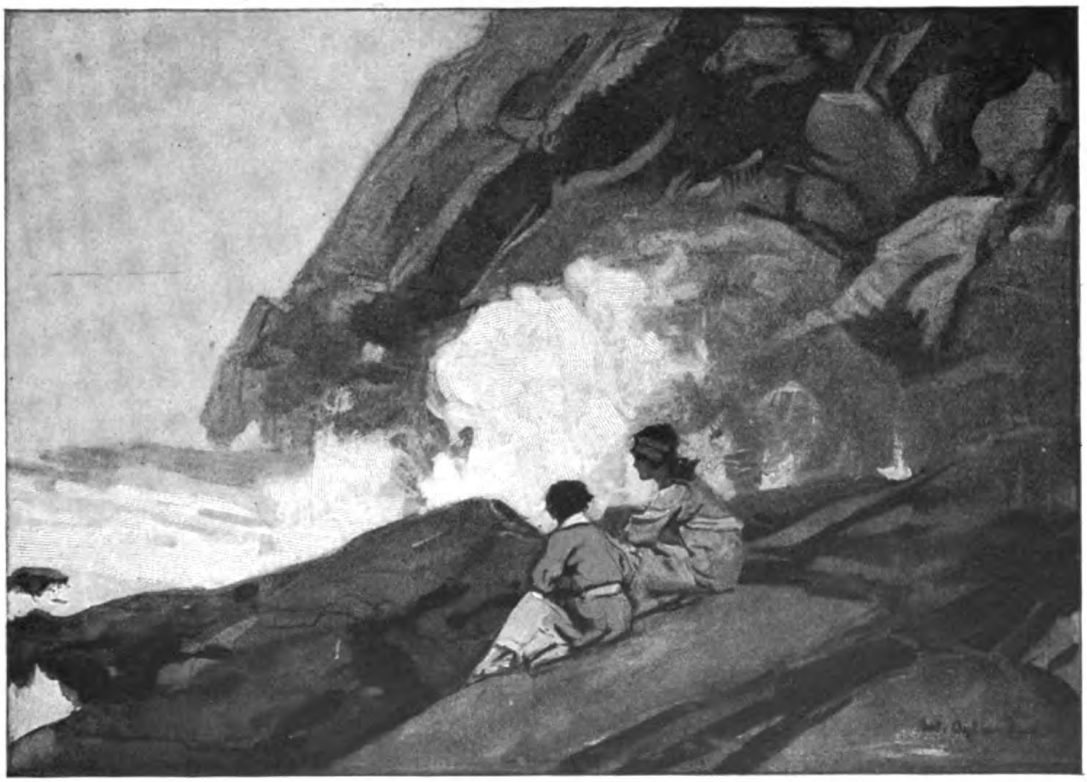
Rock and mountain with the blue sea at their feet are nature's chief components of the Maine picture; to it man adds his gray and brown shingled habitations nestling quietly along the shore, and upon the waters sets skipping his sailboats and his puffing motor craft. Accessibility on the Maine coast was in the old days wholly a question of accessibility by water. Here it is well again almost childishly to wonder at the geography's statement that while from Kittery to Calais the distance is only two hundred and eight miles in a straight line it is twenty-five hundred by shore. The water is forever indenting the land in bays and sounds, deeply where the great rivers come down from the northern forests, while along the whole coast innumerable islands hang like the proverbial rich fringe of jewels. The mere names of the Maine islands would make an agreeable and humorous article. "The Little Duck," "The Hussy," "The Junk of Pork," to pick at random, are fair proof of the fertility—greater than that of its soil—of Maine's imagination.

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Maine is the sea's, her fortunes and her history. Even her great forests were for centuries valuable chiefly because from them ships could be built and because the tallest, straightest of them made masts and spars matchless in the world. Peter the Great sent to Maine from Russia to equip his new navy, and in the earliest days it was the proud prerogative of the sovereign of England to mark the tallest trees of the Maine woods with what was termed the "King's Arrow," and so preserve them for his royal frigates. Scattered here and there along the coast are old towns which were once rich and lively with ship-building and shipping. Trim white houses of that chastened Colonial elegance still stand on the elm-shaded streets. (It was a pleasant old custom to plant a pair of elm-trees in the door-yard when a young couple was married.) Fortunes do not decay easily in this northern air of Maine, and often the descendants of the old captains and the sturdy ship-builders still manage to maintain themselves in the family houses, dusting the Oriental curiosities and washing the blue Canton china which came back in Maine ships in those early days.

Steel ship-building came in as the building of wooden ships gradually declined. But lately, with a genuine thrill, the country learned the news from Maine that the tradition of wooden ship-building still survived, and that here and there men who knew the old trade could be counted on to teach it to younger recruits to the nation's industrial service. As a matter of fact, every fisherman along the coast from Portland east knows enough to build his own boat.

Maine—the name is often said to be from that of the province in France—Maine was settled from France and England, and of all these United States lies nearest the fields of battle where France and England fight our enemies. It was alleged last spring that the submarines would frighten all the seaside summer visitors away. But timorous folk may be comforted by the reflection that the ocean's rocky bed off the Maine coast is ill adapted for the submerging of submarines, unless it be permanently.



FLYING SPRAY AND THE BOOM OF THE BREAKERS

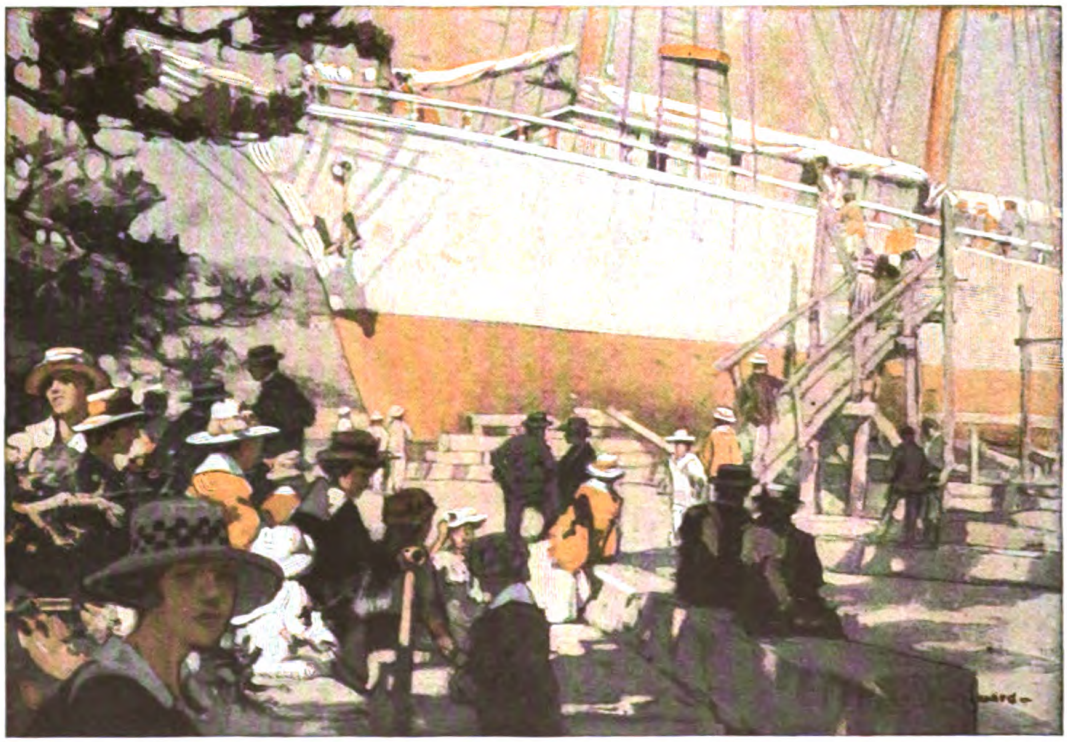
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And they may take courage, too, as they think that in the old towns where the great rivers come to salt water the yards may soon be busy again. A launching this summer may be a celebration of the State's contribution to the nation. In the happy, sunlit, ante-bellum times the Atlantic Squadron was likely to touch here and there along the coast upon its summer cruise. Girls who sit on the rocks again this summer can imagine the ships and the sailormen now at grimmer work.

A Maine launching is always a social event for all the country-side. Not especially for summer people, perhaps, for shipyards usually lie a little back from the coast on the great rivers, but for Maine people, who come in sail-boats, motor-boats, rowboats, automobiles, and buggies. The yard is not necessarily in a town; sometimes the new, bright jib-boom of the new ship is poked into the very pine forest from which she sprang. This is perhaps the prettiest kind of launching—a bright, new ship fresh with white paint and a gay red at the water-line seen with dozens of flags a-flutter against the green. If the sun shines and that clean gay breeze of Maine blows you get a feeling of the new ship as a living, sentient thing, eager to set forth to see strange lands and bring home to Maine strange cargoes.

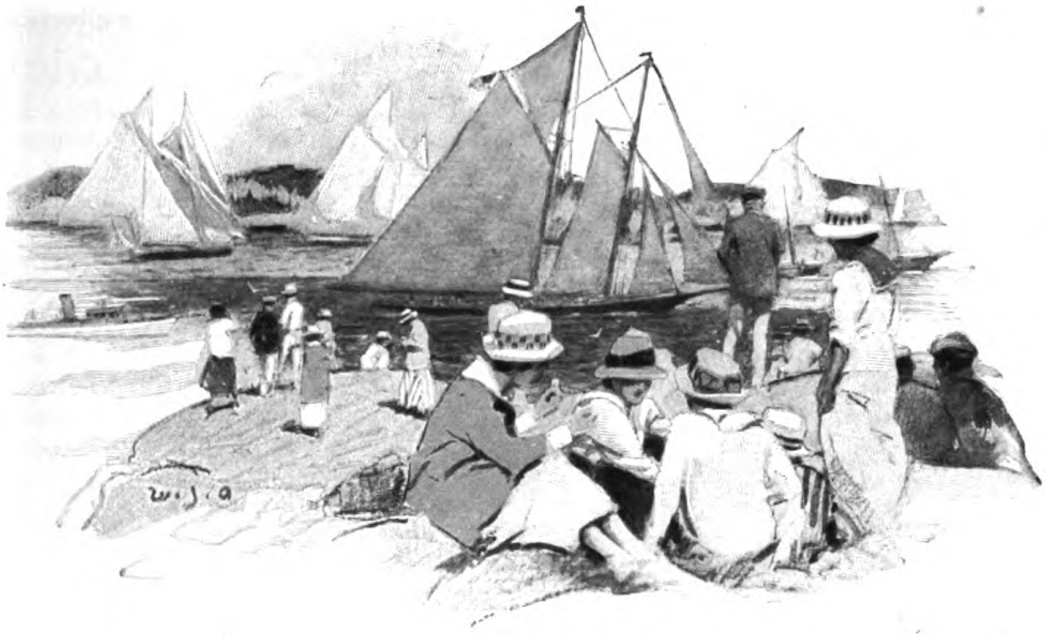
Indeed, a Maine ship is often made so ready before she is launched that she can start the next day—to the Canary Islands, if you like, for oil and wine—and the modern sailing-vessel lodges her skipper and her crew in a modern way that would make Captain Marryat and Hermann Melville and a whole race of tellers of sea yarns turn in their graves. If you have the good fortune to be asked aboard before the launching for a snack with the skipper's wife you will find her established in a neat, steam-heated cabin, and you will catch glimpses of a white bathroom and the latest wrinkles in plumbing. It is possible that the captain will be in a blue-serge coat and white-flannel trousers, as natty as any yachtsman.

In spite of all this modern smartness, much of the old-time feeling still lingers that to build or to own a ship is something quite different from building or



A LAUNCHING ON THE KENNEBEC IS ALMOST A SOCIAL EVENT

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THE VISITING YACHT SQUADRON IS A CENTER OF INTEREST

owning anything else, more of a responsibility and more of a privilege. It is still the common custom to name the ship after the owner, or his wife or his sweetheart. And whether the ship be Bath- or Portland- or Boston-owned the proud proprietor is sure to be at the launching, in a frock-coat and a top-hat most probably, and with whatever female incumbrances he possesses, decked out for this gala day. An agreeable event a launching, which it would be pleasant to linger over. But even if that were possible, it would still be *lèse-majesté* to disclose in print whether a Maine ship is christened in champagne or in Poland water.

The great cruise of the New York Yacht Club always has as its goal Bar Harbor, but it sometimes consents to stop and strew lesser harbors with empty champagne-bottles. It is the grand event of the yachting season. But local regattas and, more than that, just the afternoon sail-boats and the inter-island voyages of unimportant craft do a greater service: they keep white sails upon the blue. As is happening everywhere else, the sail is gradually disappearing before the puff-puff of the motor-boat. The loss to picturesqueness seems irreparable, but perhaps if marine painters can only get a new vision and show us a new beauty in the new craft our eye will in turn adjust itself.

The fishing fleets, too, are going. The brave days when the men of Maine went as far as Iceland for halibut are no more. The great codfish trade is concentrated in Massachusetts, where they were willing to take advantage of all the new methods of fishing and trawling. There remains, of course, one striking, almost miraculous fishing—the craft of the most far-eastern ports venture but a little way into the Atlantic and bring back French sardines—you can tell that by the labels on the cans, which hint at Concarneau, little walled fishing city by the Breton sea, or Nantes standing stately on the Loire. The famous "Kennebec salmon," which we all eat so eagerly, is of a character almost equally strange, for it is years since the salmon have visited that river, though in the early days along its banks laborers when hiring out stipulated against being fed too often on salmon, just as in Maryland they had to defend themselves by law against a surfeit of terrapin. The lobster was once Maine's special pet and the canning of him one of the earliest ventures in this great American industry. He is disappearing, too, but

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lobster-pots still dry on the sunny side of rocks in small coves, and one way and another a considerable population still derives its sustenance direct from the sea.

The fishing people, many of them, still live remote from the summer visitor on far-away, almost uncharted islands. Sometimes cautious villages and towns, fearful of paupers, decline to include the outlying islands in their incorporation—there are some where the inhabitants belong to no organized government, do not vote, and pay no taxes; why they are not invaded by tax-dodging millionaires is incomprehensible. On these far-away rocks there catches human driftwood of the strangest sort, and sometimes of the strangest colors (Malaga Island, for example, is inhabited by negroes). Nothing is too queer, too eery to be true of such island folk. Sometimes campers or painters, venturing far, encounter and make friends with them, or fortunate novelists bring back treasure-trove. There are old men in Maine still digging for pirate gold, left there by the freebooters who once frequented this deeply indented shore. And strange religions hide away in the remote coves and far-away islands. Even in the towns sometimes there are queer flotsam and jetsam specimens of humanity—an old man working for years in a cooper's shop at Hallowell on the Kennebec said he was "Lord Echlin" of the peerage of the United Kingdom and was so known to the townsfolk.

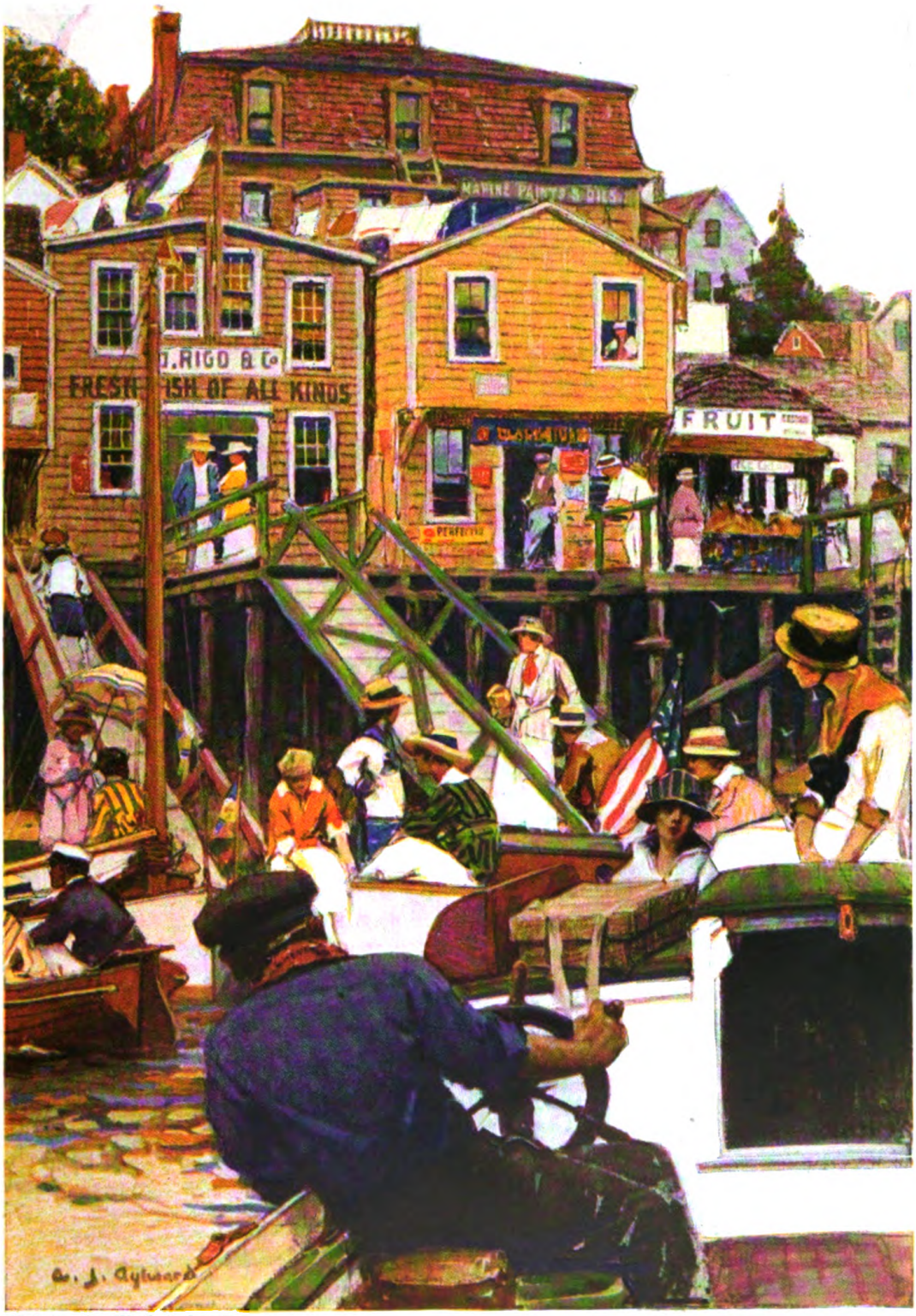
Owing to the remoteness and isolation of many Maine lives illiteracy is commoner there than in the more thickly inhabited parts of New England. But "folks" in Maine are often too shrewd to show it. A well-weathered and well-salted old man in a little fishing port was discovered ostentatiously reading a newspaper—upside down! But when twitted with this, only answered unconcernedly that "it wa'n't nothing to read the paper right side up if folks was content to do anything as easy as that."

Romantic and quaint types, however, do not, even in Maine, exist at every cross-roads. The "native," as the summer visitor encounters him, is more apt to be a village storekeeper, or a dairyman, or a market-gardener,—a less romantic and more sophisticated race.

The "natives" (it is a wonder they do not call them aborigines) are a hard, shrewd, humorous, sturdily democratic race, finding good religion and good trading so wholly compatible that the phrase "to deacon" any one has an almost sinister significance. This is, unhappily, the side, and the only side, that is seen by many summer visitors. A genuine social relationship is not so easily managed; sometimes a person may have a spring and autumn acquaintance and be cut in full summer by the natives, who may darkly suspect a danger of being cut themselves. There is a code of manners, of course; for example, if you are carrying food to your pigs you do not salute a female summer visitor—you are for the moment *incognito*. They are a self-respecting race, almost proud, the natives; and they despise "style" so much that they penalize it strongly in their bills. Their liking is reserved for those without pretensions—the highest praise of a lady of fashion would be to say that she was a "nice common woman," meaning by that only that she thought herself no better than they. It is a triumph to win "native" friendship, an achievement still crowned by being addressed by them by one's Christian name. Friendship implies blunt criticism; only recently an elderly lady, starting out of an evening with the mildest, most apologetic V-shaped *décolletage* was asked by her boarding-house keeper if she "was a-going out naked." There is a pleasant dry crispness and tang to the local humor—it was in Maine that both Artemus Ward and Bill Nye were born. Harriet Beecher Stowe was an early story-teller of the Maine coast, and since *Pearl of Orr's Island* the stories of the natives have been harvested regularly each year by energetic and competent writers, for the Maine story rivals the Cape Cod yarn in marketable quality, and really has done much in pleasant intermediation and for better understanding between native and summer visitor.

There are few strains of foreign blood in Maine; it is essentially an American State. When it voted in October, the eyes of the country were on it, and they

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Painting by W. J. Aylward

THE DEMOCRATIC LANDING AT BOOTHBAY HARBOR

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used to say, "As Maine goes so goes the Union." In such a connection it may be well, in these days of agitation for national prohibition, to remember how early Maine enacted prohibition and with what affectionate weakness it enforces it. Champlain, coasting by what is now Richmond Island, with a kind of prophetic satire it might now seem, named it the Isle of Bacchus, from the tangle of wild grape-vines he found on it. Maine now excels in one of our most American characteristics, enacting laws and rendering them futile. One may almost quote the gentleman in the midnight vaudeville who defined a prohibition State as one where the whisky-peddlers were so thick that they had to give them badges to keep them from selling to one another!

Maine would be an excellent place philosophically to study the history of the American seaside. And you would begin—and perhaps end—with Old Orchard Beach, the "crescent-enthroned Queen," as a poetical, quaint, early guide-book calls it. The woodcuts of the hotels are agreeable, and their dimensions would in no way seem to indicate to the modern eye what enormous numbers of guests the simple ugly wooden structures could accommodate. The guests cannot have minded being squeezed in, and the advertisements make no mention of bathrooms. But the croquet lawns and quoit ranges —if that be the correct term—are in the woodcuts crowded with obviously happy visitors. The restaurants, if one can trust the guide, were equally admirable; of one proprietor the book says, liltingly, "His chowders are charming and his creams cool and consoling."

Thirty-five or forty years ago Old Orchard rather than Bar Harbor was the name to conjure with, and something of this early and very American glamour still clings to it. It was there that a child fresh from the Middle West saw the incredible glories of a monster clambake where thousands of clams and hundreds of chickens and lobsters and barrels of green corn lay roasting under a huge, steaming mountain of seaweed. It was there also that as far back as '73 the camp-meeting was instituted as the auxiliary of pleasure, and that spiritual and mental uplift and regeneration became the business of vacation days.

The variously named harbors which cluster around Mount Desert and may be taken as types of the pleasantest resorts on this rocky coast have passed through, historically, three phases. First of all, they were genuinely remote places, to which their lovers came only for the far-awayness and the beauty of mountain, wood, and shore. Then for a time it seemed as if the whole tide of fashion were streaming northeast, and even Newport might be dethroned. Now in these riper days it is art which is in the saddle. Music especially can in summer scarcely thrive at all except in these cool airs. The celebrities of the music world swarm on the island, and in one minor harbor last summer sixty-five earnest musical students played on sixty-five grand pianos along Main Street. Owing to the fog the pianos will never be the same again, nor indeed perhaps will be the students who in this favoring climate have matured into concert performers and artists of some fame. Artists and musicians and literary folk—when there is an actual congestion of them anywhere—always seem a little comic to ordinary people. Rocks alive with painters and beaches swarming with students of water-color (even the drawing from "the altogether" taking place in the open on the sands behind a mere frail canvas fence)—all this adds to the gaiety of nations. But it just as certainly adds to the richness and the agreeableness of the nation's summer life. It makes the arts and taste for them at home among us. It is indeed all a part of the growth of a bigger and finer democracy.

Somewhat allied to the artistic impulse pure and simple is the cult for the past. The mere taste for quaintness is responsible for "Ye Olde Shoppe" which is now in every American village accessible by a motor-car. Buying antiques is now one of the leading summer sports of our country, and is an amusement which can be practised when it is foggy. (Here quite irrelevantly, and without attracting too much attention to the statement, it may be set down that fog is one of the great features of

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the coast, and that it is well to learn to see the beauty of the soft, gray-yellow curtain which so often falls on land and sea. For the purposes of this article, however, the sun will always be shining.) In addition to antique-shops in Maine you find as well "Tea Sheds" and "Cabaret Barns" where a mannered old-time rusticity mingles agreeably with new-art pottery, hot soda-biscuits, and cubist painting.

The historical side of the State is less obviously stirring than that of Massachusetts, for example, because even in Colonial and Revolutionary days Maine lay a little remote. Washington did not sleep in every inn in the State, but he did sleep in some of them, while Lafayette, Talleyrand, and Louis Philippe did better. The famous Talleyrand, indeed, haunts the coast even now, for there is a foggy, ill-authenticated legend on the island of Mount Desert that he was born there near Southwest Harbor, and played through a happy childhood on the rocks and in the pines till the father who had loved and sailed away to France came back to claim his boy and take him across the seas. It is at least certain that Talleyrand as a man came to Mount Desert, and wandered over it with something of the wistful and affectionate air of one revisiting the landscape of a dream.

Farther down east than Bar Harbor French legends are more frequent—stories of gallant gentlemen and Indian brides, and of all that gay adventure which the French made of the colonization of America. The old histories have little enough to do to-day with the girls in bright jersey jackets who adorn the coast. Yet, sunny days on the lee side of a fishing-boat, it may be pleasant to dream. It is curious that Maine and Florida, at the opposite far ends of our Atlantic coast, each held in their forests, according to the chroniclers, a city of fabulous architecture of gold and crystal, a goal to reach which men were ready to sell their lives. The turrets and walls of Norumbega no longer call the wanderer to the Domain of Maine. But beauty and freedom and simplicity and healthfulness of life are still a lure and the State a goal.

The Spirit

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

OVER the meadow reaches
Wavers a subtle change;
There's a murmur among the beeches
Plaintive, tremulous, strange.

In a fainter, tenderer meter
The rillet slips along;
There's a sadder note, yet sweeter,
In the hermit-thrush's song.

To the cricket's lonely thrumming
What step do we hear in the lane?
'Tis the Spirit of Autumn coming
Through the nightfall and the rain!

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The Hand of Jim Fane

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I HAVE never been a magnet for adventure. There are people, you know, who can take a quiet walk down the street and be suddenly surrounded by events out of the Italian Renaissance; who could see a bleeding ghost at six in the morning in a hall bedroom. I am not like that. I have to stalk my adventures, and sweat for them. And even then I usually miss the quarry. Indeed, the world seems to flatten out as I approach. I believe, if I spent a night in an opium den, the occupants would all drop their pipes and pull out the works of Sir John Lubbock from under their pillows. And it's not, believe me, because I am a prig; it's rather because I so desperately want to get at romance, wherever and whoever. It is to be forever the thorn in my flesh that I can't have it. Sometimes I have thought that I would travel straight to the exotic heart of things; but I know that if I sat on the Equator some one would turn up with a traveling refrigerator and offer me a bottle of sarsaparilla. It is a doom. I often hear of curious things happening, but it is always at second hand. I never know the principals. I did know Carrie Fane, and I have met her artist. But Carrie Fane didn't become dramatic until she had put a good six thousand miles between herself and me. Rayburn, on the other hand, was in at the death. He would have been.

Rayburn, since our college days, has been the absolute complement of my uneventful self. Things always happened to Rayburn. When we were sophomores, if there was a dog fight on the innocent campus, it never happened until Rayburn came along to see it; whereas all dogs loved one another when I was abroad. Rayburn takes my car out one afternoon, slams into a limousine containing a chorus-girl, and comes home with a whole new vocabulary. Just round that particular corner, two hours before, I, driving the same car, ran over a hen—and had to pay for it. If Rayburn ever ran over a hen, that hen would be bright blue, or would play a selection from Wagner as she disintegrated. You see, by this time, what I mean. Nor does Rayburn lie about it. He has a remarkable diction, but it proceeds from his experience—his experiences are not generated by his diction. Nothing ever happens to Rayburn when I am with him; but other men don't queer his luck, and they bear unimpeachable witness. Besides, Rayburn often returns with authentic scars. Rayburn says I have the soul of a Venetian bravo, and that Providence keeps me out of excitements on purpose—that I couldn't be trusted. He freely admits, though, that he should never have got through college if I hadn't constantly created a zone of calm around him.

Well, that's enough about Rayburn, who is middle-aged now, as I am, but who is essentially a picaresque figure. It is typical that Rayburn should be married and that I should not. It took all the instruments known to Strauss to orchestrate Rayburn's courtship. There wasn't even a harmonica left for me. Now I sound pathetic, which is not my intention or my mood. I mean only that Rayburn got—by the skin of his teeth, to be sure, but still got it—the great love as well as all the rest. Short of the great love, I'd rather not marry; and it hasn't yet come my way. I'm not blighted, because I never saw her—unless, perhaps, it was Carrie Fane; and I have never been in the least sure that it was or could have been Carrie. Anyhow, I rather like the idea of keeping foot-loose. My luck might turn.

This, by the way, is Carrie Fane's story; rescued from misunderstanding and oblivion by Rayburn; told, tepidly,

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by me. I am a kind of Boswell to Rayburn. He can't be bothered to write; he makes munitions.

Ten years ago munitions-making was not the all-night job it is now; besides, Rayburn's father was still alive and didn't really need Rayburn. He preferred, I think, to give his son heelrope and make his munitions in peace. No one could ever do anything in peace when Rayburn was about; and his mere young presence would have been sufficient, one day or another, to ignite all the explosives prematurely. So Rayburn spent his time falling in love; and once or twice in the course of his extraordinary and tempestuous courtship it seemed good to him to ask his parents for funds and go off on long journeys to foreign parts. During one of those journeys he met Carrie Fane.

We had both known Carrie Fane when we were in college—she was Carrie Lockwood then. She married old Fane when she was very young—not twenty—and while Rayburn and I were seniors. That throws it all back pretty far, you see. The Lockwoods were poor, churchmouse poor; and Carrie did the conventional thing. She married old Fane for his money, and proceeded to support an undesirable brother. It wasn't Lance Lockwood's fault; he had had an accident that turned him into a grinning, dangerous parody of a human being. To keep him at once innocuous and comfortable took a great deal of money. Old Mrs. Lockwood calmly spent her capital on Lance's physicians, Lance's attendants, and Lance's luxuries—on the principle that when her capital was gone "the Lord would provide." I don't think it ever occurred to her that the Lord would provide—or that He wouldn't—for Carrie. Carrie must look out for herself. To do her justice, I don't believe she worried about her own future any more than Carrie's. And in that she was fully justified by events, for before the last hundreds were gone she died. On her death-bed she extracted some sort of vow from Carrie to the effect that Lance should always have his luxuries. Carrie was a strange person, even so young as that. She made the vow without blenching. Perhaps she had made up her mind; I don't know. Or she may have thought that, if nothing but a vow would soothe dying people, you made the vow regardless. But I hardly think she was wholly cynical about it, for she married old Fane very soon. And she kept the vow, as you will see.

I wonder if even Mrs. Lockwood would have considered that the Lord had provided Fane. I don't see how she could have; yet I fancy that anything which kept Lance out of the charity ward of the State asylum might have figured to her as the deliberate planning of Providence. Lance had always been her favorite. To the end, she hoped, I know, that he would be cured. It was one of those pitiful cases where an infinitesimal change within the body creates an immeasurable change within the soul. There were intervals of quasi-lucidity; there was, in fact, every aggravating circumstance—even to the excellent bodily health so familiar in such instances. Carrie told us all about it, when we were just young things together. Then she married old Fane, and shut her lovely mouth with a snap. After her marriage she was like the princess in the fairy-tale who pretends to be dumb for seven years—to save her brothers. You remember. I often used to think of that tale as I looked at Mrs. Fane, who talked, indeed, but never said anything. For all purposes of psychology she was speechless like the heroine of the *märchen*.

If a girl was going to marry an old man—and you won't find one such case in a thousand that doesn't make your gorge rise—she couldn't have chosen worse than Jim Fane. He was disgusting. He had brains of his own, I dare say; for, while he had got his money by physical pluck and endurance (and probably a good dash of physical brutality), it must have taken brains to keep it. He was one of those indescribable wastrels who went to the Yukon in the Klondike rush; he was also one of the very small remnant who came away with their heads high. He made his pile out there, in the teeth of the Arctic, and he neither gave nor gambled it away. He brought it East and invested it cannily. His health must have been good to take him through the adventure;

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but he was middle-aged when he joined the rush, and his health was never very good afterward. Fane was an Irishman and a free-thinker; he had no intellectual interests; he did not even revert to type and take a hand in the misgovernment of his own municipality. How on earth or where on earth Carrie Lockwood met him I have never known. She was married to him before Rayburn or I had a chance to get it out of her. I think it may have been at the insane asylum. I seem to have heard that Fane had a relative there. But I am not sure even of that.

From what Carrie said to Rayburn and me (we hunted in couples at that age, as far as girls were concerned) when she announced her engagement to us, we thought she would cloister herself after her marriage. She spoke, that is, as if she never expected to see any one again except old Jim Fane, whom she was going immediately to marry; as if she were going to shut herself up in his brownstone house and be a sick-nurse to an old beast who didn't need one. Precisely that. She bade us farewell, that is. I was too young to give her good advice, though I was shocked to the core of me. I had seen pictures of Fane. Moreover, she seemed, herself, completely unmoved. She was very cool about it—cold-storage cool.

"I promised mother that I would look after Lance. And Mr. Fane is willing to do everything for him. It is very good of him, for of course he never knew Lance when Lance was—different. In fact, Mr. Fane is most generous to me in every way. I don't suppose you boys will ever know him, but I assure you you needn't worry about me."

Those were her words, I remember; and she smiled more brilliantly than any girl not yet twenty has a right to know how to. I thought her very grown-up—turned into a woman overnight by this extraordinary engagement of hers. I was baffled into silence. Not so Rayburn; but what he said didn't help matters much. It was all rather absurd. But the next week she married Jim Fane, and all the papers gave a column to the Klondike hero and his blushing bride.

Contrary to Carrie Fane's expectation, old Fane wanted her to see her friends a good deal. I doubt if he had any social ambition, but I fancy he liked the thought of filling his ugly house with life. There were parties, of a funny, young kind—Carrie's friends who came and ate and drank and danced. Fane had no "set," but the worst of it was that he wanted to be an integral part of Carrie's group. It took all Carrie's popularity to stand it. We would be making jolly informal asses of ourselves in the big ugly house, and just have got to enjoying ourselves and wondering where the chaperon was—when one of us would suddenly realize that Carrie was the chaperon, and that the hideous old man with the yellowish eyes and blotchy face and broken fingernails was Carrie's husband. No festivity ever kept up very late at the Fanes'. Somebody was sure to become aware of Jim Fane, and then everything would go slack. By the time you had seen him leer at Carrie once, the heart went out of you. But there was a lot of loyalty to Carrie in the crowd, and until the crowd began to get married, or go off to make careers for itself, we went obediently when she summoned us—though, as I say, we always came home early.

Once Rayburn tied himself up in the conviction that we owed it to Carrie to stay until we were turned out; to give her a respite, to keep her, for hours on end, from being left alone with her husband. So that knight of the Round Table prepared to intrench himself until dawn. Well, it didn't work. We stayed until Carrie was white with weariness. Then she got me in a corner and begged me to go. I went, leaving Rayburn there, talking like a phonograph. Half an hour later Rayburn dashed into my room, very angry.

"Did he kick you out?" I grinned.

"No, he didn't, the ——!" Rayburn turned on a new pet oath. "He did worse. He pawed her bare shoulder. I'll never go again. If she were a decent woman, she'd get out." And Rayburn stayed away for weeks, if not for months.

Meanwhile, Lance Lockwood had every luxury, including a specially con-

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structed limousine. I saw it once. It was just a padded cell on wheels.

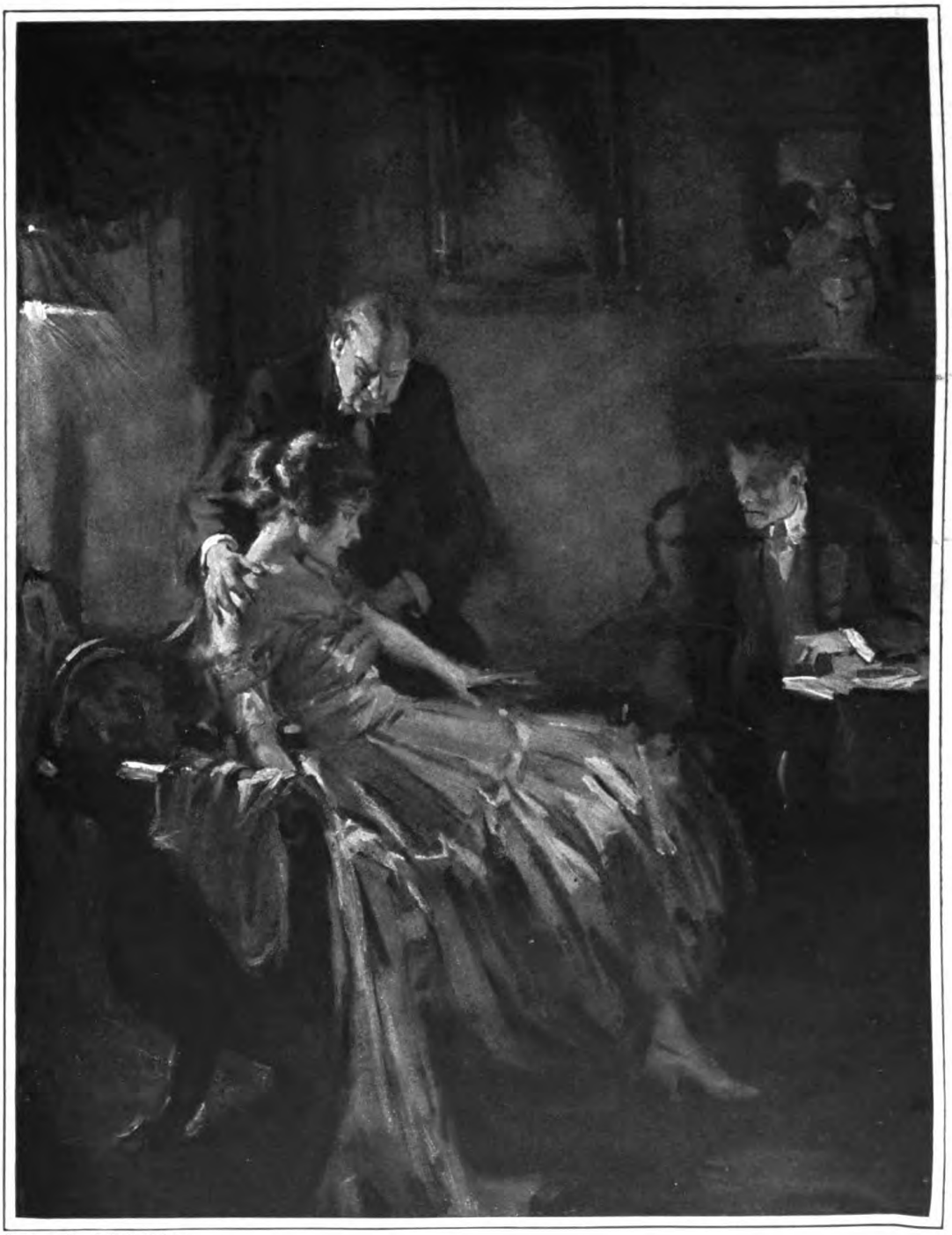
You must now permit me to skip a few years. As those years were all very much alike for Carrie Fane—except that her old set was broken up, and no longer danced and dined in her house for Fane's gratification—the hiatus will not matter to the story. The next important event was that Jim Fane died, when his wife was still far short of thirty and extremely good-looking.

I hoped great things when I heard of his apoplectic stroke. I had seen little of Carrie for a year, but, at the news, I had a sudden vision of her taking her belated luck into her two hands and stepping through the world with her treasure. But life was not to be so simple for Carrie Fane. The beastly old man had loved her—in his own beast of a way. Because he was so supremely a thing to be forgotten, he had arranged that his wife should never, to the end of her days, have a chance to forget him. Her mind was never to be pure of him, if he could help it, until she died. It is very odd; you would have said, on a cursory examination of Carrie's situation, that death was sure to be her best friend; that one or two whacking demises were all she needed to give her a magnificent chance, whereas, in point of fact, death never did her any good. It came, in its own unique, inimitable way; and still she wasn't out of the net. You will see.

Fane had made one of those disgusting wills that left everything to his wife unless she married again. It is done all the time, I know, and sometimes there is a specious reasonableness in it. But it is never the will of a gentleman. I can quite conceive a gentleman, in some conditions, leaving his wife next to nothing, but not everything—with a string to it. That makes him too important. Some savage tribes, you know, are so aware of the posthumous jealousy of husbands that the widow has to be protected for months from actual marital assault by the ghost. They make all kinds of magic against the amorous deceased. Fane's will seemed to me (or rather to Rayburn—for it was his simile, not mine) to put him in the category of the Loango husband. Poor Carrie might well have felt haunted. Of course I told her how I felt about it; every one did. You see, no one had ever insulted her by pretending that she cared for Fane. That she was an irreproachable wife to him meant only that she was a decent woman. To have assumed that she "cared" for him would have been to make her out an object of legitimate disgust. I know there will not be people wanting to say that it was disgusting of her to marry Fane at all. Rayburn and I took it out in thinking Fane alone disgusting—which, perhaps, was not fair. But, anyhow, it would have been worse for her not to be revolted by him. That was perfectly clear to our young, muddled instincts.

I do not know just how I became aware, since I hadn't frequented the Fanes for some time, that Carrie had, before her husband's death, found a man she did care for. It seeped through the consciousness of her old friends, who had, I may say, rather neglected her for some time. The man, Harcourt, was an artist—not, I believe, a very good one—and he had been commissioned by her husband to paint her. It was like Fane to want a portrait of her, and even more like him not to care to pay the price of a big man to do it. Beyond a certain point, he would have considered comparative æsthetic values all moonshine. Harcourt was all right enough, like a dozen others; but he was not, and never would be, "big." He was never even fashionable. He was quite free to fall in love with Carrie Fane, and she "reciprocated." Beyond the most hesitating mutual admissions—a deal of looking on his part, a deal of lip-biting and interrupted, cryptic reply on hers—I am sure it never went. Fane would have seen to that, even if Carrie hadn't been what she was. There is not much to say about the situation at that stage. The point is merely that Carrie was in love with a not brilliantly successful artist, and he with her; and that if she married him, she forfeited all Fane's money. Also, if she married him, Lance Lockwood would have to go into the public ward. The money was held in trust for her, you see, so that there was no chance for her to use any of

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Drawn by W. J. Biggs

THE OLD MAN LOVED HER—IN HIS OWN BEAST OF A WAY

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the principal in "funding." Lance, as it were, and then skip. She had to receive her own income to make sure, month by month, of Lance's getting his. Jim Fane had envisaged all the possibilities. He held her by a thread, but the thread was as strong as Ariadne's clue. He was, you know, just like a dead Loango husband, yammering at night round the widow's hut.

From this point on the story is really Rayburn's. Rayburn was free to meet adventures. Though, to be sure, if Rayburn had stayed unbrokenly in America, Carrie Fane would probably not have betaken herself to the other side of the world. I mean: the climax would surely have taken the precaution to occur wherever Rayburn was. I am not bitter about Rayburn; I am very fond of him, but he certainly has more than one man's fair share of luck.

Some years after Fane's decease Rayburn was spending one of the intermissions of his over-orchestrated love-affair in the Canaries. Those intermissions were absolutely necessary; both he and the girl had to recuperate between the acts. They seem settled enough, now that they are married, but they kept up a perfect Wagnerian atmosphere all through their beset and eventful engagement. Why the Canaries, I don't know. Rayburn was not aware of Madeira's being Carrie Fane's—and Harcourt's—retreat until he went up the mountain and met them at the top, preparing to slide down together in a sledge. Just Rayburn's luck, that is all.

Of course he went daily to Carrie's villa, and inside a week he had made out the situation. Carrie never talked much, but, after all, the situation advertised itself. Harcourt had a little house with a studio at the other end of the garden. Both of them had been there for five years. People at first had been shocked; but Carrie Fane was not the kind of person you could stay shocked at. Even the thick-headed English residents seemed to realize that, after a time. She—and Harcourt—were perfectly received. Mrs. Fane seemed simply to have stepped back into more courtly days, when any châtelaine might have a painter of her own and nothing said. Two other things made for her popularity—the fact that Carrie could do perfectly without them all, and never accepted half their invitations; and the fact that, as they knew nothing about Jim Fane's will, or Lance Lockwood, they naturally thought she and Harcourt would have married if they had wished to. People who do not marry if they can are, of course, not in love with each other. *Ergo*, not a breath of scandal. Perhaps it wouldn't have been quite so simple as that if it had not been for Carrie's manner. But, as I said, her manner disposed of gossip. She was simply a woman that no one *wanted* to talk about. She killed the impulse before people had found any words. As far as I know, that was the only luck Carrie ever had—the manner, namely, that God had given her. Other people fell in love with her out there, Rayburn said; but in the end people seemed to take it for granted that if she wasn't in love with Harcourt, she never would be in love with any one.

Harcourt was in clover. He didn't have to wear himself out looking for commissions. Carrie supported him in luxury, and the life just suited him. It was quite understood by both that he couldn't ask her to marry him—on account of Lance, you see—and also, of course, that he wanted immensely to marry her. The situation, by use and wont, had apparently grown as comfortable to each of them as an old dressing-gown. Even Carrie seemed content to wait for Lance Lockwood to die. She must have known that, with his superb health, there was every chance of his not dying in time to do her any good. But at least she had her man, there in her own garden, his whole life taking tacitly the form of a sentimental protestation. Then Rayburn arrived; and naturally, after he came, events began to hurry up.

Rayburn settled down into a régime within a week. Every day, down at the hotel, he wrote a long journal-letter to his fiancée; every afternoon he went up on the heights and stayed to dine with Carrie Fane—and Harcourt, of course.

"I had meant to take the next boat and go on to the Gold Coast," he said; "but I hadn't been there three days before it felt mighty good to stick right

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there, in Madeira. Besides, the Harcourt creature interested me. I wasn't sure he was playing the game, and I didn't want to move on until I knew. And I remembered we had all been awfully fond of Carrie, and she seemed glad to see me; and we lay back in long chairs and talked up into the sky. The nights were gorgeous. You fired your talk straight up at Orion, and it got there and then ricochetted back right into the lap of the person you were speaking to. Really, that was the effect; wonderful. The cosmos was privy to your thoughts in the most flattering way. Everything you said returned with star-dust sticking to it. They were great nights. The Harcourt thing had the gift of gab; his voice was like velvet. Carrie, those days, always wore white. It made her seem cooler than ever, like sherbet with snow in it. She and Harcourt had perfected the game of conversation-under-the-stars. I couldn't always keep my end up, being a mere brute blowing in from nowhere in particular. They said jolly things, both of them. Times, I felt like a pink pig among humans. But I liked it.

"Well, I didn't want to wear my welcome out, and it wasn't yet time to go home to Ethelberta and the real business of life, so I took a few days off and went over to the Desertas to hunt seals. Carrie fixed it up for me with the high muck-a-muck who owns the ocean thereabouts. I didn't enjoy myself much; the seals made me rather unhappy, and I came back to Funchal. I decided that I would go up and say good-by to Carrie and take a steamer the next day. I had a hunch Ethelberta wanted me; that something had happened at home. I am subject to those things, you know."

I knew, indeed. He had perpetual "hunches" in his college days—all wrong. The wonderful thing about Rayburn was that romance came his way in spite of his temperament. He ought to have been "psychic" to his finger-tips, but he couldn't even make a ouija-board write. His hunches were as vain as the hunches of a five-year-old. His presentiments were sure to be wrong; yet, when he acted on them, he came in for something very much more interesting than the original expectation. As in this case. (For Ethelberta was, after all, perpetual; and, besides, he got her in the end.)

"Well, I went up to say good-by, and I stayed to say a good deal more. Carrie met me on the terrace of the villa. It was just the last moment of day, before night fell. The sunset was ripping. In twenty minutes it would be all dark, and we'd go in to dinner. Like a ritual. But Carrie had broken the ritual. She had on a strange red dress—not scarlet or crimson or anything stupid. I suppose you'd call it carmine. It had Concord-grape-colored shadows in the folds of it. It floated round her like an aura—or whatever those messy Oriental things are that you can't get rid of—and then would fold itself upon itself, and the hollows of it would look that strange, misty, dark blue. Carrie Fane could wear anything, you know. Remember the way her hair shifted and changed? The only dark hair I ever saw that could. I give you my word, the sunset picked out blue shadows in it—to match her dress.

"She had a mood, too, to match her dress. That quiet air was all snappy with excitement—effervescent, heady, what you like. As if the snow had come out of the sherbet and there was fizz in it instead. She told me in two seconds that she was awfully glad I'd come, because Harcourt had gone off to some ravine or other to sketch, and wouldn't get back to dinner. I wasn't precisely cast down; at least I could do without Harcourt if I had to. It only seemed like changing the furniture about a little.

"We dined. Carrie was different—no doubt about it. Her conversation, you remember, never had a staccato note in it. Nor did it then, but it was as if she were holding herself back *not* to be staccato. Some of the time she didn't talk at all. I fell to thinking of old Jim Fane and his beastly will, but specially of old Jim himself and the way I had seen him paw her shoulder one night back home. I could almost see his hand with the moles on it, and his yellow, broken finger-nails. I got stupid, too, looking into my plate and thinking of him, and watching that hand. I had begun really to see it—like a hallucination.

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And just when I came to realize that I must stop seeing Jim Fane's hand on the table-cloth, and make talky-talk, a wad of paper hit me full in the chest. I grabbed it and looked up at Carrie. She was laughing. 'Read it,' she said. So I uncrumpled it and read it. It was a cablegram saying that Lance Lockwood was dead.

"Carrie must have thought I was crazy, for the first thing I said was, 'Well, that hand is off your shoulder at last.'

"She stopped laughing, and stared at me. Of course I saw at once that I'd made a break, and that I couldn't explain, so I went on in a hurry:

"'What I mean is that no one could possibly be anything but glad for Lance —you, especially.'

"'Oh, *is* that what you meant?' She looked as if she were going to laugh again, but she didn't. 'I thought you meant something quite different.' She shivered a little—and I thought again of Jim Fane, haunting her with his beastly desire; setting a tabu upon her for all mankind. But the ghost had rather lost his power, I thought, now that Lance Lockwood had left the scene. I wondered. I wondered a great deal.

"'When did you get the telegram?'

"'Two hours ago,' and she smiled—a long, slow smile, with shadows in it, there in the candlelight.

"If it was only two hours, of course Harcourt didn't know anything about it. He had been gone since early morning. I didn't wonder she was jerky. The great moment of her life was going to come when she showed Harcourt that cablegram. She didn't seem to want me to go, though; and I took it that I was to hang round until he returned, then slip off somewhere to give her her chance; then blow in to congratulate them—and then go back to the hotel and pack. I certainly couldn't leave Madeira entirely without congratulating her; yet, until she and Harcourt had rushed into each other's arms, I couldn't exactly say anything timely. You see how it was, don't you? Meanwhile, she wanted me to stay and purr generally on the terrace, without being explicit. And that is what I tried to do. It didn't go very well. Carrie was walking about all the time, stopping to pluck flowers to smell them, to set chairs straight. Finally she plaited a wreath of hibiscus blossoms and crowned herself with it. She had always been wraith-like in her white clothes, on the terrace—a figure of snow moving in the moonlight. That night, with her red wreath and her red dress, dusky in the dark, bursting into color when she crossed a path of light from a lamp inside, she was—different. The snow was out of the sherbet for fair! I tell you, I began to realize that the *status quo* hadn't been so jolly, after all—since the change meant so much to her as that. . . . Nor could I get rid of the vision of Jim Fane and his gross hand—horridly vivid to me it still was. How he would have liked to be there in the flesh! I sincerely hoped he was pumping a less delightful air into his hairy nostrils."

You must pardon Rayburn's viciousness. I know precisely how he felt. You couldn't imagine Jim Fane a disembodied spirit. He was either corporally somewhere or — or — nothing. He *was* somewhere. A very fleshly ghost, Jim Fane.

"Harcourt came back about nine o'clock—just melted into the moonlight there between us, very fit, in white. I gave Carrie one look, and fled into the villa. As soon as I got inside, I remembered that I still had the wrinkled telegram in my pocket, and I rushed back and thrust it into her hand. Then I didn't stop going until I had reached the library, quite on the other side of the house. Foolish, because I couldn't hear anything there; I'd have to be fetched outright when they wanted my congratulations. After an hour they still hadn't fetched me, and I was too bored to stick it out any longer. I had to pack, too—and it did seem to me that an hour ought to have been enough for Harcourt to be accepted and for the first transports to be over. They couldn't have wanted, either of them, to discuss Lance Lockwood. I had surely given them a decent interval. I would take five minutes, and then I would leave. They could keep up their paradise talk all night if they chose. I was mighty glad of poor Lance's death,

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and I honestly believe I was more glad to have Jim Fane frustrated at last than I was to have Carrie happy. I don't doubt the old villain thought Lance would live forever, and that he would hold her in that way until she was an old, old woman. But Lance Lockwood was dead, and Carrie could now throw off that wretched fortune like a dirty cloak; never, for all the rest of time, be linked to Jim Fane in any way whatsoever. It was as if his ugly hand, which I had had before my eyes all the evening, had been hacked off at the wrist. Pretty jolly, all that! But I couldn't wait any longer. I doubled back through the wide corridors, and reached the terrace—en route for home and Ethelberta.

"Well, believe it or not, Carrie and Harcourt were both there, flung back into long chairs, quite silent, the great length of the terrace between them. 'Um-um!' I thought to myself, 'evidently they *have* had time for their transports and are getting their second wind.' I went up to Carrie.

"'I'm awfully happy about it,' I said. 'And I want to tell Harcourt so, too.'

"My voice must have carried in the still air, but Harcourt didn't move; nor did she speak. That rather left me in midair, and I began to wish I were at the hotel. But you don't get me into any lovers' quarrel, so I stuck out my hand and said:

"'Good night and good-by. I'm going to take the boat for Rio to-morrow.'

"'Oh no, you're not,' said Carrie, looking up at me. And she laughed a little. The hibiscus wreath, by the way, was lying on the terrace floor, pulled to bits, and her hair was mussed. The moon was full on her, and I could see. 'I need you here.'

"'But—' I was bothered, you understand, because I had had that hunch about Ethelberta.

"'"But" nothing. You'll kindly move your things up here and stay with me. There are a dozen rooms in there for you to choose from.'

"'Then—' I was all at sea, as you can imagine, and involuntarily I turned my head a little in Harcourt's direction. He looked quite an Adonis, stretched out in his long chair, staring up at a camphor-tree. There was something mystic and effete about him.

"'If you mean Percy Harcourt, I don't think he wants to say anything to anybody. And he hasn't a thing in the world, my dear friend, so far as I know, to be congratulated on. I wouldn't bother about him.'

"I didn't understand it, but the snow was all back in the sherbet again. I fancied he had done it badly and she had refused him. And it all made me want, more than ever, to get back to Ethelberta.

"Carrie took my hand and pulled herself up out of her chair, then stood facing me. There was stark trouble in her eyes, and I knew, like a shot, that I had got to stay for another week, anyhow. I said I would accept her hospitality—I didn't know what I could do except take her cue blindly—and removed myself. Harcourt never stirred. He just lay there, staring up at the camphor-tree. I got out of the villa and slid down to Funchal."

It may be that I can make events clearer to you by taking up the tale myself for a little. From this point on Rayburn's imprecations and fulminations interfered somewhat with straight narrative. For what he made out, within an hour after arriving at Carrie's house the next day, was that Jim Fane was still in the saddle. In other words, that Lance Lockwood's death had not hacked the ghostly clutch from the widow. Didn't I say that death surprisingly brought no luck to Carrie Fane? The *status quo* had been better than anything she was likely to know again.

I don't know—Rayburn didn't know—no one of us will ever know—just how Harcourt did it, or what, exactly, took place before they drifted on to their chairs with the length of the terrace between them. I dare say Harcourt spilled a lot of poetic prose before he lay back, exhausted, to look at the camphor-tree. But Carrie managed to explain to Rayburn that Harcourt didn't want to marry her. He probably wrapped it up in his "velvet" talk, but that was the grisly gift inside. He had put it on the score of unselfishness, of course—could not endure, by marrying

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her, to deprive her of all that luxury. He probably did not omit to point out to her that he hadn't exactly got on in his career by living in her garden above Funchal. The crude fact was that he liked exceedingly the things that Jim Fane's money provided him with. You may say, perhaps, that he must have loved her, after a fashion, or he wouldn't have stuck by. But I advise you never to say that to Rayburn. While he was telling me about Harcourt, he was hardly decent. Harcourt's plea undoubtedly was that he hadn't a penny of his own, or any certainty of making much—now (the devilishness of that "now"! It threw it all on her), and that he couldn't sacrifice her. That might have held water—even paper will hold water for a little while—but he didn't stop there, the idiot! Carrie was naturally rather stunned. She wouldn't have had him in her garden at all, of course, except on the assumption that both of them were being sacrificed, equally, to Lance; and that, if the burden of Lance ever were lifted, nothing else in the world could keep them from each other. That had been Carrie's notion of the *status quo*, and Harcourt had played up. Even Rayburn said that he could talk. Well, he had talked for five years. Then, when talk was no longer what was wanted—well, he went on talking.

Now Carrie Fane was a strange woman, but she was capable of very long thoughts, and she was not a woman to marry any man in spite of himself. Rayburn said her account to him was very, very brief; in actual words she could hardly have been said to give Harcourt away. But it was clear to him that she leaped first to the conclusion that Harcourt was sparing her—that really he had ceased to love her. Anything would have been better, just at first, than admitting that he loved her still, but loved the flesh-pots more.

It might have gone at that, and she would, I believe, have let him down gently with a mere, "Why didn't you tell me before?" but the ass proceeded to be impassioned. Poor Carrie may not have been very deeply versed in love, but she had reason to know passion when she saw it. You couldn't have fooled Jim Fane's wife on that. And on top of his whining, Harcourt seems to have made very convincing love of a sort to her. She had undoubtedly kept him at arm's-length before. Carrie was remarkable, in her way. . . . It must all have come pretty thick and fast. Rayburn was in the library only an hour.

You will have to take it from me, as I got it from Rayburn, and as he got it from Carrie Fane—reading most of it between the lines, as she showed great frugality and chastity of speech. "She dotted her i's, though, with one or two blushes that must have hurt her," said Rayburn; "and, of course, then I guessed." When Rayburn told me that, I guessed—as you will have done by this time. Harcourt had declared himself ready to perfect their idyllic existence by becoming her lover. Fane had made no provision in his will for that contingency. Fane knew his Carrie if Harcourt didn't.

It may have been a broken heart that Carrie Fane faced Rayburn with in the cool of the shuttered house, but her mind was ardent. Harcourt, by the way, had taken the steamer that Rayburn didn't take. I suppose Carrie must have given him a thumping cheque. Rayburn started to tell Carrie—without mentioning any of the facts that she hadn't told him, but which he was by that time perfectly aware of—what he thought of Harcourt, but she stopped him.

"I don't care to know what you think of Mr. Harcourt. We've quarreled. Let it go at that. I thought he wanted to marry me, and he didn't. I am very much ashamed of having made such a mistake. Now I have more important things to talk to you about. I am in a very strange position, and for a few days I am going to lean on you very heavily. You seem far more like my brother than poor Lance ever did."

That hit Rayburn rather hard. Rayburn is like that. He doesn't want any woman to look upon him as a brother. He thinks it a stupid relation.

"I'm no more your brother than he was"—jerking his finger in a westerly direction to indicate Harcourt on his steamer (Rayburn repeated his own gestures as he talked to me)—"but I'll

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do what I can. Except that, for very important reasons at home, I can't stick 'round here indefinitely."

"I don't want you to. I'll take a week, thank you."

"What can you do in a week on the island of Madeira?" Rayburn said he really wondered.

"I don't precisely know, but I can at least make a plan. What I wish to do, you see, is to marry as soon as possible. And if it is to be very soon, I think it will have to be some one in Funchal. Don't you?"

Rayburn's reply shows, I think, that he is worthy of the events that come to him. He leaned back in his chair, lighted a cigarette, and said, quietly:

"Why go down to Funchal for him? Marry me."

The odd thing is that it was not just a bad joke of Rayburn's. He meant it. He was an Arthurian figure in his youth. If Carrie Fane—who must have nonplussed him at that moment if he was ever nonplussed in his life—had taken him up, he would have put it through without a qualm. I have said that he had a great love in his life, and you must have gathered that the great love was Ethelberta. But Carrie Fane just then had all his hot sympathy and not a little of his hot imagination. Tristram loved Iseult as much as it is good for any woman to be loved; but he married the little princess in Brittany, all the same. Rayburn didn't know—just then—why under heaven Carrie Fane wished to be married at once; but, seeing that she did, he inevitably offered to be the bridegroom. Something very curious was happening; Carrie Fane was in dire need; he understood nothing, but would do for her whatever she wanted done.

If any of you, not having known Rayburn in the flesh, think this incredible, you will simply have to take it on faith. Under the artificial code of chivalry, men did just that kind of thing, and Rayburn saw only a distressed damsel and an immediate duty. His genuine passion for Ethelberta could not touch that. He would never have expected Carrie to do more than lead him to the altar and leave him there—to make his way back to Ethelberta. Carrie would have to play the Malory game, too. But he would have endured the ceremony.

Carrie, however, did not take him to the altar. She only laughed a little. "I think, the next time I marry, it will have to be some one who loves me a good deal," she said. "You don't love me. Moreover," she went on, "it will have to be some one who either has plenty of money or cares no more about it than I do."

Rayburn didn't tell her he was sorry she wouldn't have him, for he wasn't. He was grimly truthful with her—which shows, I think, that he was also grimly truthful when he offered to marry her. "I'm just as glad," he answered her; "but I wish to Heaven I knew what you were up to. Why do you want to get married to any old suitor down in Funchal?"

"I believe you'll see if you think it over." And Carrie went off to her own room for a few hours.

Rayburn lay on a wicker couch in the darkened music-room, thinking it out. It took him, he said, nearly an hour. Then he saw. No, I take that back. He did not see, then. He knew only that it had to do with Jim Fane. Not with Lance Lockwood, not with Harcourt, not with any hypothetical suitor; only with that yammering ghost who had been her husband. Rayburn took a siesta on that conviction. The how and why of it he understood, at the moment, no more than you.

There is only one more bit of talk to be reported to you, and it followed hard on Carrie Fane's extraordinary statement of intention. After dinner, on the terrace (Harcourt, by that time, was well out to sea), Carrie explained. She was overwrought; she was febrile; but she was very firm. Rayburn could by no means stand against her. Moreover, he had hated Jim Fane with a deep and abiding hatred for many years.

For it *was* Jim Fane. Heaven knows how much Carrie had reason to be grateful to Harcourt for standing between her and the yammering ghost. It must have been Harcourt, not Lance Lockwood, that made it possible for her to live. The thing had infinite complications, no doubt; but she loved Harcourt, and love is fruitful of sophistries

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Drawn by W. J. Biggs

"THE ONLY WAY I CAN BE FREE OF HIM IS TO MARRY"

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that make the days pass. It would have been Harcourt's game to harp on her nobility, and at the same time to feed her with hope. Be that as it may, when Harcourt went she felt herself Jim Fane's wife again. Jim Fane's hand was upon her. Lance gone, Harcourt gone, there was only Fane left. She had not, as she hoped, tricked Fane; he had tricked her. She had other troubles a-plenty: for example, she would not, in all probability, recover from Harcourt very soon. But the thing not to be borne was that she should be any longer Fane's wife, living on Fane's money; alone, with the ghost of Fane feeding and clothing her and laying obscene hands upon her. She put it very straight to Rayburn:

"I can't take his money any more. While I gave it to other people, I could bear it. Now—last night—I felt as if he had come back again. I could see his face there next me. . . . The only way I can get rid of it, apparently, is to marry some one. Even if I didn't touch a penny of it, it would still be mine. That I can't endure. It must be taken from me, quite safely, by law."

"You can't even give it away, can you?" Rayburn asked, curiously.

"No, not even that. He wanted me to be his. He didn't wish me to have the slightest freedom. He probably thought that, since I married him for money, I'd stay for money. The only way I can be free of him is to marry. I always expected to marry, you know, when Lance died. It is going to hurt—to marry any one, I mean—but it has got to be done. *I simply cannot live with Jim Fane any longer.*"

She shot out the words, Rayburn said, as if they were hot, as if they burned her tongue.

"How long have you been living with him, then?" Rayburn asked.

"Ever since the day I married him. But for five years he has let me alone. Last night he came back."

The words, of course, were mere symbols. Yet Rayburn said they made him jump. You see, he knew what it was to have the hallucination of Fane's hand there, touching the table-cloth before him. If Carrie Fane had the complete sense of Fane's presence—oh yes, she had much better marry somebody and be done with it. Heaven knows what she had said to Harcourt, but it was certainly the first time she had ever expressed her loathing to any one else.

"If I give up his money—if I marry another man—oh, then there isn't a hair of my head he can touch, is there?" she asked.

And Rayburn answered, "No."

So they arranged it, those two, in one wild week before Rayburn sailed back to Ethelberta and the sounding trumpets of his own affair. Do you know, Carrie Fane almost left the choice of a mate for herself to Rayburn? She would have done it if he had let her. It sounds mad—mad as people can be until the stake has gone through the vampire's heart. Carrie gave a huge dinner for her guest, Mr. Rayburn; and, somehow, by the time the party broke up every one knew the terms of her late husband's will. Harcourt was mentioned lightly. It was understood that he had commissions in America. I will say for Carrie that—according to Rayburn—her popularity had not perceptibly waned when, two days later, she took him to a ball in Funchal. Rayburn declined, to her, to express any opinion on any one of the three gentlemen who danced with her most assiduously on that occasion.

The day Rayburn sailed from Madeira she closed the villa and went down to a hotel to stay. It was clear that she did not intend to remain where Jim Fane could materialize before her solitary eyes.

There Rayburn left her for his Ethelberta. But eventually she made her choice among the three—if Rayburn was accurate about the number—for very soon she married. We all had cards. I have a twofold regret in the matter—a very faint one that I could not have taken Rayburn's place and improved Rayburn's opportunity; and a vivid one that Rayburn cannot remember whether it was the fair, oldish man with the eye-glass or the young Italianate one with a soft brown beard. Carrie has sent no photographs.

Anyhow, I hope that Jim Fane is finally outwitted. I don't see, as Carrie said, how he can touch a hair of her head now. I credit him still with a

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passionate willingness to molest her, but it seems to me the tabu must be off. Rayburn, at least, was convinced that Carrie was absolutely right in what she did—even to moving down to the hotel when he left her. For Rayburn to feel her plight so dire, there must have been something of Jim Fane hovering about that Madeira garden; as if he could accompany his money wherever it went, especially after the Harcourt spell was lifted. The presence of Harcourt, you know, must have been a kind of magic-making, since it kept Jim Fane at a distance. It is hard, given Jim Fane, not to put it, as Rayburn did, anthropologically.

I don't, of course, see Carrie happy. But I hope I see her clean. That in itself would make all the difference to her. I hope—though it gives me a selfish twinge to say it—that she really likes the man whom she has married. He must have loved her, for she came to him penniless. Of course, for Carrie, with her peculiar past, that may make it worse. . . . Oh, I can't go into all that. But I choose to believe, with Rayburn, that she did only what she had to do, and that it would all have been worse if she hadn't done it. Nothing, after all, could be so bad as being Mrs. Jim Fane.

Meanwhile—just to round it off—countless Fanes in the west of Ireland call Carrie blessed.

The Wood Nymph

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE others were all around you,
Singing and dancing there,
The wonderful night I found you,
With your forest eyes and hair—
Lonely as all things fair.

Then the room and the people faded,
As you turned your eyes on me,
And the woods, all leafy and shaded,
Grew round us, tree by tree,
Safe, with no eyes to see.

And we knew we had found each other,
After a thousand years;
Yea! you and I and no other—
Mated by all the spheres
A-glitter like golden tears.

O girl made all of wood-lilies
And starry cups of dew,
Not the mirrored moon so still is,
Or wonder-hushed as you—
My moon so divinely new.

The raiment that rustled around you
Was all of young leaves made,
That wonderful night I found you
Alone in the forest glade—
So white in the green shade.

For the room they sang and danced in,
Though the rest were unaware,
Was the wood we were entranced in,
And no one else was there—
Because we two were there.

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The Serbian Tragedy As I Saw It

BY HERBERT COREY

PICTURE to yourself a Macedonian landscape. In the distance blue mountains, saw-toothed as our own Sierras, rise abruptly from the plain. In the foreground the ground rolls from the marshy levels of the creek-bottoms to wide, treeless swells topped with rock ledges worn by the ages. Patches of dwarf bushes have an odd resemblance to sage-brush. Here and there are squalid villages, mud-walled, flat-roofed. Each huddles about the white needle of a minaret, though the obvious fact that cleanliness and prosperity are of the past proves that the Turk is giving way in Macedonia. Mud is everywhere. The roads are knee-deep in slush, so that one's horse lurches on with a pulling and uncertain motion. Overhead the skies are wet. The color-scheme is everywhere a monotonous, dirty, depressing gray.

Trails lead down from the hills toward the Monastir Road, on which is concentrated the rush and color of the war. On this road great trucks pound on. Troops in every uniform, from that of the Arab and Sikh to the Highlander and Bersaglieri, are forever on the move. Ox-wagons waggle creakingly and complainingly, but perseveringly, on. Heavily packed donkeys wind through the tangle of the road, their ears pricked inquiringly forward. Great carts drawn by eight and ten horses suck and spatter through the mire. Bulgarian prisoners of war bossed by German prisoners of war are guarded by incredibly black Senegalese. Peasant children in their baggy, shapeless clothes clink upon the piles of stone gathered for road-mending.

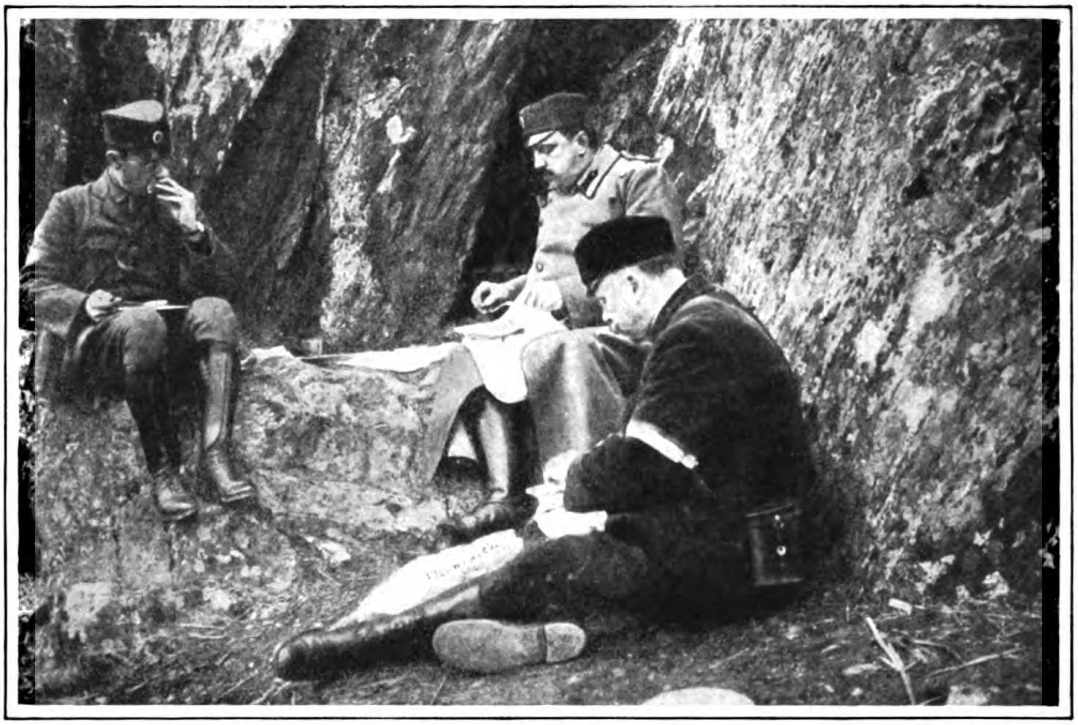


A LIGHTER ASPECT OF THE WAR

Miss Emily Simmons, an American Red Cross Nurse, who did heroic service in Serbia, masquerading in Macedonian peasant costume

On the trails thin lines of men move slowly toward the road. As they come nearer it may be seen many are of middle age and some are almost old. Some walk erect under the blue shrapnel helmet furnished to the Serbian army by the French. Others slouch along at precisely the speed of an ox-team. All their lives these Serb peasants have marched by their oxen, goad in hand. To-day the pace of the army remains the same. Their faces are deeply lined and covered

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SERBIAN OFFICERS LUNCHING UNDER SHELTER DURING BULGARIAN SHELL-FIRE

with many days' growth of gray beard. Once their uniforms were of the horizon blue of the French army. To-day they are of a nondescript gray, bleached almost to white in places by a winter's weather. These men are sad and quiet. Bundles hang about them in unmilitary fashion. There are eighteen thousand of them. They are all that are left of the army of four hundred and fifty thousand with which Serbia began the war.

I planned this story as that of the last campaign of the Serbian army. I had been with them during the winter of 1916–17 and had watched their numbers dwindle from the seventy thousand who had been brought to Macedonia from the Italian island of Corfu. The seventy thousand were all that were left after the fighting of the first two years and the tragic sacrifices of the great retreat through the mountain-passes of Albania and Montenegro. Last winter they carried off the honors among the half-million Allied troops who are fighting in Macedonia. It was to the fierce determination of the Serbs that the capture of Monastir was due. The French and British and Italian and Russian troops played their parts well, but it was the Serbs who took the commanding hills.

Monastir's capture meant to the Serbs that they were at last returning home. Their army had been driven out of their country, while the women and children remained behind. They were fighting to get back. They were armed with artillery that was not up to the work on other fronts, and with rifles the French army had discarded, and they depended for transport largely upon the ox and ass and cart. When the spring rains made further aggression impossible they were ordered back for a rest. It seemed then that the man-power of Serbia had been almost destroyed. More than ten per cent. of her population is accounted for in that first army of four hundred and fifty thousand men.

"It is the end," the soldiers said this spring. "We shall not be asked to do more."

So we all thought. There was to be a small offensive in March, we were told, in which the Serbs would be used. Then they were to be sent to the rear to stay. They were henceforth to be used only in guarding railway lines and bridges and town places. The winter of 1916

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would be remembered as their last campaign. When I sailed from France for America, a month later, I read in a Bordeaux paper that the Serbs had just taken a German trench near Monastir in their old, gallant, medieval way.

"The Serbians have now been retired," the correspondent added in his despatch from Saloniki. "The army is exhausted."

I had rejoiced. I knew these *cheechas* —*cheecha* is the Serbian word for uncle; it is the courtesy title given a man when the light goes out of his eyes and his hair turns gray—would be happy to say good-by to the front line. There is no reflection to be read there upon their courage or devotion. I believe that any one of them or any regiment of them would gladly die for Serbia. That is not a mere phrase. It does not overpraise their spirit. But they have fought very hard and suffered greatly. They mourn their comrades who have passed. Most of them are past the prime of life and are appalled at the thought of further hardships. They had hoped they might do the rest of their service somewhere else than on the front. They were not so lucky, poor peasants. Two months later a *communiqué* from Saloniki carries on their story:

"After a determined action the Serbs took a Bulgarian trench at the point of the bayonet."

Everywhere else except on the Serbian front in Macedonia the life of the fighting man is almost tidal in its regularity. He does a regular turn in the front trench, but he is not kept in that front trench too long. The morale of the individual is apt to break down. In the front trench he is in danger of death or mutilation each passing second of the day and night. His meals come to him irregularly, for the curtain fire of the enemy may cut off the cook *corvée*. He sleeps when he can, on the floor of a trench angle where the sun has shone in to dry the mud; in a moldy, straw-filled dugout; on a firing platform behind the sentry's heels. He is distressed by every instrument man has invented with which to harry man, from the greater cannon to the poison gas. After a few days he develops trench face and trench nerves. When it is practicable he is taken back for a rest. He is as good a soldier as he



A SERBIAN WAIF ADOPTED BY ONE OF THE REGIMENTS

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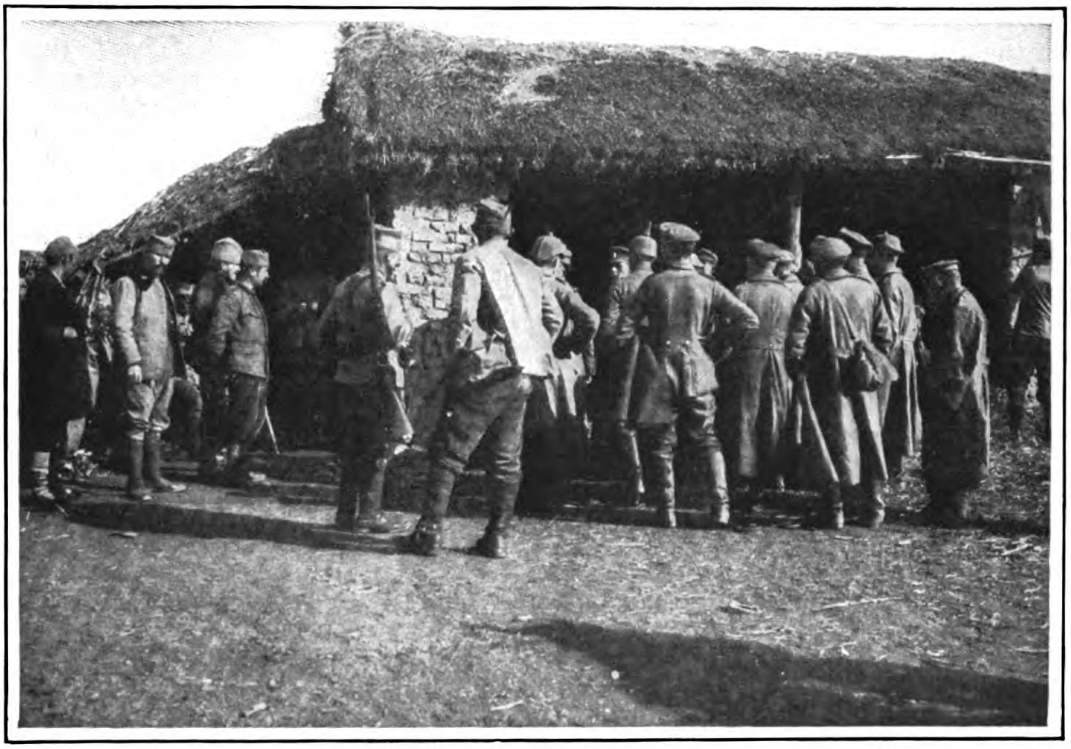
ever was, but his commanders will not strain him too far.

"How long have you been fighting without a rest?" I asked the staff of the Morava division of the Serbian army.

"Ninety-five days."

I had seen their trench—their one trench—and I had seen them fight. During that period the men of the trench prepare themselves and until the enemy gets the new range. The Serbs only had one trench.

"To-night the staff-officers give a dinner," I was told when Col. Panta Grouitch took over command of the Morava division. "They will welcome their new leader. You will see all our friends."

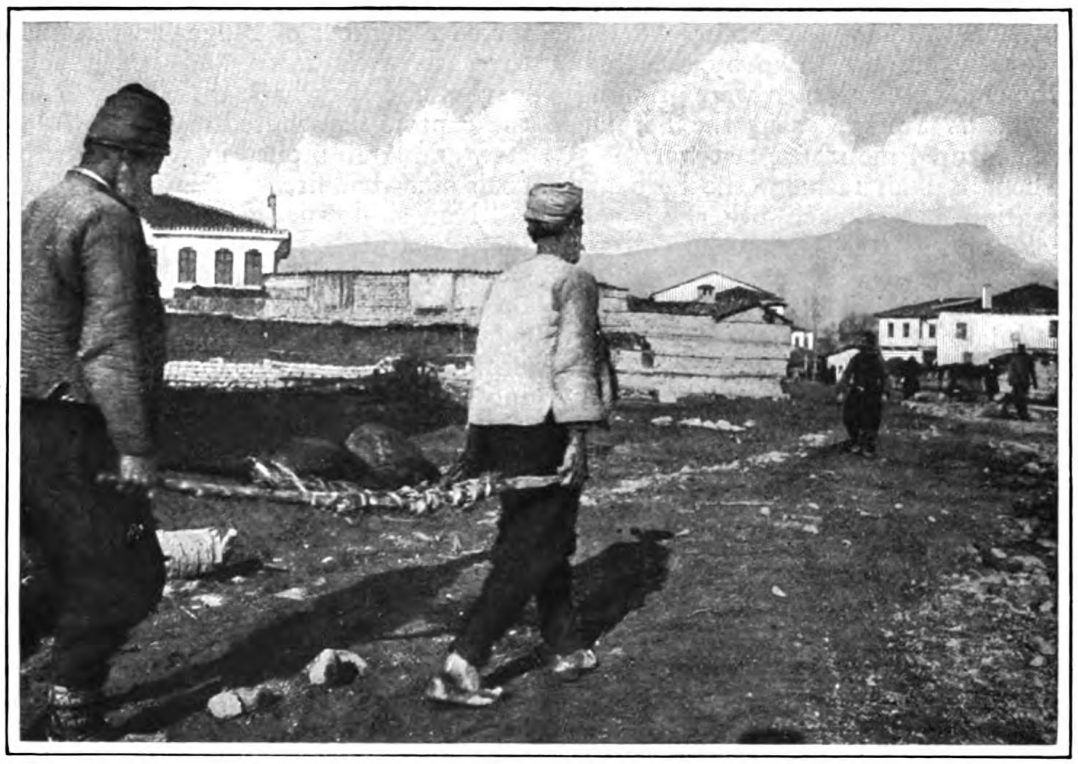


GERMAN AND BULGARIAN OFFICERS GUARDED BY SERBS

Morava did not have a second trench. They lived on the front line, eating there, sleeping there, by hundreds dying there. They left it only to go forward, or to go back wounded. There was no reserve behind their thin line. If the Bulgarians had broken through they might have gone on unhindered by a single Serbian soldier all the way to the base at Saloniki. It was necessary for the Serbs to watch all the time and fight all the time. On any other sector of any front a first-line trench is often taken. It is of little consequence, for it is the weakest bar of the gridiron of trenches. It is an obstacle, designed to hold up the advancing enemy while the men in the second trench and the third

The guns seemed to hammer overhead that night. Their grumbling was heard almost every minute. Half-way through the dinner the vacant chairs told that most of the company was still at the front. Even the staff-officers were fighting in the line by this time, for it was early in the spring after a black winter. So Panta Grouitch caught up the military telephone and talked from the table to his staff in the trenches. They were cheery, the men in those reeking ditches, under the beating rain of a Macedonian night. Some of their great voices so roared through the telephone that we who sat at the table could catch the words. Others were not able to leave their watch.

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AT THE ENDLESS TASK OF ROAD-MENDING

"The Bulgarians are up to something to-night and the captain will not enter the dugout. He is watching them from the parapet," one orderly reported, "but he has just called to me to give you his very dear love."

The fighting was of a Middle Age character, somewhat influenced by modern instruments of war. The Serbian rather looked down upon the German who furnished the stiffening for the Bulgarian and Turkish lines. It was not that the German was inferior in quality. Quite the contrary. The German is better armed and fed and clothed and equipped than is his Balkan confederate, and he has infinitely more iron in his soul. But the Serb and Bulgarian have been fighting neighbors for hundreds of years. They know each other's little ways and fight each other in a comfortable fashion. Neither relies much on artillery. They prefer to make war a personal affair and settle the national difficulty with the individual knife and butt. Only on the surface is their war more savage than the western war. That very intimacy of contact which makes a Balkan battle so distressing, by comparison with the impersonal and machined killing in the west, sometimes flowers in an old-fashioned chivalry.

"A Turkish company held up our advance on one occasion," said Capt. Milan Georgeovitch, who was once military attaché at Constantinople. "They had the high ground and fought desperately. I do not know how many of our men were killed, but when we got into the trench there were but four Turks of the company left alive. By a miracle the Turkish captain was unhurt. His clothes had been pierced in seven places by bullets, but he had not been touched. He was brought before Voivode Mischitch.

"'Give him his sword!' shouted the Voivode. 'How dare you bring such a soldier as this before me when he is not wearing his sword?'

"That night we started back for headquarters and General Mischitch called for his car.

"'The Turkish captain rides with me,' said the general. 'No doubt he is tired.'"

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One day at Soubotsko a big Serbian soldier called upon his captain. He had an equally big Bulgarian by the crook of the elbow. Both men were grinning.

"This is Stefan," said the Serbian. "He captured me in the last war."

Then, Balkan fashion, the Serb and Bulgarian kissed each other on both cheeks and patted each other on the back and acted as though this reunion was one of the joyful incidents of two particularly sunny lives. The captain gave them bread and cheese—at that time the Serbian dietary was mostly bread and cheese—and poured out a drink for each from his own bottle of cognac. That afternoon they sat on a mud-bank gossiping. When the day's catch of prisoners started down the road that night the Serbian secured an assignment as guard. The two good enemies marched side by side, chatting like two bearded children.

They regard the rules of war in the Balkan hills. Only once, so far as I know, did the Bulgarian prove recreant. There is an understanding that meal hours are not to be disturbed, so the artillery play is lively in the early morning and dies away to nothing while coffee is being served in the trenches. It rises to a crescendo in the forenoon, but two hours of peace are allowed for lunch. Then the fighting men on either side lie down in their dugouts, leaving only a few sentinels on watch.

They need the sleep, for it is the Balkan practice to fight all night. Three o'clock in the morning charges are particularly in favor. After the siesta there is more fighting, and then peace comes with the dinner. That is the great occasion of the day, when the cook's helpers come through the trenches with steaming pots of soup and stew and meat with paprika. Once the Bulgarians on Dobrapolya shelled the cook's helpers, but only once. An aroused soldiery taught them penitence.

"We will want more bread in the first line to-morrow," said a captain in my hearing. "We expect many deserters."

Every army receives deserters, but I had never heard before of an army making preparations to receive them. The story that was told me illustrates the extremely personal nature of the fighting in Macedonia. The Serbians had directed a number of Bulgarian prisoners to wash their faces and brush their clothes and slick back their hair. Then the captors distributed much soup and stew and lamb broiled in strips over the coals of a wood fire.

"Now sit down," was the order, "and look pleasant."

The stuffed and shining men dropped on the grass and lolled about in garden-party attitudes. The picture which an army photographer took of them is the most ridiculous thing in the Balkans. The grinning Bulgarians entered into the spirit of the affair, and put their arms about each other's necks, and draped themselves in elaborate postures and featured the large hunks of bread and the strips of beautifully greasy meat and the steaming cans of coffee. Except for certain details of clothing and the guards in the background it might have been a basket-picnic. The Serbs tied copies of this picture to stones and threw them into the Bulgarian trenches.

"See how well we treat your brothers?" ran the legend. "Come on over."

They came for a time. Then the bait ceased to attract more deserters, though the Serbs dangled it never so wisely before enemy eyes. After a time the Serbian officer who had been responsible for the plan to get deserters by advertising made inquiries along the best follow-up methods in use commercially. He wrote letters to his prospective customers and threw them into the Bulgarian trenches. He wanted to know what was the trouble? Were not the samples of his goods convincing? The Bulgarians said they were not.

"Our brothers smile in the picture," was the reply, "but how do we know what they are thinking?"

The Serbian officer considered for a time. Then he visited the prison camp, armed with much writing-paper and many pencils.

"Write to your friends at the front," said he, "and tell them truthfully how well you have been treated."

So that for days that squad of enemy soldiers sat in the sun and sternly sucked the tips of their lead-pencils and gazed into gray distance for inspiration and

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CAPTURED GERMAN AND BULGAR OFFICERS IN FRONT OF TENTS OF SERBIAN STAFF-OFFICERS

painfully wrote down their testimony. The essence of the Serbian plan was that each letter should be addressed by a captured Bulgarian to his nearest friend in the trenches opposite. Perhaps the letters did not always reach the men to whom they were written, but the success of the plan was ample. It forced the Bulgarian officers to abandon their comfortable dugouts in the rear of the line and stay in the unpleasant front trenches to keep their men from leaking away. The correspondence school of prisoners was the winter's joke on Wetternich.

"It was our Yankee trick," the Serbs said, laughing.

The story of last year's campaign of the Serbian army might be told as a tragedy. It is tragic enough, Heaven knows. But to those who saw it the memory will always be an inspiration. They are only peasants, these eighteen thousand men who are left. Many of them were in the fourth "ban" before the war, and considered exempt by reason of age from further service. A very considerable number of them have been wounded more than once. They are silent men, except when they are stirred by action. One day we met a man who might have been fifty years old stumbling down-hill from Chuke. The tears were running into his gray beard. The officer with me asked why he was leaving the line. He lifted the loose flap of his coat and showed a black patch of spreading blood upon his shirt.

"Damn him!" he sobbed. "Damn him! The captain made me go."

One never hears them personify "duty," nor do they ever speak of sacrifice. They are candid in their detestation of war and they are almost sick with longing for the cottages set on the flanks of the Serbian hills, for they are a home-loving people. They apologize to their guests sometimes because they are unhappy. Only once did I see mirth in their ranks. That was when we rode into Jivonia one day to find the Serbians breaking camp. They had just received a message that the Bulgarians had evacuated Monastir, and the men streamed along the road toward the new front shouting at one another, and calling out jokes and laughing. Their faces beamed like those of happy children.

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"Think of it!" they called to one another. "At last we are on the way home."

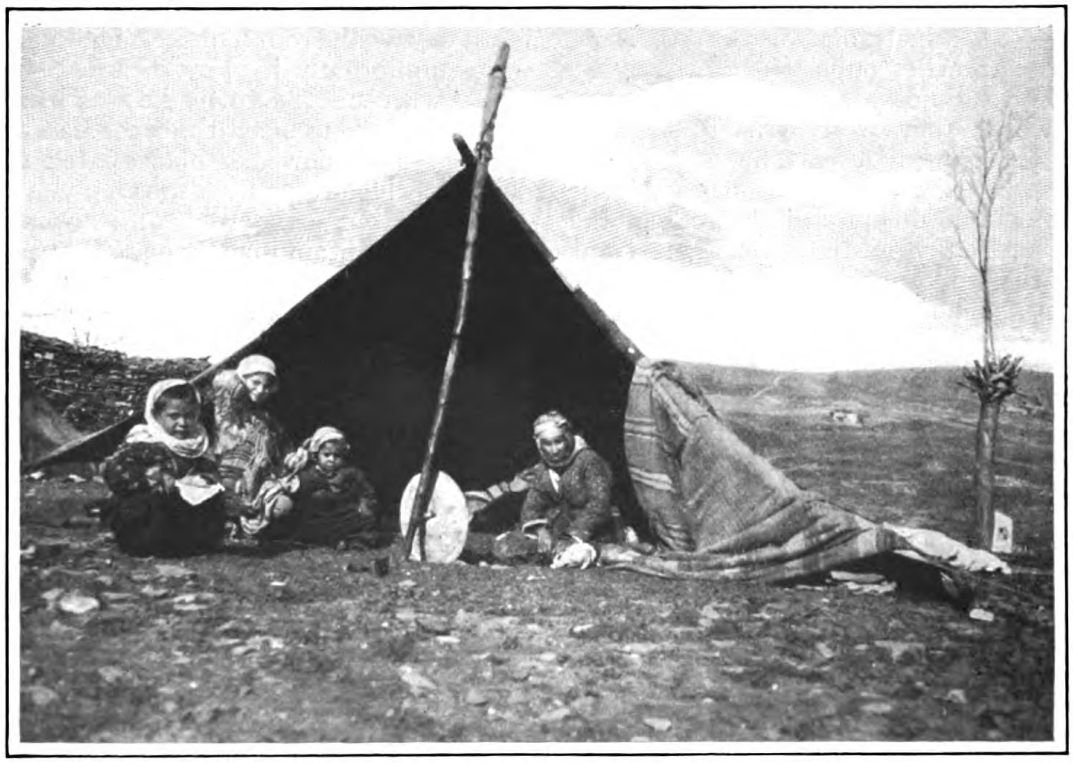
In order to completely understand the heroism of the Serbian army—what there was left of it—during the campaign of 1916–17 it is necessary to glance for a moment at what had gone before. No one knows and no one may ever know precisely how many have fought for Serbia. The records were destroyed, to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy, or lost or scattered. As nearly as can be told the total of enlistments is something more than four hundred and fifty thousand. In 1914 and 1915 the Serbians first defeated Austria, and were then crushed under the weight of the Hapsburg armies and a retreat was ordered. Voivode Mischitch, the genius of the Macedonian campaign of 1916, would have stayed to fight it out, but he was overruled.

The world knows a little—not much—of that retreat through the snow-filled passes of Albania and Montenegro. A rear-guard action was fought every day. There were days when the only trail through which it was possible to move was barely ox-team wide and packed with beaten snow. Some of the minor trails were not even wide enough for wheeled vehicles, and to this day the bones of pack-mules and men who fell down the precipitous slopes molder on the mountainsides. The army was encumbered by women and children and prisoners. For days it was under artillery fire from three sides. There were weeks when the only food of some units was half an ear of corn a day for each man.

"We held our men together by the most rigid discipline," a captain who passed through the retreat told me. "One day I missed Louka. I knew that he had come into camp the night before, and I jumped to the conclusion that he had deserted. It was necessary to check any such impulse immediately.

"'Find Louka,' I ordered. 'He shall be shot.'

"An hour afterward Louka staggered into camp. He was so incrusted with frozen snow that he was barely recognizable. His face was graven in deep



REFUGEES WHO FLED FROM MACEDONIA BEFORE THE BULGAR ATTACK

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WHERE THE SERBS FIRST RE-ENTERED THEIR OWN LAND. A MONUMENT MARKS THE SPOT

lines with fatigue. In his arms he carried a dozen tiny ears of corn.

"'For you, my captain,' said Louka.

"We had had no food, but Louka had once lived in the neighborhood, and had searched all night long for a distant farm which might have escaped the foragers. Without that corn I might have starved."

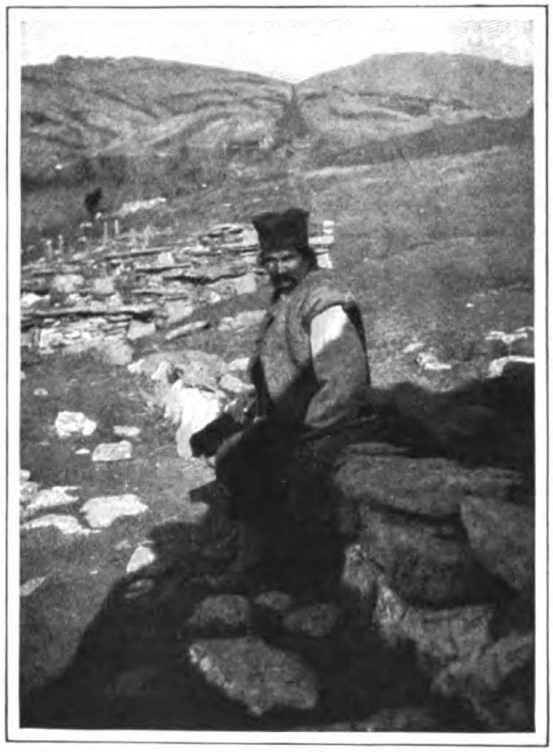
Perhaps two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers started on that march which shall ever be known in Serbian annals as the Great Retreat. Not more than one hundred and fifty thousand reached the shores of the Adriatic. That is the maximum. Fully one hundred thousand men had been killed or captured or had frozen to death or starved on the way. They suffered everything except surrender. The Serb rarely surrenders. It does not occur to him that this stubborn bravery is heroism, or that it may be folly. He only goes on and fights on until he can go and fight no more. Fifty thousand boys started on that mad march, to escape the Austrians who were gathering the youngsters nearing military age into concentration camps. In the turmoil of the time no provision had been made for feeding these boys. Twenty-three thousand of them died.

Of the one hundred and fifty thousand who reached Corfu not more than seventy thousand were considered fit to go to Macedonia and fight again in the summer of 1916. There had been a failure of forethought on Corfu. There had not been enough food or clothing or medicine for these starved and disease-stricken survivors of the Great Retreat. The island of Vido had been set aside as a lazarette for those suffering from contagious and infectious diseases, and for those who were only too sick to live. It was a wise arrangement—only some one had forgotten to provide doctors and nurses and food and tents and blankets in time. Dying men dug their own graves and then dug the graves of the men who were already dead. Dead men lay elbow to elbow on the beach, waiting for the boats that were to carry them out to sea. Then they floated back because the bodies had not been weighted down, to strand upon this island of despair.

There is no need for more of this hor-

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ror. The seventy thousand who went to Macedonia last summer were grim and angry men. Life had not lost its attraction for them, but death had become so commonplace that its terror had departed. Their first fight was on Kaymakchalan, when they took a mountain so rimmed around with trenches and so dotted with guns that when one walks over the field to-day it seems impossible that it could ever have been taken. The Serbs drove the Bulgars up the slope of Kaymakchalan until they came to the rim-rock that guards its top, and there the battle hung for days. At last the Bulgarians gave way and fled wildly to the valley of the Cerna which gleamed below.



AN OLD SERBIAN SOLDIER

To-day the bones of Bulgarians who leaped from that rim-rock rather than stay to face the Serbs may be found on the reverse slopes. They were driven across the valley until they found good holding ground in the hills on the other side. From that day on the Serbs did not relax their efforts until their capture of the hills commanding the Bulgarian lines of communication forced the enemy to evacuate Monastir. Wetternich Mountain was taken at a loss of one thousand of the fourteen hundred men who assaulted it. That assault lasted one savage week, during which the Serbs wormed their way upward, taking shelter behind rocks and bushes and killing when they came to their foes. On the crest of Wetternich is the Rock of Blood, two hundred and fifty feet high, and with sides that were so precipitous that it could not be assaulted. The four hundred men who were left held the Bulgarians on that Rock of Blood for six long weeks before relief came to them. It was a military impossibility—but then, the Serbs are accustomed to military impossibilities.

When the Serbian army was sent into the valley for rest in February of 1917, after having been almost continually on the defensive since August of 1916, there were but eighteen thousand four hundred and sixty, according to the official figures furnished me, of the seventy thousand men who began the campaign. These were to be recruited against the opening of the spring campaign by the sick and wounded men and by the men who were too old and the boys who were too young, who had been gathered at Bizerta, Tunis. It was to be the last effort of Serbia. No one knows how many valid men are in the enemy concentration camps, or how many have been held in Serbia to till fields for their enemies' use. So far as we know, the manhood of Serbia has been destroyed. Those who remain to carry on the race are those who are still too young for war.

"Serbia is finished," her men say. "Our people have been killed. But we have taken the price."

Yet there is still an army in Serbia. One day a *comitadji* came through the lines, a guerrilla leader known and trusted. Before the war he paid taxes on property valued at half a million francs. To-day he is but thirty-two years old.

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I guessed his age at fifty, so lined is his face and so wild and haggard are his eyes. He is a general in this army.

"We live in the woods," said he, "and loyal peasants feed us. We wait for our army to break through and meanwhile we do what we can."

This army is armed, after a fashion. Each has a knife, at least, and guns are often procured from dead Bulgarians who die in the open at night. It is even said they have cannon. When the Allied armies break through, this guerrilla army will break down the bridges and cut the lines behind the Bulgarians, that their collapse may be complete. The Serbian general staff is in communication with this army which is a part of the preparation for victory.

Not the least tragic element of last year's campaign was the extreme poverty of men and army. Whatever resources the individual might have in Serbia had been cut off from him by the blockaded frontier. The men were unable even to hear from their families at home. One day I came upon the chief of staff of one of the Serbian divisions looking somewhat wistfully at a postal card he held in his hand. To the suggestion that he had received news from home he assented. Then he added that it had come to him from Belgrade three months before.

"Can you read Serbian?" he asked.

Unfortunately, I could not. Then he translated it to me. I thought I saw a hint of tears in his eyes. He was a magnificent soldier, but he was the kindest and gentlest of men. His wife had written him these few words upon the card—written them five months before:

"To-day I spent my last dinar. I do not know what I shall do."

Serbia has no funds now, and no way of getting money except by borrowing from her allies. It is only natural that France and Great Britain, while furnishing the Serbians what is needed, shall restrict these loans as much as possible, for their own needs are so great. The men began the winter with clothes enough, but campaigning is hard on clothes. Long before spring came they were ragged and weather-stained. It was not until the rush on Monastir began that an army that had become almost barefoot was reshod by France. I was in an English camp one day when a Serbian officer came in. He knew every one in the officers' mess and blushingly received their congratulations upon a recent promotion for gallantry. By and by he called one of his friends to one side.

"Can you loan me a square of canvas?" he asked. "My tent burned a few weeks ago and I have been sleeping in a dugout since. It is very cold. We have no spare tents, nor can we get any."

"But if you are in a dugout, why a tent?" his friend asked.

"You do not understand," the Serb said, patiently. "I have always slept in a dugout, but I wrapped myself in my tent."

The two things the Serbs had in plenty were ammunition and fighting. Their hospitals, by comparison with those of the other Allies, were poor affairs. Often the wounded men slept in sour heaps of straw spread upon the wet ground, and only in the more permanent establishments were bedsteads woven of withes cut from the willows that lined the creek-bottoms. They had not even enough stretcher-men in some of their most important actions because the men who should have carried the wounded had been called into the trenches. The wounded men walked out, or were huddled on mule litters—one on either side of the mule, lurching in sickening fashion as the animal moved, or leaning against each other in a pathetic comradeship of pain—or sprawled in the bottoms of the empty carts that were going out for more shells.

Yet one never heard them complain. A captain of the Choumadia division told me of the fighting on Dobrapolya, when his company was told to take a trench that seemed impregnable. The men protested. The captain urged that the capture of that trench was essential to the further movement that had been planned. Still they demurred. Then he made his final appeal to his homesick soldiers.

"On the other side of that trench," he said, "is Serbia—and your wives are alone in Serbia."

An hour later those who were still alive were in the Bulgar trench.

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The Pioneers

BY PHILIP CURTISS

"WILL you kindly tell me," said Bessel, "how in the world a man of that sort ever came to marry a girl like that?"

Seeing that I had just introduced him to Frank Clayton and his wife with the air of presenting my greatest friends, the question might have seemed a bit bald; but if Bessel hadn't asked it I would have guessed it from his face.

It was in the tea-room of the Plaza. The Claytons had passed on and taken a table some distance from ours, but Bessel kept looking around with glances only half furtive.

"Where have I seen that girl before?" he asked, rather abruptly.

"Ever go to the movies?" I suggested.

He shook his head, but his eyes narrowed as he caught the trend of the plot.

"Ever see 'Ladies First'?" I tried again.

"Saw that," granted Bessel, but still vaguely, so I gave him the answer.

"That's Bobbie Roberts—or was."

This time Bessel's glance did not even feign furtiveness. He took a long, curious look.

"Well, all I can say," he concluded, profoundly "is that she is exactly the kind of girl who *would* go on the stage and call herself 'Bobbie.'"

So far as appearances were concerned, Bessel's characterization was pitifully true. No quicker description could have been given of Mrs. Clayton than her own chosen name. On the stage, and to a certain extent off it, she was an *ingénue* of the most flagrantly simpering type, a girl with a merry little baby face, a girl dressed pathetically up to the minute of style, a helpless, fluffy little blonde. One would expect her to lisp.

A dozen Bobbie Robertses could be seen any sunny afternoon on Fifth Avenue; two or three could probably have been found in that very room, and both Bessel and I took such types quite for granted. With the exception of Bobbie, we had never known one, but, like the traffic semaphores or the Fifth Avenue busses we would have missed them had they all disappeared.

It was not, indeed, Bobbie Roberts who held Bessel's attention, but Bobbie in connection with Frank Clayton, for if they had not been seated together Clayton was the very last man in the room who would have been picked out for Bobbie's husband. They looked about as much alike as a lap-dog and a staghound, and Bessel's bewilderment was not to be wondered at.

"Don't tell me that he is an actor, too," exclaimed Bessel weakly.

"How would you place him yourself?"

Bessel took another long look.

"Well," he said, slowly, with all the precision of true logic, "when I get through you will probably tell me that he is a comedy juggler or a salesman in plumbing supplies, but if I had nothing but his looks and his manners to go by I would say that he was born somewhere between Boston and Worcester, that his father was a retired capitalist who raised blooded cattle, that his mother was a distant connection of Ralph Waldo Emerson's, that he went to Harvard and played on the hockey team, but that he is now longing to go to France and drive an ambulance."

"Fine!" I exclaimed. "Would it complete your picture if I told you that he had once been engaged to Helen McIvor?"

Bessel's eyes brightened. "To perfection," he agreed. "He looks Helen McIvor, but this—this little—this little meadow-lark—" He shook his head. "I don't get it. I don't get it at all."

"As a matter of fact," I replied, "that man was intended to be Helen McIvor's husband. What actually hap-

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pened makes quite a story. I'll tell you."

But I never did tell Bessel that story. It was ever thus with my stories. They never do get told. I know some men at the club who will start in an offhand manner to tell how they walked from Fifty-ninth Street to Grand Central Station, and before they get through the silence will be so tense that people come into the room on tiptoe. But let me try to tell a story, let me sit back in my best raconteur manner and begin in that quiet, deprecating way that is so effective and some one will invariably say, "Excuse me a minute, Tom, but does any one know the telephone number of the Waldorf-Astoria?" Once in a long while I do get fairly started. I hold my audience enthralled up to the very climax of the tale, but, with mathematical regularity, as soon as I reach that point some one is sure to come bouncing into the room yelling at the top of his voice, "Say, who wants to go to the movies?" When the shouting and the tumult have ended some kindly soul will ask in a patronizing manner, "Well, what did happen to the girl?"

"Oh, she died," I will answer, lamely, and that is all there is to it.

So it was in this case. It was an excellent story—the marriage of Frank Clayton to Bobbie Roberts. It was just such a story as Bessel would revel in, but the minute I leaned back and started he remembered that he wanted some cigarettes. When he got those he asked me whether I had been to the Hippodrome, and after that it was time to go home. The pathetic part was that the story really merited hearing. I will leave it to the reader.

So far as I know, Frank Clayton was not a relative of Ralph Waldo Emerson's, but otherwise Bessel's description of him might have been taken from the family Bible. He was a big, good-natured, third-generation American, while the life he led was a combination of Sir Roger de Coverley and Buffalo Bill. He had a delightful place in the Berkshires, but half the time he would be hunting in Maine or exploring in Canada or making trips with a native guide to locate the sources of the Amazon.

It must be true that opposites always attract, for otherwise Frank Clayton and I could never have been the friends that we were. Once a year I go to Bridgeport, Connecticut, to vote, but that is the farthest I ever get from the general vicinity of Fifth Avenue and the splendid, idle Forties.

Yet our friendship was not so strange, for, like most men of his type, Frank loved extremes, and after two months in the mountains he would like to heap on a month of ultra-civilization in the heart of New York, in which form of outdoor sport I was always willing to accompany him. He never wrote letters. He would merely saunter into the club some day and when I asked him where he had been he would answer, laconically, "Alaska."

In very much the same way he announced his engagement to Helen McIvor. I think he was playing pool that afternoon when I came in and asked him:

"What news?"

"I'm going to be married," he replied. "Whose shot is it? Mine?

"Were you surprised?" he asked me, after he had told me the intended's name.

"Surprised nothing," I answered. "Your friends have been waiting for this for three years. You two were cast from one block."

This was the truth, for Helen McIvor cannot be better described than by saying that she is the feminine form of Frank Clayton. In fact, it is not necessary to describe her at all, for her exploits have given her no little fame. One sees her pictures occasionally in the Sunday papers hunting with the Meadowbrook hounds, and constantly in the society magazines where she is shown in a group at the Piping Rock races or skating at Tuxedo Park—one of those groups which are labled, "Reading from left to right." She may be a little sport-mad—as Frank is—but in general she is one of those tall, fresh-complexioned young persons who appear on the June pages of art calendars with tennis racquets in their hands and are called "The American Girl."

"You're right," agreed Frank, when he really warmed up to confidence;

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"Helen is exactly my sort. She knows horses and dogs like a book, and last summer she made a canoe trip that most men couldn't take. What I can't stand," he went on, "are these girls who don't think of a thing except clothes and dancing and theaters, and who couldn't go out in a May shower for fear of getting wet. Helen is different. You can talk to her just like a man."

I grinned to myself, for when you can talk to any girl "just like a man" you have struck the most feminine creature alive. Nevertheless I highly approved of Helen McIvor as a wife for Frank Clayton, and the next time I saw her I told her so. It was at somebody's dance, and she sat out half an hour just to drink in my praises of her new fiancé.

"Oh, he's such a relief," she exclaimed, "after all the simpering dancing men that you meet these days! He's so open-airsy, so genuine." She looked around discontentedly at the roomful of dancers and gave a sweep of her capable hand. "This life is all so artificial, so unreal," she protested. "You know my highest ambition has always been to live on a ranch."

"That's just about what you're likely to do," I replied. "Nothing would suit Frank better."

Helen smiled, but went on: "Do you know what we're going to do for our honeymoon?"

"I can guess," I suggested. "Take a motor-boat through the Erie Canal or make love up the north side of the Matterhorn."

"Well, not quite," Helen laughed, "but we're going to a camp in Newfoundland—just going to rough it; not another soul within ten miles, just Frank and I."

"Fair enough," I agreed, in rather hollow fashion. "When is this going to happen?"

"Oh, not until spring," she replied. "But in the mean time we've got a wonderful plan, and you're in it. I can't tell you a thing about it until I hear definitely from Frank, but you'll just simply love it."

"I know that I shall," I agreed, but knowing her and knowing Frank her words had an ominous ring.

Three days later Helen told me the secret, which was that her uncle owned a little camp in the Adirondacks, and here she proposed an excursion consisting, first, of Frank and herself; second, of another sport-loving lady named Marian Forte and myself; and third, very third, of a Mr. and Mrs. Parkins, a couple edging on fifty and edging on all sorts of other things as sort of semi-professional chaperons. Why I was asked I cannot imagine, unless it was because I never had anything else to do.

"The season is over," Helen confided, "so we can wear our old clothes and really camp out — not make-believe camping. We are going to get our own meals and everything."

I think that my face must have shown dismay for Helen hastened to add:

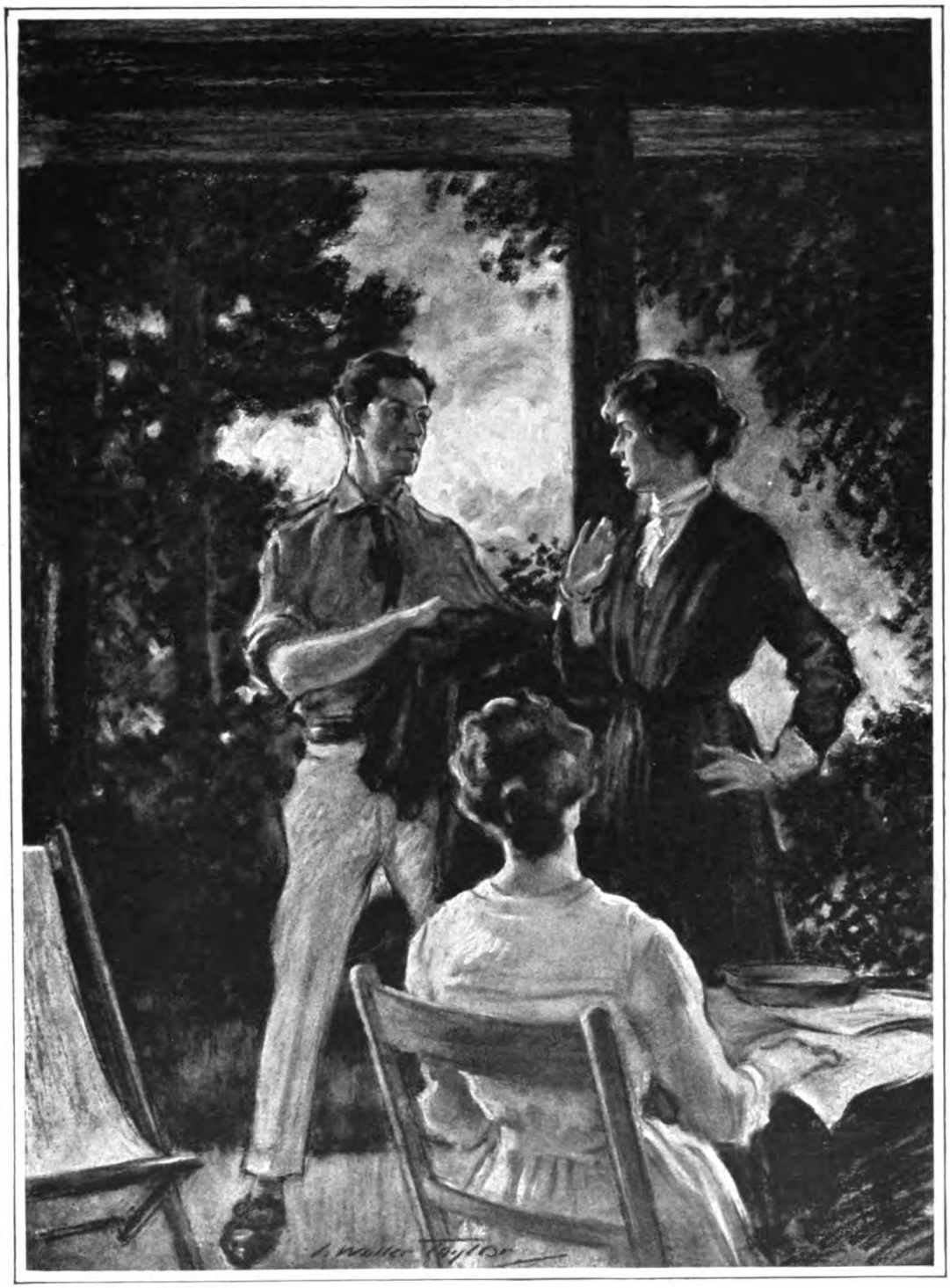
"Oh, don't worry about starving. Marian and I both love to cook, and it isn't a bit of trouble if everybody just pitches in and does his part. Our rule in camp is for each one to have some simple duty every day, one get the water and another light the fire, and then the next day we switch about.

"We are going to start on the twenty-fourth," she concluded, with the air of a field-marshal; but, as it happened, I couldn't start until three days after the others, which Helen said was a shame, as "half the fun is fixing up camp and getting settled."

Under Helen's mesmerism, indeed, it actually sounded plausible, but once out of the sphere of her influence my normal nature began to have solemn forebodings, and when I finally got on the train it was with the grim lips of a Christian martyr. I made no pretenses of being a heavy backwoodsman, but when I got off at a station named, in true Adirondack fashion, "Peter Nixon's" the mountain air struck me with such uplifting inspiration that I actually became enthusiastic myself. This feeling grew as I drove eight miles in a buckboard through giant woods, and my depression was wholly gone when suddenly a mirror of blue shone through the trees and the driver gave a poke with his whip.

"Thar's the Inn," he grunted, and a moment later a neat group of buildings came into sight fronting on a little gem

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THREE FEMININE BATHING-SUITS—I BROUGHT THEM ALL

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of a lake. The buildings were log, to be sure, but they were surrounded by trim green lawns, and on the side toward the water two men in white flannels were playing tennis.

At the log veranda, moreover, Frank was waiting in tweed knickerbockers which did not look quite as wild and woolly as I had expected, but I was playing the game and I waved my hand in the hearty manner of a fellow-plainsman. To my surprise his greeting was almost churlish.

"Hello, Tom," he said, gruffly. "Baggage all here?"

He began pulling moodily at the ropes which tied on my bag and, although Frank had never been a demonstrative person, a blind man would have known that something was wrong. Without explanation he led the way to a St. Lawrence skiff, placed me in the stern, and started rowing across the lake. I was cowed, but once more I tried on my breezy manner.

"How's Helen?" I asked, beaming. "She all right?"

"Helen?" repeated Frank, absently. "Oh, she's all right."

He even tried to put enthusiasm into his words, but the effect was hopelessly feeble. To stifle further conversation he looked over his shoulder and gave a vicious jerk with his left oar.

"Damn this damn boat!" he muttered, as if that had been the trouble all the while, but I suspected something deeper and hit out straight:

"Frank, will you please tell me what on earth is the matter with you?"

He pretended innocence. "What do you mean, matter?"

"Oh, rot!" I exclaimed. "You've got a grouch like a porcupine."

Frank smiled a little, but still clung to his secret. "I was just thinking, that's all."

With some people that would have sounded plausible, but not with Frank Clayton. I watched him cynically, then put it direct:

"Now look here, Frank. Am I butting in on this party?"

At last Frank really laughed. "Butting in?" he replied. "Heavens and earth, no!" Then, as if resolved to be decent, he straightened himself and rowed vigorously. "I did have a grouch," he confessed. "There's the camp."

He drove the boat toward an opening in the wooded shore where a log runway came down to the water. At the top was a two-story cottage in front of which a bald-headed man in gray-flannel trousers was chopping, although his method was truly original. It consisted in driving the ax into a log until it stuck there, then lifting the ax, log and all, and beating it on the ground until the log either fell in two pieces or hopped off toward the surrounding forest.

Frank grunted a laugh. "There's Parkins," he said, but immediately his general melancholy swept over him again.

The wood-chopper paid no attention to us until we were six feet away, when he looked up absently and came forward sucking the palm of his hand.

"Hello, Gray!" he said, not ill-humoredly. "What are you in for?"

The question was cryptic, but he made no further explanation, while Frank took a moody stand and watched Parkins worry the fagots.

"You're getting good," he remarked, listlessly; but Parkins was deaf to praise, although he had quite a respectable pile of sticks, the ends of which looked as if they had been gnawed by some animal.

"Where are the girls?" asked Frank.

Parkins looked over his shoulder with a hunted expression. "I guess they're dressing for the second act."

As if, indeed, his words had been a cue, at that minute a board shutter flew open on the second story and out came Helen's head. On it was a green-felt hat with a rakish feather, but if there had been about Parkins and Frank an inexplicable gloom, Helen's expression was the exact antithesis. She was radiant with smiles and woodcraft.

"Welcome, stranger!" she cried out, gaily, and a minute later she bounced from the door. She shook my hand violently, then, holding me off a foot or two, she surveyed my serge suit from head to foot. "My word! you'll have to shed that!" she exclaimed. "That's altogether too tenderfooty."

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At her own appearance I could now understand Parkins's last words, for Helen was dressed in a tailored corduroy habit which made her look as if she were cast for "Maid Marian." I had not understood that we were expected to wear our backwoods make-up from Grand Central Station, but before I had time to explain this Helen turned breezily to her fiancé:

"Frank, dear, do you want to be a darling?"

It sounded enticing, but although Frank had lost some of his gloom, I cannot say that his answer actually sparkled.

"What is it?"

"Dearest," explained Helen, prettily pleading, "I forgot to tell you to get some butter over at the Inn. *Would* you mind going back and getting some for supper?"

To the Inn and back was a hard twenty minutes' row. Frank had just made the trip, and in my innocent state it seemed to me that six hardy campers could struggle through supper without butter, but Helen was so contrite in her pleading that Frank smiled and, like the lovers of the Grecian Helen, went back to the boats. Helen turned to me.

"Isn't this perfectly glorious?" she exclaimed, drawing a deep breath. "Why do people ever want to live in the city? But here," she continued, briskly, "you want to get out of those clothes."

She led the way into the prettily curtained living-room of the cottage and up the stairs to a cubbyhole—tiny, but fresh from the smell of sawed lumber and the forest outside.

"Now I will leave you," she said, "to make yourself at home. This is Liberty Hall, you know. You can do whatever you want."

I slipped off the offending city clothes, put on some old tennis trousers and a flannel shirt. The latter had seemed very fine in the shop where I bought it, but flannel-shirt wearers evidently have very large necks and the effect was not what I had planned. I shared the emotions of a débutante in her first ball-gown as I went down the stairs to join Parkins.

Parkins was not at the wood-pile, but as I walked toward the outer edge of the clearing I thought that I saw an elfin-gray shape flit from one tree to another. I halted short in my tracks and for fully a minute peered steadily into the forest. Then, cautiously from back of a tree trunk, appeared the top of Parkins's bald head. He saw me and the head disappeared, leaving me somewhat perplexed, not to say somewhat huffed, for, coming immediately after Frank's grouchy manner, I could not escape the conviction that I was not wanted.

I turned toward the cottage, but, looking over my shoulder, I saw the back of Parkins's gray breeches flitting from tree to tree, then making a dash for the lake. Immediately, however, developed the explanation. From the upper rooms of the house came the voice of Marian Forte in descending scale:

"Mis-ter *Par*-kins, Mis-ter *Par*-kins!"

Of course no answer came back, and a moment later I heard the irritated tones of Mrs. Parkins:

"Will-yum! *Will*-yum!"

In spite of what had just passed Parkins's secret was buried within me. I entered the cabin and called up the stairs: "Mr. Parkins doesn't seem to be here. Is there anything I can do?"

A momentary silence fell at the sound of a new voice, but at last Helen answered. She came to the head of the stairs, beaming, as usual.

"Tom, I wonder if you want to be an angel?"

The question had not occurred to me before, but that was immaterial. It was purely preliminary, for Helen went on in that exquisite pleading:

"*Would* you get me a pitcher of hot water?"

"Why, certainly," I replied, flattered to play so intimate a part in this woodland household.

I found my way to the kitchen, and after some exploration dug out a pitcher. With this in one hand and the tea-kettle in the other I had turned to the stove when again I heard Helen's voice:

"Oh, To-om!"

My hands being full I essayed to reply from the kitchen; but the walls, although thin, were nevertheless walls, and the following duet ensued:

HELEN (*allegro ma non troppo*): "To-om!"

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ME (*grazioso*): "Hello!"

HELEN (*crescendo*): "To-om!"

ME (*forte*): "What is it?"

HELEN (*robusto*): "Walla, walla, wah!"

ME (*pietosamente*): "What did you say?"

HELEN (*quasi furioso*): "I said, 'Walla, walla, wah!'"

ME (*going across cabin and up the stairs*): "What did you say?"

HELEN (*con compazione*): "I said, 'Don't get it too hot.'"

There was little danger of that. The fire was not blazing and yet it was not exactly out. It was what the firemen would call "under control." I looked it over dubiously, brought two of Parkins's masterpieces and threw them in. In workmanlike fashion I filled the kettle and reported progress. Helen thanked me effusively, and I went back to Liberty Hall.

It was very cozy. In a glow from my labors I picked up a book and had just ensconced myself in a steamer-chair when I heard the voice of Marian Forte:

"Oh, To-om!"

I sprang up, but Marian offered me no alternative on the angel proposition. She had already cast me for the rôle.

"Tom, will you go down to the boat-house and bring me my bathing-suit?"

I trotted off willingly, and had just reached the edge of the clearing when Marian recalled me:

"To-om!"

I retraced my steps and Marian stuck her head over the rustic balustrade.

"And while you are down there please bring Mrs. Parkins's, too."

I went to the boat-house, but as there were three feminine bathing-suits there I brought them all, for business seemed on the increase. Helen's was on the top of the heap as I handed them over.

She smiled. "Oh, you ridiculous man! He's brought them all!"

Marian, however, was less pleased. "Where are the shoes?"

I had, to be sure, seen a heap of water-logged white-canvas slippers down at the boat-house, but my ignorant mind had not grasped their significance. Still eager, I was almost back to the boat-house when Helen's voice came down on the wind:

"Oh, To-om!"

For a minute I stood there alone in the forest, almost in revolt. There began to creep over me first faint suspicions which might explain many things I had seen that day—Frank's ill humor and Parkins's dramatic escape. Through the trees still echoed Helen's musical tones, but within me an evil voice began to counsel rebellion. My manhood stifled it. I took the slippers to the cabin and then I found that what Helen wanted was to have me take her bathing suit to the boat-house to dry.

In my own defense (for what was about to occur) I can only repeat that I was not built for wild life. Ten years of my club had undermined a naturally robust constitution, and when I reached the cabin after my third round trip I was beginning to feel a little haggard and dark under the eyes. To tell the truth, I was getting a little homesick.

It was late in the autumn afternoon. The shadows of the forest were deepening and something in the gray light reminded me of that way in which the sidewalks of New York grow gray just before they turn on the street-lamps. It was the time of day when pale-faced thousands in the cramped prisons of the merciless city shut up their desks and, like driven cattle, wend their steps to the Knickerbocker bar.

I gazed at the cold line of pink over the mountains. The water looked very black and pitiless. And here was I, a tenderfoot, alone, deserted, the sole chambermaid of three sturdy backwoodswomen. It was beyond my strength.

The next minute, however, I was roused to action. This was no time for dreaming. I went to the kitchen stove and my worst fears were realized. In the bottom were cold, gray ashes and on them the two sticks of wood I had put there—as untouched, as virgin, as when they had come from the hands of Nature and Parkins.

Now somewhere or other I have read of a thing called atavism. I am not just sure what it means, but I think it is a theory used to prove caveman ancestry when an otherwise decent fellow gets rough. If this is the case, atavism is the only possible explanation for what now followed. Here was I with my

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white hands and soft, city ways. Never before in my life had I seen the vitals of a kitchen stove, but suddenly something within me went snap. From some far-off ancestor who had burned beacon-fires on Scotch mountain-tops, a helping hand reached over the centuries. From somewhere came dim recollections of long-forgotten Mary Murphys and Bridget O'Flannigans whose steps I had dogged in childhood. I went at that stove like its master. With expert hand I closed draughts and opened dampers. I gathered up newspapers and compressed them into light, fluffy balls. I split kindlings and whittled out shavings. At last I stood proudly with my masterpiece before me, all ready to light.

Since then many fires have I seen, but never a fire like that. First was a layer of paper, then a layer of carefully laid shavings, then kindling-wood in a perfect cob-house, and lastly big wood. It positively cried for the match. I stood surveying my handiwork lovingly when behind me I heard Helen's voice.

She looked at my fire pityingly, patronizingly, and smiled. "You dear man, that will never burn in the world."

Without further ado she kneeled down and tore my brain child limb from limb. With unfeeling hand she drew out my paper, my kindlings, my shavings on which I had worked a tedious quarter of an hour. The destruction completed, she put them all back exactly as I had had them before and lit them. A wet poker would have ignited those beautiful kindlings. Of course they went up with a roar, at which Helen looked at me, smiling.

"It's very easy," she remarked, "when you know how!

"Do you want to go bathing?" Helen asked, kindly, but I shook my head. I could not trust myself to speak. I never wanted to be happy again.

For the few minutes now left of daylight, a brief synopsis of my operations, stated tactically, would be somewhat as follows:

Sector of Helen McIvor: Three large pitchers filled with hot water and delivered to bedrooms; fire kept going and tea-kettle filled for same; fire lighted in fireplace and kept going by lung power; table set for afternoon tea for three women who then decided that they didn't want anything but a cup of hot water; one youths' or missis' size tree of autumn foliage dragged from forest and hung on wall because it "brightened up the room so."

Sector of Mrs. Parkins: One bathing-suit taken from bedroom door, carried to boat-house, wrung out to dry; one comb carried from Helen's room to hers; one additional pitcher of hot water carried to boudoir with no thanks for room service; one large divan moved from sitting-room to piazza so that reading and hair-drying could be simultaneous; one copy of Elinor Glyn searched for on the entire reservation and finally found under her own pillow.

Sector of Marian Forte: One bathing-suit as above. Diplomatic relations severed completely at 5 P.M. by martyred tone of voice which suggested that a gentleman would have stepped faster than I did.

But all this time what of Frank and Parkins? It had been perhaps three in the afternoon when the former had gone for his butter and a quarter past when the latter had eluded his keepers. It was now six, and for over an hour the monotony of my other labors had been broken by anxious requests from Helen to go to the lakeside and look for them. I don't think that she feared that either of them was drowned, but she chafed at the low state of the labor market.

When it really grew dark her impatience came to a head, and between blows at the fireplace I was obliged to go to the wharf and stand like a silly ass bellowing "Fra-ank!" into the darkness. The very echoes mocked me.

By half-past six Mrs. Parkins was in a high state of alarm, so I offered to go out and look for the deserters; but at this proposition Helen, the queen of the forest, thought that it would be dangerous for three women to be left alone. At seven, however, with Mrs. Parkins on the verge of hysterics and Marian Forte and I on the verge of a fist-fight, I was finally sent to explore.

As a base of operations I naturally rowed to the Inn, where I asked the clerk if he had seen Mr. Clayton. He gave a smile and looked over his shoulder:

"They're in Number 8."

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

PRETTILY ENSCONCED ON THE KITCHEN TABLE

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He summoned a boy, who took me mysteriously down a long hall and opened a door. There was a bright, cheery room finished in dark woods and sporting prints, with oak tables, a brass-railed bar, a white-coated bartender, and a blazing fire. Before the fire, their feet on a table and pipes in their mouths, sat Frank and Parkins.

I stood before them and glared. "You're a fine bunch of patriots, you are!"

Both looked up sheepishly, but Parkins grinned.

"What's the matter?"

My answer was a look of contempt.

Parkins hammered a bell on the table; then gazed at me quizzically. "Have a pleasant afternoon?"

My silence should have given him warning, but liquor had made him rash.

"We sat here and wished you luck. Have you spent your time sleeping, or reading *The Lives of the Saints?*"

I answered, and my answer was instinct with venom. "You go to the devil!"

A roar of laughter was my only consolation, but Parkins looked at his watch, stood up, and stretched wearily.

"Back to the jute-mill," he yawned. "Come on, slaves, man the galleys."

Helen met the prodigal sons at the door of the cottage with a single question, "Where is the butter?"

And over the rest of that scene I will draw a veil.

The story I had promised to tell Bessel was how Frank Clayton came to marry Bobbie Roberts, but now that I come to unweave the threads of that tangled week I find that the real story was why he didn't marry Helen McIvor, for even when I arrived at the sylvan paradise the McIvor dynasty was tottering to its fall. Nature worked as she usually does in such cases. By removing Helen she created a vacuum, and Bobbie merely happened to be the molecule who was on hand to fill it.

But yet the epochs of history are not divided by sharply drawn lines. They merge indistinguishably. Even those who live in them are not aware of transition until brought up sharply by some vivid event. The vivid event in this case took place toward the end of what Parkins called our sentence, and the first indication which I received of it was when I heard Helen exclaim:

"I think it simply outrageous. Even people like that ought to have some consideration for the fitness of things."

I was curious, but, like a child as bedtime approaches, I had learned not to draw attention to myself by any remark whatsoever, and in due time the matter was explained. That noon we went over to the Inn for lunch, and I rowed Helen's boat, for of late she and Frank had not been what could be called inseparable. We were drawing up to the dock when Helen exclaimed:

"That's what I mean. In a place like this don't you call it sacrilege?"

I did not call it sacrilege, for there on the lawn in front of the Inn were two of the prettiest girls that I ever saw in my life. At least after my week of exile they looked like the prettiest. They were like letters from home; but I understood what Helen meant, for if you ever saw Belmont Park during the racing season, it was there. I can't give the exact names for all the things they had on, but the effect was that of spotless white with lavender top and bottom. One of the girls carried a lavender-striped parasol, and if the other was not named Lucille, she ought to have been sent back and rechristened. As we walked to the Inn a man in a violent checked coat and white-flannel trousers came out and joined them.

As Helen had already learned, to her previous disgust, the intruders were members of a company sent by the All-Star Film Corporation to enact a woodland drama, but Parkins must have been cementing friendships in Number 8, for at the luncheon-table he was able to point out the notables.

The young man in the checked coat was no less than Robert Bruce, the latest of the matinée idols; the girl with the parasol was the third wife of Payton Ames, the famous "heavy"; while the girl who ought to have been named Lucille was Bobbie Roberts, chiefly known as the soubrette in the musical comedy of "Ladies First." For their purposes the Inn was playing the part of a millionaire's camp, and all the guides

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in the vicinity had been engaged for extras and rescue work.

Helen's indignation at the desecration of her woodland retreat was positively regal. The air of complete blindness which she and Marian displayed as the whole company filed laughingly into the dining-room indicated perfectly her policy. The situation can easily be imagined when, as we were standing on the piazza after lunch, that idiot Parkins came grinning up, attended by the dapper Bruce in his gambler's coat.

"Miss McIvor," said Parkins, boldly, "may I present Mr. Bruce?"

The acknowledgment which Helen gave would have frozen a human being, but Bruce was not in the least upset. He was one of those bowing and scraping little men; he was the kind of person who shakes hands effusively and says, "Pardon my glove." He bent over Helen as if to kiss her hand, leaped across the piazza to pick up Marian's handkerchief, and carried Mrs. Parkins's coat solicitously to the boats.

"Well, anyway, he has manners," remarked Mrs. Parkins.

But the sentiment did not clear the atmosphere. In fact, a sort of armed truce which had been reigning in our woodland retreat for some days widened that afternoon into what were almost open hostilities. The utmost diplomacy would be required to prevent actual battle, and as a precaution Mrs. Parkins kidnapped her husband, who was no diplomat. We saw them working their way laboriously out over the lake in a flat-bottomed row-boat, and a few minutes later we caught sight of Helen and Marian edging down toward the boat-house with sofa-cushions in their hands. Frank started to call, thought better of it and ran after them. A moment later he came back much subdued.

"They wanted to row alone," he remarked, moodily, and from his face I knew that his romance had reached a crisis.

For a time we sat there in absolute silence, Frank occupied with his own gloomy thoughts and I allowing my system to recuperate. We watched the boat creep across the lake to a point near the Inn when Frank got up and entered the cabin. An hour or so later I joined him and, to my surprise, found him busily occupied with our daily work. Both fires were burning brightly and he was scrubbing merrily on a frying-pan as if his whole heart were in it. The look in my face must have been expressive, for he stopped and grinned.

"The funny part of it is," he explained, "that I really do like this—when I feel like it."

In itself the sentence was vague, but under the circumstances it was potent with meaning. I picked up my book and settled luxuriously in front of the fire. In a bliss of inaction I was dreaming over the pages when suddenly I was awakened by a loud patter.

"What's that?" I asked, but Frank heard it, too, and cocked his head.

"It can't be raining," he said, but a minute later came a roar like buckshot on the shingle roof, and we hurried to the piazza just in time to witness the start of the fiercest mountain storm I ever hope to see. The wind, arisen utterly without warning, bent back the trees until their leaves showed silver, while the quiet little lake became like a whirlpool. We ran to where we could look out over the water and to our relief saw Helen and Marian landing at the Inn wharf, while a few lengths out Parkins was rowing to cover madly.

"We should worry!" laughed Frank, then suddenly looked toward the boat-house in the trees at our feet.

We caught a glimpse of a guide standing nonchalantly in the rain tying a boat and of two white figures just disappearing under the shelter. We did not have to be told who was there. When we reached the boat-house with slickers and coats we found Ames, the moving-picture man, with his pretty wife and Bobbie Roberts standing fascinated and looking out at the storm.

Under the circumstances no formalities were necessary. A minute later the whole party was in front of our fire and, given a rescue situation, Frank was transformed. He became immediately a man of fire and action. Signaling me to act as entertainer, he rushed to the kitchen and a few moments after came back with a steaming teapot. With one hand he poked up the fire and with the

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other he held in front of it a broiler full of toast. The two girls sat and watched him in amazement. They were not really wet, and both were dressed exactly as when we had first seen them. In spotless white and sitting in the reflection of the flickering firelight, they looked fascinatingly dainty and frail. With their lacy clothes and hopeless white shoes they positively wrenched at one's chivalrous instincts. Involuntarily one found one's self running for steamer-rugs and soft cushions.

Without speaking a word they sat there looking wonderingly at their strange surroundings. Miss Roberts, in particular, followed Frank with the eyes of a deer, half wistful, wholly admiring.

"I wish I could help you," she said, pathetically, "but I honestly don't know enough to boil an egg."

Frank smiled in a fatherly fashion, and you could see his masculine air of protection actually radiate.

"Sit still; please do sit still," he urged. "I'll bring you some tea."

But still the rain kept on and kept on as Ames reported from frequent trips of inspection. It had settled into a steady pour, and the guide absolutely refused to launch a boat on the water. Gratefully our guests accepted our invitation to supper, and with that event Frank was in his element. I went to the kitchen to help him, but laughingly he waved me away with both arms.

"Get out of this," he commanded, "and stay out. I'll get it in no time if you'll only leave me alone."

I obeyed him and he was as good as his word. One minute he was out in the sitting-room laying the table and the next he was flying across the kitchen, a carving-knife in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other. And all that time those two girls sat there and never lifted a finger. Mrs. Ames conversed quietly, as civilized people do converse, on books and shows and the stock-market, while Bobbie sat in her chair like a wide-eyed child, never saying a word, but watching Frank in mute admiration. When things were just at their best, when the pots were steaming and boiling, she crept to the kitchen door.

"May I come in and watch you?" she asked, timidly. Then, prettily ensconcing herself on the kitchen table, she kept giving vent to little cries: "Oh, isn't that wonderful? How simply delicious! How in the world do you do it?"

After supper we all sat by the fire and Frank told bold tales about northern Canada and the sources of the Amazon.

It was eleven o'clock when we heard steps on the piazza and to our amazement discovered the rain had stopped and that our parties had returned. Introductions and explanations were accomplished gracefully enough, but after our guests were gone I braced my shoulders for the expected storm. To my amazement it never came. There had never been such an era of good feeling in all our excursion as there was that night. Even Helen's account of her adventures only partially explained it.

"You missed it!" she cried, after our guests had gone. We sat in front of the fire at the Inn and sang and toasted marshmallows all the evening."

"And Helen," echoed Marian, "I never saw you in better form. When you told that story about shooting the rapids those actresses' eyes were positively popping out of their heads."

It was Parkins, however, who really threw light on the situation. As we went to our rooms he winked at me mysteriously and cocked his head.

"Say, listen to this," he whispered, hoarsely. "Helen's promised to teach Robert Bruce how to make flapjacks!"

So that is the story that Bessel missed; but not quite all, for the other afternoon while I was sitting in my club a fussy little fellow came in.

"Say, what do you suppose I saw this afternoon?" he demanded.

"Well, what did you see this afternoon?" I retorted.

"Helen McIvor! And who do you suppose was with her? Robert Bruce! What could she see in that little fop!"

I smiled knowingly. "I happen to know something about that little affair. It's quite a story. I'll tell you."

But at that moment in came the boy with the afternoon papers and my companion leaped up.

"For the love of Mike!" he exclaimed. "Will you look what's happened to steel?"

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The Infant Prodigy of Our Industries

THE BIRTH AND GROWTH OF THE MOTION PICTURE

BY HOMER CROY

NOT so much that eighteen million people in the United States are entertained by motion pictures every day, nor that eighty thousand miles of film negative is exposed in the United States each year, but that motion pictures have risen in twenty years from a child's toy to the fifth industry in the world is the fact that stands out most prominently in a retrospect of the field now covered by the universal movie. No other force in history has risen so quickly nor come into such intimate touch with so many people as motion pictures. It took printing two hundred years to come into the daily lives of the people; motion pictures have needed only twenty.

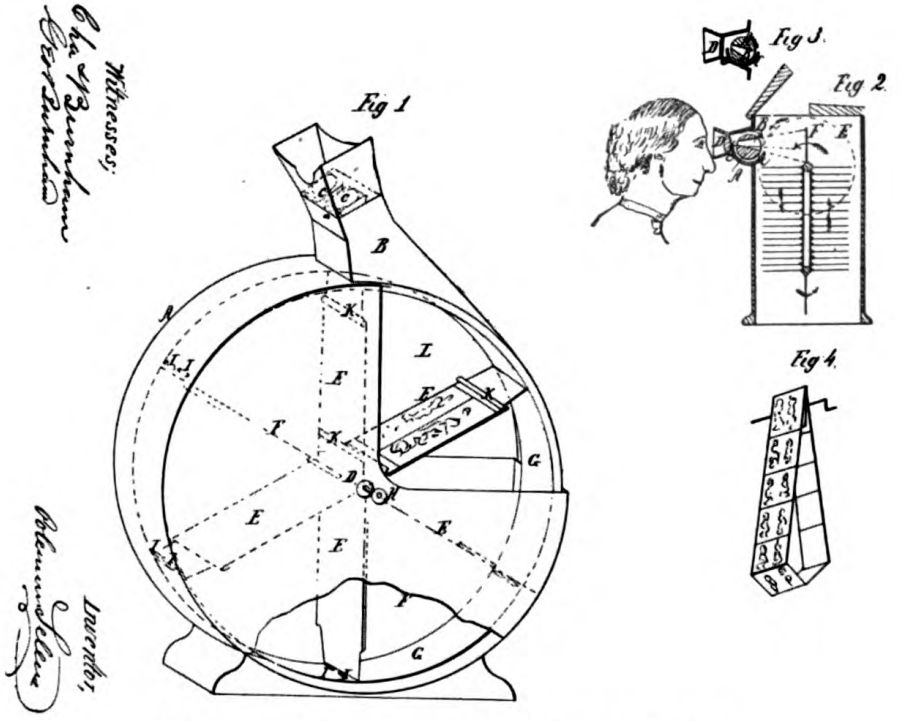
The explanation lies in the simplicity of their appeal. Reading is an acquired habit attained by strain. The arrangement of letters and the grouping of words can be translated into ideas only as a result of mental interpretative effort. With advance in years this becomes easier, but always is the effort to follow an idea as laid down by some one else by means of a mutual code a taxing one, to be indulged in at most only a few hours a day, while looking at objects and drawing deductions is a constant practice throughout the day. In reading, a person must create his own picture, while in photography some one else does it for him. If he sees a juxtaposing of the letters *d* and *o* and *g* he creates in his own mind a picture of the object symbolized by that particular grouping of letters, while if the word "little" is included in the symbolized description, he adds another detail to the picture in his mind—with little chance that his diminutive will coincide with the original. However, if the person puts in his hand a pictured representative of the object, to the image is added not only that of size, but of pose, markings, animation, and details that would require, even if successful, many groupings of words. Upon this directness of picture is founded the secret of the growth of the motion-picture industry. It speaks a universality of language beyond the possibilities of chirographic art.

Wide-spread as the art is, and daily as are its effects on the lives of a fifth of the people of the United States, there is to be found scarcely one person in a million who knows the story of its origins.

A more gradual growth is not to be found in inventive history, for motion pictures have no father, but it must be explained in justification to the many pioneers who accelerated their development that motion pictures had a great many immediate relatives. One of the latter is every school-boy who, craftily abiding his opportunity, drew pictures on the bottom of his tablet and, letting the pages slip from his thumb in rapid succession, while the teacher was otherwise engaged, produced for the edification of his sheltered observers continuity of motion as expressed by a dog chasing a boy in twenty stimulating sketches.

The incunabular days of most great inventions are cloaked in mystery and hidden behind a veil of uncertainty, but in motion pictures the chronological steps are still to be seen for those who wish to stop to observe them. From England was brought to America in 1845 what, for lack of better name, was known as The Wheel of Life, which created much interest due to an illusion of motion that it was able to convey to an observer not too unyielding in his demands. It consisted of a cylinder the size of a standard kitchen pail supported by a pivot and left free to be rotated at will of the observer. At the top of the cylinder were apertures, and, on the inside, drawings depicted successive phases of a movement such as a horse running, a man dancing, a child swing-

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DRAWINGS OF THE FIRST MOTION-PICTURE PATENT
Issued to Dr. Coleman Sellers of Philadelphia

ing. On rotating the cylinder and looking through the apertures, the characters seemed to take on life, giving a rough semblance of movement. The horse seemed to open and spread his legs in an effort to attain a somewhat indistinct goal, the man raised and lowered his hands in the ardor of a highland fling, while the child rose and fell in a rhythm of contentment.

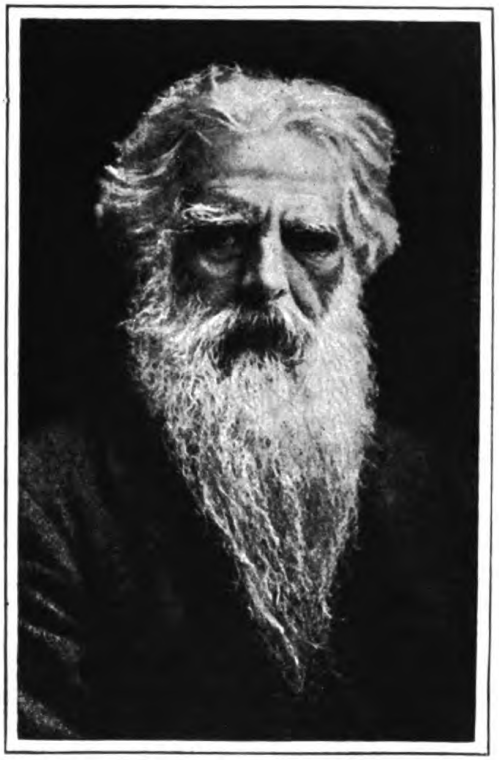
This was given a more improved commercial form and patented by William E. Lincoln of Providence, Rhode Island, who assigned his interest to a company manufacturing toys, which, by means of its distribution, soon popularized it as a child's plaything. However, William E. Lincoln did not let it pass out of his hands until he had given it the imposing name of zoetrope. With the pace for inspiring names once set by zoetrope, consumers were soon to know the thaumatrope, the phenakistoscope, the stroboscope, the anorthoscope, and the animatoscope, to say nothing of the kaleidorama.

It was while working with the stereoscope, which permitted of an enlarged view of a photographic reproduction, that Dr. Coleman Sellers of Philadelphia got the idea for combining the two so that one might not only see the object, but also see it in motion. To this end he set himself with the result that after a number of experiments he completed a mechanism, which he promptly called the kinematoscope, that would show pictured motion. Instead of using drawings, which so far had limited the picturization possibilities of numberless 'strobes and 'scopes that had sprung up over the country, he made photographic exposures of his two sons, Coleman Sellers, Jr., and Horace Wells Sellers, now well-known citizens of Philadelphia, in their nursery at play. The pictures showed Coleman industriously pounding a nail while Horace contented himself with the more juvenile and less demanding activity of rocking. The pictures, illustrating different phases of the movement, were placed on a wooden support, not wholly unlike the dash of a circular churn, and revolved. The observer, placing his eye to the stereoscopic enlarging lenses, got a crude idea of motion, seeing the hammer descend, inch by inch, until it came into contact

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with the nail, while Horace rocked and looked on, seemingly oblivious to the length of time it took for the hammer to achieve its destination.

In his letters patent issued February 5, 1861, Doctor Sellers states for the first time the optical principles that make pictured motion possible. "It must be done," he says, "by viewing in succession a series of pictures (taken in different positions of the moving object). with sufficient rapidity to insure the image of one being retained on the retina until the next one is brought into view." Thus was announced for the first time the theory of persistence of vision, on which all motion pictures are now based.



EDWARD MUYBRIDGE
The forefather of the motion picture

Although Doctor Sellers's kinematoscope was built on correct scientific principles, containing the elements of present-day success, it was considered, even by the inventor, little more than a toy, with the result that when the two boys had grown to where ponies and robbers' caves were necessary to exclude all outside mental and physical stimuli, the kinematoscope was relegated to the garret and ocular inventive genius received no further impetus until the spring of 1872, when half a dozen horsemen in California got into an argument that ended beyond the imaginative flights of the most gifted. The point of variance was whether or not a race-horse ever got going so fast that all of its feet were clear of the ground at the same instant, some maintaining the affirmative and others voluble for the negative. When the matter grew personal, a purse was raised and an English photographer named Edward Muybridge, in the employ of the United States Geodetic Survey, was secured to settle the question by making photographs of a race-horse in action, which, it was thought, would at once settle the question. Along the race-course a battery of twenty-four cameras was set up a few inches apart, the shutter of each being connected with a thread and the thread in turn stretched across the track so that the horse in going by would break the thread, release the shutter, and by the collodion process plates record his flight across the intervening space. The experiment was made and the twenty-four plates exposed; but even with the plates on hand the experimenters were little better off, for they had no way of projecting the pictures in such form as to give the idea of motion. To Leland Stanford, Governor of California, the pictures were taken and his interest aroused to where he offered to finance further photographic efforts. The use of his race-course at Palo Alto, where now stands Leland Stanford Junior University, along with his horses and helpers, was turned over to the photographer, who made thousands of exposures under various conditions of light and background, settling the speed question affirmatively, but in the mean time turning up another question of greater interest and wider significance. A study of animal movements now claimed his attention. For seven years he conducted experiments, publishing his accounts in 1879 under the title of *Animal Locomotion*, which aroused wide-spread interest among

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artists and sculptors, who to this day refer to Muybridge's work as an authority on the subject.

The announcement of the dry plate furthered his photographic ambitions, but retarding him was the matter of projection. He had in his possession some thousands of exposures, but no way to show them in an order sufficiently rapid to convey the idea of motion. This he finally succeeded in doing by setting the plates around the margin of a large disk and placing behind a light which, penetrating the plates, cast a shadow on a screen. On revolving the wheel one picture after another fell on the screen so that a person, not too demanding in scientific accuracy, could get an illusion of motion. With characteristic inventive promptness he called his machine the zoöpraxoscope.

The attention that these pictures attracted was as instant as it was wide. One of the invitations to recount his experiments was from Meissonier in Paris, who had been criticized for his movements of animals as displayed on his canvas. In addition to the artists and scientists present was Alexander Dumas, who, after it was over, came forward and asked for even more detail.

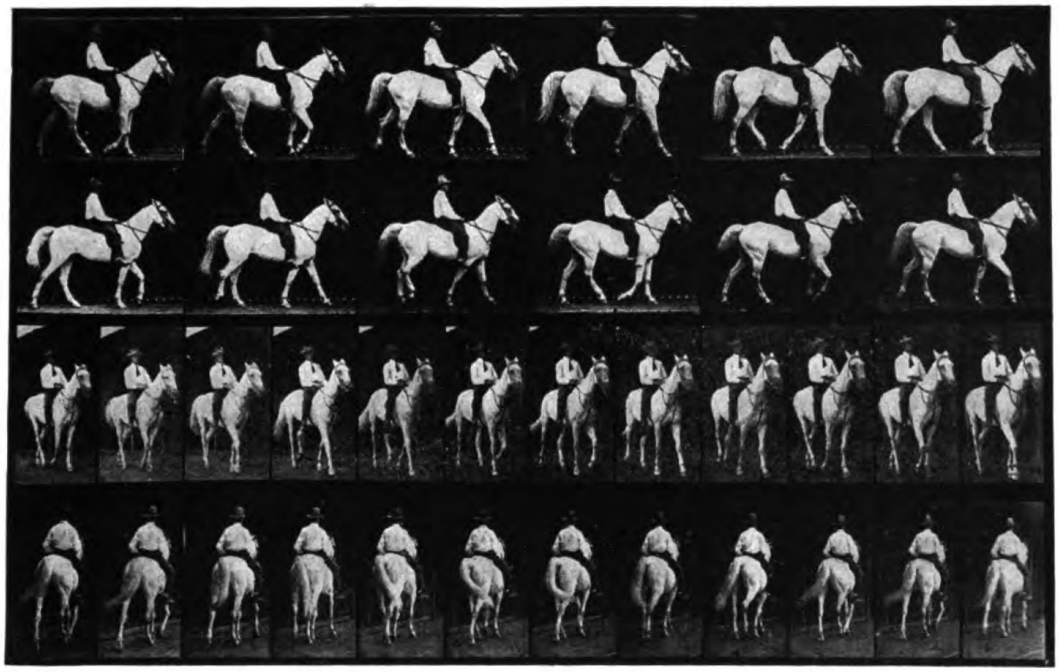
On his return to America, Muybridge was approached by the authorities of the University of Pennsylvania, who offered to meet his financial needs if he would continue his experiments. On his acceptance they constructed for him a studio one hundred and twenty feet long, and, on what is now Hamilton Walk of the present university campus, he proceeded with his experiments, using for subjects not only animals, but also university athletes. To record all the variations of movement, Muybridge saw that an improved camera would be necessary, and to this end he set himself, finally achieving a camera that would record an impression in one five-thousandth part of a second. Working with Dr. Edward Reichert, now professor of physiology, a dog was anesthetized, the pectoral muscles immediately over the cardiac cavity were laid open, and a series of pictures showing successive phases of the contraction and dilation of the dog's heart were taken, making the first time movements of any internal organ, animal or human, that were ever shown in motion-picture form.

Visitors to the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 were invited by numerous placards to come to Zoöpraxical Hall and see something that they never before had been permitted to gaze upon. Accepting, they saw pictures projected on a screen by means of a revolving disk, which not only showed a horse just coming under the homing wire, but athletes breaking the triumphant tape. However, wonder was not for long at the exhibit in the Hall, for a few doors farther on down was another exhibition of moving objects that overshadowed the zoöpraxoscope's offering. It was the exhibition by Thomas A. Edison. For one, it was a passing out; for the other, it was a première.

Among the many inventors, inspired first by the zoetrope and urged to renewed activities by Muybridge's success, was Thomas A. Edison of Llewellyn Park, but early he had determined that further progress was impossible until some other means than glass plates could be employed for reproducing the objects. Glass plates, to whatever size they might be reduced, could not be passed in front of a projecting lens fast enough to give the desired effect. So work was suspended by Edison and a number of other experimenters until such a time as a new reproducing medium could be employed.

This came unexpectedly in August, 1889, when it was announced by George Eastman from Rochester, New York, that he was ready to offer for sale a strip of flexible celluloid film forty feet long which could be used for photographic purposes. It was then a race between inventors to be the first successfully to employ the one missing link in animate photography. March 14, 1893, Edison took out a patent on a machine that he proudly called the kinetoscope. By dropping a coin in a slot and placing one's eyes to a hood in which was set a pair of enlarging lenses, one could, after a preparatory clatter of machinery, see a film moving past an aperture behind which a light flashed on and off in coordination with the passing of a film which revealed to an observer, fortunate

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THE FIRST MOTION PICTURES

Taken at the University of Pennsylvania for the purpose of determining certain phases of animal locomotion

in eyesight, the reproduced manœuvers of a performing bear.

Crude as was the Edison machine, with its audience of one, it was brilliant in performance in comparison to the zoöpraxoscope. Quick to recognize this were two visiting showmen from London, observant of any ingenious American device that would interest English audiences, and quicker were they to bear a machine back to London, where they approached Robert Paul, a skilled builder, and asked him to duplicate the machine. On investigation Paul found that Edison had neglected to patent the kinetoscope in England. In a few weeks Paul had duplicated the machine for the showmen, and with energy more praiseworthy for promptness than ethics began building machines on his own account and selling them to whomever he could. Trade flourished to such an extent that in a short time his distribution was international, many of the orders going to Australia, New Zealand, and even to Japan. Finally word came to the ears of the Edison interests of the brisk business that Paul was doing with their product. A hurried conference resulted in two representatives being despatched to London to see what could be done to curb Paul's commercial ambitions. As the film used in the machines was coming from America, arrangements were made to take over the entire English distribution. Effective as this at first seemed, it merely gave the industrious Paul a bad half-hour. When orders continued to pour in for which he could supply no film, he began the manufacture of his own film. Now that his financial profits were curtailed by what he considered the wholly unjust intrusion of American meddlers, he decided to manufacture, in his own name, a machine that would permit the viewing of the pictures by an audience instead of by an individual. With the same energy that he had evidenced in duplicating the Edison machine, he set to work to build a machine of his own that would throw pictures on a screen. Success attended his efforts, and the machine he dignified with the name theatrograph. With it, on March 25, 1896, at the Alhambra he gave what he thought to be the first public exhibition of motion pictures in the world.

The honor might have been his had it not been for a seeming inconsequential

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thing that had been happening in America.

Working in the Treasury Department in Washington was a stenographer who was to do more for the immediate development of motion pictures than any other person. After putting away his sharpened pencils for the day, he went home to much hammering and adjusting. Already he had taken out a few patents, which left him richer only in experience, but which had not killed his desire to experiment.

When his summer vacation came, he made ready to spend it as only a boy from the wide spaces of the country could desire to spend it after a winter in the cramped areas in the city. Ahead of him by express he sent a box and, mounting his bicycle, started overland the seven hundred and twenty miles to Richmond, Indiana, the home of his parents and of his boyhood interest.



THE ELLIOTT CRESSON GOLD MEDAL

Awarded to C. Francis Jenkins by The Franklin Institute in 1898 for the "Phantoscope"

On his arrival he got from the express-office the package and, going to the jewelry-store of his cousin, began to make himself at home in the rear. Lighted by kerosene, the store had not the illuminating possibilities that he wished, so to the passing trolley-wire he attached a lateral, and by means of a bucket of water tempered the current to where it would meet his demands.

Making casually sure that his mother and father would be there at a certain time, he asked his cousin if the curtains might be pulled down for a few moments. With the rush of business never imperative, the cousin met the demands without any apparent financial sacrifice on his part, and found a seat on the counter, while a few friends, willing to chance a lottery on any departure from a day's routine in a small town, loafed on packing-cases.

When all were seated and the curtains drawn, there was a spluttering and a grinding, while out from the wall stepped a girl clad in garments more picturesque than protective and began to execute the intricacies of the Butterfly Dance, then so popular in the far-away Eastern city of Washington. The dancer in question was Annabella, a vaudeville favorite of the day, who had been engaged by the young Treasury employee for a special performance in the back yard of his boarding-house with the audience consisting of himself and a camera. Her interpretation of the insect's terpsichorean movements had been translated to the film and given some of the original hue by being hand-painted. The lady's remuneration for interpreting the movements of the butterfly had been five dollars, which seemed to cover adequately all the artistry brought into play.

As the spluttering grew louder and the grinding more fervid, the girl began to reproduce on the wall the movements she had executed in the boarding-house yard, lifting her brilliant skirts by means of a stick in each hand, and waving them in fancied lepidopteral imitation, so completely losing herself in her art as to forget the height reached by her floating draperies. As the dance grew more intense, the young man's mother began to grow correspondingly uneasy, turning questioningly to his father, who, instead of being outraged at the young lady's interpretations, seemed wholly delighted. Appeal as she might to her companion, the spluttering continued to grow louder and the grinding remained unabated, while the girl danced on, unashamed. Even though the boy's father did not realize the ruin that hedged his son about in Washington, she did, and,

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with the courage of her convictions before her, she rose up, and with lips set tight and eyes averted from the impurity of the wall she made for the door and hurried home for the purpose of meditation and consecration, while the less godly stayed to finish witnessing the first motion-picture exhibition in the world.

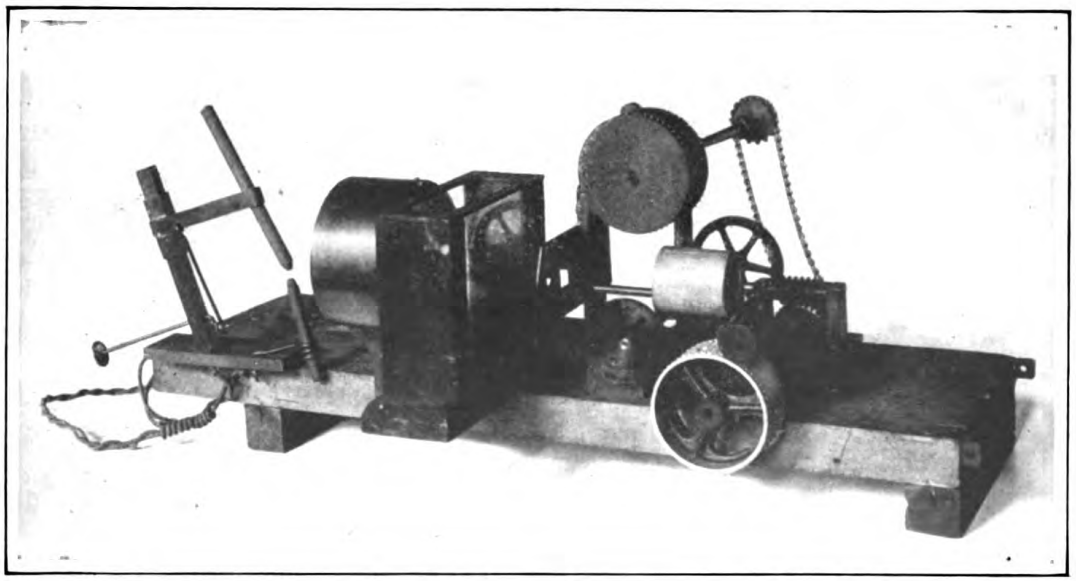
The wayward young man, late of Washington, was C. Francis Jenkins, and the day, as attested by the Richmond *Telegram*, was June 24, 1894.

At this date Robert Paul of London was still industriously duplicating the Edison Kinetoscope. It was not until almost two years later that Paul gave what he took credit for being the first exhibition of motion pictures from a moving celluloid film, the date as mentioned being March 25, 1896.

The machine used by C. Francis Jenkins in his cousin's jewelry-store later came into the possession of the National Museum at Washington, and may still be seen on exhibition in the Graphic Arts Department of that institution. Crude as it was, it is substantially the machine in use to-day. The arc is located behind, as shown in the illustration just below on this page, with the light passing through a condensing lens and then through a water-cell, illustrated here as a small rectangular box projecting over the edge of the supporting frame.

The sides were of glass so that when filled with water, into which a little precipitating alum had been dropped, the light would pass on through, illuminate the details of the pictures, and, by means of a converting lens, project them on the screen. Later, and after the means had been used for years, it was discovered that water had no retardant effect on the heat rays, much to the amusement of the operators who had had such abiding faith in its deterrent efficacy.

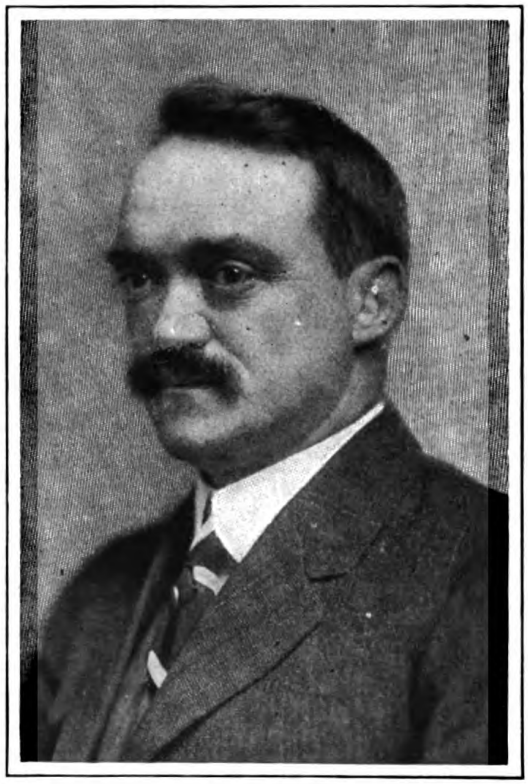
The film was progressed by means of a toothed sprocket at the top, passing in front of the frame aperture and taken up in turn by a toothed idler at the bottom. An essential device—one which resulted in years of litigation—was the revolving disk with an iron finger at right angles, which, at each revolution, struck the film, imparting to it an intermittent motion—the principle that makes motion pictures possible, for the pictures as viewed on the screen are in actuality at a period of rest, but are being replaced so rapidly by others showing an advance in action that, through the power of persistence of vision, one is tricked into believing that he sees motion when, in reality, he sees only a number of stationary photographs in different progressive positions.



THE MACHINE THAT PROJECTED THE FIRST MOTION PICTURE AS THE WORLD NOW KNOWS IT

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Both Edison and Jenkins had availed themselves of the new Eastman celluloid film, but each had worked on a different principle. Edison had sought to give his illusion of motion to only one person at a time, by means of a pair of stereoscopic lenses, while Jenkins had worked on the principle of projecting the picture on a screen where it might be the object of common interest to an audience. As witnessed daily in twenty-two thousand theaters in the United States, the latter plan was the successful one.



C. FRANCIS JENKINS
Who projected the first motion picture

Back to Washington Jenkins returned, more concerned over his mother's solicitations about the welfare of his soul than about his status as the immediate father of motion pictures, little suspecting that he had made history that day in his cousin's jewelry-store. Again he took up his sharpened pencils, content with the variety offered by his note-books, until chance threw across his path Thomas Armat, who told the young stenographer that people would pay to see the machine, a statement which the young man, harking back to Richmond, was inclined to doubt. So earnestly, however, did Armat believe that he offered to finance a demonstration. A survey of the field, where crowds might avail themselves of the opportunity to witness Annabella's art at a modest honorarium, showed that the Cotton States International Exhibition, soon to be opened at Atlanta, was the most immediate prospect. At the south end of the Midway in August, 1895, a building housing a Jenkins projector was opened with an announcer out in front to make known to the public the wonders inside that could be witnessed for twenty-five cents. But the crowds did not come, comic as was the singing and talking artist. After he had finished his eulogy of the dancer inside, who would display her grace before them, except that she was not there in person, the crowds laughed and passed on their way. They had been taken in by too many catch-pennies to be duped again. No adventuring Jasons came to behold the girl who would dance before them and who wasn't there, so on the third day a hurried conference with those immediately concerned was called, with a resulting decision that for one day the public would be admitted free of charge that those who had seen might be leaven to the yet undisturbed dough. This was done, simplifying the matter of explanation of what could be seen, for the term "motion pictures" had not yet come into use. The following day all seats were filled and the management was less sarcastic about the public's thirst for knowledge.

But hope was dashed to the ground a day later when a fire broke out and burned to the ground the first motion-picture theater. The loss was complete with the exception of one machine at the hotel for overhauling. The proprietors abandoned their project as a failure.

The following March, Edison viewed the Jenkins machine in the Postal Tele-

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graph Building in New York and signed a royalty contract for its manufacture under the name of the Edison Vitascope, abandoning the Edison Kinetoscope.

Manufacture was begun at once, with the first showing of the converted machine at Koster & Bial's, New York, April 27, 1896, about a month after Paul had shown his theatrograph in London.

Two months and two days later, Keith's Union Square Theater announced that it, too, would show objects in motion, thus exhibiting for the first time in America the Lumière machine, which showed a film depicting a rough sea at Dover. It had been a race between Lumière of Lyons and Paul of London to be the first to get the novelty to America. Lumière won. Not to be outdone by his predecessors, Lumière called his machine the *cinématographe*, a name yet retained in France and still in English use under an anglicized spelling.

Keen as was the rivalry to be first to show motion pictures here, the race was in vain, for out in Indiana a young stenographer had led them all. He had not only shown them to America two years previously, but had introduced them to Broadway two months before the first importation had been exhibited.

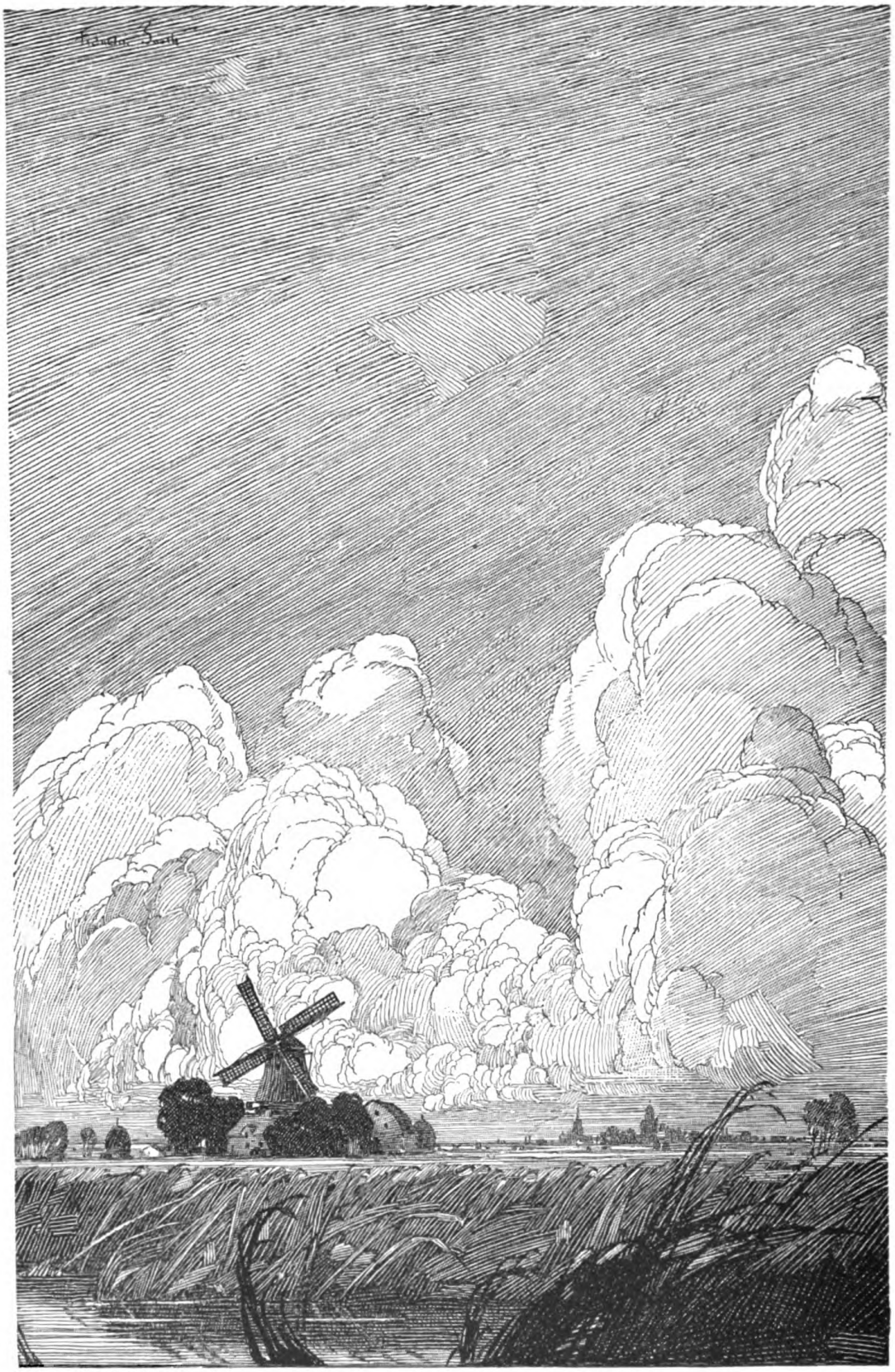
The interest aroused by the first offerings of an industry that was to have the fastest rise of any concerted commercial activity in history was mild, the pictures being looked on as another manifestation of stage trickery. It was the day of the shadowgraphist who, by contorting his fingers before a light, produced startling effects and, as a result, the audiences went their way convinced that if they could just get back to where the mirrors were that they could make a laughing-stock of the operator. The pictures were placed last on the program that the halls might be cleared quietly, forcing none to stay who had no interest in stereoscopic trickery. No manager dared introduce them on his program earlier than the last act, where their observation might be one of volition.

As the pictures began to improve there was a gradually diminishing rush for the street when the black-bordered curtain was lowered, until a hardy pioneer rented a vacant store, filled it with seats, and announced that he would offer as a lure to the passing nickels nothing but motion pictures. Before the amusement among his competitors had died down he had rented another store and added music, with a resultant activity on the part of other small showmen to avail themselves of other fortunate sites.

Coincident with the demand for vacant stores, William H. Swanson was passing through a small town in Indiana when, looking out the window, he saw in progress a street carnival with its rows of tents and gaieties. Inspired by an idea, he deflected his journey to Chicago and called on Murray & Co., the largest makers of tents in the West. To them he explained that he wished to purchase a black tent, while in turn they explained that man's activity had not yet resulted in such a thing as opaque canvas. His insistence resulted in a promise from the head of the firm to dye a white tent black, and with riches dancing before his eyes Swanson returned to Indiana, and at Boonville in July, 1897, set up the first "black top." The dye in the canvas resulted in the necessary obfuscation so that pictures were soon showing to delighted audiences, while Swanson, enthusing over another manifestation of the power of an idea, stood in front and joyously watched the people go in. With the proceeds of the first performance he ate long and heartily, and arose the following morning to enter upon another day of triumph. But overnight it had clouded, with the result that just as the first audience was availing itself of the gateman's opportunity to enter, it began to rain. Soon the gutters were running to the brim with his last pigmented manifestation of the power of thought.

From the store show of the city and the "black top" of the country, the demand for motion pictures spread broadcast over the land, until each small town was to have its motion-picture theater and each city its motion-picture palaces. Manufacturers prospered correspondingly and fabulously, and actors and actresses esteemed by the public and who devoted their art to the "movies" began to draw salaries that cast into the shade the remuneration of the most popular stage favorites who devoted themselves to the stage alone.

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Drawn by Franklin Booth

"THE HEAVENLY HILLS OF HOLLAND—HOW WONDROUSLY THEY RISE"

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The Heavenly Hills of Holland

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THE heavenly hills of Holland—
How wondrously they rise
Above the smooth green meadows
Into the azure skies!
With blue and purple hollows,
With peaks of dazzling snow,
Along the far horizon
They march serene and slow.

No mortal foot has trodden
The summits of that range,
Nor walked those mystic valleys
Whose colors ever change;
Yet we possess their beauty,
And visit them in dreams,
When the ruddy gold of sunset
From cliff and canyon gleams.

In days of cloudless weather
They melt into the light;
When fog and mist surround us
They're hidden from our sight;
But when returns a season,
Clear shining after rain,
While the northwest wind is blowing,
We see the hills again.

The old Dutch painters loved them,
Their pictures show them clear—
Old Hobbema and Ruysdael,
Van Goyen and Vermeer.
Above the level landscape—
Rich polders, long-armed mills,
Canals and ancient cities—
Float Holland's heavenly hills.

THE HAGUE, *November, 1916.*

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The Flying Teuton

BY ALICE BROWN

WE were talking, that night, about the year after the great war, which was also the year of the great religious awakening. A few of us had dropped into the Neo-Pacifist Club, that assemblage of old-time pacifists who, having been actually immersed in the great war, afterward set humbly about informing themselves on the subject of those passions that make the duty of defensive fighting at times a holy one, and who, having once seen Michael hurl Satan down to the abyss, actually began to suspect you'd got to do more than read Satan the beatitudes if he climbed up again. There never was anything like the eagerness of these after-the-war pacifists to study human nature in other than its sentimental aspects, to learn to predict the great waves of savagery that wreck civilization at intervals—unless there are dykes—and to plumb the heroism of those men who gave their bodies that the soul of nations might securely live. We retraced a good many steps on wide territory that night, took up and looked at things familiar we were all the better for remembering, as a man says his creed, from time to time, no matter how well he knows it; and chiefly we read over, in its different aspects, the pages of the great revival. This was not, it will be remembered, an increase in the authority of any church, but simply the recognition in all hearts of all peoples that God is, and that the plagues of the world spawn out of our forgetfulness that He is, and our overwhelming desire toward the things of this temporal life. Whence, in our haste, we sacrifice to the devil.

The terms of peace had been as righteous as it is possible for hurt hearts to compass. Evil had been bound and foresight had made the path of justice plain. The nations that had borne the first attack (and with what light limbs they sprang to meet it!), they who had learned to read God in that awful unfurling of the book of life, were wonderfully ready to enter on their task of building up the house of peace. The United States, which had saved its skin so long that it had almost mislaid its soul, was sitting at the knees of knowledge and plainly asking to be taught. One amazing detail of the great revival was that there would be no industrial boycott. The men about the peace table came away from it imbued with a desire to save the peoples who had been guilty of the virtue of obedience in following false rulers, and they represented to their governments the barbarity of curbing even the commerce of those nations which had set the world ablaze. So it followed that territory and indemnities were the penalties imposed. Boundaries had changed—and so had governments!—but every country was to go back to its former freedom of selling goods in all quarters of the earth. In their arguments the peace delegates had used the supreme one that, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." They had fixed the terms of all the vengeance they were sure they were entitled to, fixed it soberly and sternly, too. But they did not quite see, having effectually crippled the powers of evil, that they ought also to cripple the powers of good—the desire of nations to sell their products and the work of their hands abroad. So they said, "Vengeance is mine," but they did not go so far as to note that, judging from the centuries, God Himself would indubitably be on the spot. He would repay.

It was in the spring of that year that a German liner, tied up since 1914, and waiting the will of the English fleet, was released and put into commission again and loaded with goods for the United States. On board her was Frank Drake, a newspaper correspondent who had,

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after hovering about the Peace Congress, been wandering over Germany, in a desultory fashion, to see what changes had been wrought in her by the war. And it was Drake who sat with us at the Neo-Pacifist Club that night, and was persuaded to tell a story he had, in the year after the great war, got into print, and so done incalculable service to the muse of history and incidentally made his own name to be remembered. For what he had seen hundreds of others confirmed—only he saw it first, and gave his testimony in a manner so direct as well as picturesque that it might as well have been he alone who sang that epic story.

He was a tough, seasoned-looking man, spare, and hard as whipcord, and with an adventurer's face—aquiline, uplifted, looking for horizons, some one said. At this point of his life he was gray-headed—yet he never would be old. We had gathered about him as near as might be, and really filled the room 'way back into the shadows. He had been talking about the supernatural events that had been inextricably mingled with facts of battle and march and countermarch, and owned himself frankly bemused by them.

"It isn't as if I hadn't actually been in the war, you know. I've seen things. So I haven't the slightest doubt the French saw Angels at Mons. I haven't the slightest doubt a fellow blown out of a trench into the next world meets so many of the other fellows that were blown there before him that it gives him that look—I've seen it over and over—of surprise, wonder. Oh, and beauty, too, a most awful kind of beauty. Whatever they saw when they went from the trenches to—wherever it is—they were mighty well pleased to be there, and satisfied that the other fellows could get along without them. And, mind you, things lasted, too, after they got over there. I'm as sure of that as I am that I'm sitting here. The love of it all—the *Vive la France!* you know, the grotesque fondness for Old Blighty that made them die for her—those weren't wiped out by getting into another atmosphere. It's all pretty much the same, you know, there and here, only there you apparently see the causes of things and the values. And you absolutely can't hate. You see what a damned shame it was that anybody should ever have been ignorant enough to hate."

"You'd say it was a world of peace?" inquired a rapt-looking saint of a man in the front row.

"Don't talk to me about peace—yet," said Drake. "I'm not over there and I haven't got that perspective. As for Peace, too many crimes were committed in her name those last years of the war—too much cowardice, expediency, the devil and all of people wanting to save their skins and their money. Yes, I know, peace is what they've earned for us, those fellows in Europe, and it's a gorgeous peace. But the word itself does take me back. It sets me swearing.

"Yes, I'll tell you about the ship, the *Treue Königin* and the first sailing from Bremen, if that's what you want. They'd put a good deal of spectacular business into the sailing of that ship because she was the first one after John Bull tied up their navy. There were flags flying and crowds and *Hochs!* and altogether it was an occasion to be remembered. I knew it would be, and that's why I was there. I rather wanted to say I was on the first free ship that sailed out of Bremen, and I hadn't much Teutonophobia any more since Kultur had got its medicine. Besides, wasn't the whole world chanting 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord'? and I'd begun to be awakened a little, too, in my inward parts, though I didn't talk much about it. The voyage began delightfully. I was the only American on board. The rest were merchants going over to take up relations with us again, and a brand-new consul or two.

"Near evening on the second day something queer happened. It was foggy, and I was on deck, talking, in a desultory way, with the first mate, but really wondering if I'd got to sleep to the obligato of the fog-horn all night, when suddenly out of the dark came the nose of a great ship. Our engines were reversed, but not in time, and she struck us amidships. I cowered down. Yes, I did. There was no time for life-preservers and lowering boats. I simply cowered, and put my hand over my eyes.

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But there was no crash, no shock, no grinding of splintered wood and steel. I opened my eyes. The first mate was still there, a foot or two further from me, as if the apparition had started him toward his duty in case of collision. But he was looking off into the fog, and now he turned and looked at me. I have seen men frightened, but never one in such case as this.

"'Did you see it?' he asked. It was as if he implored me to say I did, because otherwise he'd have to doubt his own reason.

"'Did she sheer off?' I asked. My voice sounded queer to me.

"'Sheer off? She struck us amidships and went through us.'

"I began to stare 'round me. I must have looked a fool. It was as if I were trying to find a break in a piece of china. There was the deck unoccupied, except for us two, exactly as it had been when we were struck. There were the smoke-stacks and boats and altogether the familiar outline of the ship.

"'Well!' said I. My voice was a sort of croak now. 'You and I are nutty, that's all. There never was any ship.'

"But he turned and ran up to the lookout, and afterward I heard the wireless zip-zipping away, and later—for I stayed on deck; I couldn't go below—I saw him and the captain standing amidships and talking. They looked pretty serious and really a little sick, just as I felt. And I didn't speak to either of them. Didn't dare. You know when there's a fire in the hold, or any such pleasantry on board ship, you'd better let the great high josses alone. Well, that's what I did. The next day I found the first mate wouldn't notice me. He spoke English perfectly, but all I could get out of him was a *Nein* or a *Was?* and as stupid a grin as I ever saw on a man's face. So I understood the incident was closed. And it began to look a little thin even to me, who'd seen it. But the next night, with no fog at all, the thing happened again. A big British liner came down on us, and we did all in the power of navigation to escape her; but she raked us and passed through us from stem to stern, and I swear I put out a hand and touched her as she cut the length of the deck. For an instant I believed what I know every officer and man on the ship believed at the time—believed madly, for you couldn't reason in the face of that monstrous happening. They believed England had broken the peace, only they cursed 'perfidious Albion,' and I knew she'd got wind of some devil's deed we hadn't heard of, and was at her old beneficence of police work on the sea. But it was only an instant we could think that, for there, untouched, unharmed, at her maximum speed went the English liner. And we, too, were untouched. We weren't making our course because we'd manœuvered so as to avoid her, and now we lay there an instant, trembling, before we swung about again. Yes, it's a fact; the ship did tremble, and though there was her plain mechanical reason for it, it seemed to be out of panic, just as everybody aboard of her was trembling. And that night the ship's doctor, a fat, red-haired man whom I'd remembered as waltzing indefatigably and exquisitely on a trip to the West Indies, but who had been turned into a jelly of melancholy by the war, did talk to me. I think he had to. He thought he was dotty and the entire lot were dotty. He had to find out whether a plain American was onto it.

"'A pleasant night, last night,' he said.

"I knew what he was coming at, and I thought there was no need of wasting our time by preambles. 'Yes,' said I, 'till the British liner ran us down.'

"He looked at me—well, I can't tell you how grateful he looked. All melted up, you know, the way those fatties are sometimes. I stepped away a little. I thought he was going to kiss me.

"'You saw it, too. God be thanked!' said he.

"'Saw it!' said I. 'I not only saw her, but I touched her on the elbow as she split the deck. Splendid old lady, wasn't she? But eccentric. Makes nothing of cutting a ship in two, just for fun, I suppose, and not losing speed. Her little joke. That's how I take it, don't you?'

"But I shouldn't have chaffed him. It shut him up. I think he gathered I was in it somehow. But the fact is, I was scared. Well, if you'll believe me (and of course you will, for I've written the thing out in my Notes on the War,

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and it's been quoted over and over till even school children know the text of it), so, as you must believe me and the hundreds that corroborated me, in other cases, the next collision, or ramming—what shall I call it?—happened in broad daylight, ten o'clock in the morning. It was a perfectly clear day and a smooth sea. We were in the track of the freighter *Marlborough*, and by George! she didn't make way for us. She ran through us as neat as wax and cut us in two. But we didn't stay cut. We didn't show a crack. And there she went churning off, as gay as you please, and we steamed on our way. Only we weren't gay, mind you. We were scared. And the doctor, ghastly again, came stumping across the deck to me, and I thought he was going to fall into my arms.

"'*Lieber Gott!*' said he. 'What does it mean? We see them, but they don't see us.'

"That was it. We'd been slow in taking the hint, but we'd got it at last. We were invisible on the seas. We were practically non-existent. And we'd tried wireless. We'd sent out call after call, and finally, desperately, S. O. S., because we knew, if there was a conspiracy against us, no ship but would listen to that. No answer. We were marooned—if you can be marooned on the high seas. Civilization had put us on an island of silence and invisibility. Civilization wasn't going to play with us any more. Though it wasn't civilization at all. It wasn't any punitive device of man. It was something outside.

"For the next two days the doctor hardly left me. I suppose he was forbidden to talk and he had to keep near somebody or die. He wasn't the man he was when he tripped the light fantastic in the West Indies. He'd been through the war, and now he was going through something worse. And he said to me the morning of the day before we were due in New York:

"'Now we shall be picking up the pilot. And I sha'n't go back. I've got a married daughter in New York. I shall spend the rest of my life with her.'

"And, as we went on, we sighted ship after ship. It was a great day for ships. You don't know how many there are till they won't notice you. And not one of them would turn out for us or answer our call. And everybody was desperate now on board, though we had learned we were safe enough, even if they did run us down. So we put on all speed and forged ahead and rammed whatever got in our way—and never sunk them. Never seemed to touch them. But with every one we hit and never hurt our panic grew. Desperate panic it was, from the captain down to me. Then we came on the pilot-boats, quite a distance out, for of course everybody knew we were coming and there was a little rivalry about it all. Just as I'd wanted to say I'd crossed on the first liner from Germany, every pilot wanted to be the one to take us in. Well, the first one was making for us and we hailed him. But, by God! he didn't slacken speed, but dashed through us. That little bobbing boat ran through our High Mightiness and went careering on in search of us. And we went on in search of another pilot. And we sighted him shortly, several of him; and, though they didn't ram us in that ghostly way they had, they went sliding by us, bowing and ducking to the breeze, and always—that was the awful part of it—looking for us. There we were, and they didn't see us. And we hailed them and they didn't hear. By that time we were all pretty nearly off our nuts, and it took us different ways. The captain was purple with rage and that sense of injured importance the Deutscher didn't lose by having to toe the mark after his big war bubble burst. He swore, and I heard him, that he could take his own ship into New York Harbor as well as any condemned pilot that ever sailed, and he wouldn't even hail another, not even if all the dead in the sea rose up and faced him. I was rather worried over that about the dead in the sea. I couldn't help thinking that if all the dead recently in the sea rose up and combined against any German ship, it would have short shrift. But we were all, I fancy, rather glad of his stand. We had full confidence in him. He was a clever, daring fellow, heavier by the iron cross—for in the last years he'd sent scores of men unwarned to the bottom, and he had been precious to Kultur. We much preferred to go in unpiloted to making even

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one more grisly try at proving we were living flesh and blood.

"My own particular obsession was to wonder what would happen if, when a ship clove our decks and left them solid, as they'd done so often in the past six days, I put myself in the way of its nose. Would it run through me like a wedge and I close up unhurt? Would it smash me, carry me with it off the deck, to Kingdom Come? I wondered. It didn't smash life-boats or deck-chairs. It—I found I was beginning to call the ramming boats 'it,' as if there were but one of them, though really there were all kinds of craft—it would go through a rug on the deck and leave it in its folds. But I hadn't the sand to put myself in its way and find out beyond a peradventure whether it tore me, nerve from nerve. The drama was too absorbing. I wanted to see it through. I did once, in my most daring minute, stand at the rail, watching a freighter as it came, head on. And I yelled to the lookout, when we were near enough to pass the time of day, yelled desperately. I can see him now, a small man with a lined face and blue eyes screwed up into a point of light, as if the whole of him concentrated on feeding that one sense, just seeing. And there was a queer-shaped scar on his face, a kind of cornerwise scar, and I wondered how he got it. The freighter was making her maximum, and so were we; but in that fraction of time I waited for her it seemed to be hours, eternities, that I had my eyes on the little man with the scar. It seemed as if he and I alone had the destinies of the world to settle. If I called and he answered me, it would prove our ship was not lost in a loneness of invisibility more terrible than any obvious danger on the unfriending seas. Suppose you were in hell, and you met face to face somebody that had your pardon or your reprieve mysteriously about him, and the pardon and reprieve of all the other millions there—think how you'd fix him with your eyes and signal, call to him for fear he'd pass you by. Well, that was how I signaled and called the little man with the scar. But he stared through me out of those clear lenses of his eyes, and when I yelled the loudest he made up his lips and began whistling a tune. It was a whispering sort of whistle, but I heard it, we were so near. And the tune—well, the tune broke my heart, for it was an old English tune that made me think of the beautiful English country as I had seen it not many weeks before, with the people soberly beginning to till it with unhindered hands. And here were we on a German ship that the world wouldn't even see. The sun himself wouldn't lend his rays for humanity to look at us. And then, as I began to cry—yes, I cried; I'm not ashamed to own it—the freighter passed through us, and I felt the unsteadiness of her wake. The lookout and I had met in hell, and I had hailed and he had not answered me.

"Was I glad to see the Goddess of Liberty and the gay old harbor of New York? I believe you! We went on like a house afire, and once, when I caught a glimpse of the captain's face, I decided he could steer his ship into any harbor against unknown reefs and currents, because there was a fury of revolt in him, a colossal force of will. And as I thought that I exulted with him, for, though nobody knows better than I do the way the Furies ought to be out after Kultur—oh yes, they'd have to or lose their job—there was a kind of fighting grit that came up in me, and for that voyage I was conscious that the *Treue Königin* had got to fight, fight, for existence, the mere decency of being visible to other men. Did we sail into New York Harbor, invisible or not? You know as well as I. The story's as real as George Washington and Valley Forge, and it 'll stay in print, like them, as long as print exists. We stopped short, an instant only, it was, and then against the impetus of the ship and the steering-gear and against the will of her captain and her crew, she turned about and steamed away again. And, by the Lord! it was as graceful a sweep as I ever saw a liner make. I remember thinking afterward that if there were heavenly steersmen on board—the Furies, maybe, taking the wheel by turn—they knew little tricks of the trade we pygmies didn't. At first, of course, this right-about didn't worry us. It didn't worry me, at least. I thought the captain had found it a more difficult matter than he thought, and was going down harbor

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again, for some mysterious nautical reason, to turn about and make another try. But pretty soon I saw my fat doctor making for me. He was ash-colored by now, and he kept licking his dry lips.

"'We're going back,' he said.

"'Ah?' said I. 'They don't find it so easy?'

"'Why, good God, man!' said he, 'look at the sun. Don't you see your course? We're going back, I tell you!'

"'Back where?' I asked. But I didn't care. So long as we made New York Harbor within twenty-four hours or more I wasn't going to complain.

"'Where?' said he. He looked at me now as if he'd got to teach me what he knew, and I thought I'd never seen eyes so full of fear, absolute fear. Nothing in mortal peril calls that look into a man's eyes. It has to be the unknown, the unaccounted for. 'How do I know where? I only know the ship's out of our hands somehow. She won't answer.'

"'Well,' said I, 'something's the matter with the machinery.' You see, the bright American air, the gay harbor, the Statue of Liberty—everything had heartened me. For an instant I didn't believe we really were invisible.

"'The machinery's working like a very devil, but it's working its own way. You can't turn a nut on this ship unless it wants to be turned. You can't change your course unless this devil of a ship wants it changed.'

"I laughed out. 'You've been under too much of a strain,' said I. 'You seem to think the ship's bewitched. Well, if we're not to dock in New York, after this little excursion down the harbor, where is it your impression we're going? Back to Germany?'

"'God knows!' said he, solemnly. 'Maybe back to Germany. I wish to God we were there now. Or maybe we shall sail the seas—eternally.'

"I laughed again. But he put up his hand and I stopped, his panic was actually so terrible. I was sorry for the beggar

"'Wait!' said he. 'I thought that would happen. I wonder it hasn't happened before.'

"A man came running—the quartermaster, I found out afterward—and I had one glimpse of his face as he passed. He covered the deck as if he were sprinting and was near the goal, and suddenly the run seemed only to give him momentum or get his courage up, and he slipped over the rail, with a flying confusion of arms and legs, into the sea. I yelled and grabbed a life-belt and ran to the rail, where I knew there'd be sailors, in an instant, letting down a boat. I threw my life-belt, and kept on yelling. But no one came, no one but the doctor. In an instant I realized he was by my side, his hands in his pockets, his eyes fixed in a dull gaze on the sea. And we hadn't slackened speed, and we hadn't put about, and I saw two other sailors idly at the rail, looking as the doctor looked, into the vacancy of immediate space.

"'For God's sake!' said I, 'aren't they going to do something?'

"'There's nothing to do,' said my doctor. 'He won't come up. They know that.'

"'Won't come up? Why won't he?'

"'Because he doesn't want to.'

"'Didn't you ever hear of the instinct of self-preservation,' I spluttered, 'that steps in and defeats a man, even when he thinks he's done with life? How do you know but that poor devil is back there choking and praying and swallowing salt water, and sane again—sane enough to see he was dotty when he swapped the deck for the sea?'

"'He won't come up,' said the doctor. He turned away and, with his head bent, began to plod along the deck. I couldn't help thinking of the way he used to fly over the planks in the West Indies. But he did turn back again for one word more. 'Did you,' said he—and he looked a little—what shall I say? a little ironic, as if he'd got something now to floor me with—'did you ever happen to hear of the *Flying Dutchman?*'

"Then I understood. They'd understood days and days ago. The words had been whispered round the decks, in the galley even, *Der Fliegende Holländer.* Knowing better than I what Kultur had done on the high seas, they had hit sooner on the devilish logic of it. They were more or less prepared. But it struck me right in the center. After

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they'd once said it I didn't any more doubt it than if I'd been sitting in an orchestra stall, with the score of the old "Flying Dutchman" and the orchestra's smash-bang, and the fervid conductor with his bald head to divert me for a couple of hours or so. And I went down into my cabin and stretched out in my berth and shut my eyes. And all I remember thinking was that if we were going to sail the seas invisible till doomsday, I'd stay put, and not get dotty seeing the noses of ships cleaving the deck or trying to hail little whistling men with scars on their faces and finding that, so far as they knew, I wasn't in the universe at all. I think I dozed for a matter of two days. The steward brought me grub of a primitive sort—our cuisine wasn't what it had been coming over—and news, whenever I would take it from him. There had been more of the ghastly collisions. We had picked up S. O. S. from an English ship and gone to her rescue, to find we could neither hail her nor, though we launched boats, approach her within twenty feet. Why? The same reason that prevented our going into New York Harbor, if you can tell me what that was. And in the midst of these futile efforts a Brazilian freighter came along and did the salving neatly, and neither ship was any more aware of us than if we had been a ship of air. But my chief news, the only news that mattered, I got from the steward's face. It was yellow-white, and the eyes were full of that same apprehension I had learned to know now—the fear of the unknown. He brought sparse items he dropped in a whisper, as if he had been forbidden to speak and yet must speak or die—about the supply of water, the supply of coal. It was his theory that, when the coal actually gave out and the engines stopped, we should stay everlastingly tossing in the welter of the sea, watching the happy wings of commerce go sailing by and hailed of none. But it proved not to be so, and when he told me that it scared him doubly. For we economized coal to the last point, and it seemed the engines went excellently without it, so long, at least, as we kept our course for Germany. Evidently, so far as we could guess at the designs of those grim powers that had blocked our way, a German ship was to be aided, even by miracle, to sail back to Germany, but not to enter any foreign port. And we did go back to Germany, meeting meantime other German ships just out, and we hailed them and they saw us and answered. And the same fear was on the faces of every soul on board, and the news was in every case the same. They were, to all the ships of all the world, invisible.

"We slunk into harbor, and I have never known how the captain met his company or what exporters said to the consignments of merchandise returned untouched in the hold. I only know that the shore officials looked strangely at us, and, since we told the same mad story, seemed to think a whole ship's crew could hardly be incarcerated. You must remember, too, that since the war signs and wonders have had a different value. There have been too many marvels for men to scout them. There was the marvel of the victory, you know. But we won't go into that. I suppose books will be written about it until the end of time. You may be sure of one thing—I didn't let the grass grow under my feet. I made tracks for Holland, and from there I put for England, and sailed from Liverpool, and was in New York in a little over five days. And by that time the whole world knew. German ships were in full possession, as they had been before the war, of the freedom of the seas—except that they mysteriously could not use it. German ships took passengers, as of old, and loaded themselves with merchandise. But there was not a port on the surface of the globe that could receive them. Yet there was a certain beneficence in the power that condemned them to this wandering exile—they could go home. And so strange a thing is hope, and so almost unbreakable a thing is human will, that they would no sooner go home in panic than they would recover and dare the seas again, as if, peradventure, it might be different this time, or as if the wrath of the grim powers might be overpast. And it came out that the shipping rotted in their harbors, and there were many suicides among sailingmen."

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When Drake reached this point in his story he almost always got solemn and rhythmic. His book was succinctly and plainly written, but he could never speak of its subject-matter without the rhythm of imagery.

"You know," he continued, "it wasn't expected, while the war was going on, that there would be a living being, not of Teutonic birth, who would ever be soft over a Teuton until near the tail end of time, when some of the penalties had been worked out. But, by George! the countries that had been injured most were the first to be sorry for the poor devils that had prated about the freedom of the seas and now had to keep their own ships tied up in harbor, tight as in war-time, because the fleet that withstood them, drew the mighty cordon, was the fleet of God. Belgium had prayers for the German fleet. England sent experts over to see what was the matter with their engines. Russia prayed for the boats, as she had for her four-footed beasties in the war, and France—well, France proposed that she and England should establish a maritime service from Germany to the United States and South American ports, with nominal freight rates, until the world found out what the deuce was the matter or what God actually meant. And it was to begin the week before Christmas, if you remember, and something put it into the clever French brain that maybe a German Christmas ship—a ship all full of toys and dolls—might be let to pass. France didn't think it was bamboozling God by swinging a censer of sentiment before Him; but it knew God might be willing to speak our little language with us, encourage us in it, let us think He knew what we were trying to tell Him when we took the toys and dolls. And, if you remember, a string of ships went out that day, all with pretty serious men on board, men of an anxious countenance. And the British and French ships convoyed them like mother birds, and other British and French ships met them, and for a time no Teuton ship dared speak a foreign one for fear it should not be answered. But finally one—it was my old ship, the *Treue Königin*, and on her my old captain—couldn't wait any longer, and did speak, and every French and English boat answered her, and she knew she and the rest were saved—for the eyes of man could see them and the ears of man were opened to their voice. And that's all. You know the rest—how the German navy slowly and soberly built up its lines and sailed the seas again, but how nobody ceased talking of the wonder of the time when it was under the ban of judgment. And nobody ever will cease, because of all the signs and marvels of these later years this was the greatest."

"I have heard," said the pacifist in the front row, "that there is one submarine that actually does sail the sea, and never has found rest."

"Yes," said Drake. He looked grim now, and nobody could doubt that he knew whereof he spoke. "She is sometimes visible. She plies back and forth along the Irish coast, and on the seventh of May she shows her periscope. She is obliged to. They say she has one passenger—the Man We Do Not Mention."

"Do you suppose—" began the pacifist, and Drake interrupted him:

"Do I suppose that sentence ever will be worked out? Maybe it isn't a sentence. Maybe it's a warning, against pride and cruelty and lust of power; maybe the Man We Do Not Mention is condemned to sail it, and sails it in fear and hate. But maybe he sails it in humility by now, and is willing to be hated, so long as he can be the warning to the world—the warning against his sins. Do you know, I've often wondered if he knows one thing—if he knows that, whenever toasts are drunk in Germany, it isn't now '*Der Tag*,' but it is, since that day when England and France joined hands to help their scared old enemy, 'The Fleet!'"

"He'd think it meant the German navy, anyway," said a younger, unregenerate man, who was no pacifist—only, being young, too quick of tongue and rash of apprehension.

"Oh no, he wouldn't," said Drake, a very warm tone in his voice. It told youth it didn't know what its elders had been through. "He'd know it meant—The Fleet!"

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Cabbages and Queens

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

LAKEVILLE was built close to the soil — to that good, brown earth which, as Mrs. F. Pierce Thompson said, with such felicity, "is the mother and father of us all." At no point in the town was it more than a mile to the source of all life; the smaller side-streets, starting in a metropolitan fashion at the main thoroughfares, invariably ended in cornfields or potato-patches. Lakeville's slow increment of population was largely due to retired farmers moving to town to spend their declining years in idleness or public office—or both. Its industries were of the earth earthy—a cannery, a pickling-works, a plow-factory, and the making of farm-wagons as practised by Thomas Dukes, father of Randolph Harrington Dukes, aged twelve. When, therefore, Lakeville listened to Mrs. Thompson's plea that it go back to the soil, it took into consideration the fact that it would not have very far to go.

In speaking so highly of the land, Mrs. Thompson showed only a becoming gratitude, for she herself was derived from a farm six miles west of town near what was known as the Bull Run schoolhouse. Moreover, her husband's bank extracted much nourishment from mortgages upon this same good, brown earth. The perfect tribute took place at the last meeting before summer adjournment of the Minerva Reading Club. It received warm approval from other daughters and nieces and cousins of the good, brown earth. Mrs. Thompson's paper was reprinted in part in the *Evening Bulletin*, whose readers were urged to go back to the soil while the cost of living was high and the weather was pleasant. The progressive public responded nobly; it went back to the soil as soon as it had recovered from the Fourth of July—not personally because of housework and gainful pursuits, but by proxy. The message came too late as far as the adults were concerned, but there was still time to save the boys from a life of ignoble ease.

So, as a result of a number of untoward events, it came about that Ranny and fellow-scapegoats, with the glories of the Fourth still undimmed by time, were lying in the shade of the cucumber-shed of the pickle-works, suffering from a severe attack of agriculture. Slightly unbalanced by her literary successes, Mrs. Thompson had personally gone about poisoning the minds of parents against their children. In her rather masterful way she had wrested from the owner of the pickling establishment permission to start a co-operative garden in that waste land which had hitherto been known to the people who count as "the outfield"—a weedy and bumpy area which within memory had never produced anything but a home run. Moreover, the enthusiast had imposed her will upon the canning-factory to the extent of free seeds, upon a teamster (a great, hulking fellow, but cowardly in the presence of ladies) to the point of plowing and harrowing the patch, and upon a generous public for watering-cans, rakes, and hoes. Mrs. Thompson morbidly appeared for a while each forenoon at the scene of the crime, gave advice, and pointed with gloved hand directly at the good, brown earth.

The canning-factory had smilingly agreed to take at regular rates whatever the boys might achieve in the way of corn, peas, and tomatoes. With all overhead and underfoot expenses paid, the product was to be pure profit and joy. In addition Mrs. Thompson offered an appropriate prize to the boy having the best plot, herself to be judge, and, to crown all, there was an element of mystery and suspense. One part of the prepared land remained unoffered.

"That is a surprise," Mrs. Thompson

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had said, in response to the boys' question. "You will know in a few days."

The suspense had not yet been lifted upon this July morning as the boys sat leaning against the shady side of the shed, or lay flat in the grass, or—Ted Blake's idea of comfort—reclined upon shoulder-blades with feet high against the building. An ignorant stranger, seeing them thus, might have thought them members of the leisure class, but they were simply doing their resting in advance; they believed that the pleasantest way to begin work was with a vacation. Their patroness never went back to the soil before half past ten, so the mere physical part of the undertaking could easily be postponed until that hour. The seeds had been planted for some days, and whatever green shoots had now appeared were of that uncertain character which could not be nourished because they might be weeds or hoed up because they might be vegetables. At the proper hour the cans would be carried to the factory pump and water would fall upon the just and the unjust. Meanwhile, the manner of spending the profits had to be thought over.



THEY WERE DOING THEIR RESTING IN ADVANCE

Ranny had been won to a degree of enthusiasm in the scheme by its promise of affluence. The curse of poverty had only recently been brought to his attention—that is, his Fourth-of-July allowance had been so limited that at 4 P.M. he had run out of explosives and had been forced to eke out the miserable day listening to other people's noises. Now he hitched his wagon to nobler and more expensive things, like bicycles, air-rifles, khaki tents, and toy structural iron.

"We could put all our money together," he said, "and buy them things and put 'em in—our woodshed or some place, an' have fun."

"Yeah, why should we put 'em in *your* woodshed?" This carping critic was Bud Hicks.

"Fatty" Hartman, the well-known ultimate consumer, did not propose to waste *his* substance in unriotous living.

"I'm goin' to eat a lot of ice-cream sody," he said. "Commence in the morning and not stop till night, except for dinner."

During these hot days "Fatty's" face suffered from chronic shininess; he complained constantly of thirst, and kept leaves upon his straw-hat rim in terror of sunstroke.

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Now along came Tug Wiltshire, the east-ender, to face the regular morning charge of being late and ruining the whole scheme. To this Tug usually replied, weakly, "Well, go ahead and work now; nobody's holdin' you." To-day, however, he had more important matters on hand.

"Lookee here," he said, "this boy got a prize for being the champeen corn-raiser." He unfolded a youth's publication of which he was a constant reader and disclosed the picture of an Alabama lad who had won a medal and a free trip to Washington for raising a prodigious quantity of corn upon an acre.

"Funny-lookin' kid," said Ted Blake, unimpressed.

"This is him," said Tom Rucker, who had something of a gift for making faces.

"Take it away!" cried Link Weyman. "I'm tired of lookin' at him."

"Well, you can go and be the watcher-out," said Ranny. "Then you won't have to look at anybody—only Mis' Thompson."

Link Weyman, under protest, accepted the position of watcher-out, stepping with reluctant feet around the cucumber-shed toward the street. At the first sign of Mrs. Thompson he would emit the hoot of an owl. (It was believed that all adults were deceived by this sound, day or night.) Upon receipt of the signal, duly acknowledged, all laborers would jump up and become worthy of their hire.

Enthusiasm for soil culture, frigid enough in most of the boys, reached its absolute zero in Link Weyman. His family had only lately succeeded in getting away from the soil; Mr. Weyman's steadfast devotion to sound principles of government, and the fact that it was his township's turn to have something, had brought him the nomination and subsequent election to the office of county treasurer. Through his bleak years of weeding gardens and going after cows, Link had taken a deep dislike to agriculture, but now his father had cheerfully thrown him to the lions, admitting, when interviewed by the *Bulletin*, that the farmers were the backbone of the republic. Link, however, saw no reason why his backbone should be broken over a patch of ground. He believed that a hoe was something to lean upon while describing the manners of horses and the customs of snakes, or explaining that corn must be planted in the dark of the moon. ("Fatty" Hartman misinterpreted this and proposed that they all get lanterns and make a night of it.) Link's departure upon picket duty made it possible to discuss matters without being hampered by chilly and discouraging facts.

"How much is an acre?" asked Ranny, looking thoughtfully at the plowed field shimmering in the heat-waves.

"Six hundred and forty square yards," replied Bud, who was always prompt with misinformation.

"I know that, you crazy! I mean, is that a acre out there, or what?"

Nobody present had ever met an acre outside of an arithmetic book.

"It ain't square enough to be an acre," Bud replied.

"If we could have that other part, it would be much more squarer," said Ranny. "We could raise an awful lot of corn and things. Maybe we could all go to Washington."

Ted Blake removed his feet from the side of the cucumber-shed in sheer pleasure. "We wouldn't have fun or nuthin', oh no!" he exclaimed.

"We could go to the White House," said "Fatty," "and see the Pres'dent!"

"Wouldn't 'Fatty' look funny in the White House?" Tom Rucker's jest was so well received that he arose at personal inconvenience, bent himself backward and puffed out his cheeks. "This is 'Fatty.' How do, Pres'dent?" he said, electing Ranny to that exalted office.

"How do, 'Fatty' Hartman?" the chief executive replied, with dignity.

All enjoyed a season of comic relief from the serious labors of the day.

"My uncle went to Washington," said Bud—"Hey! What's that?"

It was the warning hoot, but with a strange difference—as if the owl was suffering from some form of mental anguish. Before the company was well on its feet the desperate hooter had rounded the shed and was in their midst.

"Come on, get to work. My gosh!" Link exclaimed. "What's the matter with you?"

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"THIS IS THE SURPRISE"

"What's the matter with *you?*" Ranny asked.

Link chose to rack his fellow-workers with suspense. "You'll find out soon enough. My gosh!"

A moment later the toilers were at their plots, nervously hoeing at this and that, but each keeping one eye upon the main entrance to the grounds. There was a moment of silent industry broken only by Link's rural profanity. Then around the shed and full into view came the ample figure of Mrs. Thompson, dressed for soil-visiting. But—was Mrs. Thompson alone? Far from it. Girls! One, two, three, four—history stopped with number four; statistics sat down and refused to move another step—because number four was an utterly novel experience for the human eye.

Across the shimmering landscape this phenomenon first appeared as a splotch of vivid orange surmounted by something white and floppy. Even at this distance the splash of color carried an unwholesome suggestion of high society and ladies drinking tea. One thought desperately of escape. It was obvious that this was no place for an honest working-man.

Mrs. Thompson marshaled her charges into the shade of the shed. "Come in a minute, boys," she called out. "I have something to tell you."

The male young of the human race, deeply interested in everything else under the sun that is new, draws the line at meeting strangers. So the company approached now by a queer process. Each unfortunate, as he found himself in the exposed first line, became panic-stricken and got behind somebody else whom he pushed toward high society. The victim then said: "Quit your shovin'. What's the matter with you?" and retaliated upon some innocent by-walker. They therefore advanced, if at all, by a series of pinwheel formations; at times they gave the impression of being thrown back for a loss.

"Come on. Nobody is going to hurt you. This is the surprise." Mrs. Thompson added, as the boys finally reached the shady area: "The girls are going to have the rest of the ground for raising flowers. They are going to make the desert blossom like— What's the matter?" The honest agriculturists had taken rigid postures as if they were playing the game called "statue." "Oh, excuse me." To put the boys at their ease. Mrs. Thompson subjected them to

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the supreme embarrassment within the power of the adult to confer. "This is my niece, Sibyl Williams, who is visiting me from Chicago. Sibyl is going to have her flower-garden with the other girls."

Not a muscle moved, not an eyelash quivered; all nature slumbered in the mid-morning heat.

Sibyl did not slumber—but Sibyl was nature complicated with art. Her gloves were in tune with the good, brown earth, as were also her stockings and shoes. Her skirts were incredibly white and starchy. The flaming orange of her gardening smock was reproduced around the crown of her floppy straw hat.

"How do you do, boys?"

Perhaps because he was the most prominent object in the landscape she conferred her hand upon "Fatty" Hartman. The victim tried to hide his feet behind each other, and, finding this impossible, burst into a perspiration. His smile was a painful thing to witness.

"How do," he growled into his interior, dropping the proffered hand as if Sibyl's glove were full of pins. Ranny had the social grace to wipe his hand upon his jumpers before submitting to the operation. Link Weyman made no pretense of being charmed, and Ted was as a martyr going to the stake for somebody else's views.

"My, what big, strong boys, Aunt Emma!" Afterward Ted maintained that Sibyl said this just as she was shaking hands with him.

"Now, let's sit here in the shade and talk things over," said Mrs. Thompson. "See how nice it is? You must all come in here now and then and rest. We don't want to have any sunstrokes, do we?"

Tom Rucker, rising young actor, viewed the landscape critically and wiped his brow. "Yes, this *is* a nice cool place," he said.

Sibyl darted him a quick appraising glance under her dark lashes. Ranny got a sudden foreboding that this wise product of a great city saw through Tom's pretenses. There was something in the offing that looked like trouble, a cloud on the horizon no larger than a girl's hand.

Mrs. Thompson believed that a conversation consisted of two elements—herself and the listeners. She now held that girls should have the broadening and sweetening influence of tending growing plants, while the boys would be the better for the refining society of girls. The idea apparently was that the girls would get beautiful thoughts from the flowers and shed a few upon the boys. The vegetable-raisers were not expected to neglect their own work to help, though of course young gentlemen are always glad to be of service to young ladies. They would now plant the flower seeds, and if the boys would bring some cans of water she would be greatly obliged.

During this so-called conversation the general rule was for the boys to watch Mrs. Thompson, for Sibyl to watch the boys, and for the other girls to watch Sibyl. She would evidently bear some watching, and, besides, her clothes *were* perfectly lovely. They themselves—even Josie Kendal, who rather ran to raiment—had no proper gardening costumes. The main idea of their mothers had been something that would not show dirt too easily and would "wash" when necessary. Gingham was painfully present, and Gertie Riley actually looked out upon horticulture through the opening of a sunbonnet. Any one wishing to get sweetness and light from Gertie would have to come around to the front door.

Mrs. Thompson stayed out the forenoon, and it was a bitter time for the cultivators. That evening the literature of the movement was enriched by a little article in the *Bulletin* ending in a burst of poesy, to wit:

> The boys are raising cabbages,
> The girls are planting flowers.
> And thus in healthful industry
> They pass the happy hours.

"Cabbages" was poetical license with a dash of waggery, for that vegetable was not in the repertoire. The literal-minded public, however, accepted the word at face value, and the boys were often asked during those salad days, "Well, how are the cabbages coming along?"

On the afternoon following the great surprise the boys had enjoyed surcease from grinding toil and feminine society,

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but the next morning far too bright and early the girls were at their task. Sibyl Williams was again impressed by the brute strength of these cultivators as compared with the city boys of her wide acquaintance. She could see that getting water for the flower-beds would be but child's play for them. The boys responded promptly to this appeal to their better natures; Ted Blake showed that a physical marvel could carry a can of water in each hand. Sibyl sat in a comfortable place and applauded these feats of strength and endurance. The other girls disapproved of the proceedings, but did not refuse to profit by them. As a consequence, when Mrs. Thompson made her morning visit she found that the boys had been gentlemanly to the point of neglecting their own work. She commended them warmly, and as a reward—released them to their own tasks!

This program soon crystallized into a habit. The boys ran to brute force—bare, brown arms, manly chests, and cracked knuckles. It was only when time permitted or Mrs. Thompson required that they attacked the weeds in their own gardens. They managed to water their plots, however, with some regularity. Day after day Sibyl sat in the shade and entertained her girl friends with stories of social life in a great city. Sibyl's color-scheme changed from time to time, the earthy browns alternating with a green not inappropriate for sitting upon the grass. Her costumes had one element in common; like a delicate bathing-suit that must be kept in a dry place, they were too dainty to be trusted near the good, brown earth. Sibyl believed in raising flowers not by hand, but by indirect influence. She loved nature too much to be constantly pestering it with rakes and hoes.

There was something of the same feeling in "Fatty" Hartman. He did his fair share of the irrigation work, watering himself within and without at all hours, but in the war on weeds he was a conscientious objector. "Live and let live" was "Fatty's" motto. When a native burdock lifted its head so high that it could no longer honestly be confused with a radish, he looked at it more in sorrow than in anger. At such times he generally went into a decline and sang a melancholy darky melody about toiling in the cotton and the cane. "Fatty" had insisted, against the judgment of his peers, upon planting some radishes because he esteemed them highly. He had already pulled up one personally conducted radish about the size of a collar-button and eaten it in a loud and histrionic way. "Fatty's" ideal of farm labor was to have a striped awning over



GULLIBLE MOTHERS PRESCRIBED AN AFTERNOON OF REST

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his plot of ground, furnish the place with a chair and cooling drinks, and once in a while to pull up a radish and see how it was getting on.

Link Weyman leaned constantly upon his hoe and did no work except watching-out—the boys did not take Sibyl Williams into the secret of the sentry lest she tell Aunt Emma and ruin all. But Link, though doing no physical labor, introduced a rural custom of great value. There was abundantly present a weed of the nettle family which, rubbed upon the face, produced little pain, but a great deal of feverish redness. After a demonstration in the cucumber-shed, sheltered from the public eye, the boys adopted this cosmetic unanimously before going home to dinner. The scheme was notably successful. Every toiler came back after dinner with a story of gullible mothers laying hands upon artificially fevered brows and prescribing an afternoon of rest. One prospective rester brought a baseball, and others made quiet trips home for bats and gloves. The sequel was a long, strenuous, care-free afternoon in the hot sun with nobody going near the cultivated land except in search of a long fly.

So passed a week of theoretical working in the morning and theoretical resting in the afternoon. As time went on Sibyl's devices began to grow threadbare. It was no longer easy for a girl to exchange refining influence for garden work. Facing the thought of actual physical exertion, Sibyl finally showed traces of annoyance.

"I don't think it's right for you to treat Aunt Emma that way after all she's done for you," she said. "I have a notion to tell her."

"Who's treating her any way?" asked Ranny.

"Great big boys like you! I should think you'd be ashamed."

"What have we done?" begged Ranny. "Jus' tell us one thing."

"Whoo, whoo, whoo!" Sibyl replied.

"That's nothin'." Ranny shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "Lots of owls around here."

Sibyl fixed him with the wise smile which he had so deplored upon its first appearance. Presently he realized with distress that she was passing her hand around her face in a motion symbolic of one putting on nettle fever. Ranny suddenly felt himself at a loss; he would very much dislike to have word get home of the deception. Father already suspected that he was not working himself into an untimely grave.

To save their self-respect all the boys loudly announced that she could tell anything she knew for all they cared; nevertheless, they resumed some of their old willingness to fetch and carry. And whenever they lagged a little in their gentlemanly zeal, Sibyl was ready with the motions of face massage.

So matters drifted to the end of the month, when Mrs. Thompson, worn out by other people's labors, decided to go away for a rest. It was a fact noted by Mr. Webber, the reliable druggist, to Ranny's father one evening, that Mrs. Thompson did not now go back to the soil, but, instead, to a well-known watering-place. Her imminent departure made it necessary to award somewhat prematurely the prizes for conspicuous merit in soil culture.

Fortunately this was not a public ceremony. Mrs. Thompson simply asked each cultivator to stand upon his own farm and await inspection. "Ladies first," said the judge, turning her attention to horticulture. The result here was not long in doubt; whatever embarrassment she may have felt did not interfere with her duty. Her own niece had made by far the best showing through her effective combination of personal charm and blackmail. Accordingly Sibyl was formally presented with a green-glass vase in which to put the flowers she would have raised if she had had more time.

But the decision in the vegetable department might have staggered one even more expert than Mrs. Thompson. Ranny had made several brief but sincere efforts to rid his patch of weeds, lashing himself on with thoughts of profits and prizes. Tug Wiltshire had also been honest in his intentions, but he had squandered much time in reading free Government bulletins and seed catalogues, and had inclined toward being a book farmer. Tom Rucker had put much thought and conversation—but no manual labor—upon a mechanical de-

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SIBYL BELIEVED IN RAISING FLOWERS BY INDIRECT INFLUENCE

vice that would pull up a husky burdock. So the plot at the distance at which the judge stood looked rather like a continuous jungle.

In these trying circumstances the best Mrs. Thompson could do was to evolve a decision out of her inner consciousness.

"You have all done very well," she said—perhaps a shade doubtfully—"but I feel that I must award the prize to—Link Weyman. Of course, Link had the advantage of being brought up in the country. Perhaps by another year one of you town boys will be the victor."

That was an astonishing and depressing verdict! Ranny looked at the tangle of vegetation which hid the lower part of Link Weyman, and it seemed to him the worst piece of gardening he had ever seen. Yet Mrs. Thompson was bringing out something wrapped in paper, something about the length of an air-rifle. Although he was past twelve, Ranny felt the old hot lump of his youthful days coming into his throat and had to swallow his disappointment.

But as the wrappings were removed from the prize the skies suddenly cleared. It was not an air-rifle. It was a thing of no possible use to Link except as a prop for his declining years. It was a hoe!

Mrs. Thompson explained that this was a private and personal hoe. Now Link could have a hoe to use whenever he wanted it; the implication being that he could sneak around at any time and hoe in secret. It was a most satisfactory conclusion to a distressing event. But it *had* looked, for a feverish moment, like an air-rifle!

As Sibyl was also giving up the land for the water, this was her farewell appearance. She bade the boys good-by with a cordiality that somehow conveyed to each her sense of peculiar personal loss at the parting. She was a perfect lady throughout this sweet sorrow; she made no ill-bred owl hoots or cosmetic motions. Her passing took a good deal of color and charm out of life, but left in their place an astonishing sense of physical comfort.

The *Bulletin's* account of the prize-giving again evoked some cynicism from Mr. Webber, though of a nature that Ranny could not understand.

"Giving that prize to young Weyman," said the prejudiced druggist to father, "won't do Thompson's bank any harm at the county treasurer's office."

The flower girls, who had not been

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pleased with the prize-giving, now frankly abandoned horticulture for even more sedentary pursuits; but the boys, with financial ends to serve, kept up their mornings of rest and laughter and song. It was rather pleasant than otherwise to lie flat in the shade gazing up at the fleecy clouds and hear "Fatty" sing about working negroes. The burdocks had now grown too large and strong to be pulled up by anything short of Tom's mythical dock-lifter. These weeds seemed to thrive upon such little persecution as they had received and to take the daily watering as a delicate attention. The infant tomato-plants and corn-stalks now lived entirely in the shade. "Fatty" thought this a fine thing to do for vegetables; it justified his philosophy of non-resistance. Every morning the boys clipped a little off of the hoeing and watering time until finally they attained the industrial ideal, the eight-minute day.

Ranny's hopes had gradually sunk from bicycles and jovial journeys to small change. It was the cynical but friendly Mr. Webber who finally lifted him from the financial depression into which he had fallen. Ranny had admitted one evening that the burdocks were getting pretty bad.

"It was an awful weedy place to have a garden," he explained.

"Say, I've got an idea," said Mr. Webber. "Something I heard about today. Let's walk around and look at the place a moment. What do you say, Tom?"

In the twilight Mr. Webber and father accompanied Ranny to the field. His report was not denounced as an exaggeration; the burdocks were the most prominent objects in the scenery. If the Government had offered awards for the best acreage of burdocks this gallant company would have earned a trip to Siam.

"There is a wholesale drug firm that is offering good prices for burdock roots. They have medicinal value, you know," Mr. Webber explained to father. "Why don't you boys get some picks and spades and dig up the roots just as if they were potatoes? Bring them in bags to the store and I'll see that you get some money for them."

Ranny looked to father for advice and father searched Mr. Webber's face for signs of lurking humor.



ICE-CREAM SODAS SANK INTO INTERIORS PARCHED BY SUMMER SUNS

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"No, that's right," said the reliable druggist, correctly interpreting the glance. "I can show you the circular if I haven't thrown it away."

"Ever'body share even?" asked Ranny, who suddenly feared that his own plot would show the baneful effects of too much industry.

The two men exchanged smiles. "Yes," said Mr. Webber, "I guess there isn't much difference."

As a result of Ranny's astonishing news the boys went promptly to work the next morning. There was no preliminary resting, no time wasted in watering; "Fatty" was not even allowed to sing about toiling in the cotton and the cane. When the forenoon was over a great heap of roots lay ready to be taken to the store, while the poor little corn and tomato plants which never had a chance in life were cast aside. It was not necessary that day to put on artificial blushes; they went home as red and hot and dirty as if they had spent a restful afternoon on the ball diamond.

After the noonday meal they got together some cloth bags, and with much gasping and grunting carried the booty to the back door of the drug-store. Not waiting upon the slow processes of commerce, Mr. Webber paid the boys in advance, deducting the cost of shipment. There were four genuine American dollars to divide among the lot. He made the necessary change and saw that each got his proper share.

This money now made one of the shortest journeys on record, from the cash-drawer to the front of the store where an able young man in a white coat dispensed soda-water. There is probably nothing more productive of thirst than carrying bags of burdock from a pickle-works to a drug-store. The able young man was soon put to a severe test of his powers. Nickel after nickel the boys slapped down upon the marble counter as ice-cream sodas sank into interiors parched by summer suns. Citizens came in and gazed upon the scene with wonder and delight, among them a representative of the press. It was a great personal triumph for "Fatty" Hartman, friend of all the weeds. That *bon vivant* and boy-about-town gave the impression of being in cold storage up to the ears when the party broke up to seek a favorite bakery. There any small resources which the able young man had overlooked were painlessly removed by Henry Wiseman, the justly popular baker.

The *Bulletin* that night gave the news to a giggling world. When the jovial article had been read and reread in the Dukes home and Ranny had been outvoted into bed—not sick at all, only listless in the presence of food—mother voiced a doubt which must have harassed all Lakeville, which, close as it was to the soil, had never before heard of getting money for weeds.

"Do you suppose Mr. Webber will get anything for those roots? I half believe he paid the money himself just as a joke on Mrs. Thompson."

"If he did," father replied, "the joke didn't cost him much."

But the last word, as might have been foreseen, came from Mrs. F. Pierce Thompson, a word fraught with dire possibilities for the downtrodden young.

"I am glad to hear," she wrote the *Bulletin* from her seaside refuge, "that the boys have succeeded in freeing their plot of weeds. This will make it possible to carry out the larger and fuller plans which I have for next season."

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Mark Twain's Letters

Arranged, with Comment, by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

INTERNATIONAL copyright, as we know it to-day, is a comparatively recent institution. For a long time legislators in general would seem to have held the view that the honor of having a book published abroad was an author's sufficient reward, and contrived laws in favor of the enterprising pirate. In the 'eighties, for instance, an author, to obtain protection for his book in Canada, must make a trip to the Dominion in person. This was hard on the young author who happened to live, say, in southwest Texas and was not fond of travel, or had not arrived at that period of affluence so common to authors in later life. Our lawmakers have frequently encouraged the arts in this way.

Mark Twain did not find the Canadian trip a hardship. It was comparatively short, and he usually had a grand time on such an excursion, being lavishly entertained by the Canadian literary fraternity.

In November, 1881, he made one of these journeys in the interest of *The Prince and the Pauper*, this time with Osgood, who was now his publisher. In letters written home we get a hint of his diversions. The "Clara" who appears in the correspondence was Miss Clara Spaulding, of Elmira, who had accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Clemens to Europe in 1873, and again in 1878. Later she became Mrs. John B. Stanchfield, of New York City. Her name has already appeared in these letters.

To Mrs. Clemens, in Hartford:

MONTREAL, *Nov. 28, '81.*

Livy darling, you and Clara ought to have been at breakfast in the great dining-room this morning. English female faces, distinctive English costumes, strange and marvelous English gaits—and yet such honest, honorable, clean-souled countenances, just as these English women almost always have, you know.

But they've come to take me to the top of Mount Royal, it being a cold, dry, sunny, magnificent day. Going in a sleigh.

Yours lovingly,

SAML.

To Mrs. Clemens, in Hartford:

MONTREAL, *Sunday, November 27, 1881.*

Livy dear, a mouse kept me awake last night till 3 or 4 o'clock—so I am lying abed this morning. I would not give sixpence to be out yonder in the storm, although it is only snow.

[The above paragraph is written in the form of a rebus. The rebus is reproduced in facsimile on the following page.]

There—that's for the children—was not sure that they could read writing; especially Jean [one year old], who is strangely ignorant in some things.

I cannot only look out upon the beautiful snow-storm, past the vigorous blaze of my fire; and upon the snow-veiled buildings which I have sketched; and upon the churchward drifting umbrellas; and upon the buffalo-clad cabmen stamping their feet and thrashing their arms on the corner yonder: but I also look out upon the spot where the first white men stood, in the neighborhood of four hundred years ago, admiring the mighty stretch of leafy solitudes, and being admired and marveled at by an eager multitude of naked savages.

The discoverer of this region, and namer of it, Jacques Cartier, has a square named for him in the city. I wish you were here; you would enjoy your birthday, I think.

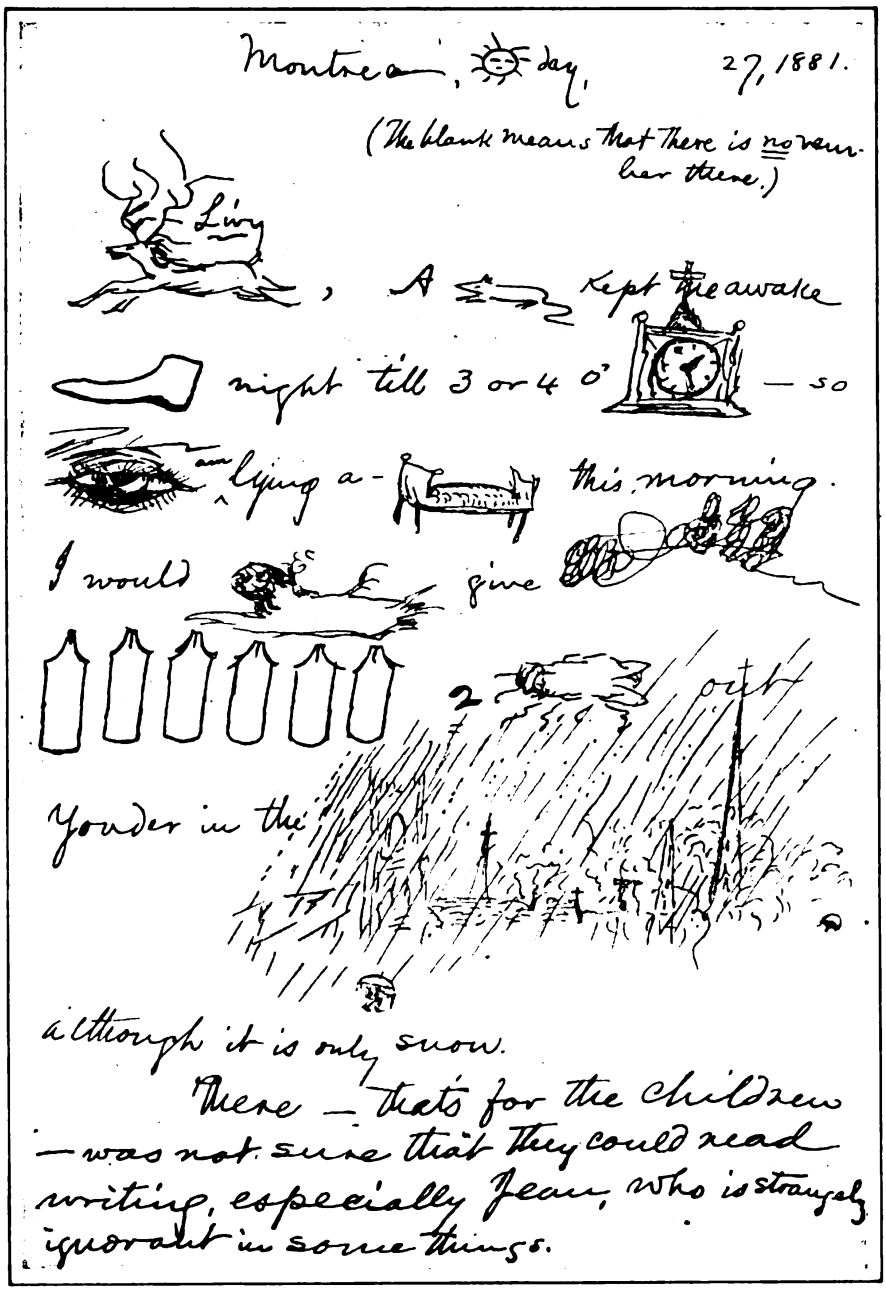
I hoped for a letter, and thought I had one when the mail was handed in, a minute ago, but it was only that note from Sylvester Baxter. You must write—do you hear?—or I will be remiss myself.

Give my love and a kiss to the children, and ask them to give you my love and a kiss from

SAML.

It had been hoped that W. D. Howells would join the Canadian excursion, but Howells was not very well that autumn. He wrote that he had been in bed five weeks, "most of the time recovering;

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A REBUS-LETTER SENT BY MARK TWAIN TO HIS WIFE

so you see how bad I must have been to begin with. But now I am out of any first-class pain; I have a good appetite, and I am as abusive and peremptory as Guiteau."

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

HARTFORD, *Dec. 16, '81.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—It was a sharp disappointment—your inability to connect, on the Canadian raid. The cause of your absence made the absence all the harder to bear, too.

The *Atlantic* arrived an hour ago, and your faultless and delicious Police Report brought that blamed Joe Twichell powerfully before me. *There's* a man who can tell such things himself (by word of mouth) and has as sure an eye for detecting a thing that is before his eyes as any man in the world, perhaps—then why in the nation doesn't he report himself with a pen?

One of those drenching days last week,

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he slopped down town with his cubs, and visited a poor little beggarly shed where were a dwarf, a fat woman, and a giant of honest eight feet, on exhibition behind tawdry show-canvases, but with nobody to exhibit to. The giant had a broom, and was cleaning up and fixing around, diligently. Joe conceived the idea of getting some talk out of him. Now that *never* would have occurred to me. So he dropped in under the man's elbow, dogged him patiently around, prodding him with questions and getting irritated snarls in return which would have finished me early—but at last one of Joe's random shafts drove the center of that giant's sympathies somehow, and fetched him. The fountains of his great deep were broken up, and he rained a flood of personal history that was unspeakably entertaining.

Among other things it turned out that he had been a Turkish (native) colonel, and had fought all through the Crimean war—and so, for the first time, Joe got a picture of the Charge of the Six Hundred that made him *see* the living spectacle, the flash of flag and tongue-flame, the rolling smoke, and hear the booming of the guns; and for the first time also he heard the reasons for that wild charge delivered from the mouth of a master, and realized that nobody had "blundered," but that a cold, logical, military brain had perceived this one and sole way to win an already lost battle, and so gave the command and did achieve the victory.

And mind you Joe was able to come up here, days afterwards, and reproduce that giant's picturesque and admirable history.

And he has gone and raked up the MS autobiography (written in 1848) of Mrs. Phebe Brown (author of "I Love to Steal a while Away"), who educated Yung Wing in her family when he was a little boy; and, by George! I came near not getting to bed at all, last night, on account of the lurid fascinations of it. Why in the nation it has never got into print, I can't understand.

But, by jings! the postman will be here in a minute; so, congratulations upon your mending health, and gratitude that it is mending;—and love to you all.

Yrs Ever MARK.

Don't answer—I spare the sick.

Mark Twain at this time was on the point of starting West, to visit the Mississippi River after an absence of twenty-one years. He was taking his publisher, Osgood, with him, also a stenographer, and he proposed to travel under the assumed name of Samuel. His purpose was not only to see the river, but to bring back enough material for a book, which would include, of course, the chapter written for the *Atlantic* some seven years before. This was a trip he had planned with Howells when those first papers were written, but which had been abandoned. It was not abandoned this time, though Howells was not one of the party. Osgood and Clemens took the steamer *Gold Dust* from St. Louis down-river toward New Orleans. Clemens was quickly recognized, of course, and his assumed name laid aside. He met his old teacher Bixby in New Orleans, and came back up the river with him, spending most of his time in the pilot-house, as in the old days. It was a glorious trip, and, reaching St. Louis, he continued it northward, stopping off at Hannibal and Quincy.[1]

To Mrs. Clemens, in Hartford:

QUINCY, ILL., *May 17, '82.*

Livy darling, I am desperately homesick. But I have promised Osgood, and must stick it out; otherwise I would take the train at once and break for home.

I have spent three delightful days in Hannibal, loitering around all day long, examining the old localities and talking with the grey-heads who were boys and girls with me 30 or 40 years ago. It has been a moving time. I spent my nights with John and Helen Garth, three miles from town, in their spacious and beautiful house. They were children with me, and afterwards schoolmates. Now they have a daughter 19 or 20 years old. Spent an hour, yesterday, with A. W. Lamb, who was not married when I saw him last. He married a young lady whom I knew. And now I have been talking with their grown-up sons and daughters. Lieutenant Hickman, the spruce young handsomely uniformed volunteer of 1846, called on me—a grisly elephantine patriarch of 65 now, his grace all vanished.

That world which I knew in its blossoming youth is old and bowed and melancholy, now; its soft cheeks are leathery and wrinkled, the fire is gone out in its eyes, and the spring from its step. It will be dust and ashes when I come again. I have been clasping hands with the moribund—and usually they said, "It is for the last time."

Now I am under way again, upon this hideous trip to St. Paul, with a heart brimming full of thoughts and images of you

[1] Mark Twain, in *Life on the Mississippi*, tells characteristically of the river revisited.

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and Susy and Bay and the peerless Jean. And so good night, my love.

SAML.

William Dean Howells, at the age of forty-five, reached what many still regard his highest point of achievement in American realism. His novel, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, was running as an *Atlantic* serial during the summer of 1882. It attracted wide attention, and upon its issue in book form took first place among his published novels. Mark Twain, to the end of his life, loved all that Howells wrote. Once long afterward he said, "Most authors give us glimpses of a radiant moon, but Howells's moon shines and sails all night long." When the instalments of *The Rise of Silas Lapham* began to appear he overflowed in adjectives, the sincerity of which we need not doubt, in view of his quite open criticisms of the author's reading delivery.

To William Dean Howells, in Belmont, Mass.:

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—I am in a state of wild enthusiasm over this July instalment of your story. It's perfectly dazzling—it's masterly—incomparable. Yet I heard you read it—without losing my balance. Well, the difference between your reading and your writing is—remarkable. I mean, in the effects produced and the impression left behind. Why, the one is to the other as is one of Joe Twichell's yarns repeated by a somnambulist. Goodness gracious, you read me a chapter, and it is a gentle, pearly dawn, with a sprinkle of faint stars in it; but by and by I strike it in print, and shout to myself, "God bless us, how *has* that pallid former spectacle been turned into these gorgeous sunset splendors!"

Well, I don't care how much you read your truck to me, you can't permanently damage it for me that way. It is always perfectly fresh and dazzling when I come on it in the magazine. Of course I recognize the *form* of it as being familiar—but that is all. That is, I remember it as pyrotechnic figures which you set up before me, dead and cold, but ready for the match—and *now* I see them touched off and all ablaze with blinding fires. You *can* read, if you want to, but you don't read worth a damn. I know you *can* read, because your readings of Cable and your repeatings of the German doctor's remarks prove that.

That's the best drunk scene—because the truest—that I ever read. There are touches in it that I never saw any writer take note of before. And they are set before the reader with amazing accuracy. How very drunk, and how recently drunk, and how altogether admirably drunk you must have been to enable you to contrive that masterpiece!

Why I didn't notice that that religious interview between Marcia and Mrs. Halleck was so deliciously humorous when you read it to me—but, dear me, it's just too lovely for anything. (Wrote Clark to collar it for the "Library.")

Hang it, I know where the mystery is, now. When you are reading, you glide right along, and I don't get a chance to let the things soak home; but when I catch it in the magazine, I give a page 20 or 30 minutes in which to gently and thoroughly filter into me. Your humor is so very subtle, and elusive—(well, often it's just a vanishing breath of perfume which a body isn't certain he smelt till he stops and takes another smell) whereas you can smell other—

[Remainder obliterated.]

By the end of summer Howells was in Europe, and Clemens in Elmira was trying to finish his Mississippi book, which was giving him a deal of trouble. It was usually so with his non-fiction books; his interest in them was not cumulative; he was prone to grow weary of them, while the menace of his publisher's contract was maddening. Howells's letters, meant to be comforting, or at least entertaining, did not always contribute to his peace of mind. The Library of American Humor which they had planned was an added burden. Before sailing Howells had written, "Do you suppose you can do your share of the reading at Elmira while you are writing at the Mississippi book?"

In a letter from London, Howells writes of the good times he is having over there with Osgood, Hutton, John Hay, Aldrich, and Alma Tadema, excursioning to Oxford, feasting, especially "at the Mitre Tavern, where they let you choose your dinner from the joints hanging from the rafter, and have passages that you lose yourself in every time you try to go to your room. . . . Couldn't you and Mrs. Clemens step over for a little while? . . . we have seen lots of nice people and have been most pleasantly made of; but I would rather have you smoke in my face, and

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talk for half a day just for pleasure than to go to the best house or club in London."

The reader will gather that this could not be entirely soothing to a man shackled by a contract and a book that refused to come to an end.

The Mississippi book eventually came to an end and was placed in Osgood's hands for publication. It was a sort of partnership arrangement in which Clemens was to furnish the money to make the book and pay Osgood a percentage for handling it. It was, in fact, the beginning of Mark Twain's adventures as a publisher. When the book was ready for issue Clemens made another trip to Canada in the interest of copyright—a special trip being necessary for each new book. When his journey was announced by the press the Marquis of Lorne telegraphed an invitation inviting him to be his guest at Rideau Hall, in Ottawa. Clemens accepted, of course, and was handsomely entertained by the daughter of Queen Victoria and her husband, then Governor-General of Canada.

On his return to Hartford he found that Osgood had issued a curious little book, for which Clemens had prepared an introduction. It was an absurd volume, though originally issued with serious intent, its title being, *The New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English.*

Mark Twain thought this quaint book might amuse his royal hostess, and forwarded a copy in what he considered to be the safe and proper form.

To Colonel de Winton, Ottawa, Can.:

HARTFORD, *June 4, '83.*

DEAR COLONEL DE WINTON,—I very much want to send a little book to her Royal Highness—the famous Portuguese phrase book; but I do not know the etiquette of the matter, and I would not wittingly infringe any rule of propriety. It is a book which I perfectly well know will amuse her "some at most" if she has not seen it before, and will still amuse her "some at least," even if she has inspected it a hundred times already. So I will send the book to you, and you who know all about the proper observances will protect me from indiscretion, in case of need, by putting the said book in the fire, and remaining as dumb as I generally was when I was up there. I do not rebind the thing, because that would look as if I thought it worth keeping, whereas it is only worth glancing at and casting aside.

Will you please present my compliments to Mrs. de Winton and Mrs. Mackenzie?—and I beg to make my sincere compliments to you, also, for your infinite kindnesses to me. I did have a delightful time up there, most certainly.

Truly Yours
S. L. CLEMENS.

P.S.—Although the introduction dates a year back, the book is only just now issued. A good long delay.

S. L. C.

Howells, writing from Venice in April, manifested special interest in a play project—"Something that would run like Scheherazade, for a thousand and one nights." He proposed that they devote the month of October to the work, and inclosed a letter from Mallory, who owned not only a religious paper, *The Churchman*, but also the Madison Square Theater, and was anxious for a Howells play. Twenty years before Howells had been Consul to Venice, and he wrote now: "The idea of my being here is benumbing and silencing. I feel like the Wandering Jew, or the ghost of the Cardiff Giant."

He returned to America in July. Clemens sent him word of welcome with glowing reports of his own undertakings. The story on which he was piling up MS. was *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, begun seven years before at Quarry Farm. He had had no great faith in it then, and, though he had taken it up again in 1880, his interest had not lasted to its conclusion. This time, however, he was in the proper spirit, and the story would be finished.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

ELMIRA, *July 20, '83.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—We are desperately glad you and your gang are home again—may you never travel again, till you go aloft or alow. Charley Clark has gone to the other side for a run—will be back in August. He had been sick, and needed the trip very much.

Mrs. Clemens had a long and wasting spell of sickness last Spring, but she is pulling up, now. The children are booming, and my health is ridiculous, it's so robust, notwithstanding the newspaper mis-reports.

I haven't piled up MS so in years as I have

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done since we came here to the farm three weeks and a half ago. Why, it's like old times, to step straight into the study, damp from the breakfast table, and sail right in and sail right on, the whole day long, without thought of running short of stuff or words.

I wrote 4,000 words to-day and I touch 3,000 and upwards pretty often, and don't fall below 2,600 any working day. And when I get fagged out, I lie abed a couple of days and read and smoke, and then go it again for 6 or 7 days. I have finished one small book, and am away along in a big one that I half finished two or three years ago. I expect to complete it in a month or six weeks or two months more. And I shall *like* it, whether anybody else does or not.

It's a kind of companion to *Tom Sawyer*. There's a raft episode from it in second or third chapter of *Life on the Mississippi*. . . .

I'm booming, these days—got health and spirits to *waste*—got an overplus; and if I were at home, we would write a play. But we must do it anyhow by and by.

We stay here till Sep. 10; then maybe a week at Indian Neck for sea air, then home.

We are powerful glad you are all back; and send love according.

Yrs Ever
MARK.

Eighteen eighty-four was the summer of the Blaine-Cleveland campaign. Mark Twain, in company with many other leading men, had mugwumped and was supporting Cleveland. From the next letter we gather something of the aspects of that memorable campaign, which was one of scandalous charges and personal abuse. We learn, too, that a young sculptor, Karl Gerhardt, whom he had befriended and sent abroad, having completed a three years' study in Paris, had returned to America a qualified artist. Also that the stylographic pen, once his special pet, is in disgrace.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

ELMIRA, *Aug. 31, '84.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—You see I am trying a new pen. I stood the stylograph as long as I could, and then retired to the pencil. The thing I am trying now is that fountain-pen which is advertised to employ and accommodate itself to any kind of pen. So I selected an ordinary gold pen—a limber one—and sent it to New York and had it cut and fitted to this thing. It goes very well indeed—thus far; but doubtless the devil will be in it by to-morrow.

I wish you had to share the affliction of gadding around the country with me; but it couldn't be; it couldn't pay you; and it couldn't easily have been made to pay you, I saw that.

This presidential campaign is too delicious for anything. . . . *Isn't* human nature the most consummate sham and lie that was ever invented? Isn't man a creature to be ashamed of in pretty much all his aspects? Man, "know thyself"—and then thou wilt despise thyself, to a dead moral certainty. Take three quite good specimens—Hawley, Warner, and Charley Clark. Even *I* do not loathe Blaine more than they do; yet Hawley is howling for Blaine, Warner and Clark are eating their daily crow in the paper for him, and all three will vote for him. O Stultification, where is thy sting, O slave where is thy hickory!

I suppose you heard now a marble monument for which St. Gaudens was peculiarly responsible, burned down in Hartford the other day, uninsured—for who in the world would ever think of insuring a marble shaft in a cemetery against a fire?—and left St. Gaudens out of pocket $15,000.

It was a bad day for artists. Gerhardt finished my bust that day, and the work was pronounced admirable by all the kin and friends; but in putting it in plaster (or rather taking it *out*) next day it got ruined. It was four or five weeks' hard work gone to the dogs. The news flew, and everybody on the farm flocked to the arbor and grouped themselves about the wreck in a profound and moving silence—the farm-help, the colored servants, the German nurse, the children, everybody—a silence interrupted at wide intervals by absent-minded ejaculations wrung from unconscious breasts as the whole size of the disaster gradually worked its way home to the realization of one spirit after another.

Some burst out with one thing, some another; the German nurse put up her hands and said, "Oh, *Schade!* oh, *schrecklich!*" But Gerhardt said nothing; or almost that. He couldn't word it, I suppose. But he went to work, and by dark had everything thoroughly well under way for a fresh start in the morning; and in three days' time had built a new bust which was a trifle better than the old one—and to-morrow we shall put the finishing touches on it, and it will be about as good a one as nearly anybody can make.

Yrs Ever MARK.

If you run across anybody who wants a bust, be sure and recommend Gerhardt on my say-so.

Perhaps Mark Twain's political con-

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science was not entirely clear in his repudiation of his party; at least we may believe from his next letter that his Cleveland enthusiasm was qualified by a willingness to support a Republican who would command his admiration and honor. This idea of an eleventh-hour nomination was rather startling, whatever its motive.

To Mr. Pierce, in Boston:

HARTFORD, *Oct. 22, '84.*

MY DEAR MR. PIERCE,—You know, as well as I do, that the reason the majority of republicans are going to vote for Blaine is because they feel that they cannot help themselves. Do not you also believe that if Mr. Edmunds would consent to run for President, on the Independent ticket—even at this late day—he might be elected?

Well, if he *wouldn't* consent, but should even strenuously protest and say he wouldn't serve if elected, isn't it still wise and fair to nominate him and vote for him?—since his protest would relieve *him* from all responsibility; and he couldn't surely find fault with people for forcing a compliment upon him. And do not you believe that his name thus compulsorily placed at the head of the Independent column would work absolutely certain defeat to Blaine and save the country's honor?

Politicians often carry a victory by springing some disgraceful and rascally mine under the feet of the adversary at the eleventh hour; would it not be wholesome to vary this thing for once and spring as formidable a mine of a better sort under the enemy's works?

If Edmunds's name were put up, I would vote for him in the teeth of all the protesting and blaspheming he could do in a month; and there are lots of others who would do likewise.

If this notion is not a foolish and wicked one, won't you just consult with some chief Independents, and see if they won't call a sudden convention and whoop the thing through? To nominate Edmunds the 1st of November, would be soon enough, wouldn't it?

With kindest regards to you and the Aldriches,

Yr Truly
S. L. CLEMENS.

The year 1885 was in some respects the most important, certainly the most pleasantly exciting, in Mark Twain's life. It was the year in which he entered fully into the publishing business and launched one of the most spectacular of all publishing adventures, *The Personal Memoirs of General U. S. Grant.* Clemens had not intended to do general publishing when he arranged with Webster to become sales agent for the Mississippi book, and later general agent for Huck Finn's adventures; he had intended only to handle his own books, because he was pretty thoroughly dissatisfied with other publishing arrangements. Even the Library of Humor, which Howells, with Clark of the *Courant*, had put together for him, he left with Osgood until that publisher failed during the spring of '85. Certainly he never dreamed of undertaking anything of the proportions of the Grant book.

He had always believed that Grant could make a book. More than once when they had met he had urged the General to prepare his memoirs for publication. Howells, in his *My Mark Twain*, tells of going with Clemens to see Grant, then a member of the ill-fated firm of Grant & Ward, and how they lunched on beans, bacon, and coffee brought in from a near-by restaurant. It was while they were eating this soldier fare that Clemens—very likely abetted by Howells—especially urged the great commander to prepare his memoirs. But Grant had become a financier, as he believed, and the prospect of literary earnings, however large, did not appeal to him. Furthermore, he was convinced that he was without literary ability and that a book by him would prove a failure.

But then, by and by, came a failure more disastrous than anything he had foreseen — the downfall of his firm through the Napoleonic rascality of Ward. General Grant was utterly ruined; he was left without income, and apparently without the means of earning one. It was the period when the great war series was appearing in the *Century Magazine*. General Grant, hard pressed, was induced by the editors to prepare one or more articles, and, finding that he could write them, became interested in the idea of a book. It is unnecessary to repeat here the story of how the publication of this important work passed into the hands of Mark Twain—that is to say, the firm of Charles L.

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Webster & Co.—the details have been fully given elsewhere.[1]

Clemens and Webster were often at the house of General Grant during these early days of 1885, and it must have been Webster who was present with Clemens on the great occasion described in the following telegram. It was on the last day and hour of President Arthur's administration that the bill was passed which placed Ulysses S. Grant as full General with full pay on the retired list, and it is said that the Congressional clock was set back in order that this enactment might become a law before the administration changed. General Grant had by this time developed cancer and was already in feeble health.

Telegram to Mrs. Clemens, in Hartford:

NEW YORK, *Mar. 4, 1885.*

TO MRS. S. L. CLEMENS:

We were at General Grant's at noon and a telegram arrived that the last act of the expiring Congress late this morning retired him with full General's rank and accompanying emoluments. The effect upon him was like raising the dead. We were present when the telegram was put in his hand.

S. L. CLEMENS.

The story of Huck Finn was having a wide success. Webster handled it skilfully, and the sales were large. In almost every quarter its welcome was enthusiastic. Here and there, however, could be found an exception; Huck's morals were not always approved of by library reading committees. The first instance of this kind was reported from Concord, and would seem not to have depressed the author-publisher.

To Chas. L. Webster, in New York:

Mch. 18, '85.

DEAR CHARLEY,—The Committee of the Public Library of Concord, Mass., have given us a rattling tip-top puff which will go into every paper in the country. They have expelled Huck from their library as "trash and suitable only for the slums." That will sell 25,000 copies for us sure.

Ys

S. L. C.

Perhaps the Concord Free Trade Club had some idea of making amends to Mark Twain for the slight put upon his book by their librarians, for immediately after the Huck Finn incident they notified him of his election to honorary membership.

Those were the days of "Authors' Readings," and Clemens and Howells not infrequently assisted at these functions, usually given as benefits of one kind or another. From the next letter, written following an entertainment given for the Longfellow memorial, we gather that Mark Twain's opinion of Howells's reading was steadily improving.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

HARTFORD, *May 5, '85.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—. . . Who taught you to read? Observation and thought, I guess. And practice at the Tavern Club?—yes; and that was the best teaching of all.

Well, you sent even your daintiest and most delicate and fleeting points home to that audience—absolute *proof* of good reading. But you couldn't read worth a damn a few years ago. I do not say this to flatter. It is true I looked around for you when I was leaving, but you had already gone.

Alas, Osgood has failed at last. It was easy to see that he was on the very verge of it a year ago, and it was also easy to see that he was still on the verge of it a month or two ago; but I continued to hope—but not expect—that he would pull through. The Library of Humor is at his dwelling house, and he will hand it to you whenever you want it.

To save it from any possibility of getting mixed up in the failure, perhaps you had better send down and get it. I told him, the other day, that an order of any kind from you would be his sufficient warrant for its delivery to you.

In two days General Grant has dictated 50 pages of foolscap, and thus the Wilderness and Appomattox stand for all time in his own words. This makes the second volume of his book as valuable as the first.

He looks mighty well, these latter days.

Yrs Ever

MARK.

I am exceedingly glad [wrote Howells] that you approve of my reading, for it gives me some hope that I may do something on the platform next winter . . . but I would never read within a hundred miles of *you*, if I could help it. You simply straddled down to the footlights, and took that house up in the hollow of your hand and *tickled* it.

[1] See *Mark Twain: A Biography*, Chapter CLIV.

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To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

ELMIRA, *July 21, 1885.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—You are really my only author; I am restricted to you. I wouldn't give a damn for the rest.

I bored through *Middlemarch* during the past week, with its labored and tedious analyses of feelings and motives, its paltry and tiresome people, its unexciting and uninteresting story, and its frequent blinding flashes of single-sentence poetry, philosophy, wit, and what not, and nearly died from the overwork. I wouldn't read another of those books for a farm. I did try to read one other—*Daniel Deronda.* I dragged through three chapters, losing flesh all the time, and then was honest enough to quit, and confess to myself that I haven't any romance literature appetite, as far as I can see, except for your books.

But what I started to say, was, that I have just read Part II of *Indian Summer*, and to my mind there isn't a waste line in it, or one that could be improved. I read it yesterday, ending with that opinion; and read it again to-day, ending with the same opinion emphasized. I haven't read Part I yet, because that number must have reached Hartford after we left; but we are going to send down town for a copy, and when it comes I am to read both parts aloud to the family. It is a beautiful story, and makes a body laugh all the time, and cry inside, and feel so old and so forlorn; and gives him gracious glimpses of his lost youth that fill him with a measureless regret, and build up in him a cloudy sense of his having been a prince, once, in some enchanted far-off land, and of being an exile now, and desolate —and Lord, no chance ever to get back there again! That is the thing that hurts. Well, you have done it with marvelous facility and you make all the motives and feelings perfectly clear without analyzing the guts out of them, the way George Eliot does. I can't stand George Eliot and Hawthorne and those people; I see what they are at a hundred years before they get to it and they just tire me to death. And as for *The Bostonians*, I would rather be damned to John Bunyan's heaven than read that.

Yrs ever, MARK.

It is as easy to understand Mark Twain's enjoyment of *Indian Summer* as his revolt against *Daniel Deronda* and *The Bostonians*. He cared little for writing that did not convey its purpose in the simplest and most direct terms. It is interesting to note that in thanking Clemens for his compliment Howells wrote:

What people cannot see is that I analyze as little as possible; they go on talking about the analytical school, which I am supposed to belong to, and I want to thank you for using your eyes. . . . Did you ever read De Foe's *Roxana?* If not, then read it, not merely for some of the deepest insights into the lying, suffering, sinning, well-meaning human soul, but for the best and most natural English that a book was ever written in.

General Grant worked steadily on his book, dictating when he could, making brief notes on slips of paper when he could no longer speak. Clemens visited him at Mt. McGregor and brought the dying soldier the comforting news that enough of his books were already sold to provide generously for his family, and that the sales would aggregate at least twice as much by the end of the year.

This was some time in July. On the 23d of that month General Grant died.

The letter that follows is very long, but it seems too important and too interesting to be omitted in any part. General Grant's early indulgence in liquors had long been a matter of wide, though not very definite, knowledge. Every one had heard how Lincoln, on being told that Grant drank, remarked something to the effect that he would like to know what kind of whisky Grant used so that he might get some of it for his other generals. Henry Ward Beecher, selected to deliver a eulogy on the dead soldier, and doubtless wishing neither to ignore the matter nor to make too much of it, naturally turned for information to the publisher of Grant's own memoirs, hoping from an advance copy to obtain light.

To Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn:

ELMIRA, N. Y., *Sept. 11, '85.*

MY DEAR MR. BEECHER,—My nephew Webster is in Europe making contracts for the *Memoirs*. Before he sailed he came to me with a writing, directed to the printers and binders, to this effect:

"Honor no order for a sight or copy of the *Memoirs* while I am absent, even though it be signed by Mr. Clemens himself."

I gave my permission. There were weighty reasons why I should not only give my permission, but hold it a matter of honor to not dissolve the order or modify it at any time. So I did all of that—said the order should stand undisturbed to the end.

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If a principal could dissolve his promise as innocently as he can dissolve his written order unguarded by his promise, I would send you a copy of the *Memoirs* instantly. I did not foresee *you*, or I would have made an exception.

My idea gained from army men, is that the drunkenness (and sometimes pretty reckless spreeing, nights) ceased before he came East to be Lt. General. (Refer especially to Gen. Wm. B. Franklin.)[1] It was while Grant was still in the West that Mr. Lincoln said he wished he could find out what brand of whisky that fellow used, so he could furnish it to some of the other generals. Franklin *saw* Grant tumble from his horse drunk, while reviewing troops in New Orleans. The fall gave him a good deal of a hurt. He was then on the point of leaving for the Chattanooga region. I naturally put "that and that together" when I read Gen. O. O. Howard's article in the *Christian Union* three or four weeks ago—where he mentions that the new General arrived lame from a recent accident. (See that article.) And why not write Howard?

Franklin spoke positively of the frequent spreeing. In camp—in time of war.

Captain Grant was frequently threatened by the Commandant of his Oregon post with a report to the War Department of his conduct unless he modified his intemperance. The report would mean dismissal from the service. At last the report *had* to be made out; and then, so greatly was the captain beloved, that he was privately informed, and was thus enabled to rush his resignation to Washington ahead of the report. Did the report *go*, nevertheless? I don't know. If it did, it is in the War Department now, possibly, and seeable. I got all this from a regular army man, but I can't name him to save me.

The only time General Grant ever mentioned liquor to me was about last April, or possibly May. He said:

"If I could only build up my strength! The doctors urge whisky and champagne; but I can't take them; I can't abide the taste of any kind of liquor."

Had he made a conquest so complete that even the *taste* of liquor was become an offense? Or was he so sore over what had been said about his habit that he wanted to persuade others and likewise himself that he hadn't even ever *had* any taste for it. It *sounded* like the latter, but that's no evidence.

He told me in the fall of '84 that there was something the matter with his throat, and that at the suggestion of his physicians he had reduced his smoking to one cigar a day. Then he added, in a casual fashion, that he didn't care for *that* one, and seldom smoked it.

I could understand that feeling. He had set out to conquer not the *habit* but the *inclination*—the *desire*. He had gone at the root, not the trunk. It's the *perfect* way and the only true way (I speak from experience). How I do hate those enemies of the human race who go around enslaving God's free people with *pledges*—to quit drinking instead of to quit wanting to drink.

But Sherman and Van Vliet know *everything* concerning Grant; and if you tell them how you want to use the facts, both of them will testify. Regular army men have no concealments about each other; and yet they make their awful statements without shade or color of malice—with a frankness and a child-like naïveté, indeed, which is enchanting—and stupefying. West Point seems to teach them that, among other priceless things not to be got in any other college in this world. If we talked about our guild-mates as I have heard Sherman, Grant, Van Vliet and others talk about theirs—mates with whom they were on the best possible terms—we could never expect them to speak to us again.

I am reminded, now, of another matter. The day of the funeral I sat an hour over a single drink and several cigars with Van Vliet and Sherman and Senator Sherman; and among other things Gen. Sherman said, with impatient scorn:

"The idea of all this nonsense about Grant not being able to stand rude language and indelicate stories! Why Grant was *full* of humor, and full of the appreciation of it. I have sat with him by the hour listening to Jim Nye's yarns—and I reckon you know the style of Jim Nye's histories, Clemens. It makes me sick—that newspaper nonsense. Grant was no namby-pamby fool, he was a *man*—all over—rounded and complete."

I wish I had thought of it! I would have said to General Grant: "Put the drunkenness in the *Memoirs*—and the repentance and reform. Trust the people."

But I will wager there is not a hint in the book. He was sore, there. As much of the book as I have read gives no hint, as far as I recollect.

The sick-room brought out the points of Gen. Grant's character—some of them particularly, to wit:

His patience; his indestructible equability of temper; his exceeding gentleness, kindness, forbearance, lovingness, charity; his

[1] If you could see Franklin and *talk* with him—then he would unbosom.

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loyalty: to friends, to convictions, to promises, half-promises, infinitesimal fractions and shadows of promises. (There was a requirement of him which I considered an atrocity, an injustice, an outrage; I wanted to implore him to repudiate it; Fred Grant said, "Save your labor, I *know* him; he is in doubt as to whether he made that half-promise or not—and he will give the thing the benefit of the doubt; he will fulfill that half-promise or kill himself trying;" Fred Grant was right—he *did* fulfill it); his aggravatingly trustful nature; his genuineness, simplicity, modesty, diffidence, self-depreciation, poverty in the quality of vanity—and, in no contradiction of this last, his simple pleasure in the flowers and general ruck sent to him by Tom, Dick and Harry from everywhere—a pleasure that suggested a perennial surprise that he should be the object of so much fine attention—he *was* the most lovable great child in the world; (I mentioned his loyalty: you remember Harrison, the colored body-servant? the whole family hated him, but that did not make any difference, the General always stood at his back, wouldn't allow him to be scolded; always excused his failures and deficiencies with the one unvarying formula, "We are responsible for these things in his race—it is not fair to visit our fault upon them—let him *alone;*" so they did let him alone, under compulsion, until the great heart that was his shield was taken away; then—well, they simply couldn't *stand* him, and so they were excusable for determining to discharge him—a thing which they mortally hated to do, and by lucky accident were saved from the necessity of doing); his toughness as a bargainer when doing business for other people or for his country (witness his "terms" at Donelson, Vicksburg, etc.; Fred Grant told me his father wound up an estate for the widow and orphans of a friend in St. Louis—it took several years; at the end every complication had been straightened out, and the property put upon a prosperous basis; great sums had passed through his hands, and when he handed over the papers there were vouchers to show what had been done with every penny) and his trusting, easy, unexacting fashion when doing business for himself (at that same time he was paying out money in driblets to a man who was running his farm for him—and in his first Presidency he paid every one of those driblets again (total, $3,000 F. said), for he hadn't a scrap of paper to show that he had ever paid them before; in his dealings with me he would *not* listen to terms which would place my money at risk and leave his protected—the thought plainly gave him *pain*, and he put it from him, waved it off with his *hands*, as one does accounts of crushings and mutilations—wouldn't listen, changed the subject); and his fortitude! He was under sentence of death last spring; he sat thinking, musing, several days—nobody knows what about; then he pulled himself together and set to work to finish that book, a colossal task for a dying man. Presently his hand gave out; fate seemed to have got him checkmated. Dictation was suggested. No, he never could do that; had never tried it; too old to learn, now. By and by—if he could only do Appomattox—well. So he sent for a stenographer, and dictated 9,000 words at a single sitting!—never pausing, never hesitating for a word, never repeating—and in the written-out copy he made hardly a correction. He dictated again, every two or three days—the intervals were intervals of exhaustion and slow recuperation—and at last he was able to tell me that he had written more matter than could be got into the book. I then enlarged the book—had to. Then he lost his voice. He was not quite done yet, however:—there was no end of little plums and spices to be stuck in, here and there; and this work he patiently continued, a few lines a day, with pad and pencil, till far into July, at Mt. McGregor. One day he put his pencil aside, and said he was done—there was nothing more to do. If I had been there I could have foretold the shock that struck the world three days later.

Well, I've written all this, and it doesn't seem to amount to anything. But I do want to help, if I only could. I will enclose some scraps from my *Autobiography*—scraps about General Grant—they may be of some trifle of use, and they may not—they at least verify known traits of his character. My *Autobiography* is pretty freely dictated, but my idea is to jack-plane it a little before I die, some day or other; I mean the rude construction and rotten grammar. It is the only dictating I ever did, and it was most troublesome and awkward work. You may return it to Hartford.

Sincerely Yours
S. L. CLEMENS.

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The Understudy

BY JOHNSON MORTON

IN protest to the blaze of winter sunshine out of doors, Mrs. Latimer's drawing-room was effectively dim. Silken curtains of dull green across the great windows that overlooked the Common let in only enough light for the best advantage of its dark paneling, its Jacobean furniture, and its Chinese porcelains gleaming from chimneypiece and cabinet. The room itself, "a symphony of restraint and atmosphere"—so fell a memorable phrase from a quotable admirer—would be acknowledged beautiful even by a taste less bent on symbolism than his. Mrs. Latimer's own went farther yet, for she had reached the haven where one may be said to *live* symbolism, not merely to express it. She had laughed lightly when this description came anonymously to her ears, and credited it at once to Percival Groundling, whose fatherhood of local epigrams was prodigious.

"But I don't admire it," she had declared. "It's hopelessly direct. Groundling's arrow flies too straight. I can hear the twang of his bow!" Then she dropped the metaphor to add, with a touch of the faint humor that was hers: "If he means to please women of my sort by praising their possessions, let him be less Doric in his methods. Let him say something that we can't read as we run! Even I, perhaps, might do better." She hesitated a moment, her thin lips parted. "Ah! how is this—at a pinch? 'Here has a personality inspired its own expression.'"

Once said and often repeated—it is by cumulative methods that Boston makes facts of its intelligences and dogmas of such facts—the phrase had flown, faster than had Groundling's, to add to the luster of the lady whom her small but appreciative world had already acclaimed a personage.

On this particular afternoon—it was the free hour of Sunday between a luncheon party, arranged for an especial purpose, and the weekly symposium at tea-time to which Mrs. Latimer's followers flocked as to a Mecca—the room held two persons whose attitude suggested a prearranged and intimate conference. Carola Groundling—she was, by the way, Percival Groundling's niece—knelt close to the tall chair in which Mrs. Latimer, a fragile figure draped in habitual black, sat erect. Her cheek touched affectionately the older woman's breast, and she held the slender, worn hands in a caress.

"And now that you know something about him, tell me just what *you* think of him, dear one?"

Carola had lifted her face to put the question slowly.

Mrs. Latimer smiled. Her released hands smoothed the thick, black hair that waved simply from the girl's forehead. "I think"—she seemed, as always, to select a word carefully from some inward store—"What *do* I think? Yes; I think he is very *vital*."

"Ah! how like you that sounds, dear one! You are right. Rodney *is* vital. Who but you can describe a man in five letters? You are wonderful!"

"And she calls him Rodney—*already!*" Mrs. Latimer's eyebrows were raised in gentle mockery.

"Yes, she does to herself—and to *you!*"

"Which means that you will marry him, Carola?"

The girl colored faintly. "It means that I—*may*—provided he asks me—and you approve."

"Ah, little child!" Mrs. Latimer sighed and leaned back in her chair, her fine, gray head resting against the dark oak. "You must not say that; you shall not give me such a responsibility. It is too much; and, when all is said and done, I can't be disinterested. . . . Re-

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member, Carola, when you marry, I shall lose you."

Miss Groundling started in protest. "No— No, never that." She spoke firmly. "When I marry, it must be understood that our wonderful relation goes on just the same. I shall insist. Why, dear one, it means everything in the world to me!"

"And what of Rodney—*your* Rodney?"

Carola laughed. "We mustn't call him my Rodney—yet," she parried. "Perhaps he may never give us the chance!"

Mrs. Latimer shook her head. "There's small fear of that, dear, modest child. Why, I have eyes!" Then suddenly her face grew grave and she held the girl's arm tightly. "I fancy you need have small doubt of Rodney's feeling for you; but are you sure what is your feeling for him? Somehow—I tell you frankly—he doesn't seem at all the sort of man you should marry, if marry one must. You say that I described him in a word; perhaps 'twas the only word I had for him! Yes, he *is* vital. He's a fine, healthy animal, with brains, I grant; but you, dear little girl, you are exceptional, and you need for your husband a man with soul. Has that big, breezy, friendly, practical, nice fellow a *soul?* Ah, Carola, I doubt it. Listen!" Mrs. Latimer went on. "When you told me young Blunt was in town and that you were seeing something of him, I hadn't the least suspicion that he interested you. Even when you made a point of my asking him to luncheon to-day, I thought it merely a friendly attention on your part; but something you said just before we went in about my placing him on my left, and something more in the perfectly open way he kept his eyes on you all through luncheon, show me that a situation is at hand! Ah! my child, I feel curiously left out. Why couldn't you have told me before?"

"But, dear one, I didn't know myself. I don't know even now! I should never keep anything from you. I couldn't. After all, that's why I wanted you to see Rodney; I wanted your opinion of him."

Mrs. Latimer smiled again. "And you've got it in one word—*vital!*" She touched her starting-point. "Carola dear, we must face this same situation. Here's a young man—let's call him a Lochinvar out of the West—who's made a fortune in tar or oil or lard, or something very useful and very unlovely. He appears in Boston for the first time in his life. And there he sees—Carola Groundling! Now, Carola Groundling," Mrs. Latimer's tone caressed, "is what I must make her blush by describing as the fine flower of fine civilization! She is intelligent, trained, almost complete; full of talent, perception, and that rare type of emotion that is held delicately in restraint by the best conventions. Of course, she produces an effect on young Lochinvar—an immediate effect! She is unlike anything he has ever beheld before; and he has already—yes, I can see for myself—the discoverer's proud sense of proprietorship! But what interests me far more is the effect that Lochinvar produces on Carola Groundling. It is, I fear, almost as strong; though, of course, tempered by the touch of her subtler instincts, her unconscious dependence on the best of tradition. . . . But, Carola dear, I confess I am anxious. There *is* an appeal in such a man as Rodney Blunt; but is it, I ask, an appeal to which the best and finest in such a woman as you ought to respond? You are dear to me, Carola, dearer than you know." There were tears in the faded eyes that looked into the girl's own. "I have no right to influence you, but I can't bear to have the lovely qualities of your nature which it has been my happiness to nurture and develop—you must allow me this credit—come to naught in the life that would be yours if you marry just this sort of man. He's strong and good and capable, I know, but he doesn't care for the things you and I hold precious; and—forgive me, dearest—I know that in all the material prosperity he'd give you you'd be sure to lose, little by little, your impulse for what *we* know are the real things of life—the devotion to friendship, the appreciation of the beautiful, and the sacred obligation to the best development of one's self. Ah! little girl"—Mrs. Latimer had of a sudden left her seat and, as she spoke, was walking slowly up and

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down the long room, in her movement the signs of more distress than she usually permitted herself—"Ah, little girl, little friend, I don't think I could quite bear it."

In a moment Carola was beside her, an arm about her waist. "Dear one, dear one!" A certain alarming quality in the older woman's unwonted restlessness brought out the cry, "*Do* you care like that?" She held her close and kissed her. Her own eyes shone mistily. "Why, it's like asking me to choose between you and him! But listen to me, dear one; you are too tragic. You shall spare yourself every unhappiness. Between you two there's no comparison at all—there *can* be none! I'm sure I don't love him, and I'm sure I do love some one else—some one who thinks far more highly and affectionately of me than I deserve. Why, of course, though the whole thing is superfluous to a degree, for I dare say Mr. Blunt really doesn't give me a thought—of course I shall choose *you!*"

But ten minutes later, when, after an interim of fond feminine protestations, the door of the house had closed upon her, Carola Groundling experienced a revulsion of feeling, slight but sufficiently unmistakable. For, as she stood hesitating an instant on the step, she caught sight of a man who had evidently seen her from the vantage of the Common opposite. He came straight across the street with an air of swift intention, and she recognized Rodney Blunt's tall, broad figure and the frank smile of satisfaction that lighted his face.

He took her hand eagerly. "By Jove! I'm glad you've come out at last!" he said. "I've been waiting hours for you—ever since luncheon—skulking about the park, with an eye on your friend Mrs. Latimer's front door. What did the nice old lady have to say about me? Come! let's walk down the Embankment together, and you shall tell me. Besides," he added, and into his voice crept a tone that brought the color to Carola's cheek, "I really want to ask you a question!"

Rodney Blunt, as was natural to his single-minded and direct personality, had small powers of concealment; and his impulses, always patent, were wont to antedate his actions by so close a margin that they might almost be said to produce a certain independent effect. Even Carola Groundling, by no means quick to read the processes of a mind to which her own could offer no key, had in their short acquaintance recognized this quality, and now, with the warning of his purpose, "I really want to ask you a question," ringing in her ears, knew that the moment she had expected was at hand. Two hours ago, she found herself acknowledging, it would have been welcome; but since her interview with Mrs. Latimer her thoughts had been turned into quite another channel. The responsibilities as well as the prerogatives of her friendship with the older woman suddenly projected their shadows. Her somewhat inflexible imagination already began to accuse her of disloyalty to an ideal—the most poignant of all lapses, according to her elaborate and rather muddled creed. She had said but little to Mrs. Latimer at the moment, but she had felt a great deal—possibly she prided herself on this capacity—and the other's show of distress at the thought of a break in their relations had filled her with penitence for contemplating the contingency. What debts of gratitude did she not owe Mrs. Latimer for friendship, example, and inspiration? To be *like* her! Ah! that had been ever the girl's dearest ambition—to be like her and to carry on her work, her traditions, her influence! This were career enough.

And yet, now that she had chosen her course, the act suddenly took on the color of a sacrifice. The vigorous personality of the man beside her, with whom she talked lightly as they walked down Beacon Street, had become almost compelling. She liked the sweep of his shoulders rising far above her own, the strength of his hand strained on the stick he swung, the bold line of shaven cheek and chin, the straight fearlessness of his blue eyes. These impressions, however, she thrust resolutely aside, for she had quite made up her mind not to listen to him. She would marry no one; and she agreed, as she rehearsed Mrs. Latimer's criticisms, that with all his charm and attraction—these pos-

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sessions the other had been unable to ignore—Rodney Blunt was not the sort of husband for her, even if she should allow herself to think of any man in that light. Life with him might be, she conceded, agreeable, amusing, perhaps exciting; but never, she now decided, developing or uplifting. Mrs. Latimer's instillation of standards had been high, as befitted one who looked at life seriously and as great philosophers, thinkers, and poets — though Carola had sometimes personal doubts of these last—regarded it. Then, too, if she *should* marry Rodney Blunt—the girl held the thought again for the sake of antithesis—the mere material changes of her life would be portentous. Why! she'd have to leave Boston! She must follow him westward to some crude, noisy, and vulgar existence that would offer her mind and soul no scope. Mrs. Latimer had been right, as she always was. Faced resolutely, the idea stood preposterous. Rodney Blunt's path and hers could never be the same.

A moment later they had turned into the Embankment. A fresh wind flecked with white the waters of the basin, and tossed the bare branches of the shrubbery that marked in long, gray lines the center of the promenade, while over the distant arch of the Cambridge bridge, smoothest of pathways from Athens to Parnassus, the afternoon sunlight slanted sharply through an air as cold and clear as a Bostonian's conscience.

It was then that a belated instinct awoke in Carola Groundling, an instinct said to be inherent in the heart of every good woman when confronted with a like situation—the desire to save a man from suffering by not allowing him to put into words a declaration which she does not feel herself able to accept. So she broke hurriedly the menacing silence that was held, she knew, only by the presence of some other persons going in their direction, and, naturally enough, in her desire to avoid the subject that was uppermost in her mind, she hit upon a cognate one.

"I hope you liked Mrs. Latimer"—Carola looked up into the young man's face—"because she's one of my greatest friends."

"Which means that you think a lot of her opinion." Blunt's tone was serious, though his eyes smiled.

"Why, of course," Carola began. Then she seemed to recognize in his attitude something alarming enough to drive her to the refuge of a generality. "It's always pleasant, don't you think, to have one's friends like one another?"

To her surprise Blunt laughed aloud.

"What a wonderful girl you are!" he cried. "First I think you mean something when you ask me a plain question in that jolly, straight way of yours; and then you take me off my feet by showing me that you mean nothing whatever! I don't altogether make you out, Miss Groundling—I dare say I don't make you out at all; but I hope you don't mind my saying so, I *love* that sort of thing in you. I never saw anybody just like you. You're always giving me surprises. Why, you're *delicious!*"

Now the woman doesn't live who isn't pleased by being taunted with mystery, and the tributes paid to her mental intricacy she rates far higher than those flung to her physical beauty. It is also highly agreeable to be considered unique, to be regarded as apart from one's fellows, and as for the adjective "delicious," why the application, especially when it comes spontaneously from a man's lips that smile over a flash of white teeth, cannot be denied a strong appeal. So, despite herself, Carola colored in recognition—pink, be it remarked, became mightily her rather pale face—and, to conceal this concession, laughed lightly.

"And your adjective, if I had the choosing of it, should be—ridiculous!" was her retort.

Blunt's hand flew to his hat in whimsical acknowledgment. "A thousand thanks! I'll be proud of any adjective at all—from *you*," he bowed low; "and if you'll only give me the right—"

"Ah," Carola's voice protested, "please don't be silly." She quickened her steps pointedly, for she felt that the moment and the long, empty space between them and the nearest groups of pedestrians must alike be bridged. "I'm afraid you misunderstood me. Truly, I'd like to know just what impression Mrs. Latimer made on you. Yes; I have rather a particular reason."

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Painting by C. E. Chambers

"ISN'T IT QUITE AS IF WE WERE LEFT, SURVIVORS OF THE FLOOD"

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But even as she spoke she knew that it was too late now to parry Blunt's intention, for he had already stopped short, and, in spite of herself, she stopped, too. She looked about her, an unknown panic at her breast. For the moment they were as much alone in this wind-blown expanse as if they had been behind closed doors. Blunt's face was pale; his eyes held hers earnestly, she could not escape their caress; and his words came quickly, like the rushing of pent waters, it seemed to the listening girl.

He asked her at once to be his wife. He told her that he had loved her since the first time he saw her; that there had never been for him another woman. Old protestations these, and oft repeated, yet, somehow, they fell on Carola's ears like undreamed-of music. There came into his voice a tone that she had never heard before, that made her breathless, expectant. It throbbed like a chord swept from a harp, and gradually something within her seemed to vibrate in harmony.

"I am yours, all yours," Rodney Blunt was saying. "I give you my life, my body, my heart, my soul. Only love me, Carola, and say that you will be my wife!"

Then suddenly a miracle took place. The bleak Embankment, stretched between a dull line of houses and a cold waste of leaden waters, changed into a Paradise; a rather good-looking, entirely commonplace, and unusually successful young American citizen became a god, while a certain extremely conventional, partially spoiled, and wholly inexperienced young girl with a New England conscience was, to all intents and purposes, for the moment a Priestess of Love! And this happened in Boston!

The beating of Carola's heart grew to a pæan of exultation. A divine rosiness swept her cheeks slowly; she bent her head, for her lips could scarcely form the words she would say. Then she held out both her hands and Rodney Blunt took them swiftly into his.

At the door of Percival Groundling's house in Marlborough Street he left her. Several hours had passed and it was already late, though neither of them had noticed that fact, and certainly the darkness was friendly to their protracted parting.

"Until to-morrow, you darling, you darling!" Blunt whispered. Then he started down the steps, but a thought brought him back to her. He was laughing boyishly. "Oh, Carola," he said, "there's something that I've forgotten. Do you know I never told you what I really thought of your friend—that nice old lady, Mrs. Latimer? Well, since you've asked me—though, of course, dearest girl, I'm fully prepared to swallow almost anything you want me to—I'm afraid I must confess that I think she's a bit of a *fake!*"

Although these words had, at the moment, given Carola a twinge of distress, she forgot them entirely in the later realization of her own disloyalty. No sooner was she alone than the sense of this swept over her poignantly; and the next morning, after a night of mingled emotions—for her happiness refused persistently to be submerged—she went straight to Beacon Street, bent on some sort of explanation, though with rather confused ideas of procedure in her mind. She found Mrs. Latimer in her study, a sunny room picturesquely devoted to affairs. A jar of purple orchids flared on the big desk at which the lady herself sat reading. She was in an expansive mood, and when she saw the girl she smiled and stretched out her arms. But Carola, held close for an instant, released herself resolutely. She would brook no false impression. At the unwonted movement Mrs. Latimer started and asked, anxiously:

"Dear child, is anything the matter?"

Then the girl, sinking to her knees in the old, fond attitude, began her confession. From time to time she could feel the other's fingers tighten on her shoulders, but the eyes that held her own intently gave no sign. Carola went on. She spared herself nothing. She told all that had happened since she had left the house the day before.

"So you see, dear one," she finished, with tears on her cheeks and a beating at her throat she could not control—"so you see, I didn't understand myself at all! I wasn't sure that I cared for

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him, but when the moment came—I tried honestly to ward it off as best I could—why, I forgot my promise to you; I forgot everything but just the fact that I suddenly found I loved him with all my heart. But now— Oh, dear one, help me as you have always done! I don't know, I don't know! Somehow I can only remember that I have been false to you, false to our wonderful relation. I can't lose you, dear one, I can't lose you! Oh, what am I to do?"

Greatly to her surprise and entirely to her satisfaction, Mrs. Latimer's response had been far different from what Carola had expected. True, for an impassioned moment the rebuke of disloyalty seemed to hover on the older woman's lips, but it had not been spoken. Instead, there came an impulsive movement that seemed to offer a leniency of judgment, a disposition to understand. Her words had borne this out handsomely.

"Dear child"—Mrs. Latimer shook her head and smiled almost playfully—"why all this tragic air? Believe me, I am not surprised." Then she hesitated a moment. "Though I don't deny that I *am* disappointed, for perhaps I had hoped more of you; but I assure you I am far from surprised"—her hand sought the girl's—"far from surprised, and I could never be angry with my darling when she does what seems to her for the best. So I shall just congratulate you and wish you every happiness. He's a good man, Carola, I don't doubt that; and you say you love him. Dear child, let us hope, with all our heart, that the best of life will come to you. Yes, the best of life." Mrs. Latimer spoke fervently, only her last words had something cryptic in their tone. "We shall see, we shall see!"

On the announcement of Carola's engagement followed fast the inevitable wave of festivity with which a civilized community is wont to flood the interim between the betrothal and the marriage of its young. In Carola's case this was wider than usual, for Blunt's personality and the suddenness of his wooing gave piquancy to the interest. Then with the Groundling family's connection, which, large and important though it was, had been none too used to marriages in its latest generations, the event held all the acclaim of a novelty. From her mother's side of the house as well—the late Mrs. Groundling, it may be interesting to know, had been one of the Sebastian Pivotts of Salem—significant ladies emerged to honor their kinswoman. So the air was rife with invitations, plans, and meetings. Visits, dinners, teas, and theater parties loomed large; all the friendly confusion of congratulation and hospitality.

But at this juncture it was to Mrs. Latimer, who, be it remarked, had from the beginning shown a generous disposition to make the best of things, that the girl turned for advice and suggestion. Perhaps the impulse held in it a touch of regret, a subtle wish to compensate, as best she could, for what had happened. At all events, the elder woman responded warmly, her air at once sympathetic and authoritative. Thus it happened that gradually she came to visé Carola's invitations, approving some and frowning at others.

"My dear child," she would say, "really I can't spare you for Laura Synnert's dinner dance. I'm sorry, but I especially want you and Rodney *here* that night to meet the Dryers. He's the great Baconian authority, you know; a most interesting personality and very anxious to see you, by the way. He was a classmate of your father's at Harvard."

To Carola, used as she had always been to Mrs. Latimer's type of entertainment, the giving up of a dinner dance was no hardship. Indeed, she was glad to meet the great scholar, and was interested in his lecture and the discussion that followed it. Rodney Blunt, howeves, had been frankly bored, and as they drove home together, hand in hand, he taxed her, whimsically, with being a blue-stocking.

"You are, you know you are, you little wretch," he had said. "I can't follow you when you talk as you have to-night. I believe you do it purposely to confuse me. I feel like a fish out of water. Wasn't it awful? Why didn't we go to Mrs. Synnert's? She's such good fun! And what on earth," he went on, "made your Mrs. Latimer drag me into the thing by asking my opinion?

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Opinion! I'd be ashamed to have any! I don't care a hang who wrote Shakespeare's plays as long as I don't have to see 'em acted, and I don't know that Bacon chap from a hole in the ground."

To which frank and sweeping statements Carola, though she smiled, had seen fit to take some exception.

"Don't be absurd, Rodney." Her air was tenderly tolerant. "I'm not a blue-stocking, though I hope I have decent intelligence! It doesn't in the least matter what you call *me*, dear, but I don't think I quite like to hear you speak of Mrs. Latimer as you do. Why do you say '*your* Mrs. Latimer' in that pointed way?"

But Carola's seriousness had glanced easily from the smooth surface of Blunt's humor. He laughed lightly, and, slipping his arm about her, gave question for question.

"Well, you wouldn't have me call her '*my* Mrs. Latimer,' would you, sweetheart?"

It was ten days later, after a course of curiously similar evenings, that he reopened the subject. They had dined again at Mrs. Latimer's, going on to the Assembly; and, as it had been convenient for Mrs. Latimer to share their motor-car, not until they were dancing together did they find themselves alone.

Blunt called Carola's attention to this fact, and added, with the direct abruptness that was characteristic of him: "I can't stand much more of this sort of thing. For Heaven's sake! let's cut it short and get married to-morrow."

Carola looked up at him with surprised eyes. "Be married to-morrow! I never heard of such a thing! It's simply impossible!"

"I don't see why," Blunt persisted.

"Why, because it *isn't done!*" Finalities of convention sounded in the girl's tone. "You dear, stupid boy! It's sweet of you to be impatient, but to be married like that would be ridiculous, quite what we call *kitcheny*"—laughingly she allowed herself the word—"the sort of thing that one expects from footmen and parlor-maids. What would people say? They would *laugh*, Rodney! No; every one agrees that four months is quite short enough for an engagement. We must get really to know each other, you see. Why, only yesterday Mrs. Latimer said just this very thing and suggested that I put off the wedding until autumn."

At the mention of Mrs. Latimer's name Blunt started, but he said nothing. A ballroom floor and the measures of a waltz give small scope for the expression of serious feelings. Instead, he guided Carola swiftly across the hall—he danced well and vigorously—and, at the last bar of music, drew her into a little alcove, prepared with palms and seats for "sitting out." There was no one else in the place, and, bending over her chair, he spoke quickly:

"Carola dear, I really meant what I suggested just now. I'm very much in earnest, for I have my reasons. I won't be too insistent; I don't say literally *to-morrow*—you shall have all the time you need to get ready—but I beg you to please me in this. I want you, my darling, more than I can tell—I'm not good at putting things into words—and somehow, as the days go on like this, I feel uneasy. Don't laugh at me; don't make me explain, dear; just trust me! I dare say I ask a lot, but if you'll do this for me you'll never regret it. Sweetheart, I'm sure I can make you very happy!" His voice was earnest and his eyes shone tenderly.

Carola slipped her hand into his; but, smiling, shook her head. "You dear, foolish boy," she said; "what nonsense you are talking! Of course it would be beautiful to be married to-morrow; perhaps even *I* wish so, too! But don't you see it's quite out of the question? I can't change all my plans. That would be selfish, for they are fixed and necessary. Rodney dear, you mustn't forget that I've got obligations to other persons, persons that I've known and loved before I ever saw you; to Uncle Percival, for instance—I must get him settled—and to dear friends like Mrs. Latimer—" Then she stopped short to ask, suddenly, "Which reminds me, Rodney, am I right in thinking that you are annoyed with Mrs. Latimer about something?"

It would have been well for the young gentleman from Emporia, Kansas, had he at this juncture followed his charac-

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teristic course of direct candor and flung back a quick and sharp retort—possibly in this wise:

"Yes, my dear girl, you are! I'm bored to death by your Mrs. Latimer. I call her a tricky old woman. I don't like her; I don't trust her round the corner, for I have a queer feeling that she tries in every way to step in between us. That's the reason I want you to marry me out of hand, to put an end to this maudlin nonsense of female devotion, and, now that you've opened the subject yourself, and because I love you so much, I must insist that you agree with me."

Ten to one, this ultimatum would have been followed by consternation, anger, reproaches, and tears in quick succession; but it would have held that most potent of all elements—as far as a woman is concerned—novelty; and, ten to one, it would have been efficacious. But Blunt, who, like most persons short of the intuitive faculty, had a complete belief in his own powers of discernment, flattered himself that already he quite understood Carola's habits of mind. He had come to recognize in her a strain of gentle obstinacy—the natural outcome of freedom and authority untrammeled by any particular responsibility — and, with an amused tolerance, fancied that it was scarcely worth while to combat this, unless he considered the occasion of vital importance. So he laughed aside the question, with the result that Carola answered it herself! Perhaps she went further than she meant, for she spoke more intimately of Mrs. Latimer than she had ever done before.

"It's perfectly impossible for you to realize how devoted to her I am," she went on; "that's the sort of thing that nobody but a woman ever really understands. All my life long she's been everything to me until you came, and she's acted so nobly and unselfishly about my caring for you, Rodney, that it rather hurts me to hear you make sport of her, to see how little you seem to like her. You underrate her—indeed you do! She's far more generous, for she speaks so well of you"—here, perhaps, Carola stretched a point or two—"that it makes your attitude seem dreadfully unfair. Can't you," she concluded, pleadingly, "can't you, for my sake, Rodney dear, like her better and be nicer to her?"

The outcome of all this was that Blunt capitulated utterly, and, before he knew it, found himself pledged to spend the Easter holidays at Mrs. Latimer's house in the country, opened for the occasion—a contingency which, when it had been suggested some weeks earlier, he had had every intention to avoid!

The visit began auspiciously. Oaklands was lovely in the soft sheen of spring that swept from meadow to hillside, and Mrs. Latimer, who had insisted that Blunt and Carola should come a day in advance of the other guests, had met them in her happiest manner. Indeed, her treatment of the young man reached the affectionate as, with a hand at his shoulder, she had launched her welcome.

"Dear, dear children"—the touch was maternal—"how happy you make me! Selfishly, I could not resist giving myself this pleasure. To-night we shall be quite by ourselves, we three, for you must see how a lonely old woman lives." Her candor was appealing. "And perhaps," she added, archly, "I want you to know me better!"

The evening proved delightful. Carefully she had arranged everything for Blunt's best advantage. She took, as it were, her post at his feet, the listener's attitude. Skilfully she turned the conversation in his direction, to his life and work; she shifted the scene westward; she forsook ideals for achievements; and to this arrangement, at first despite himself, Rodney Blunt soon responded. He talked as neither of the women had ever heard him talk before. The reserves which, insidiously, in the alien atmosphere surrounding him for months, had come to affect him, fell away. He became his real self again—his impulse earnest, his voice loud, his words incisive, his gestures wide; his manner charged with the magnetism which, it was easy to see, had helped to make him successful. He described, picturesquely, his early youth, his struggles, his enterprises, the direct, shrewd way in which he had met difficulties and conquered

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them—all without self-consciousness or thought of effect, but with that compelling frankness which was his best quality.

And Carola, eagerly leaning toward him, had sat enthralled, as Mrs. Latimer, with her cool eyes ever on his face, sympathetically insistent, urged him on.

Afterward, at the moment seized for saying good-night to each other, Carola had clung to him closely, in her touch a new fondness.

"What splendid things you've done, and how wonderful you are!" she whispered. "Oh, Rodney, I *do* admire and respect you, but, most of all, I love you, I love you, I love you!"

Then, to her delight, Blunt, elated, had seemed to forswear his prejudice by saying, "Do you know, Carola, I believe I'm going to like your Mrs. Latimer, after all!"

But on the following day, with the arrival of the other guests, everything changed abruptly. The Dryers, fresh from a lecture tour in Canada, came first, bringing to luncheon an atmosphere of forensic triumphs; triumphs which the professor and his lady detailed, from opposite sides of the table, in a conjugal antiphony that Blunt thought sufficiently depressing. But that night at dinner, as he surveyed the complete party, he realized blacker depths. On his hostess's left sat Eric Bantam, an amateur socialist of repute, who, despite family tradition—the Bantams were, as a rule, smart and frivolous—repudiated evening dress on principle, practised economies in linen, and lived, the rumor ran, on the interest of his income! Mrs. Livingston Clutch came next, a vivacious matron of fifty. Her shrill activities vibrated between the Cause of Woman and the binding of thin, unknown books in mauve leather. At the moment of observation she hung on the monologue of her neighbor, a politician named Donovan, whose vigorous personality and extremely good looks had floated him, as it were, from the outer to the inner Bay, where he was now enjoying that peculiarly Bostonian experience—a vogue! His hobby was tariff reform; his best asset, a smile that captivated; and to this latter Miss Verity, on the right, paid tributes that rivaled Mrs. Clutch's absorption. And Blunt had always thought pretty Nina Verity sensible—just a good sort, fond of sport and music and dancing! Bah! What could she see in that cheap, pretentious chap? It was ridiculous!

"They're a queer lot," he found himself thinking. "I'm altogether out of it, and the quicker I get Carola out of it, too, the better for both of us." His eyes sought Miss Groundling and kindled eagerly, for she was looking her best in soft white, with some dull-green jewels at her throat. Never had she seemed so fair, so deliciously feminine, so entirely a possession! But, to his disappointment, she failed to meet his glance, absorbed as she was in the remarks of Doctor Messer, who had recently developed a serum for drunkenness and loved to talk about it.

Blunt turned desperately to his left-hand neighbor—long since had Mrs. Dryer, on the other side, given him up as hopeless—a faded, pre-eminently lady-like person hung unsuitably with heavy Indian ornaments. This was none other than Veronica Crabbe Bulfinch, a poetess whose heart bled periodically on magazine pages, and whose "afternoons" supplied with copy many a Sunday Supplement. She deplored, in a thin, high voice, the necessity of giving up her next Tuesday. "For dear Professor Query—you know, of course, what *he* stands for, Mr. Blunt—had promised to tell us everything about occultism. But I have compensations! 'Tis an inspiration to be here and with *her*." The round eyes rolled in Mrs. Latimer's direction. Didn't he find it so? Too wonderful—the privilege of his admission to the inner circle! And that dear girl—Mrs. Bulfinch grew archly intimate—so individual, so *apart*, a veritable Priestess of the Sanctuary! Might not one who *understood* hold out afresh the hand of congratulation?

Somewhat amused, half irritated, and wholly puzzled, he took refuge in generalities and silences until the meal wore to its close. The interim of the smoking-room proved scarcely better, save that it was mercifully short, as the other men disdained tobacco—though they treated his weakness with condescending tol-

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erance—and were feverishly eager to rejoin their audience of ladies.

The next hour stretched to dismal length. It had begun with general conversation of, to Blunt, an incomprehensible sort. He felt himself suddenly umbrellaless in a sharp shower of phrases! There was music—it must have been Debussy—played by Miss Verity, who sank yet lower in his graces. Mrs. Bulfinch, under pressure, piped some unpublished sonnets of a fiercely pro-labor order, and Professor Dryer forsook, for the nonce, the Baconian theory to rout her frail arguments with a battery of statistics; even Carola had, to her lover's consternation, ventured a recitation in French, of which language he was, perhaps somewhat contemptuously, ignorant. Now, in common with many of us, Blunt was capable of much embarrassment at the hands—or, better say, tongues—of elocutionists, professional and otherwise. Their performances affected him unpleasantly, bringing to his cheeks the red of shame which he felt ought by good rights to stain theirs instead! And now, even when he could not understand a word that was said, and the offender was none other than the charming girl whom he was to marry, the same thing happened.

"Good God! how can they let her make such a fool of herself? Can't she see how ridiculous she is?" he wondered, angrily, and suddenly pulled himself together to make, through the polite murmur of admiration and appreciation, a diversion so sudden, so abrupt, so aggressive that for the moment it was successful. But Mrs. Latimer's suave voice soon arrested his lead, her manner tactful and conciliatory. Yet he was acutely conscious of the iron intention back of her gentleness, and realized that he had been made to appear at his worst—loud, ill-mannered, boorish, unused to a society into which he had seen fit to thrust himself.

When he spoke of this to Carola the next morning—there had been no chance of a word together the night before—he found her strangely cool and uncommunicative. Only the persistent note of complaint in his voice had seemed to move her to answer.

"Since you definitely *ask* me, Rodney, I think *you* were wrong. I was surprised—yes, and rather hurt, as well. I confess I didn't know what to make of it. To interrupt, to change the subject so pointedly, after I had just finished that lovely thing of Baudelaire's, when everybody else in the room was so sweet and kind— *Wasn't* it a bit horrid and rude of you, you of all people? I'm sure I can't imagine what Mrs. Latimer thought!"

This last phrase was ill chosen. Blunt, seizing on it, flared at once.

"Oh, *hang* what Mrs. Latimer thought!" he began, impatiently; but, to his surprise, Carola had slipped from the room, and a moment later he found himself staring angrily through the window at a wet and sodden landscape outside.

The storm which began on Saturday night had persisted for two days, with grim skies, scudding mists, and a drenching rain that put walking, riding, or motoring out of the question, and kept every one a virtual prisoner within-doors. Mrs. Latimer, however, that habitant of easy-chairs, had rejoiced frankly at this.

"Ah! what delight of shared solitude!" she cried. "Isn't it quite as if just *we* were left, survivors of the flood?" Her playfulness, mounting from the fireside, drew the others nearer. Smiling, she waved them to chairs. "Come, dear people, why shouldn't we seize this inspiration for our amusement? Come, let's be whimsical!" She caressed, as she spoke, Mrs. Dryer's stout hand. "*You* shall be our returned dove, my clever Lucy, and tell us, patient waiters in the Ark, all your impressions of a ruined world."

To pleasantries such as these, protracted, repeated, and evidently relished by all, since they served to release afresh indoor floods of conversation, Blunt found entrance impossible. True, his sense of humor enabled him for a while to dally, so to speak, at the gates; to listen, to appreciate vaguely—for, to his surprise, he found the talk occasionally arresting in its queer way—even to lift that hearty, rather indiscriminating laugh of his. But his interest flagged quickly, and he would turn in despair to

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such mild distractions as he could muster—the stable, a chat with the marooned chauffeur, or a solitary run about the grounds that wet him to the skin and at least enabled him to kill some time dressing himself afresh.

"I shall take to playing solitaire with myself next," he reflected, moodily, late on Monday afternoon; "and there are thirty-six hours more of this to be lived through!"

He was standing alone at the window of a little room that led out of the library and served as an antechamber to Mrs. Latimer's study beyond, a place really used for the adjustment of affairs too sordid and material to enter the Sanctuary, and which Percival Groundling had, in the old days when his alliterative fancy was still in its delicate youth, pronounced "A Proem to a Poem"!

Outside, a sheet of wind-driven rain blurred the landscape. The sea, beaten to leaden smoothness, lay vague beyond a line of dim trees tossing mightily. Blunt could hear through the rush of fitful gales its deep, rhythmic roll over the rocks below. The sound was inexpressibly dismal. He felt alone, out of place, depressed, and dully angry as well. How could those other people *like* this sort of thing? Yet they certainly did like it, else why should they herd together in one place and harangue one another for hours? His ear caught the low tones of their voices in the library. Laughter followed some witticism of Donovan's. This had reminded that unspeakable ass, Bantam, of something to cap it. There was more laughter, and then Blunt could distinguish Mrs. Bulfinch's dull cadences. Horrors! she was reciting again! But presently that, too, had passed, and in the silence Carola's sweet voice rose softly. He looked at once from the window to the door, his boredom gone.

But suddenly it gave place to a deeper, truer pain, for he was overwhelmingly aware of a realization which till the moment he had not allowed himself definitely to acknowledge, but had held resolutely down as unreal, figment of clouded fancy and untoward circumstance—a sickening sense that this dear, wonderful girl was slipping slowly from him, the distance between them widening as if a force, remorseless and determined, drew her steadily away whither he could not follow! Yes, as the sound of her voice filled his ears he saw everything clearly. Signs that had meant but little grew cumulative: her coolness to himself, slight but unmistakable, which had increased with the days; the small differences of opinion that multiplied disagreements; her little air of regained freedom whenever their tête-à-têtes were interrupted, as if a touch of restraint had been removed; her unfeigned pleasure in the society of the others; her frank interest in the topics they discussed, and, most of all, her increased devotion to Mrs. Latimer, who for her part seemed, as with cleared vision he looked back, to have assumed over the girl a jealously protective air that held in it a constant though sedulously courteous disparagement of himself.

"What sort of a damned muddle is this, anyhow?" the poor fellow thought. "I don't understand it at all. I feel as if I were trapped in—*cobwebs!* But I won't put up with it; I'm no fly." He smiled grimly. "Why, I love Carola with all my heart! I can see her just as she is—her strangenesses, her differences, her odd, little mysteries that I can't wholly fathom yet. I love her because of them, the darling! and I'm sure that, in spite of the way she's treated me lately, she really loves me, too. Why, she's said so, and she's promised to be my wife! Oh, that woman!" His teeth set at the thought of Mrs. Latimer. "My first idea of her was right. I shouldn't have allowed her to befuddle me. I'm more to blame than any one. I'm seven kinds of an idiot. I ought to have married Carola weeks ago and taken her straight to Emporia, where at least they say what they mean. I shouldn't have let her come here at all! Well, 'tisn't too late even now. Thank God, I'm a man and can fight for what I want. She'll see; they'll all see! I'll put a quietus on this business and have it out with her at once."

He strode to the door of the library, and something in his attitude caused the conversation there to cease at sight of

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him, the moment to become suddenly crucial.

"Carola, I wish you'd come here," brusquely he broke through preliminaries. "I want to speak to you."

The girl turned in astonishment; her eyes widened, her cheeks paled. Then her glance veered hesitatingly to Mrs. Latimer, and in the elder woman's smile—small, vague, and inscrutable—she seemed to find decision, for straightway she got up and followed him from the room.

Blunt's entrance into speech, once he and Carola were alone, had been equally abrupt and violent. He realized that he was excited; that perhaps he put things more forcibly than was his intention or need; but reasoning, tritely, that desperate ills call for desperate remedies, his pent-up irritation led him on, and his obsession blinded him to the possibility of methods less direct and incisive than those germane to him. Carola must be made to understand, once for all, how matters stood between them; and, what is more, if he and she were to find happiness together, how matters must stand in the future. There are things, he argued, that no self-respecting man, be he never so deeply in love, is called upon to endure. . . .

She had heard him in silence; but when, his arms held out eagerly in the stress of a passionate revulsion, he had stopped with the broken question, "And now, dearest, and now?" she drew back, in a fluttering gesture of distaste, and spoke for the first time.

"If you have quite finished, Rodney, I think I have something to say." Her voice shook a trifle, and she kept her eyes upon him; otherwise she seemed strangely self-possessed. He could feel the earnestness of her intention. "I'm afraid it's useless to try to make you understand how you have surprised and hurt me by this outburst of yours—so abrupt, so unlike anything to which I've been used—because I've always realized that you and I are not the least alike and have different standards for almost everything. So let's not speak of it again. . . . You give as a sort of excuse the fact that you've been bored. I know you have, and I'm sorry; but, really, I don't think you've taken pains to conceal it. It has troubled me to hear you find fault with the 'queer atmosphere' of this house, and criticize my friends and Mrs. Latimer's as absurd and ill balanced just because you don't happen to like or understand them. They haven't done the same things you've done in your life, but I don't see why they are to be branded as incompetents on that account. They've done other things and done them well. Because you sneer at poor old Professor Dryer and don't feel any interest in his type of man doesn't alter the fact that in his line he is a great authority. Is it *fair* for you to dismiss Eric Bantam as a fool because he is sometimes ridiculous? You know I don't much like Mr. Donovan; but I dare say you'd find him as intelligent in his way as you are in yours, if only you'd take pains to talk with him. Oh, Rodney dear, sometimes—I don't mind telling you—I *like* that sweeping way of yours, for it refreshes me, and then—why—it's *you!* But do you think, while you've been here, you've been either very just or very kind? Ah! but wait a moment! I don't want you to answer me—yet." Her hand protested as Blunt started eagerly to interrupt. "Indeed, dear, as I said before, there's no need to answer this *at all!* I dare say I make too much of it; perhaps I'm tired, for this week hasn't been easy, and, at any rate, all this is not important. But there's something that *is* important, Rodney—vital, I may call it—and that really must be explained and set straight between us if we are ever going to be happy; and that is your relation to my dear old friend Mrs. Latimer! I can't understand your hostile attitude to our friendship. Oh, you *must* see that, feeling as I do, it's wrong for me to put up with it; and so I'm going to ask you one question which I really think you're bound to answer: *What does it all mean?*"

"Mean?" In spite of the underlying sympathy which he could feel in Carola's words, Blunt took fire at once. He chose to ignore everything save the fact that he was, in a way, being brought to account, and the strong impression he had had for some time that if he would

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Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"WHY, THEY CALL HER MY UNDERSTUDY, AND THAT'S WHAT SHE REALLY IS"

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save his happiness he must act quickly and vigorously. "Mean!" he repeated, and he touched the word with sharp emphasis. "Why, I should think that with half an eye you could see what I *meant* when I spoke to you just now." He left the window where they stood and started, his hands clasped behind his back, to pace the floor excitedly. "I've tried not to hurt your feelings by speaking too plainly, but if you want my straight opinion, by Jove! you shall have it. Mean? Why, I mean that this Latimer woman has an influence over you diametrically opposed to mine; that, somehow or other, she doesn't want you to marry me and never has. She pretended at the outset that she did, for some unholy reason of her own; but ever since our engagement she's tried in every possible way to undermine your feeling for me and to separate us at any cost. She's almost succeeded, too. A week ago you'd never have spoken to me as you've just spoken; never have made, as you're making now, an issue of your friendship with this woman in opposition to our—*love!*

"You're not seeing straight, Carola; you're acting under the spell of some devilish fascination of hers, some uncanny power that I can't make out. But I won't go into all this; if I did, I'd find myself saying things that you'd hate if you understood them. So what's the use? . . . Let's start afresh just where we were before all this muddle. I'll give you *another chance! Trust* me, Carola. Marry me to-morrow; it can be arranged somehow. There's a late train to town to-night. We'll go straight to your uncle. Queer as he is, he's got sense enough to see us through. Get your things together. Don't have a row if you can help it; but, if you can't, there's no harm done. If Mrs. Latimer shows fight, turn her over to me. I'll settle her. . . . Oh, my dear girl"—his eyes softened as they met hers—"don't mind if I've seemed harsh to you; forget all our wretched disagreements. Only trust me, and just be—*sensible!*"

Blunt had grown calmer, as if at the mere thought of action so congenial to him. Indeed, at the last, his voice took on a note almost jocular; his manner bristled with confidence.

Earlier in the interview Carola had, despite her guarded indignation, felt an odd revival of sympathy for him stir within her, a strong revulsion of feeling. The image of Mrs. Latimer seemed somehow to flatten and lose focus in the light of his personality. Certainly his anger, vibrant, aggressive, and appealingly masculine, became him well. It produced the same thrill she had experienced early in their courtship. To her he stood for strength, vigor, domination; his blue eyes flashed compellingly; a certain vein in his forehead beneath a wave of hair stood out in a way she had come to know and love; and she noticed with quickened interest how his broad, strong hand strained against the dark oak of the chair it grasped. But with his change of tone, the sudden softening of his mood, somehow her own mood hardened again; her sense of injury returned in fuller measure and less under her careful control. She found herself resenting not only the complacent air of his proposed reconciliation, but—and, oddly enough, more strongly—the way in which he had phrased it.

"Just be—*sensible!*" he had said; the very word a woman of any spirit must hate as it comes from a man's lips, because instinctively she feels that it is the one adjective whose quality he regards her as constitutionally incapable of emulating!

"Oh, 'tis you who are unfair, unreasonable!" she cried, hotly. "You pay no attention to what I say; you brush aside my arguments as if they didn't exist. You treat me like a baby, an idiot, or worse—like a *woman!* You act as if you were kindly giving me a last chance to be—*good!* But I won't put up with it; no right-minded person ought." Her anger mounted with her voice. "You sha'n't assume such an odious control over me. You sha'n't tell me what I am to do. You may think that you own me, but I'll show you that you don't—not *yet!* . . . I belong to myself still, and I'm realizing that I've had a lucky escape. See!" She stopped short and, drawing her engagement-ring from her finger, deliberately held it out to him. "See! I give this back to you. You are free again and so am I!"

There fell a moment of tension. His

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eyes, from a face that had suddenly grown ghastly, looked searchingly into hers. Then, as if realizing the unwisdom of further speech, Blunt took the ring from Carola's hand, bowed, and left her.

His first impulse had been for flight. He'd invent a convenient telegram that would force him to take that last train for town which, earlier in the afternoon, he had fondly pictured as the means of escape for Carola and himself. He'd leave behind him every complication to its own settlement. He'd even—now that his business there was practically finished—shake forever from his feet the dust of Boston and go back to Kansas to work and—to forget!

But with the exercise of thrusting his clothes furiously into his portmanteaus Blunt felt the gradual assertion of another idea. That dogged determination of his — submerged momentarily by waves of angry despair—raised, as it were, its head above them; and slowly, as he grew calmer, the episode that at first seemed so final, so irrevocable, ranged itself in his mind among the things capable at least of debate. How could he, to whom success had ever been a watchword, acknowledge a defeat? Why should he tamely relinquish what he wanted with his whole heart, because of a woman's unreasonableness? . . . Besides, Carola couldn't have meant really to give him up! A thousand arguments against the possibility came to him, despite an uneasy consciousness that perhaps to her sex all things *were* possible, or might be. Still, it was out of the question that in so short a time she *could* have changed so utterly! She was a girl of character and integrity. Why, she had given him her word! She had said that she loved him and had promised to be his wife! He gauged—alas! for lovers there is no other method—the strength of her love for him by the strength of his for her, and found it certain! . . . Yes, he had undoubtedly taken Carola's act too seriously, forgetting that anger, of which he had never dreamed her so capable, had been its impulsive power; anger and—he must not overlook another thing—outside pressure.

Straightway this brought to him a vision of Mrs. Latimer. Mrs. Latimer! Ah! 'twas she, and she alone, who was responsible! Her image, invidious, sinister, and domineering, filled for a moment the eye of his mind. Carola became, in sudden contrast, a victim, a pitiful plaything of fate, a puppet moved, willy-nilly, by strings in merciless hands. To this fresh and appealing picture his chivalry awoke. Something seemed to stir mightily within him; 'twas the Perseus spirit awakening to the tune of Andromeda! . . . So he put back his hair-brushes on the dressing-table; he flung his boots into the closet again; he kicked a portmanteau or two under the bed; he rang for a bath. All of which acts meant merely that for him the fight was on afresh; that the mind of the warrior was made up and his thoughts already busy with details of a new attack.

The evening, at first rather dreaded, had passed off easily, thanks to his own recovered equanimity and Carola's tact, which seemed to ignore everything except the need of the moment. Indeed, he found himself regarding her with fresh admiration for the security of her poise, her grasp of a situation so firm as to allow no awkwardness. Now, as he stood at the closed door of Mrs. Latimer's sanctum, whither he had come on the stroke of ten the next morning, in response to the permission her answer to his note had given, he was inclined to congratulate himself anew on the wisdom of the course he had chosen, despite the difficulties he knew it must entail.

To his knock Mrs. Latimer's pleasant voice replied. He opened the door and caught, of a sudden, the flash of Carola's white draperies as, taken by surprise, they vanished into the room beyond.

"Ah!"—the thought mingled annoyance with amusement—"this is odd, and I don't altogether like it, though I dare say she, too, poor child, feels the need of conference."

And then his hostess, straight and slender in filmy black, her soft gray hair a coronet, her manner composed, gracious, and welcoming, held out a hand.

"We are prompt persons, you and I!" She smiled hospitably. "Sit down, dear friend, and tell me what I may do

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for you. Perhaps"—her glance, almost playful at his note lying opened on her desk, breathed understanding—"perhaps your little missive did not wholly surprise me. Come; make yourself quite comfortable and tell me what troubles you and how I may be of aid."

She had pointed to a chair, but Blunt shook his head. "If you don't mind, I think I'd rather stand. I'm a plain man, Mrs. Latimer, and I'll come to the point at once." She must see that her elaborate preamble had not pleased him. "Let there be no misunderstanding, real or fancied, between us. As you know perfectly well, Carola broke off her engagement yesterday, and I've asked for this interview with you in order to say that I'm morally sure you're at the bottom of the whole business, and to ask you, in so many words, to stand aside and allow Carola and myself to settle our own affairs as best concerns us."

Mrs. Latimer raised her head and met his look. Her manner remained unruffled. "I must say—" she began, but Blunt interrupted:

"Forgive me, please; but don't say anything till I have finished! . . . I'll start at the beginning and, in justice to you, because you are an old friend of Carola's, I'll go over the whole ground again. You must forgive my candor, too, for I shall speak—as we men call it—straight from the shoulder. . . . From the moment I saw you, Mrs. Latimer, I'm sorry to say I never liked you! Instinctively, I didn't believe in you and didn't trust you; but because you were a type of woman of which I had no experience and to which I didn't want to do injustice, and because Carola was so fond of you, I tried—honestly—not to allow these first impressions weight. I felt, somehow, that I hadn't got the hang of your way of thinking, your point of view, and, on Carola's account, I wanted to give you a fair show. Then came our engagement. I don't mind telling you I was madly in love with Carola from the moment I saw her; and because I looked at the world in general through rose-colored glasses, and because, I confess, I was surprised and pleased that you in particular had not opposed the engagement, as I was afraid you would, I had a change of feeling and came very near to liking you. You see what an easily handled chap I am, if only you take me right. But afterward things began to thicken. I could *feel* rather than see—you make a mistake in not realizing that we practical fellows have intuitions like you subtler people—that in little ways—there were scores of instances it isn't worth while to recall—you had come to undermine any influence I had over Carola, for some unknown reason of your own. Well, I don't mind telling you that when I found my first impressions of you were probably correct I begged Carola to cut the whole business and marry me out of hand; but she wouldn't. She shied at the idea, because it seemed to offend some odd convention that you had instilled. So I shut up—I wish to Heaven I hadn't!—and came down here with her, as you had bidden us. . . . Mrs. Latimer, you gave me a shock that first night—because you were so mighty nice to me. Why, I began to kind of turn to you once more, in spite of myself. Oh, you've got *power!* I acknowledge that; but you don't *play fair;* and now, if you'll pardon my saying so, I can see clear through you. During these last days the crisis you've been working for has come, and the girl I love more than I do the whole world or life itself has thrown me over. She's given me back my ring and said she won't marry me! Now if for one instant I thought that she'd done this of her own free will, I'd have cleared straight out and, mind you, without a whimper; but I *don't!* I think you put her up to it. I know you've turned her against me in some underhand way of yours, and that's—as I told you before—the reason I am here instead of scuttling off to Kansas! I want you to see things straight for once, Mrs. Latimer. I want you to explain yourself so that I can understand, and, meantime, it's only fair to tell you that I've made up my mind to—*fight!*"

Blunt realized, as he paused, that Mrs. Latimer, who all the while had not taken her cool eyes from his face, was suffering acutely. Her cheeks had grown ashen gray, save for two red spots glowing dully. Her slender hand with the intaglio rings trembled slightly as,

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from time to time, she raised it to her lips. An instinct of pity stirred, but he hardened his heart—this woman deserved no quarter—and, in the interim, he saw her recover herself gallantly.

"You are rather overwhelming"—she spoke in her usual slow, carefully directed voice—"and, pardon me, almost alarming at times! But perhaps this is because in all my life I have not been accustomed to be held to account!

"Believe me, I appreciate your candor, and am able, even if our points of view are not the same, to comprehend all that you have said. But, really, I don't see how I can help you in a matter which, however far afield your feelings may carry you, really lies for readjustment between just yourself and Carola, who for her own reasons has seen fit to decline to marry you. That's the situation in a nutshell. Facts speak for themselves, and you must—pardon me if I try my hand at candor, too—either accept or alter them. It's nothing more or less than an axiom, my friend. If you can reason Carola—reason, or, I had almost said, *force*, for I confess your vigor might be tremendously effective—into a change of heart, well and good. If you can't, I'm afraid you must bring yourself to bow to the inevitable. Carola is no child—she's twenty-four years old—and surely a woman has a right to choose her own husband! . . . Frankly, Mr. Blunt, I'm sure it is you, with all your assumption of single-mindedness, who don't, or won't, see straight. I hope I make myself clear. So, as by no stretch of imagination can I, in spite of your rather wild accusation, come into the complication at all, why not call a halt to this unnecessary and rather trying talk? You will let me say, however, that I am sorry for you; that I sympathize with you in what must be the keenest of disappointments, and, if part we must—as I'm afraid the exigencies demand—I hope we are doing so as friends!"

She had risen with the last word to offer her hand—her voice sedulously agreeable, her manner gentle, her small smile disarming—but with an impression of finality in the simple act that Blunt, by this time thoroughly aroused, could not help recognizing as masterly, his antagonism halting, for a moment, to admire.

He ignored, however, her manifest intention. "I'm afraid it hasn't come to parting—yet!" In spite of himself his voice rang loud.

Mrs. Latimer looked at him sharply, then smiled with indulgence and seated herself again. "Ah, well, if you insist," she said.

"Yes, I do—and must," Blunt went on. "I'm sorry the subject is so painful to you that—pardon me—you try to evade it altogether. But you pay a poor compliment to my intelligence if you think for a moment that you impress me. Can't you see that you are forcing me to speak even more plainly than I have? . . . Mrs. Latimer, since I came into this room I'm more firmly convinced that the issue lies just between us two. Carola's out of it altogether. I've been pretty stupid not to see that this thing has all along been a fight between you and me, and, as a result, I've almost let you beat me; but you can't hoodwink me any longer. It's got to be—as I told you before—a fight to a finish."

Mrs. Latimer shrugged a shoulder. "My dear friend, why speak so loudly? I understand perfectly, for"—a hint of her old, frail whimsicality returned—"however numerous may be my infirmities, deafness is certainly not among them! . . . Now what I gather from this conversation is that you wish me to force Carola to renew her broken engagement, and then to arrange myself in the position you have chosen for me in the background, where I am supposed to stand with arms outstretched in an attitude of benediction while the curtain falls to slow music." Her smile deepened. "Ah! you are proposing an idyllic dénouement, my poor friend, but, believe me"—she shook her head slowly—"one that is quite, quite impossible."

It was then that Blunt lost control of himself. A maddening sense of the futility of blows against a surface that admitted no imprint, but, pillow-like, returned to smoothness again, possessed him—a recognition of the power of finesse over the rude force of which alone he felt himself capable. And yet he resisted with difficulty an impulse to seize his antagonist in his mighty hands

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and shake her to a realization of, at least, her physical inferiority. His voice shook with passion.

"This won't do, Mrs. Latimer. You are wilfully evading me, and you know it. I insist on decent treatment, even if I am a young man and you an old woman. I won't stand being made ridiculous." He was conscious of bending over her almost threateningly. "Once for all, tell me, why do you grudge Carola the happiness she can find with the man who adores her? What is the source of this uncanny influence of yours, anyhow? *Friendship*, you call it, and a desire for her good! Bah! that's not enough to account for the power you seem to have over her! . . . To me it's more like selfishness, selfishness or—jealousy! Why, you sometimes act as if you were another man and wanted me out of the way—as if you were in love with her yourself! I've heard of such queer things, but, thank God! I've never met 'em! . . . But don't you see you can't hold her back from me, do what you will? She's *mine!*" He struck the table in emphasis of the word. "Mine, I tell you, just as I am hers, hers, hers; and nothing in heaven or earth is going to keep us apart—"

"Stop—stop where you are!"

Mrs. Latimer spoke sharply, with strangely coarsened voice, and Blunt found himself staring at her in an astonishment that checked his own emotion, for he was suddenly aware that here a change, subtle and terrible, had taken place. It was as if the smooth surface of her manner, polished and perfected by years of careful habit, had all at once snapped asunder, and through the rift he could catch a glimpse inside of another Mrs. Latimer, off guard and violent in a moment's passion of anger. Vanished her delicate charm; scattered her fine reserve; gone her authoritative dignity; broken the spell of her personality! Now he saw before him an excited old woman whose violence possessed her, burning in mottled cheek and glinting in eyes angry with tears. Her very dress, habitually in its order so indicative of the calm harmony of her pose, seemed oddly disarranged as if in keeping with this sudden moral confusion.

To Blunt's horror—for it made of the action a reproach that shamed him—she struck the table with an impact as vicious as his own had been.

"I'll have an end of this, sir, an end!" The words came fast and shrill. "You forget yourself completely. How dare you say such coarse and brutal things—you crude, conceited, low-minded cad! I ask you now to leave me, to leave the room and my house at once, or I shall ring for a servant. I refuse to see you again. I ought never to have known you. Your kind is outside my comprehension. I have never been forced to meet it before. I am no cattle-driver from your impossible West—no hail-fellow-well-met of the boon companions in your *deals*. Go back to them, sir; to the people you are used to, who understand your plebeian turn of mind. Give up the society of gentlefolk. You are not accustomed to it!" She laughed wildly. "You've had your experience of it, and a pretty humiliating one, as you yourself confess. Now go!" She pointed with fluttering hand. "Go and think over your failure in that Kansas place of yours and profit by the lesson—if you have sense enough!"

Instinctively Blunt had given way. True, he was calm again, and once more master of himself, but in the face of this terrible outburst withdrawal seemed the only move possible. Mrs. Latimer was right, this ghastly interview must not in decency be protracted. He could bide his time, so far as Carola was concerned, but he tingled with shame at being the witness of this poor woman's frenzy. Pity and consternation kept him silent before her, and with a gesture of deference he bowed and stepped toward the door. His hand already at the handle, he turned again, and suddenly Mrs. Latimer, almost beside herself now, sprang forward.

"Wait! wait!" she screamed. "One thing more. I haven't finished."

Blunt shuddered at the fury of her voice.

"You *shall* hear it—you must—for you've asked for the secret of my power over this girl. . . . I never wanted her to marry you. I never meant she should. I allowed both of you to think that I did—two mad young fools that you

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were!—but I had other plans. Of course I undermined you in every way I could—more than you think, sir, because I am cleverer than you, or a thousand yous. I made you appear at a disadvantage in the eyes of all my circle, and especially in the eyes of the silly girl who fancied she loved you; made you appear, in spite of your crude vitality, like the common man you really are! Well, she saw, didn't she? She saw what you were, and realized her own mistake, just when I meant her to! Then she threw you over, just as I had planned, a fitting ending to a ridiculous farce—*my* ending, if you please! And you ask me what's the secret of my power over the girl?" In her excitement Mrs. Latimer had come nearer and stood glaring into his face. Her fingers had even seized the lapel of his coat and held it fast. "I'll tell you! Unperceiving as you are, I rather think you'll understand. Why, I *made* Carola what she is—out of material that was unpromising enough when I took it in hand! Why, there isn't an idea or an impulse or a thought in that brain of hers that I'm not responsible for and don't control; nor an emotion of which I'm not really the mistress. Of course I love her—you're not unique in that—because she's like a child to me, and, more than that, she's my *creation!* She doesn't know it herself, but she is. Through her I mean to pass on to my world—when I'm gone—the ideals and the philosophy of living that I've developed and stand for. . . . And you dare to call Carola yours—you popinjay—to lay claim to her as a wife! Ridiculous! You've never had really a ghost of a chance. Carola's present and future are *mine*, I tell you. She'll do what I say and wish! You are even stupider than I thought, Mr. Blunt. Where have your *ears* been? Haven't you heard the common, banal talk of people here in Boston—talk that, in this case, isn't so wide of the mark? Why, they call her my *understudy*, and that's what she really is—my mouthpiece, my apostle, if you will, but the first word is better—just my *understudy*. . . . Do I make myself clear?"

"Rodney! Rodney!"

A sudden call interrupted, vibrant with emotion, poignant with feeling; the voice frightened, solicitous, and yet tuned to a note of confidence that gave his name new meaning.

Blunt turned an eager, kindling face. Carola herself appeared in the doorway of the room beyond!

Mrs. Latimer had seen, too; but, with one quick glance, she bowed her head into her fluttering hands and sank trembling to a chair.

Straight on came Carola of the pale cheeks and wondering, radiant eyes. She spoke, as she came, to him, and to him *alone!* It was as if Mrs. Latimer were not there.

"Oh, Rodney, Rodney! I've heard everything! Yes, I've *listened!* At first 'twas not my fault, believe me, for the outer door was locked and I could not get out; but afterward—why, I *chose* to stay, and I'm glad that I did. I've heard everything, and at last I understand. Oh, I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I've been stupid and faithless and perverse and weak and wicked, Rodney. Yes, even wicked, for I didn't follow my own light, but let myself be led by false lights so that I almost lost my way. I've been all wrong, Rodney, wrong in every particular; and now I come to you to tell you so, to ask you to forgive me and to show you all my—shame." She hung her shining head divinely.

He knew her heart was at his feet, and the thought tugged pitifully at his manhood. "No, no; never that!" He spoke with grave gentleness, his hands touching her tenderly. "Forgiveness? Why, there can be no question of that between us, Carola, for—I *love* you."

But she raised her head again and drew back. "Yes, I know; but not yet, not yet! Please, I must have my own way." Her eyes smiled through the tears that veiled their softness. "Do you remember"—slowly she came a shade nearer, and the fragrance of her presence reached him—"do you remember that day on the Embankment when you asked me to marry you? . . . Then it was *you*, Rodney, who gave me everything, and I, why I just accepted it—spoiled, ignorant, and selfish girl that I was. But I'm not that girl any more—I've almost forgotten she ever lived; I'm a woman, *your* woman, Rodney, and I need more than I did before—I

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need to *give!* It's my turn now. . . . Of course there's no necessity of any more explanation between us; we can put that quite aside, but I have just one thing to say, and I want to say it in your very own dear words that I recall so well. Listen— 'I really want to ask you a question'!"

She stood before him, straight and slender as a flower. Her loving gray eyes held his in a tender silence that the moment had, he knew, sanctified forever.

"'I am yours, all yours,'" he heard again his own words, paraphrased to a deeper, holier significance in the slow and lovely cadences of her speech.

"'I give you my life, my body, my heart, my soul; only love me, Rodney, and say that you will be my husband!'"

Then, with a vow of fidelity, devotion, and adoration at his lips, he bent forward and took her into his arms.

"Carola Blunt? Ah! you mean Carola *Groundling!*" said Mrs. Latimer. "I'm always faithful to the old names, you see! Yes, I hear from her occasionally, but I never see her nowadays. Sophie dear"—she turned to a young girl with copper-colored hair that glowed luxuriously under the amber-shaded light guarding a corner of the long room—"won't you find for me, sweet one—I think it's in my study, though I'm not sure—the photograph that Mrs. Blunt sent me last winter? Mr. Morton remembers her, and I fancy it may interest him to see it. Ah! but you'll find her altered"—Mrs. Latimer leaned forward, when the girl had gone—"though I know change is the common lot! *Tempora mutantur!* Doesn't its very triteness hold a note of the irrevocable? *What* an article one might evolve from the idea of the effect of phrase on opinion—or vice versa!"

Singularly unchanged herself, she turned to me the same small smile I had known so well. "And Carola has, it would seem, grown *stout.* Prosperity leaves its mark, you know!" Mrs. Latimer shrugged a slender shoulder under its film of black. "An energetic husband, vigorous children, much money, as you've undoubtedly heard, and then *Kansas!* A combination, don't you agree, that few figures could withstand? . . . You remember her before her marriage, in the old days? Yes, a dear child in her way, but—though I want to be kind—rather limited, perhaps, in real intelligence. . . . Do you recollect how people used to call her my *understudy?* Droll, wasn't it? Though perhaps it contained a grain of truth.

"You know young girls have always interested me. I feel sorry for them—with all their possibilities and their inexperience—and I love to show them, so to speak, the *modus operandi* of living. A weakness of mine, I dare say, and a thankless task at best; but, *que voulez-vous?* One must be useful, and we are as we are! The proselyting instinct dies hard! . . . Speaking of this, did you notice particularly that dear child who is here to-night? A charming creature, full of rare promise. Ah!"—the slender forefinger touched, just as of old, her thin lips—"no more of this before her! . . . You can't find the photograph, Sophie dear? Never mind, it's of no consequence. I dare say, after all, I put it away in a drawer with a lot of others."

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The Confusing City of Cagnes

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

AMERICAN and English visitors to the Riviera soon come to know Cagnes by name. It is a challenge to their ability to pronounce French — a challenge that must be accepted, if you are in the region of Grasse or Nice or Antibes. Two distinct tramway lines and several roads lead from Grasse to Cannes and Cagnes. Unless you are very careful you may find yourself upon the wrong route. Once on the Cagnes tramway, or well engaged upon the road to Cagnes, when you had meant to go to Cannes, the mistake takes hours to retrieve. At Nice, chauffeurs and *cochers* love to cheat you by the confusion of these two names. You bargain for the long trip to Cannes, and are attracted by the reasonable price quoted. In a very short time you are at Cagnes. The vehicle stops. Impossible to rectify your mispronunciation without a substantial increase of the original sum of the bargain. Antibes is between Cagnes and Cannes. Cagnes is nearer, and it is always to Cannes that you want to go. Spell the name, or write it on a piece of paper, if you are to be sure that you will be taken west instead of east.

The place as well as the name is familiar to all travelers—from a distance. Whether you move by train, by tramway, or by automobile, you see the city set on a hill between Cannes and Nice. But express-trains do not stop. The tramway passes some distance from the old town, and prospect of the walk and climb is not alluring to the tramway tourist, whose goal is places important enough to have a map in Baedeker, or a double-starred church or view. If motorists are not in a hurry to get to a good lunch, their chauffeurs are. You signal to stop, and express a desire to go up into Cagnes. The hired chauffeur declares emphatically that it cannot be done. If you do not believe him, he drives you to the foot of the hill, and you see with your own eyes. Regretfully you pass on to towns that are *plus pratiques*. More than once I had done this and I might have done it again had not the Artist come to the Riviera.

We were afoot—the best way to travel to see things—on an April Sunday, and stopped for lunch at the restaurant opposite the Cagnes railway station. The Artist was not hungry. While I ate he went out in the field "to find what sort of a subject the *ensemble* of the city on the hill over there makes." He returned in time for cheese and fruit, with a sketch of Cagnes that made the waitress run inside to get better apples and bananas. She insisted that we would be rewarded for a climb up to the old town, and offered to keep our coats and kits.

Along the railway and tramway and motor-road a modern Cagnes of villas and hotels and *pensions*, with their accompaniment of shops and humbler habitations, has grown for a mile or more, and stretched out across the railway to the sea. Two famous French artists live here, and many Parisians and foreigners. There is also a wireless station. All this shuts off from the road the town on the hill. Unless you had seen it from the open country, before coming into modern Cagnes, you would not have known that there was a hill and an old city. It was not easy for us to find the way.

Built for legs and nothing else, the thoroughfare up through Cagnes is a street that can be called straight and steep and stiff, the adjectives coming to you without seeking for alliteration, just as instinctively as you take off your hat and out your handkerchief. "No livery-stable in this town—come, five francs on it," said the Artist. "Against five francs that there are no men with a waist-line exceeding forty-five inches!" I answered, feelingly and knowingly.

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CAGNES FROM THE BRIDGE

But we soon became so fascinated by our transition from the twentieth century to the fifteenth that we forgot we were climbing. Effort is a matter of mental attitude. Nothing in the world is hard when you are interested in doing it.

Half-way and half an hour up, we paused to take our bearings. The line of houses, each leaning on its next lower neighbor, was broken here by a high garden wall, from which creepers were overhanging the street, with their fresh spring tendrils waving and curling above our heads. There was an odor of honeysuckle and orange-blossoms, and the blood-red branch of a Judas-tree pushed its way through the green and yellow. The cañon of the street, widening below us, ended in a rich meadowland, dotted with villas and trees. Beyond, the Mediterranean rose to the horizon. While the Artist was "taking it," the usual crowd gathered around—children whose lack of bashfulness indicated that many city people were here for the season, or that tourists did find their way up to Cagnes; women eager to ask how the English felt about *the* war, and how long we thought it was going to last; old men proud to tell you that their city was the most interesting, because the most ancient, on the Riviera.

When we resumed our climb the whole town seemed to be going our way. Sunday-best and prayer-books gave the reason. Just as we were coming to the top, our street made its first turn—a sharp one—and in the bend was a church tower with a wee door under it. Houses crowded closely around it. The tower was the only indication of the church. An abbé was standing by the door, calling in the acolytes and choir-boys who were playing tag in the street. The Artist stopped short. I went up to the abbé, who by features and accent was evidently a Breton far from home.

"Do any fat men live up here?" I asked.

"Only one," he answered, promptly, with a hearty laugh. "The *curé* has gone to the war, and last month the bishop sent a man to help me who weighs over a hundred kilos. We have another church below in the new town, and there

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are services in both, morning and afternoon. Low mass here at six, and high masses there at eight and here at ten. Vespers here at three and there at four thirty. On the second Sunday my coadjutor said he was going to leave at the end of the month. So, after next week there will be no fat man. Unless you have come to Cagnes to stay?" The abbé twinkled and chuckled.

"It is not to laugh at," broke in an oldest inhabitant who had overheard. "We live from ten to twenty years longer than the people of the plain, who have railways and tramways and carriages and autos right to their very doors. We get the mountain air from the Alps and the sea air from the Mediterranean uncontaminated. It blows into every house without passing through as much as a single neighbor's courtyard. But our long lease on life is due principally to having to climb this hill. Stiffness, rheumatism —we don't know what it means, and we stay fit right to the very end. Look at me. I was a grown man when people first began to know who Garibaldi was in Nice. We formed a corps of volunteers right here in this town when Mazzini's republic was proclaimed to go to defend Rome from— But I beg M. le Curé's pardon! In those days of hot youth the church, you know, did not mean—" The abbé twinkled and chuckled again, and patted the old man's shoulder affectionately. "When you did not follow Briand ten years ago, it proved that half a century had wrought a happy change. I understand, anyway. I am a Breton that has taken root, as every one who lives here does, in this land of lofty mountains and deep valleys, of wind and sun, of sea and snow. Mental as well as physical acclimatization comes. The spirit, the life, the very soul of the *Risorgimento* had nothing of Italian in it. It was of Piedmont and Savoy and the Riviera—a product of the Alpes Maritimes."



THE CHURCH TOWER IN THE BEND OF THE ROAD

I would have listened longer, but the bell above us began to ring—several peals first, and then single strokes, each more insistent than the last. The abbé was still in the Garibaldi mood, and the volunteer of '49 and I in sympathy. He knew it, and refused to hear the summons to vespers. But

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EACH HOUSE LEANS ON ITS NEXT LOWEST NEIGHBOR

out of the door came a girl who could break a spell of the past, because she was able to weave one of the present. She dominated us immediately. She would not have had to say a word. A hymn-book was in her hand, opened at the page where she intended it to stay open.

"This afternoon, M. l'Abbé, we shall sing this," she stated.

"No, we cannot do it," he protested, rather feebly. "You see, the encyclical of the Holy Father enjoins the Gregorian, and I think the boys can sing."

The organist interrupted. "You certainly know, M. l'Abbé, that we cannot

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have decent singing for the visits to the stations unless the big girls, whom I have been training now for two months—"

"But we must obey the Papal injunction, Mademoiselle Simone," put in the priest, still more mildly.

Mademoiselle Simone's eyes danced mockingly, and her *moue* confirmed beyond a doubt the revelation of clothes and accent. Here was a twentieth-century Parisienne in conflict with a reactionary rule of the Church in a setting



THE CITY SET ON A HILL

where turning back the hands of the clock would have seemed the natural thing to do.

"Pure nonsense!" was her disrespectful answer. "With all the young men away, the one thing to do is to make the music go."

I had to speak in order to be noticed. "So even in Cagnes the young girls know how to give orders to M. le Curé? The Holy Father's encyclical—" I could stop without finishing the sentence, for I had succeeded. The dancing eyes and *moue* now included me.

"M. l'Abbé, it is time for the service," she said, firmly. "If this *Anglais* comes in, he will see that I have reason." She disappeared.

The abbé looked after her indulgently, shrugged his shoulders with the palms of his hands spread heavenward, and followed her.

In the mean time the worshipers, practically all of them women and children, had been turning corners above and below. I made the round of the group of buildings, and saw only little doors here and there at different levels. There was no portal; no large, main entrance. When I came back to the bend of the road the music had started. I was about to enter the tower door—Mademoiselle Simone's!—when I saw the Artist put up his pencil. The service would last for some time, so I joined him, and we continued to mount.

Above the church tower, steps led to the very top of the hill, which was crowned by a château. Skirting its walls, we came to an open place. On the side of the hill, looking toward the Alps, a spacious terrace had been built out far beyond the château wall. Along the parapet were a number of primitive tables and benches. The wee café from which they were served was at the end of a group of nondescript buildings that had probably grown up on a ruined bastion of the château. Seated at one of these tables, you see the Mediterranean from Nice to Antibes, with an occasional steamer and a frequent sailing-vessel, the Vintimille *ra-*

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THE FAVORITE SPORT OF THE MIDI

pide (noting its speed by the white engine smoke), one tramway climbing by the Villeneuf-Loubet toward Grasse and another by Saint-Paul-du-Var to Vence, and more than a semi-circle of the horizon lost in the Alps.

The Sunday-afternoon animation in the *place* was wholly masculine. No woman was visible except the white-coiffed grandmother who served the drinks. The war was not the only cause of the necessity of Mademoiselle Simone's opposition to antiphonal Gregorian singing. I fear that the lack of male voices in the vesper service is a chronic one, and that Mademoiselle Simone's attempt to put life into the service would have been equally justifiable before the tragic period of *la guerre*. For the men of Cagnes were ingrossed in the favorite sport of the Midi, *jeu de boules*. I have never seen a more serious group of Tartarins. From Monsieur le Maire to cobbler and blacksmith, all were working very hard. A little ball that could be covered in one's fist is thrown out on the common by the winner of the last game. The players line up, each with a handful of larger wooden balls about the size and weight of those that are used in croquet. You try to roll or throw your balls near the little one that serves as goal. Simple, you exclaim! Yes, but not so simple as golf, for the hazard of the ground is changed with each game.

Interest in what people around you are doing is the most compelling interest in the world. Train yourself to be oblivious to your neighbor's actions and your neighbor's thoughts, on the ground that curiosity is the sign of the vulgarian and indifference the sign of the gentleman, and you succeed in making yourself colossally stupid. Here lies the weakest point in Anglo-Saxon culture. The players quickly won me from the view. Watch one man at play, and you can read his character. He is an open book before you. Watch a number of men at play, and you are shown the general masculine traits of human nature. Generosity, decision, alertness, deftness, energy, self-control—meanness, hesita-

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HOUSES STRADDLE THE TUNNEL-LIKE STREETS

tion, slowness, awkwardness, laziness, impatience; you have these characteristics and all the shades between them. The humblest may have admirable and wholesome virtues lacking in the highest, but a balance of them all weighs and marks one Monsieur le Maire or the stone-breaker on the road.

The council of German generals at Verdun were not taking more seriously to-day the problem of moving their men nearer the fortress than were these players the problem of rolling their big balls near the little ball. Had the older men been the only group, I should have got the idea that *jeu de boules* is a game where the skill is all in cautious playing. But there were young *chasseurs alpins*, home on leave from the front, who were playing the game in an entirely different way. Instead of making each throw as if the destinies of the world were at stake, the soldiers played fast and vigorously, aiming rather to knock the opponent's ball away from a coveted position near the goal than to reach the goal. The older men's balls to the number of a couple of dozen clustered around the goal at the end of a round. Careful marking, by cane-lengths, shoe-lengths, and handkerchief-lengths preceded agreement as to the winner. At the end of a round of the *chasseurs alpins*, two or three balls remained—the rest had gone wide of the mark or had been knocked many feet from the original landing-place by a successor's throw. During half an hour I did not see the young men measure once. The winning throw was every time unmistakable.

The Artist leaned against the château wall, putting it down. The thought of Mademoiselle Simone playing the organ came to me. How was the music going? I must not miss that service. The view and the château and the *jeu de boules* no longer held me. Down the steps I went, and entered the first of the church doors. It was on the upper level, and took me into the gallery. I was surprised to find so large a church. One got no idea of its size from the outside.

The daylight was all from above. Although only mid-afternoon, altar and chancel candles made a true vesper atmosphere, and the flickering wicks in the hanging-lamps gave starlight. This is as it should be. The appeal of a

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ritualistic service is to the mystical in one's nature. Jewels and embroideries, gold and silver, gorgeous robes, rich decorations, pomp and splendor, repel in broad daylight. Candles and lamps sputter futilely. Incense nauseates. For the still, small voice is stifled. The kingdom is of this world. But in the twilight, what skeptic, what Puritan resists the call to worship of the Catholic ritual? I had come in time for the intercessory visit to the stations of the cross. Priest and acolytes were following the crucifix from the chancel. Banners waved. Before each station prayers were said for the success of France and for the protection of her soldiers. While the procession was passing from station to station, the girls sang their hymn in French. For the first time since I had been in the Midi I realized that the shadow under which we live in Paris was here, too. The trenches were not far away!

When the service was over, I went around to the door under the tower. Of course it was to meet the abbé. Still, when I realized that I had missed the organist, I was disappointed. The abbé soon appeared from the sacristy. I gave one more look around for Mademoiselle Simone while he was explaining that he had just twenty minutes before it was necessary to start down to the other church, but that it was long enough to take me through the Moorish quarter. Although I had come to Cagnes to see the old town, and to get into the atmosphere of past centuries, I must confess that I followed him regretfully. The houses of the Moorish quarter are built into the ancient city walls. Baked earth, mixed with straw and studded with cobblestones, had defied eight centuries. There are no streets wide enough for carts, for they hark back to the days when donkeys were common carriers. And in hill towns the progressive knowledge of centuries has evolved no better means of transport. You pass through *ruelles* where outstretched hands can touch the houses on either side. Often the *ruelle* is like a tunnel, for the houses are built right over it on arches, and it is so dark that you cannot see in front of you. The abbé assured me that there were house doors all along, as in any



A BUSY NOOK

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other passage. People must know by instinct where to turn in to their homes.

When the abbé left me to go to his lower vesper service, after having piloted me back to the main street, I decided to go up again to the *place* to rejoin the Artist. But under an old buttonwood-tree, which almost poked its branches into the château windows, stood Mademoiselle Simone, waving good-by to another girl who was disappearing around the corner. Her aunt was waiting for her at a villa down the hill, she said, at five. Just then five struck in the clock-tower behind us.

"Had you looked up before you spoke?" I asked.

"Clocks do strike conveniently," she answered.

Although Mademoiselle Simone repulsed firmly my plea that she become my guide through the other side of the town, where two outlying quarters, the abbé had said, contained the best of all in old houses, queer streets, and an ivy-covered ruin of a chapel, she lingered to talk under the buttonwood-tree of many things that had nothing to do with Cagnes. When I tried to persuade her to show me what I had not yet seen, on the ground that I had made the climb up to the top because of my interest in hill cities and wanted to write about Cagnes, she immediately answered that she would not detain me for the world, and made a move to keep her rendezvous with the aunt. So I hastened to contradict myself and assure her that I had no interest whatever in Cagnes, that I was stuck here, waiting for the Artist, who would come only with the fading light.



NO STREETS FOR CARRIAGE OR CAR IN THE MOORISH CITY

After Mademoiselle Simone left me under the buttonwood-tree I thought of the Artist. He had finished, and was smoking over a glass of vermouth at one of the tables by the parapet of the *place*.

"Great town," he said. "Bully stuff here. But in buildings and villagers have you found anything as fascinating as that purple and red on the mountain snow over there? It just gets the last sun, the very last."

"Yes," I answered, "but neither in a building nor a villager of Cagnes. There is a Parisienne—" And I told him about Mademoiselle Simone.

He was silent, and his fingers

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drummed upon the table, tipity-tap, tipity-tap.

"Show me your sketches?" I asked.

"No," he said, scathingly. "No! You are not interested in sketches. Nor should I have been, had you been more generous. You had the luck in Cagnes."

The prospect of a trout dinner at Villeneuf-Loubet took us rapidly down the hill. We soon passed out of the fifteenth century into the twentieth. Modern Cagnes, with its clang of tramway gong, toot of locomotive whistle, honk-honk of motor-horn, café terrasses crowded with Sunday-afternooners, broad sidewalks and electric lights, was another world. But it was our world—and Mademoiselle Simone's! That is why coming back into it from the hill of Cagnes was really like a cold shower. For a sense of refreshment followed immediately the shock—and stayed with us.

The hill of Cagnes we could rave about enthusiastically because we did not have to go back there and live there. It will be "a precious memory," as tourists say, precisely because it is a *memory*. The bird in a cage is less of a prisoner than we city folk of the modern world, for when you open the cage door the bird will fly away and not come back. We may fly away—but we do come back, and the sooner the better. We love our prisons. We are happy (or think we are, which is the same thing) in our chains. And in the brief time that we are awing do we really love unusual sights and novel things? In exploring, is not our greatest joy and delight in finding something familiar, something we have already known, something we are used to? An appreciative lover and frequenter of grand opera once said to me, "The 'Barber of Seville' is my favorite because I know I am going to have the treat of 'The Sewanee River' or 'Annie Laurie' when I go to it." There is an honest confession, such as we must all make if we are to do our souls good.

So you understand why there is so much of Mademoiselle Simone in my story of Cagnes, and why the Artist had a grouch. His afternoon's work should have pleased him, should have satisfied him. He would not have finished it had he met Mademoiselle Simone. He knows more of Cagnes than I do. But he would rather have known more of Mademoiselle Simone.

Song of the Summer Wind

BY MILDRED SEITZ

MINSTREL am I, and sweet singer;
I come from the ends of the earth;
And sometimes I sing of sadness,
And sometimes I sing of mirth.

I touch the pines with my fingers
And, lo! from their hearts is wrung
A song of the countless ages
That never a bard has sung.

I whisper low to the birch-trees,
And set their leaves atune
With a song, as of laughing brooklets,
That tells of an endless June.

I lure from the sunset mountains,
The stars for night's treasure-trove,
And sometimes I sigh for sadness,
But always I sing of love.

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The Gift

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

AT the bakery where I work there is a Japanese boy named Ito who comes every night at twelve o'clock to clean up the litter we make in our hurry with the baking. The first time I saw him I laughed softly. I had been in San Francisco only two days and I was too busy talking with my friends to go about, so this Japanese boy was the first of his kind I had ever seen. I laughed softly, and I said to myself:

"Josef Vitek, you are a long way from home! Fancy, yesterday you saw for the first time a palm-tree, and to-day you look upon a strange human being!"

But to tell the truth, I was disappointed. In the little Bohemian schoolhouse of my native village of Polna we learned many things about distant countries. Every day we studied a large gray book that was filled with maps and wonderful stories and pictures. I have seen pictures of Japanese in this book, but they were gay people dressed in the drollest fashion you can imagine and carrying gaudy umbrellas and fans. Except for the strange shape of his eyes and the bronze color of his cheeks, Ito might have been a countryman of mine, or the sullen Greek who works beside me.

I looked at him many times on that first night in spite of my disappointment, but on the second night he was already an old story. By the end of the week I did not trouble to lift my eyes when he came in. He went about his work silently; no one spoke to him except my Greek friend, who sometimes greeted him loudly and then swore under his breath.

"These Japanese— Bah!" this Greek friend of mine would say to me. "Some day, Josef, they will dance on our graves."

And I would reply: "Why worry? We shall not care then," at which every one would laugh.

One hot night when we were very busy with our bread and the big iron kettle had been filled with grease for frying doughnuts, who should trip upon a pan dropped near the ovens but this Japanese boy of whom I speak. He tripped suddenly and gave a cry, and one hand fell in the bubbling grease. I put my fingers before my eyes. When I looked about again the Greek beside me was laughing and all the others had cruel smiles upon their lips. I went forward toward the ovens; Ito was standing up, and his hand hung before him like a dead thing. I opened the cupboard where they keep spice and such flavorings, and in a corner I found a bottle half-filled with a sweet oil. Ito was still standing in front of the flaming ovens and the rest of the company smiled over their work. I felt ashamed of my companions.

I called Ito. He came and stood in the shadows beside me and I poured oil upon his burnt hand and bound it up with an old handkerchief that my landlady had washed only that day for me.

"You should go home," I said to him. "You cannot wash the mixing-bowls with a hand like that."

But he shook his head and answered, "Who will do my work if I go to my home now?"

And I said, "I will."

He put on his hat and left without a word.

Next day as I was leaving my room to go to work I met my landlady in the hall. Every evening at about seven o'clock I leave the house, and every evening at this time I come upon this landlady of mine in the hall, or upon the stairs, or at the front door. She is always bending over some household task, but she is never too busy to stop for a pleasant word with me. This

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evening I left a few minutes before my accustomed time and my landlady was nowhere to be seen, but as I was closing the front door she came running out.

"Josef!" she cried, "Josef, my son, you are leaving early! What is the matter? Are you sick, or in some trouble?"

I stepped back into the hall. "I am never sick," I replied, "and trouble is a matter for those who keep a sharp eye for it."

My landlady shook her finger in the air and her face was sad. "Ah, Josef, my son, you speak as every young person should. If I could say the words as you have said them I should be happy. But remember, the eye of trouble is sharper even than the eyes of those who look for it."

"Well," I said to her, and I laughed as I said it, "perhaps you are right. But my leaving early has to do with none of these things. A man burned his hand at the bakery where I work and I must go earlier for I shall have more than my share to do to-night."

"Wait," my landlady said, "until I go to my room. I have a salve that we use in Alsace and it works wonders. No matter how bad the burn, it will be healed before the week is out."

I waited for her, and she came back and put a small glass jar in my hand. "Before the week is out," she repeated, "the man's hand will be well again, and if he is a good Christian perhaps it will work more quickly."

"A good Christian!" I laughed again. "He is no Christian at all. He is a Japanese who comes to scrub the pots."

She sighed and shook her head. "Well, what is so is so, but I would rather my salve went to one of my own kind. However, God is good, and if He wishes to heal a heathen's hand it is not my affair."

And with that she went to her room.

That night at twelve o'clock Ito came to his work. But, as you have guessed, he could do nothing. I gave him the salve and sent him home again; we had no word of him for three days. I confess that I grew very tired of doing my own work and the work of this Japanese, too.

On this night when I had sent Ito home for the second time I said to myself: "These companions of mine will help me clear away the litter once they are through with their own tasks. Last night it was different—a busy night and every one had his hands full."

But when they had finished with their baking they sat at the long table where we gather after work is done. They sat at this long table, smoking cigarettes, while my Greek friend called me Ito, in a high, cracked voice like an old woman's, and my companions laughed.

"Ito, Ito—be careful with the mixing-bowls, Ito!" my Greek friend would cry out. "If you should break one of those bowls you would have to live upon rice for a week to pay for it." Or again he would say, mockingly, to the others: "What has become of our Japanese boy, Ito? Is that his brother scrubbing down the kneading-board? Yes, it must be his brother. They look exactly alike. They are like two wrinkled peas in a worm-eaten pod."

While they mocked me my heart grew very bitter, for these men were my comrades. And now, because I did a kindness to one who could not sit with us, they were scornful.

On that second night I had no time to sit in my accustomed place. I worked until daybreak, and one by one my companions rose and left.

I went home at daybreak and a silver mist hung over the city. But here and there the sun shone in little patches of gold, smiling as a woman does through a thin veil. I smiled, too, in spite of what was troubling me, and before I had reached my door-step the mist was gone.

On the third night a young girl, a friend of Ito's, came to the door of the bakery and asked for me. She tapped upon the side-door that leads from the street to the kitchen; my Greek friend heard the noise and went forward and turned the knob. When he saw a Japanese girl standing before him he said at once:

"You do not want *me;* the man you are looking for is Josef Vitek. *I* am a baker, and a Christian!"

He said this last proudly for all to hear. She did not understand, of course.

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but I knew his meaning and my heart beat quickly. I did not trouble to wipe the dough from my hands, but I left my task and went out upon the street, closing the door.

"Tell me," I said to this Japanese girl, "how soon will Ito be at work again?"

"Next week," she answered. "His hand is still full of pain. Every morning he rubs it with the salve you gave him. By the end of the week it will be well. You are a kind man. He has sent me to tell you this. But the man who opened the door—I do not like *him!*"

She made me a little bow, drawing in her breath as one does when the soup is too hot. I nodded to her and went in the door again, back to my work. My comrades were busy and they were silent for a time, but finally my Greek friend began to speak.

"Is not this Josef Vitek a droll person?" he said to a man standing beside him. "It seems as if he will have none of Christians. Now he is making sheep's eyes at a woman who has skin the color of the citron we put in pound-cakes."

"He says he is a Bohemian," called out another. "Do you think he has been fooling us? Have you noticed his hair? It is straight and black. Perhaps—"

I looked up from my kneading and the anger in my eyes stopped them. But I said nothing and presently they began again.

"Do you not think," said one, "that we should speak to our master about this new Japanese boy? His mind is not on his work. This evening when I broke an egg in one of the bowls it was still filled with the crust of yesterday's mixing."

"And the kneading-board," cried my Greek friend, "it is as yellow as the face of his Japanese sweetheart! But what can you expect of a man who can do everything and nothing? He will be mixing his baking and his pot-washing next. We shall find him using soap for greasing the pans and butter for washing them clean again."

I put my lips together tightly; I would not give these comrades of mine the pleasure of seeing how much they hurt. For sometimes comrades are cruel people, and especially my Greek friend who works beside me.

It was Friday night and every one was busy almost until daybreak. But my thoughts were so pleasant that I worked swiftly; even my pot-washing was finished before the appointed time and the kneading-board scrubbed until it shone like the cheeks of a snow-maiden instead of being yellow like the face of Ito's little friend.

I was glad that I had finished all my tasks so quickly, for now I thought: "I have not had time all week to sit at the table with my comrades. This is Saturday morning and I shall not see them until Sunday evening at seven. Many things may happen in that time and it is well to part friends.

On Saturday mornings we have coffee at this table in the corner, for the Friday's baking is a hard task, and our master rewards us with steaming coffee and bits of hot, buttered pastry. It was Ito's duty to fill the coffee-pot and lay out the table, and pile the buttered pastries in a huge dish where all could reach them. At first I wondered what I should do about this, but at once I said to myself:

"What was Ito's task is now yours." And I began to make everything ready.

I made the coffee and served it to these comrades of mine, and even the pastries were buttered and put in their proper place. They drank quickly and ate the pastries in great haste, and I thought:

"Josef, if you do not hurry they will all be finished, and then it will not be so pleasant for you."

I washed my hands and laid my baker's cap aside. Then I went over to the ovens and lifted up the coffee-pot and poured out a steaming cupful. I walked to the table; my heart beat quickly and my hand shook. My comrades did not notice me and no one moved up to make a place. Finally I laid a hand upon the shoulder of my Greek friend.

"Will you not let me sit beside you?" I asked.

He looked first at my face and then at my feet, and back at my face again; every one at the table followed his example. And at once he rose and left me standing with the coffee-cup trem-

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bling in my hand. I bit my lip hard and sat down in his place, and with that every man left his seat and I sat alone.

When I got home to my lodgings who should be at the front door but my landlady. I nodded to her, but not pleasantly, and I began to climb the stairs to my room. But my landlady calls me her son and she does as a mother will, even when I wish it least. So, on that morning, she laid her crooked hands upon mine as she said:

"Josef, my son, I would rather see you in tears than with that look upon your face. How did you come by it?"

"I did a kindness for one who was not a comrade. . . . You were right—the eye of trouble is sharper than the eyes of those who look for it."

"Josef, Josef," she replied, "you have a good heart, but a good heart has never saved any man from suffering. Why did you not leave this Japanese to his own people? Surely they can help him."

"Who said anything about a Japanese?" I questioned.

"Ah, Josef, my son, do you think that old women are lacking in wit? Have I not watched you going early every evening to your work and coming home long after your time? And have you forgotten my salve? Give any woman two facts and an hour at her knitting and she will do more with it than a judge can with the testimony of a dozen witnesses."

"Well, you are right as usual. I have done a kindness for this man, and my comrades have not ceased making me answer for it. If I had asked you at the beginning perhaps you would have given me good advice and saved me."

But my landlady shook her head. "It might have happened as you say. But who can tell? *I* am a woman. Did I not give you my salve knowing it was for one who was not a Christian? I leave some things to God."

"The man's hand is almost healed," I said to her.

Her face was full of smiling. "Ah, Josef, my son, I am glad of that! See, God is with us. It will all come right! After a season everything will be as it once was."

"No," I answered, and my heart was full as I said it, "things are never again as they once were."

My landlady raised one hand to my forehead and she pushed back my hair. "Josef, my son," she said, "when you are as old as I am you will be glad that this is so."

That afternoon I rose early, for I could not sleep, and I went to walk in the park. I kept to the side-paths where there were few people, but in spite of everything whom should I meet but Ito, entering the park at one of the big gateways.

"How is your hand?" I asked.

He drew in his breath. "I shall come to-morrow to my work," he answered.

I was about to walk on when he bowed again. "Will not Mr. Vitek—who is my friend—drink tea with me? In Japan this is a custom."

I looked about, wondering whether any of my comrades were there to see me. "If you wish it," I replied.

We went to the Japanese tea-garden that stands in a sheltered corner of the park, and I have never seen anything so beautiful. I had looked in at this tea-garden many times, but never when spring was upon it. Along the bamboo trellises purple flowers hung like grapes and filled the air with sweetness; in the pools blue iris made thickets in which the goldfish hid, and at every turn blossomed a cherry-tree.

Ito went before me into the little tea-house and drew up a bench so that we could look out over the shaded pool. We sat down. A young woman came with tea and little cakes and tiny bowls, and I almost forgot my troubles, for this young woman was like the pictures of Japanese I had seen in the great gray book at home.

When we had finished our tea we walked among the cherry-trees and Ito said to me:

"In Japan the time of blossoms is a gay time. These trees are nothing! You should see them in the gardens of *my* city."

"These are beautiful enough for me," I answered, "and if I might carry a branch home I would be happy."

We went out of the great carved gate-

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way, and Ito bowed, not once, but many times to me at parting, saying as he did so: "You are Mr. Vitek, my friend. Next week, I am told, you have a festival. At that time I shall bring you a gift."

I walked home, and when I arrived I knocked upon my landlady's door. "I have met the Japanese," I called to her, "and what do you suppose? His hand is well, and he is to bring me a present at Easter. Can you fancy what it will be?"

"How gay your voice is!" she called back. "It will be something fine I have no doubt. A piece of silk, or yards of fine crêpe, or perhaps a carved box of some sort."

"Those are all women's gifts!" I cried. "No, it will be none of those things, I am sure. But, as you say, it will be something fine."

All that night and all Sunday I thought about Ito's gift, and the more I thought the more puzzled I became. I even walked in the early morning past the windows of a Japanese bazaar, thinking I might see the thing he was to give me. In this window there were all the things my landlady had spoken of—pieces of silk, and yards of fine crêpe, and carved boxes without end. And there were wonderful ivory balls, carved one within the other; and strange swords in black-and-gold scabbards; and gods with gilt faces sitting on thrones as yellow as their cheeks. But there was not one thing that tempted me, and I thought:

"What is this thing that Ito will bring me? Surely there is nothing made in Japan for a Bohemian like myself. Well, who knows? Perhaps it will not be a Japanese gift, after all." And I went home better pleased.

Now I had been so busy with these thoughts of what Ito was to do for me that I forgot about all my troubles until I came on Sunday evening to the bakery again. I went in through the side-door that leads to the kitchen, and I had a pleasant word ready for my comrades. But those who did not frown at me gave me cold greetings, and I remembered what had happened on Saturday morning and my heart was full of bitterness. I knew that they were waiting for me to do the work of two men, and I was glad when, at midnight, Ito came as usual to his tasks.

"Oh," said my Greek friend, scornfully, to me, "so your yellow comrade has come back again! And how is he to reward you? With a week's wages, or a kiss upon either cheek, or will he content himself with saying a good word for you to the family of your Japanese sweetheart?"

"Before the week is out you will know how I am to be rewarded," I replied, proudly. "He has promised me a gift, and it will be something fine I can tell you."

"Listen to him!" my Greek friend cried aloud for all to hear. "This Josef Vitek is expecting a gift from his friend Ito. Can you not fancy what it will be? A cotton wrapper with flapping sleeves, such as these heathens wear. Next week we shall have our friend coming to work in this shroud."

That night I finished my work early, but I did not wait to sit with my comrades. Instead I left before daybreak and Ito followed me out and said:

"I have decided what I am to give to Mr. Vitek, my friend."

"Ah, is that so?" I answered. "Yesterday I looked into a Japanese shop-window, wondering what it would be."

"Mr. Vitek, my friend, will not find what I am to give him in any such place," he replied, smiling. Then he went back to the kitchen again.

When I told my landlady what Ito had said she was as puzzled as I.

"Perhaps he will bring you a necktie with a red rose embroidered upon it," she called after me as I closed the door of my room, "or a frame of seashells for your mother's picture—or a leather-covered pillow full of pleasant mottoes. No, I give it up!"

When Friday night came I could hardly keep my thoughts on my baking. At midnight Ito opened the side-door and I looked up from my work. He had a big bundle in his hand wrapped in brown paper. The four edges of the paper were pinned together in a point.

"It must be something light," I thought, "and easily crushed, or he would have tied string about it."

But I had not long to guess further.

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Ito threw aside his hat and made at once for me. I wiped the dough from my hands and stood smiling as he came toward me. All my comrades stopped their work and waited. He stood before me and made a little bow and laid the bundle on the kneading-table.

"Mr. Vitek, my friend," he said, "I have brought you a gift."

I turned toward the table, and my fingers trembled as I took the pin from Ito's bundle. My comrades all leaned forward. The brown paper fell away; I heard my Greek friend laugh. A great branch full of cherry blossoms lay in front of me. I said nothing, but I bowed to Ito, and tears of shame were in my eyes.

"I have had a hard time to get these blossoms for Mr. Vitek," whispered Ito to me. "But I have a friend who knows the daughter of the honorable people who live in the tea-garden. For him they have forgotten their rules."

At this my comrades all turned to their work again; there was no loud laughter, but I could see smiles of scorn upon their lips.

I set the blossoms in a jar of water and left them in a far corner of the kneading-table, but, to tell the truth, I would rather have thrown them in the face of the man who brought them. But I did my best to make a brave show before these men who were no longer my friends. And as I worked I thought to myself:

"Josef Vitek, you must look for another shop in which to earn your bread. These men are silent now because Friday night is a busy night and they have no time for jesting. But when they sit about to drink their Saturday-morning coffee they will hold their sides with laughing at you."

And I remembered all the fine things that my landlady had guessed would be my portion, and I felt my face grow hot with anger.

Toward morning when Ito began to lay the table for the usual feast my heart grew heavy indeed, for was not the next day Easter, and was I not cut off from my companions forever? I set my lips together tightly and washed my hands and got myself ready to leave. I washed my hands, and wrapped the blossoms in the brown paper, and put on my hat. But at the door whom should I meet but my German master coming in with a smile on his lips.

"Josef, Josef, where are you going? Surely this will not do! Here I am, ready to eat an Easter breakfast with you and I find you going home. Come, what have you in the paper?"

I tore the wrapping away. My master took the cherry bough and held it up for all to see.

"Josef," he said, "I have not seen blossoms like these since I left my native village. Surely they have blossoms nowhere in the world such as they have in the country where I come from."

At this my Greek friend spoke up pleasantly. "You have never been in Greece or you would not talk so foolishly. Blossoms in Greece are such as only gods plant."

And another spoke laughingly in praise of *his* country and its blossoms—and another, until the kitchen was merry with their disagreement.

All this time I stood with a heavy heart, wishing that I might be one of them again, and suddenly my master took me by the hand and said in a loud voice:

"Well, my friends, we are *all* right—blossoms in the springtime are blossoms the world over, but there is only one Josef."

With that I burst into tears, and my Greek friend came forward and kissed me upon either cheek. And all the others stood before me while I broke off bits of the blossoms and gave to each of them; and they laughingly pushed me into my accustomed seat.

"Ah, Josef, my son, you are smiling," said my landlady, when she opened the door for me. "Your Japanese friend must have surprised you."

"He has indeed," I answered as I held up the blossoms for her to see.

"My! are they not beautiful? I have not seen such blossoms since I left my native village in Alsace. But, tell me, what did your Japanese friend give you? Was it finer than you imagined?"

"Much finer," I said to her.

And I broke the cherry bough in two and gave my landlady half.

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The Lone Wolf

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

MRS. MARSHALL-Jones said it wasn't the things Mrs. Rathbone actually did—you've heard it before, of course—the sort of thing which women usually do say to one another, about one another, in moments when soul speaks to soul above the teacups. Only Mrs. Marshall-Jones made, in this instance, the incredible mistake of addressing herself to her brother, Owen Forster, down from his beloved university for a reluctant week-end, and at the moment not inconsiderably bored with Beechwood and all its pageantry.

"It isn't so much the things she actually does—" said Mrs. Marshall-Jones.

Forster conceded a somewhat weary smile. He had in twenty-four hours heard more of Mrs. Rathbone (damning past, doubtful present, and highly conjectural future) than either amused or instructed him. He gave women in the aggregate a gravely civil attention, nothing more. Sociologically speaking, he recognized their importance; decoratively, he felt no personal need of them.

"Well—what is it she does?" he inquired, politely, knowing the question to be expected of him.

Mrs. Marshall-Jones closed her lorgnette—she wore a rather heavy gold one upon an old-fashioned chain—and tapped it reflectively upon the back of one well-kept hand. Her dark eyebrows lifted, her full, firmly cut lips parted with deliberation.

"She is, as I told you, getting a divorce—"

"Well, that's being done this year—isn't it?"

"Of course, if you aren't taking me seriously—"

"Go on, Sarita; I'm listening."

"You know, of course"—Mrs. Marshall-Jones recited with something the same clearness and precision that had carried her to the head of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and organized her household upon a basis of almost incredible efficiency—"that divorce in this State involves a year and a half of residence—"

"That's paying by the nose," said Mr. Forster, grimly.

"What do you mean?"

"So your Mrs. Rathbone is establishing a residence?"

"My Mrs. Rathbone"—Mrs. Marshall-Jones's gesture definitely removed the lady beyond all hope of human sistership—"has been here a year and four months, and in that time she has forfeited the—I won't say the respect—the tolerance, even, of every right-thinking woman in Beechwood—"

"Not so much by what she's done, however—" interjected Mr. Forster, pleasantly. He crossed his long legs, leaned back in his chair, and smiled.

In Mrs. Marshall-Jones's library, a place of almost ascetic simplicity—darkly hung, deeply shelved, sparsely relieved by a plaster Victory and a few impersonal etchings—Mr. Forster achieved an extraordinary effect of physical excellence. His finely modeled head set upon carelessly stooping shoulders, his thick, light hair, the narrowed clearness of his glance, the slightly humorous mouth, the clean sensitive line of chin and jaw suggested incongruously a viking of Greek parentage. Viking, very clearly, was the length of limb; Greek, the straight perfection of the nose. Even Mrs. Marshall-Jones drew a small, vague sigh when she looked at him, but he met her gaze hardily.

"Who was the husband?"

"Mrs. Rathbone's, you mean?"

"Not that it makes any particular difference."

"Why, he was a lawyer," said Mrs.

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"IT ISN'T SO MUCH THE THINGS SHE ACTUALLY DOES—"

Marshall-Jones, expanding to grasp a momentary attention on the part of her audience—"she told Mary Gordon—"

"Who told you?"

"Well, I got it from old Mrs. Beatty. Mary told *her*—that he was a lawyer—"

"Why did she leave him?"

"She told Mary—because he '*bored her — to tears.*' Can you *imagine*, Owen—"

"I can imagine very well," said Mr. Forster, disinterestedly. "A very common type, I should say. Not strong enough for economic independence; too restless for conventional subjugation. Probably attracts every man who looks at her—"

"She does," agreed his sister, a thought vindictively.

"Without the singleness of purpose which might induce her to get her living by that same power of fascination."

"Owen!"

"Spoils the market, of course, for the unmarried female—gets in the way of the philanderous young matron—altogether an outlaw, a free-lance. She's free-foot, in which she has it on the married ones; she's been over the ground before, in which she has it on the maidens. She's unguarded, and yet she's forbidden fruit—there she draws the men. It is," concluded Mr. Forster, reflectively, "a somewhat anomalous position, resultant entirely upon the twentieth-century's exceedingly inadequate handling of the matter of marriage."

Mrs. Marshall-Jones, who desired to travel with the vanguard, yet could never overcome a slight feeling of apprehension in discussions involving the marital state, clicked her lorgnette and pursed her lips. "I really should like to have you see her."

"Lord forbid!" said Mr. Forster, decisively. "I've told you, Sarita—"

"Oh, you needn't worry. You won't meet her here. One has to maintain a certain standard in such matters—particularly when one has a young girl to bring up—"

"Has she been attaching any of Sally's beaus?" inquired Mr. Forster, carelessly. At a certain expression

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which flickered vaguely and unwillingly across his sister's well-massaged features he broke into curt, unaccustomed laughter. "Shoe pinches, eh?"

"I've no idea what you mean, my dear Owen," said Mrs. Marshall-Jones.

"Not the faithful John, I trust," pursued her inquisitor.

"An innocent young girl," Mrs. Marshall-Jones returned, with dignity, after a brief period of somewhat awkward silence, "is naturally at a disadvantage beside a mature and hardened woman. She stops at nothing."

"Meaning Sally or Mrs. Rathbone?"

"I think we won't discuss it any further," said Mrs. Marshall-Jones. "Have you finished your tea? Will you have a cigarette?"

"One of my own, thanks,—not liking the kind you keep," Mr. Forster explained, with more than brotherly frankness. "Cheer up, Sarita; according to your own account, the lone wolf has only two more months to stalk in these wild, wet woods—"

"The what?" inquired Mrs. Marshall-Jones, sharply. A small pleased smile dawned at the corners of her eyes; she looked for the moment uncommonly like one who, essaying an oyster, bites upon a pearl.

"The lone wolf—the lady half in, half out of matrimony—the obstacle to serious emotional traffic—"

"That's really very good," said his sister, thoughtfully. She allowed her smile to become a fixed gleam, shot through with not unnatural malice. "Not bad at all—I must tell that to Mrs. Beatty—"

"You would, of course," accepted Mr. Forster, briefly. "Good Lord! I *am* a fool!"

Which was how Mrs. Rathbone came by the name of the Lone Wolf. Mrs. Marshall-Jones and old Mrs. Beatty, between them, disseminated Owen Forster's little pleasantry rather widely.

Meantime, at a dinner-dance at the Country Club the night after that desultory bit of talk in Mrs. Marshall-Jones's library, Mr. Forster, reluctantly making his way from the comparative seclusion of a stand near the veranda railing to the distasteful publicity of his sister's beckoning forefinger, was hailed and stopped by a young man in garments of conspicuous correctness, with a slender, black-haired person on his arm.

"H-lo, Forster!" cried the young man, joyously. "Didn't know you were in town. How's the Submerged Tenth and the Fourth Estate—and all the rest of it?"

"How are you, John?" said Mr. Forster, kindly. He waived sociological discussion for the time being.

"You're looking fine," continued the young man.

"Thanks," said Mr. Forster.

The woman beside them opened an oddly shaped fan of peacock feathers and brushed her cheek with it.

"Well, Johnnie," she suggested, in a light, soft drawl, "I may be ethereal, but I am not as yet invisible. Is this Mr. Forster? And why don't you present him? We have been looking wistfully at each other this last five minutes."

"Gee! I beg your pardon!" said Kinney, contritely. He presented Mr. Forster with due ceremony.

The woman was, of course, Mrs. Rathbone. She wore a gown of gold-colored tulle, very shimmering, very flimsy, hung with a barbaric tracery of beads from rather lovely shoulders, and ending abruptly above the slimmest gold-stockinged ankles Mr. Forster had ever seen. Her dark hair was smooth as bronze and almost as immobile. Her lips and cheeks were rouged, not ostentatiously however, and there was the delicate accent of a tiny black court-plaster heart at the tail of one eye. Mr. Forster thought he had never seen a more finished nor more futile product. Then she smiled at him and he observed with a sort of aloof and governed accuracy that her black-lashed eyes were blue—unexpectedly, astoundingly blue, like the morning sky, or the eyes of a child.

At this juncture she addressed him directly. "Johnny's deserting me. I regard you as an angel from heaven. I wish to sit in a corner and talk—"

"I'm not deserting you," Kinney protested, stoutly; but she somehow disposed of him none the less, prettily regretful, a martyr to necessity.

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"Oh yes, you are, Johnny! You haven't danced with your hostess, and she dislikes me enough without *that*. If you wish to save my reputation, dearest John—"

So dearest John departed, with a backward look and a smothered sigh to which Mr. Forster gave amused and reluctant witness.

"I am the least bit tired," mourned Mrs. Rathbone. "Isn't there a little table somewhere—"

She ordered Scotch and soda upon Mr. Forster's detached invitation, and powdered her nose while waiting, before a scrap of a mirror set in the lid of a small, French-enameled box. Mr. Forster, leaning one elbow upon the table, said nothing at all, but watched her gravely.

At last she made a lazily impertinent face at him, putting away the infinitesimal powder-puff. "Am I altogether beautiful? And where were you going when Johnny waylaid you? I have a feeling that it was something of importance—"

"My sister apparently wished to speak to me," said Mr. Forster.

She lifted beautifully marked brows. "Your sister?"

"Mrs. Marshall-Jones."

"Oh, dear me! Is *that* your sister? Too bad—so sorry!" sighed Mrs. Rathbone. "She must be in a towering rage by now. You know she doesn't care for me—at *all*."

"So I understand," said Mr. Forster.

"Can you imagine why?"

He shrugged his shoulders and allowed her an uncompleted smile. She, for her part, assumed a kind of frankness:



"AM I ALTOGETHER BEAUTIFUL?"

"Johnny, of course, I suppose."

"Why Johnny?—and why of course?"

"Sally, you know—and Johnny. Heaven had almost put that match across, it seems—only Johnny—"

"Yes?" inquired Mr. Forster.

"He prefers to sit in my pocket—why, I don't know. I am not," said Mrs. Rathbone, gently, "mad about boys. I am getting old and I wish to be amused."

"How old are you, by any chance?" inquired Forster, coolly. "May I smoke?"

"Give me one, too," said Mrs. Rathbone. She took a cigarette and lit it at the match he held out for her. "I'm twenty-six. And you?"

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"Thirty-four," said Mr. Forster.

Mrs. Rathbone smiled at him reflectively between trailing wisps of smoke. Her eyes looked very blue.

"I'd have given you thirty-two or thereabouts—there's an odd sort of innocence about you. You don't like women, do you?"

"Why should you say that?"

"Because," she enlightened him, without hesitation, "I don't as a rule have to work so hard to get a spark."

They smiled at each other after a moment across a silence.

"Whatever do you do for a living?" asked Mrs. Rathbone, presently.

"Chair of sociology and political economy—at . . ." He named an elderly university in a neighboring State.

"Teaching! Oh, dreadful! And do you have to work hard—to get sparks, too?"

"I sometimes think there ain't no such animal." He added, directly, "And what do *you* do—for a living?"

The peacock fan slid open and screened a smile. "What a question—to ask a woman! However—since you *do* ask it—nothing just now. I'm busy getting a divorce—don't say your sister failed to mention it."

"And why the divorce?"

It was the look and the tone of the class-room. Mrs. Rathbone submitted airily:

"He bored me. I bored him. It's an impossible situation—if you've ever tried it. You aren't married?"

"There, but for the grace of God—"

"Quite so." She nodded and sighed, smiling bewilderingly upon the heels of it. "Myself, I married at twenty." When he only bent his head abstractedly she drew the feathery edge of her fan fleetingly across his sleeve. "Why don't you ask me questions?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Forster. "It hadn't occurred to me. Were you waiting to be asked?"

"No—" said Mrs. Rathbone, "but men mostly do."

A waiter brought various glasses, two long, two short, poured Scotch whisky upon ice, sent soda hissing upon that, presented a check to be signed, swept the scene with a waiter's smile, and departed.

Mrs. Rathbone ground out the red tip of her cigarette upon an ash-receiver and lifted her glass. "*Votre santé!*"

"Happy days!" responded Mr. Forster, with a curiously unimpassioned glance.

"Are there any such?" inquired Mrs. Rathbone, politely mocking.

From the far end of the club-house veranda the sensuously dragging appeal of a waltz crept out upon the air. Lanterns swung on vines between pillar and pillar dipped on a sudden freshening wind. There was a little current of dancers setting toward the music.

"Do you dance?" asked Mrs. Rathbone.

"No, I do not," said Mr. Forster.

She began a laughing reproach and stopped, fan at her lips. "Some one is looking at you coldly."

Mr. Forster turned his head.

In the doorway just behind him stood Sarita the younger and John Kinney. Sarita, a pink-and-white creature, well rounded, already foreshadowing her mother's solidity of aspect, was frowning slightly. In Kinney's eyes, resting upon Mrs. Rathbone, glimmered a certain hunger for enslavement. He looked as if the flicker of an eyelash would draw him.

Mrs. Rathbone bowed pleasantly, with an effect of having done the same thing in the same way a great many times before.

"Well, Sally?" said Mr. Forster.

The two in the doorway spoke and passed on, not without the tribute of a yearning look trailed backward over young Kinney's stalwart shoulder.

"You see?" sighed Mrs. Rathbone.

Mr. Forster nodded and smiled, regarding her curiously.

"Would you call it exactly my fault?"

He shrugged, still smiling.

"Discreet, aren't you?" said Mrs. Rathbone. "Well—your sister has not left me a rag to stand in. It occurs to me that we had better part. She will doubtless consider, now, that I have begun upon you."

And leave him she did, attracting to her aid by some nefarious magic of lifted and lowered glance Doctor Harley, just then passing.

"Good-by!" she said to Mr. Forster

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at the moment of departure. "I had rather wanted to meet you."

Mr. Forster took that home with him and gave it a certain amount of consideration, as she had doubtless intended he should. He had not, as has been said, a great regard for women, but psychology—of any sex—intrigued him; and, beyond that, the shimmer of Mrs. Rathbone's golden flounces stayed oddly in his mind.

When Mrs. Marshall-Jones, the day after the incident of the Country Club, inquired coldly if he liked to see a woman smoke—and drink—he responded with even frankness:

"My dear sister, I don't like to see them *eat*—if it comes down to that—but I feel it's a matter which doesn't intimately concern me."

That was in April. Sometime early in May Mrs. Marshall-Jones wrote, in evident excitement of spirit:

DEAREST OWEN,—Do come down over Sunday. I want very much to have a talk with you. Sarita is thinking of going abroad to take up Red Cross work with the American Ambulance, and I am terribly unnerved. I think you may have some influence with her. In any case—for my sake—"

For whosever sake—the thing at the moment being not very clear even to Mr. Forster himself—Mr. Forster went. He found Mrs. Marshall-Jones distinctly haggard. She received him in a grimly purple negligée—she for whom any departure from rigidly boned collars and assertive waist-lines was prescient—and there were traces of tears on her well-powdered cheeks.

They exchanged commonplaces.

"You are looking well, Owen," said Mrs. Marshall-Jones.

"Thanks," said Mr. Forster. "What's wrong with *you?*"

The mirror of the lady's dressing-table—she had received him in her secret chamber—gave back a briefly distorted visage.

"Sarita, as I wrote you—" she began.

"What's wrong with Sarita?" inquired Mr. Forster, pleasantly. He lay back in the chair he had selected, a ***chaise longue***, not too Gallic in appear-



IN KINNEY'S EYES GLEAMED A CERTAIN HUNGER FOR ENSLAVEMENT

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ance and barren of cushions. Facing him, on a chaste gray wall, a colored print of Reynolds's "Innocence" folded sedate small hands and stared smugly.

"Sarita," said Mrs. Marshall-Jones, huskily, "is determined to join the American Red Cross—abroad. Nothing I can say has the remotest effect on her. She will kill me—"

"Much more apt to kill some unfortunate *poilu*—always supposing she gets her hands on him. Why," suggested Sarita's uncle, calmly, "can't she stay at home?"

Mrs. Marshall-Jones broke an orange-wood stick with which she had been toying between suddenly nervous fingers. "I'm afraid—she—isn't happy here, Owen."

"Humph!" said Mr. Forster. He crossed his legs and, with a brusque request for permission, lit a cigarette. "Where's John Kinney?" he asked, suddenly.

Mrs. Marshall-Jones turned cold and a trifle sullen. "What has that to do with it?"

"I see," said Mr. Forster. "Beauty still draws him by a single hair, as it were. Too bad, eh?"

"It is nothing short of infatuation," his sister stated, bitterly.

"He the only one?"

"Sarita," said her mother, proudly indignant, "has never lacked—"

"Pursuers?"

"Young men friends," corrected Mrs. Marshall-Jones, acidly. "She is not like some girls—"

"I dare say not. However, what I intended to ask was if John were the only helpless victim of—"

"Of the Lone Wolf?" interpolated the lady in her turn. (Undoubtedly she scored there.) "He is not. Do you remember Robert Railley? He and his wife are on the verge of separation. Jim Duncan—Harry Lake— Old Mr. Brent has made himself a laughing-stock. There's hardly a man in town who hasn't one time or another—"

"No wonder, when you and the other women advertise the siren so effectively. What would you like me to do? Go and see her? Make a moving appeal?"

"I had no such thought," Mrs. Marshall-Jones denied, hurriedly. But it was obvious that she had. So, after a certain amount of further discussion, inexplicably to himself, Mr. Forster went. Midway of the lower hall, when, an hour or so later, he started forth, he met Sarita. Sarita looked a little pale and heavily defiant. Her eyelids were pink.

"I suppose you were sent for to talk me over," she observed, unpleasantly. "Mother may as well understand I'm going to live my own life."

"Undoubtedly, Nora," said Mr. Forster. "Don't forget to slam the door behind you."

He left Sarita staring gloomily, and continued on his way.

Mrs. Rathbone was at home, a fact he had already ascertained by telephone; but beside her from out the delicate shadows of a white-paneled living-room rose young John Kinney, a fellow-guest whom Mr. Forster had not foreseen. However, young Kinney endured but briefly. There was a distinct suggestion of truancy about him, and, having contributed a certain amount of uneasily casual conversation concerning local weather conditions, he took himself off.

Mr. Forster observed that Mrs. Rathbone was endearingly addressed by her given name, Lilias, a combination of syllables suggestive of moonlit gardens.

When the boy had gone:

"How awfully nice of you—and how awfully odd of you!—to want to come and see me," said Mrs. Rathbone. "I thought we were to avoid each other for the sake of your sister's peace of mind. Will you smoke?" She gave him a cigarette, but refused one herself. "Take that big chair."

So Mr. Forster took the big chair and looked at his hostess coolly. She sat on an old-gold-brocaded sofa, against which her gray gown, the delicate artistry of her face, and the bronze-smooth darkness of her hair showed clear and perfect as the new moon against a twilight sky. There was a bit of black court-plaster, heart-shaped, upon one cheek. She wore no rings, and her hands lay exquisitely idle in her lap. Nothing more finished, more careless, more free from any jarring emotion could well have been imagined. A bowl of daffodils

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stood on the table beside her, incongruously simple, but effective; old-gold-colored curtains hung at all the windows of the long, pale room. There were Chinese rugs on the floor, soft and faded-looking; a few unimportant pastels on the walls, a long, ebony-framed mirror over the mantel-shelf.

"I rather like this room," said Mr. Forster at length.

"Is that why you came to see me?" asked Mrs. Rathbone. A shaft of afternoon sunlight lay across the wall beside her. It reflected itself in her eyes.

They looked at each other intently, unsmiling.

"Do you want that young ass?" suggested Mr. Forster, surprisingly, at last. "It isn't possible."

"Lord, no!" she told him, languidly.

"Then what are you going to do with him?"

"I?" she said, a little too innocently. "Why—nothing—not a thing in the world."

"Did you know that Sarita the second was getting ready to go to France—to work for the Red Cross?"

"Not really! Oh, dear me! I'm fond of France—I adore Paris!" said Mrs. Rathbone. "She must be stopped; she really must. How people do run amuck, don't they? It's rather amusing."

When Mr. Forster merely sat and looked at her, without comment, she finished, meekly:

"What can I do—for France?"

"Send young Kinney about his business," said Mr. Forster, quietly.

"Then what shall *I* do—for somebody to play with?"

Shadows were lengthening about the room. The shaft of sunlight on the wall faded slowly.

"You'll still have Jim Duncan," said Mr. Forster—"and Robert Railley—old man Brent—Harry Lake—*et al.*"

"So that's why you came to see me?"

"Partly that."

"Should you like me to send him home? You ask it?"

"I suggest it," corrected Mr. Forster.

"Ask it, if you want it done."

He shrugged, and smiled at her, a curiously passive smile. "I ask it, then. What is the difference?"

"*Bien!* Off goes his head!" said Mrs. Rathbone. She made a lovely gesture of decapitation. "Are you satisfied?"

"Thanks," said Mr. Forster. He stood up abruptly, feeling all at once and not very definitely, but very surely, a sort of danger in remaining. "I can now go home and administer consolation to my sister."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Rathbone. She rose and came to him across the blue and gold and ivory of the Chinese rugs. "Now you can go— Can't you?"

But Mr. Forster did not go. He leaned one elbow on the mantel-shelf and thrust one hand in his trousers pocket, and stared at Mrs. Rathbone reflectively. He realized, with a touch of surprise, that his pulse was running faster than its wont.

"I haven't a doubt," he said, slowly, "that somewhere in your garden, behind the honey-locusts, likely, are swine that once were men—"

"Ulysses not being among them, why," asked Mrs. Rathbone, softly, "should you care?"

"Do I care?" repeated Mr. Forster. "I wonder!"

The scent of the daffodils clung closely about her. Her blue, blue eyes set in the world-wise face were strangely clear in the growing dusk.

"You could—" she murmured. "Ah! you *could!*"

"No," said Mr. Forster, a thought unsteadily, "not along with Kinney and Brent and Lake and the rest. I," said Mr. Forster, "am a monopolist—if anything." The words touched some hidden spring.

"It was you," said Mrs. Rathbone, suddenly, lifting her eyes to his, "who called me the Lone Wolf—wasn't it?"

He did not answer at once—he had, unhappily, no answer to make—and after a moment something within her hard, bright composure gave way. It was like the upper glaze wrinkling and disappearing upon live lava—she became in an instant a creature eaten out and in with flame.

"You think I was trying to hold you, just now. I was, but just the same I loathe you!" she said in a still, breathless voice. "I loathe every man that was ever born. I *am* a lone wolf, and I hunt alone. I'd like to make every

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"IT WAS YOU WHO CALLED ME THE LONE WOLF—WASN'T IT?"

man that even looks at me pay—for what I can't believe in any more, and what I've suffered, and what I've been done out of. I began as young as Sarita, and twice as helpless. I was the softest little silly in the world—nobody ever wanted more desperately to be happy or tried harder to find the way. It wasn't any use. It's never any use—and now I've got my back against the wall. I know just what fatuous fools men can be. I've seen enough of them. I've only got to lift a finger and they run. It's partly because I've learned the game, partly because I'm not quite free yet, just free enough—and partly because I don't care, and *they know it!* Take your wretched little Kinney boy. She'll lose him again and again—he's that kind—but let her have him—and keep her out of France. I may want to go back there some day. Your women"—she flung him the scornfulest slow smile in the world—"they've used tooth and nail and claw; I'm scarred from head to heel. But give them one bit of advice for me. The way to keep their stupid men is not to tie them up. I wish you'd go now. I've talked and I'm going to be horribly sorry for it. I loathe post-mortems."

"Then he didn't bore you, after all?" Mr. Forster deduced, relentlessly. He had paled a little and his voice was slightly roughened.

Her eyes, still burning into his, filled suddenly and pitifully with tears.

"Dear God!—I only wish he had!" she said, between clenched teeth.

And that was all. There was nothing, Mr. Forster considered, that he could say to that. He left her standing in the middle of her white and gray and golden room—a slim, cold figure with a small black court-plaster heart upon one cheek.

That was in May. Less than a fortnight later Mrs. Marshall-Jones wrote

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from her vantage of Sarita's renewed affections—France and the Red Cross being for the moment definitely abjured:

I know you will be surprised to hear that Mrs. Rathbone has dropped her suit for divorce. Her husband—a thin, brown person with a scar on his chin—came up from the city unexpectedly last Saturday night. Her cook told mine that they talked until three in the morning. She heard Mrs. Rathbone crying dreadfully—and John saw them taking the east-bound train together at seven-fifteen next day. Her house has been put up for sale. Good riddance of bad rubbish! I will say, however, that I am deeply sorry for the man.

Above a littered desk, and with that same quickened heartbeat which he had known but once before in his aloof and scholastic existence, Mr. Forster looked off through an open window into a rain-washed sunset. "But who," he inquired, grimly, of himself, "is going to be sorry for Mrs. Rathbone?"

A Bather

BY AMY LOWELL

THICK dappled by circles of sunshine and fluttering shade,
Your bright, naked body advances, blown over by leaves,
Half-quenched in their various green, just a point of you showing,
A knee or a thigh, sudden glimpsed, then at once blotted into
The filmy and flickering forest, to start out again
Triumphant in smooth, supple roundness, edged sharp as white ivory,
Cool, perfect, with rose rarely tinting your lips and your breasts,
Swelling out from the green in the opulent curves of ripe fruit,
And hidden, like fruit, by the swift intermittence of leaves.
So, clinging to branches and moss, you advance on the ledges
Of rock which hang over the stream, with the wood-smells about you,
The pungence of strawberry plants and of gum-oozing spruces,
While below runs the water impatient, impatient—to take you,
To splash you, to run down your sides, to sing you of deepness,
Of pools brown and golden, with brown-and-gold flags on their borders,
Of blue, lingering skies floating solemnly over your beauty,
Of undulant waters a-sway in the effort to hold you,
To keep you submerged and quiescent while over you glories
The summer.
Oread, Dryad, or Naiad, or just
Woman, clad only in youth and in gallant perfection,
Standing up in a great burst of sunshine, you dazzle my eyes
Like a snow-star, a moon, your effulgence burns up in a halo,
For you are the chalice which holds all the races of men.

You slip into the pool and the water folds over your shoulder,
And over the tree-tops the clouds slowly follow your swimming,
And the scent of the woods is sweet on this hot summer morning.

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

NO one can live through such a threatening spring as that we have just unexpectedly survived without hearing some rustic sage declare, from the immemorial experience of the race, that no matter what the weather has been, the apples are bound to blossom about the 20th of May.

In like manner, but not very like manner, a veteran observer of literary history might fearlessly hold that in spite of apparently adverse conditions, when it seems as if we should never have good novels again, fiction will be sure to flower and fruit in or after a certain interval of time, or an uncertain interval, but will never quite disappoint the hopes that experience has fostered in the constant reader. As there is an apple year when apples superabound and heap the ground with their spendthrift wealth, and then an off year when they stint the whole country-side of pie and cider, so there may be a fiction year when the booksellers' counters groan under the best novels, and then an off year when there are no novels of any sort to be had. Yet, as in an off year for apples, the pear-tree may stagger with the weight of its juicy Bartletts, or the peach may blush all over with early Champions, to the shame of the barren apple-trees beside it, so, in an off year for fiction, there may be a surplus of free verse far beyond the demand of the human race, or a profusion of metaphysics such as would glut the most ravenous lover of romance.

For ourselves, we would choose neither a year of feast nor a year of famine, neither an apple year nor an off year; but would prefer a season which should yield a few specimens such as usually ripen only to the eye on the outside of nurserymen's catalogues; and a kindred pleasure in fiction has been ours in the fortunes of our recent reading. In a time when most novels have done no more than echo the talk of the war that resounds from the newspapers or holds us in helpless thrall wherever we are met together in the street or at the table, we have chanced upon at least two of as fresh initiative and as remote from actual events as any of the happier past. Mr. William McFee's *Casuals of the Sea* is no more concerned with the U-boat warfare than with the piratical adventures of the Norse vikings. The book is somewhat alarmingly named, but it has less to do with any casuals of the sea than with those casuals of the land who have moved the invention of novelists from the beginning of novelling. More conspicuously than with anything else, however, it deals with an ultra-modern phase of erring womanhood in its heroine, if she is its heroine. Her perfect ease of mind in her dereliction, her superiority to its mischances, is rather bewildering to the reader brought up in the tradition of woman's shame and despair in them. She is no more ashamed or desperate than a man in the same case; but, having taken the greater risks of a woman, she faces their succession with courage even greater than a man's and, having outlived the sentiment of her first affair, she survives in her last as a wife not weakened in her constancy or afflicted in spirit by her past. This at least is the author's theory of her, and it may not be correct; but her ease of mind contrasts strikingly with the old-fashioned remorse of her mother who has also fallen in her day, and has never ceased to be abashed. To be sure, the mother's sin has been from love, but though the daughter's sin (as she would not call it) has been from love, too, it has been on a frank business basis, with no expectation of marriage.

It will be very shocking, if you look

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at the affair in the old-fashioned way; but the modern-minded reader may ask why you need look at it in that way. If you do, you will be apt to say that her story is very immoral, more immoral than the stories of the French realists when they were at their worst, but were perhaps indecent rather than immoral. The phase of literature presented in the book is as surprising as the phase of character presented in the heroine. The author does not seem to have developed his method, quite; he is in the last degree analytical, but he fancies emphasizing his instances at times by first personally entering the scene and expressing his opinions of what the actors in it are thinking and doing, and differing from them now and then. It is very odd and, to our mind, not good art, and yet the book is one of uncommon power, or what is called "appeal." In manner it reminds you at moments of Mr. Arnold Bennett, and at other moments of Thackeray, but both in their faultier methods. In matter it reminds you of the books of another observer of the cockney world, Mr. Pett Ridge, namely, whom we allow ourselves to prefer because his cockney world is so much kindlier and wholesomer without seeming less credible.

If you are tempted to say Mr. McFee's novel is without "charm," you must allow that it is by no means without the fascination of character or the excitement of incident. Decidedly things happen in it, and the people to and from whom they happen are not allowed to seem unimportant. The heroine is very clever, as clever in her way as the brilliant business adventurer who asks her to give herself to him upon terms that she does not feel unfair, though in time they involve the logic of such things. She has the cleverness to keep herself from vulgar ruin until she marries the last successor of her first lover. Possibly such things can be, but they do not seem probable, and one accepts much more willingly the life-long regret of the clever girl's simple mother who repents her sin, as she feels it to be. She goes to live with her daughter after the clever girl's marriage, and they get on very well in a common interest in the son and brother, and the husband and son-in-law, who are "casuals of the sea" during a long voyage on the same tramp steamer, where they are related to each other as captain and coal-trimmer, and are tacitly agreed in ignoring any other relation. The skipper is half wild with jealousy of the wife he has left behind, but he ungrudgingly accepts the stoker as a brother when he returns to her, and the stoker marries a nice Welsh girl whom he had left behind him and to whom his truth has not been unqualified.

The book is not to be given praise or blame without qualification. If it is not masterly, it is by way of being masterly, and is the potentiality of better things in the author. Socially it scarcely rises above the level of successful business life, but on this level, as on the various levels to the lowest which it explores, the character portrayed is always interesting, and mostly, or at least often, it is convincing. It belongs to the newer order of English fiction, but rather as this is represented in the work of Mr. Arnold Bennett than in that of Mr. Galsworthy; and it has times of being almost more American than English, though we think of no American work which it is akin to. In a curious, but not a very high sort, its literature is international; that is, its English is saturated with American slang, so that one could not very well say whether the author's native parlance was English or American. Its realism suggests that of Mr. George Moore; yet we should say Mr. McFee was not Irish, as Mr. Moore is when he is not French; and but for his name we should say Mr. McFee was not Scotch, or, if Scotch, then the first Scotchman of his literary kind.

There may be something definite in the book which we miss because it is so wanting in dramatic method, but which certainly we do not miss in Mr. Paul Kester's very dramatic handling of the black and white situation in our South. *His Own Country* is the story of a mulatto who has studied and practised medicine in Canada, where he has made a fortune and moved in white society with the two white women he has married, in a first and second union. His children by his first wife have been educated in France, their mother's ar-

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cestral country; his daughter by the second wife has been brought up among the children of her friends like any other white child. There is nothing in Doctor Brent's social condition to remind him of his negro origin, and there is always a longing in his heart for his own country, so that when he learns that the Colonial mansion where he grew up a slave is for sale he buys it and returns, hoping to take the same position in Virginia which he has held in Canada. If you will accept his romantic dream as a credible basis of the action which follows, you will find yourself in a succession of events full of a reality the more vivid, the more powerful because none of the actors in the scene, white or black, are favored from a part taken by the author, who has known how to keep his feelings, his opinions, quite outside of the story. Neither white nor black is romanced or sentimentalized; Brent, who is frankly the hero of the large and varied action, is a man of extraordinary intellectual force, limited by the lingering instincts of the jungle. Through education and association he is a civilized white man; but when he comes back as a rich, distinguished, honored man to the community which he left a slave his dream of welcome turns to a nightmare of rejection and exclusion. The nightmare begins with his first appearance when he confronts the local patricians who have assembled to greet him as one of themselves, but who realize at sight of him that he is the negro they had somehow never imagined him, and it continues through unremitting contempt for himself and his children. He has bought the property but not the will of his ancestral neighbors, whose ideal of social acceptability is the untinctured white blood which he cannot bring to his ownership of the finest old mansion of the old Virginian neighborhood. The case is as impossible for them as for him, and the author lets us feel all the pathos of the race pride which is the only riches left them in the wreck of their past. They are pathetic, indeed, those Virginians of his, men and women, inexorably clinging to their racial difference from the people whom they had once enslaved, and he deals with them tenderly, reverently, making his reader feel that if they had yielded the least step toward the equality which Brent expected they would in a sort have confessed a fatal defect in their devotion to their past and their present. They felt it their absolute need to stamp him back into the negro he was born, and to imbrute him there. He had, in fact, the making of a terrible brute in him, though he had also the making of a martyr or a demigod. When he perceives that they will not (he never understands that they cannot) yield him the social countenance, the neighborly kindness, the human sufferance that he has fondly dreamed of, he fights them like the beast which the desperate man is apt to become. He makes the vital mistake of supposing it possible for them to undo the effect of the wrong done his race in the past; by repealing the repressive laws into which they have legislated the humiliation of chattel slavery; and in proposing to himself a Black Crusade for the effacement of the indelible differences between his race and theirs, he takes the way that madness lies. He is sublime; he is ridiculous; but he is doomed, and not less sublime or ridiculous or doomed through the qualities of his own race than the qualities of theirs. His story is told with sweeping fullness and vivid detail, and with unresting rapidity from the time when an interviewer scents copy in the rumor of the situation created by Brent's attempt to repatriate himself, and then, scenting money from the sensation created by his interview, lures him on a lecturing tour which proves a wild success until it develops into the Black Crusade which Brent leads for the repeal of the laws of segregation which fix in iron relentlessness the customs and the instincts of his white kindred. His lecture managers promptly drop him when his Crusade rouses mob violence against him, North and South, while a conspiracy of the political and financial adventurers gathers upon him. Most of these are of the race which he has hoped to right against the wrongs he shares with them, and throughout his tragedy they are constant in his undoing. They fill the house which his white neighbors shun; his mulatto mother and his octoroon mistress, with the lame, halt, and blind

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of the jungle, force his Canadian wife to fly with her daughter whom they claim their kin through his paternity. Amidst the squalor and misery there is a tender relief in the love of the children by his French wife, the brilliant son and the beautiful girl who, each in their way, do and suffer the evil they share with him, but who hold him dear to the last and die with him in the flames of the mansion he had bought to make his home among the witnesses of his servile youth

In the situation which the author finds invented to his hands by the history of our national past, by slavery and by the abolition of slavery, by the errors of Reconstruction and by the attempted repair of these errors, he holds it his affair to ascertain the facts of that even fate which touches all alike in the play of his scheme. Without rehearsing its accumulating incidents one after another, its compass cannot be ascertained by criticism of the drama, which must be recognized as the highest melodrama. A curious phase of it, showing pathetically rather than amusingly, is the fact that the tragedy of the black man is no longer comical, as it has been in our tradition, while the comedy of the white man is tragical. In a handling less kind the poverty-stricken pride of the Virginian gentry who trample the pride of their mulatto neighbor into the dust might have been the conventional thing that poverty-stricken pride has always been; but here it is gently used, almost reverently, while no phase of it is blinked. Like many things in the romance, it is new to fiction, while many other things are as threadbare old as the penury which is so delicately treated. What is still more important is the full recognition of the inflexible instinct of the Anglo-Saxon race in its abhorrence of anything like social equality with the black races. It may be that the Anglo-Saxon's love of freedom in himself impels him to contempt for the victim of slavery, as if the victim were guilty of his own wrong or his own color. But this will not account for the repulsion of the negro in the North, where he is not subjected to the unequal laws of segregation, but is socially excluded almost as rigidly.

Any one who knows the South even a little must own that the situation is more and more alleviated by the humane view which enlightened Southerners are meantime taking of it. They feel, as enlightened Northerners feel, that their only possible future with the negro is through his elevation intellectually as well as industrially, and though the atrocious crimes from race to race continue,—the unspeakable crimes against white women and the savage hangings and burnings of the criminals, or supposed criminals,—yet the case without change of conditions is not so bad as it has been.

In the mean while it would be wronging a work of imagination, a romantic drama often passing the bounds of Elizabethan license in its daring design, to hold it to account for not keeping to the lines of social statistics. When it comes to the study of personal character in white or black, or to the events in which such character evolves itself, no realistic novel such as, say, *Casuals of the Sea* surpasses it in minute naturalism. It is only when the problem, which looms so large and lurid in any retrospect of the book, lifts and lets the witness see in the countless traits and facts so graphically studied that he can realize what a unique contribution to our fiction this melodrama is. Any adequate conspect of its events and persons is impossible here, but the reader cannot open upon any scene of it without feeling that a rare talent, scarcely known in fiction, is at work in the varied action with a full consciousness of what is comic, what is tragic in it. As to whether it will effect much or little for political or social good, it is not the business of merely literary criticism to inquire, much less to ascertain. From glacial epoch to glacial epoch is a long time, and few of us will be apt to outlive historic evils apparently destined to survive to the next World Frost. But it may be well to remember in our haste for the millennium that if there has never been any such thing as justice, there has always been, and will always be, a great measure of mercy between men, and perhaps this or something like it, may be the moral of such a fable as *His Own Country*.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

A LIVING literature must, in its genesis, embodiment, growth, and destiny, be of the very quality and nature of the human life it reflects. If in its higher values it transcends the common levels of our human nature, yet it can never rise above its vital source. Indeed, in its highest reaches of creative vision and faculty, it most adequately registers the transcendency of that source. This is not so much a matter of exaltation as that in some wonderful way the essential truth and beauty inherent in life attain realization.

Every living thing that is a nursling of Nature seems to find the way to that realization without hesitation or solicitude. The human way involves indirection, and is otherwise as different from that of all other creatures as is the scope and significance of the realization. But it is the way of life—that is, of our human life—and the writer who would express such realization of truth and beauty in literature must find that living way.

It cannot be found by observation or by study, yet these seem to be indispensable conditions preliminary to the successful pursuit of art or literature in a civilized age. A kind of art was possible to man before civilization, but nothing which could be called literature. The body of every other animal was competent to do and to express all it was capable of doing and expressing, and that was a fixed limitation from generation to generation. There could be no sense of success or of progress and, in such nearness to Nature, no sense of companionship with her.

What man could do with his body in the way of esthetic expression, within such purely physiological limits and under the guidance of instinct, could have no like completeness and little distinctively human significance—that he must grow into in another way. He could show a spontaneous grace and beauty of form and motion and a harmony of concerted movement in the choric dance, and he could sing, with words, though to sing like a bird, without words, he must wait till he should contrive instruments.

It is pertinent here to note that Nature does not repudiate mechanism in the equipment of her immediate nurslings, making it a part of their living organism. M. Fabre wrote volumes to show us to what an extent she has done this for insects, anticipating so much that man has been obliged to invent for himself because he lacked the natural complement. If the aims of human existence merely as planetary had been as limited as those of the bird and insect, a similar biological equipment would have sufficed for man and in its employment he would have expressed the same natural grace and charm, with no call upon his invention and no more incentive to conscious experimentation than the young fledgling has in trying its wings. But, bare of this ready and living equipment, he was thrust from Nature's bosom that he might become her companion as face-to-face observer and student, wrestling with her as Jacob wrestled with the Angel, not willing to let him go at any point of contact in the ever-expanding conflict, which coincided with his progressive mind-making.

The burden of civilization borne upon his Atlantean shoulders became something more than a planetary concern from the time that Faith and Art were born, and the source of all beauty and truth was recognized, independently of outward suggestion or observation, as something beyond the visible scheme of things, yet finding its dwelling in the heart of man, and destined, through its creative transformations of human dis-

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positions, to redeem society and civilization itself.

To interpret human life, following all its distinctively human ways, in its devious courses of mechanical, mental, and social progress and in its wonderful recourse through revolutionary reactions, in which ruins are seen as complements of ascensions, and especially through the quiet but even more wonderful transformations wrought by creative psychical evolution—this is the supreme office of a living literature.

But, as in the case of all the life it reflects or interprets, literature has its formal and mechanical side. All living organisms, as we have seen, including the human body, have their mechanical attachments. Man alone can and, in his most expansive undertakings, must employ non-living mechanisms, devoid also in most cases of beauty, though sometimes, owing to the natural forces availed of, they have the similitude of life. Even in his statuary and architecture he cannot ignore the laws of mechanics. So in literature he depends upon devices and symbols and upon training in the use of these as well as in that of syntax and phraseology. There is no royal road to his learning, and it is a mistaken system of education that attempts to make one or that ignores the importance and time-saving value of routine exercises. But, obviously, technical training, formal efficiency, and all the information to be gained by observation and study do not make a writer a master in the interpretation of human life or even of literature itself, past or present.

In the absence of creative vision and faculty, art, literature, and human life itself are cut off from their real source, and their earth becomes a sterile desert. This is something more than to say that life and art are grounded in the moral order, since no human system has a more facile descent than the ethical into an infertile waste; and at its best, in its utmost outward perfection, it cannot give birth to a single spiritual grace. Our spiritual manners spring only from the creative activities of the soul—ultimately from what Emerson called the Oversoul.

Much good—all that is relatively good—depends upon conscious effort and upon the expansion of consciousness itself through the complexity of human contacts. Practical experience is the result of experimentation, with definite objects in view, and perfected by training, discipline, learning, and zealous industry. Without organized and wisely specialized social systems and institutions there is no civilization, no progress. But, taken at their best—that is, at their greatest efficiency—these organized systems cannot of themselves create the ideals which lift them into harmony with the social dynamic. Progress is indispensable to, but cannot create, evolution. Of itself, its objective aims, exclusively absorbing human interests, may be subversive of spiritual ideals, may minister to the perversion of human motives and prepare for the ruin of the civilization it has helped to construct, though, even so, powerless to thwart the invisible creative purpose of overmastering Life—an increasing purpose, else humanity would merely encumber the earth. Life, only as creative, is sure of its increase; and bounty is the symbol of beauty and fertility.

Every living thing reproduces itself, at the cost of its own death. One generation passeth away and another generation cometh. If human life thus has renewal, by the same token there is also a recrudescence of our human nature, showing that it is not essentially evil, but only made so by the perverse errancy of human volition lacking clear vision of reality. So with the passing of an old order, nothing essential to human nature is, or need be, extinguished. It is not by any departure from that, but by our inevitable surrender of the blind but sure instinct which guides all other creatures, that the human way alone is fallible. The glorious compensation for that loss is our gain of intuition in the place of instinct. Ours becomes, in its full scope, the kingdom of the Soul.

Since this realm of creative activities, though hidden from observation, is surely expanding from age to age, we need not be downcast, however foreboding the superficial prospect may seem in our troubled time. We become so accustomed to depend upon organization

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and formal efficiency for the accomplishment of definitely calculated results affecting our external relations that we expect of them miracles beyond their scope, transformations that are wrought only in the kingdom of the soul. A potent and lasting world peace cannot be imposed and maintained by mere force of arms; it must be created by dynamic human sympathy.

We dwell upon these considerations applicable to human life in its whole scope, because they help us to a better comprehension of literature as interpreting life. More than ever before the writer of to-day is aligned with the leaders in every department of human knowledge and activity. He must take essentially the same attitude in his quest as that taken by the disinterested searchers after scientific truth, in physics, metaphysics, psychology, and sociology, as seen in the light of nature and humanity in their own unfolding. The masters in the field of scientific discovery and invention, the leaders in statesmanship, and the great inspirational teachers have emancipated themselves from professional bonds and formal classifications as well as from merely technical phraseology. Their distinction is derived from their creative imagination. The masters, the great humanists, in the field of literature, have in common, with them this distinction. To this invisible communion in the kingdom of the soul belong also those real seers in the vast field of industry, whether nominally workers or capitalists, who look beyond the narrow and conflicting aims of labeled organized factions to the principle of sympathetic co-operation for the resolution of business discords. There can be no harmony, domestic or international, from without; it must come from within, from its true center in the hearts of free peoples bound together by sympathy.

To repeat our old maxim: Nothing is common because it is communicated; community, rather, is the ground of communication—that is, of truth as real and not as the result of formal generalization. It is the implicit power of a conviction prevailingly though secretly held that compels its proclamation from the housetops. The interpreter of human life must feel the impulse of that implication. Otherwise his observation, his study, or his logic will not avail; he must be from within possessed by the life he creatively interprets. He must see the truth of life in its very working from its hidden principle, its beauty and harmony in its spontaneous becoming. The fact that faith and art had their crude dawn in the earliest men disclosed to us by archæological research, that the cave-man converted his rude dwelling into a picture-gallery, shows that our much-abused human nature was open to the secret source of creative activity in the human soul.

Art and literature must be objective or they lack embodiment and fall short of adequately effective expression. In this age of advanced social evolution, due primarily to the clarification of life by the creative reason, we should expect of them a correspondingly fuller realization of essential truth and beauty. Does our present literature, as a creative communication for the inspiration as well as the interpretation of life, meet this evolutionary test?

In answering this question we cannot ignore the supreme test which, in the present world crisis, all of human life is called upon to meet. At all times human life is coming into judgment in particular crises, disclosing ruins and renewals. But this is, in effect, the general judgment, involving the end of an old world and the beginning of a new one; only we must put the last first, for it is the hidden power of renewal that brings about the ruin itself. To superficial observation the hope of the civilized world has seemed to depend upon efficiency, upon the forces and purposes that tend to the externalization of life. The outward aims of progressive specialization have been fixed upon successful competition and upon national self-aggrandizement by arbitrary armament and subtle diplomacy. Thus the surface of life has hardened to brittleness. Our hope now must be in the hidden evolutionary Purpose.

This, too, is the hope of our literature.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Point of View

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

DANIEL HORACE RUDD rose majestically from his desk in the editorial-rooms of *The Star* and beamed with tolerant condescension upon Tommy Graham, reporter.

"A gem!" announced Daniel Horace Rudd; "a perfect gem!"

"Another?" asked Tommy Graham.

"Another," said Daniel Horace Rudd, clearly pleased with himself.

"You must turn out a necklace a day," remarked Tommy Graham.

"A crude way of putting it," commented Daniel Horace Rudd, "and an exaggeration of the facts, but perhaps it expresses the idea. Let us, however, get back to the individual gem. It is this: Why go down with the ship when you can climb a mast?"

There was not even a glimmer of a smile accompanying this, but Tommy was not expecting one. He knew that Daniel Horace Rudd was always serious—almost painfully serious.

"There is a big idea in that," explained Daniel. "Too much has been made of this going down with the ship, which may be all right in poetry but is silly in the practical affairs of life. Keep your eye on the mast!"

"I suppose you'll spread that all over a nice clean page," remarked Tommy.

"I shall certainly see that it is given proper emphasis," asserted Daniel, "although it is only one of the things I have in preparation for next Sunday."

Daniel Horace Rudd, although a young man, had such implicit confidence in himself, and was so impressive in bearing, voice, and words, that there was a strong temptation to take him at his own valuation. Not in the local room, where no one is ever taken at his own valuation, but in quarters where it counted for more. He could say the most trite thing in a way to give it the weight of a great truth, and all because he himself was so absolutely sure that it was a great truth.

Daniel had a page of his own in *The Sunday Star* in which to exploit these truths, and he did this with a typographical craziness that had resulted in likening his page to a patchwork quilt, "although," according to Tommy Graham, "the patchwork quilt is the better reading." Daniel himself asserted that he was editing a practical uplift page—a success page—a page to help the truly ambitious, inspire noble thoughts, encourage and direct effort; but his wisdom was presented in the form of either aphorisms or essays that were mere amplifications of aphorisms, repeating the same idea over and over again. Yet it was all done so seriously that you looked for sense even when you knew there was none.

In the local room it was currently reported



"AS A PROBLEM, WOMAN IS NO MORE THAN A RELAXATION TO THE THOUGHTFUL MAN. I CAN READ YOU, MISS CULVER"

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that he had secured the engagement to establish this page of solemnity by owlishly informing Myron Dudley, the managing editor, that "success is for him who succeeds," which Dudley said sounded reasonable to him.

Anyhow, Daniel Horace Rudd, pompous and patronizing, got the money for telling people how to be both happy and rich, and was so supremely satisfied with himself that it is doubtful if he realized his own unpopularity. He had been given a desk in the local room, owing to lack of room elsewhere, and he added to his unpopularity by trying his "gems" on other members of the staff.

He went to Kelliher, the sporting editor, after leaving Tommy Graham, and upon Kelliher he unloaded two "gems" that had a sporting flavor, receiving in return an irritable suggestion to "splatter 'em all over the Sunday paper."

"They're about as sensible," added Kelliher, "as saying, Go straight or you'll go crooked."

"Go straight or you'll go crooked!" repeated Daniel, musingly. "Not bad at all. If you don't mind, I'll use that. There is a concealed idea in it, and it is my mission to throw light upon what is obscure to the less thoughtful."

Leaving Kelliher to ponder this, Daniel sauntered on to the room occupied by Miss Culver, the society editor, and a few other department heads, where he leaned over Miss Culver's desk and asserted, impressively, "A man on a siding sees little but the through trains passing."

"That sounds awfully good," commented the girl, "but I'm not sure I understand it."

"I shall explain it in the Sunday paper," he said; "and," he added, in a whisper, "there is something else that I shall explain to you personally in time."

Then, with a wise and solemn nod, he continued on his gem-scattering way, and his place at the society editor's desk was taken by Billy Ranford. Billy did not like Daniel Horace Rudd. He called him a dicky, which is a shirt-front with nothing back of it. However, it may be admitted that Billy would have disliked him less if he had kept away from Miss Culver. Being a straightforward youth, Billy frankly admitted this much to Miss Culver, who merely laughed and advised him not to be silly.

Meanwhile, Managing Editor Dudley was struggling with a troublesome problem, the problem being Daniel Horace Rudd. Daniel was so sure of himself that he would have been shocked if he had known that there was a doubt of his value anywhere, but there was. He had been a problem to Dudley ever since he had been placed on the pay-roll, for the uplift page had not made the hit expected of it. Line for line, it was at least as good as similar departments of other papers—in solemnity it surpassed them—but it did not register the success desired.

"I somehow feel," said Dudley, in discussing the matter with Maxwell, his Sunday editor, "that we are not making the most effective use of what Rudd is giving us."

"What he's giving us is a joke!" scoffed Maxwell.

"A joke?" repeated Dudley, thoughtfully. "I wonder! There is something wrong with it, anyhow. Perhaps it's the point of view. Much depends upon that, you know. You have got to get just the right slant at a picture to get its message, and what you see in a book depends upon your mood. Perhaps we don't see Rudd from just the right angle."

Dudley, pondering this, finally put the problem up to Daniel himself. "Something's wrong," he said. "What is it?"

"It had not occurred to me," confessed Daniel, when he had recovered from the shock, "that my page lacked anything. If it seems to, it must be that I have failed to put sufficient force behind my *dicta*, and I shall take greater pains to clarify and emphasize my points. The big idea, Mr. Dudley, is always there, so it is merely a matter of making the reader see it—of giving him the right point of view. For instance, I have this for next Sunday, 'If you work with another man's money, the loss will not be yours.' I shall elaborate and elucidate—"

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Dudley. "Let me mull over that a little on my own account. I seem to see something in it."

"And another," persisted Daniel, gratified and encouraged, "'If you are a rolling stone, roll hard!' You see—"

"Write it out!" instructed Dudley; "spread yourself—turn loose with all the wisdom you've got—and tell Maxwell I want a proof of your page as soon as it's made up. I have a glimmer of an idea."

Sauntering back to his own desk, Daniel Horace Rudd paused for a few words with Miss Culver.

"In a little while," he informed her, "I shall have time to tell you. There is no hurry."

"Tell me what?" she asked.

Daniel Horace Rudd smiled cryptically. "As a problem," he proclaimed, "woman is no more than a relaxation to the thoughtful man. I can read you, Miss Culver."

Miss Culver hoped not, but she was sufficiently disturbed to ask Billy Ranford if she resembled a book.

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"I don't know that I'd exactly call you a book," replied Billy, "but you're certainly good reading to me."

Meanwhile, Managing Editor Dudley continued to ponder his problem in the light of "the glimmer of an idea" that had come to him, and the glimmer looked good. He studied the proof of the uplift page, when it came, from every angle, and from every angle it pleased him. Then, at almost the last moment, he telephoned Maxwell, struggling with the Sunday make-up, to rip out the first page of the comic section and use the uplift page in place of it.

Maxwell thought him crazy, of course. In fact, Maxwell confessed later that he looked out the composing-room window to see if the "dippy wagon" was coming.

Shortly after the Sunday paper appeared, however, it became evident that the managing editor knew what he was doing. The transfer of the uplift page to the comic section made a sensation, no doubt of that. Considered from this new point of view, the page, with its typographical peculiarities and solemn absurdities, had a very different look. It became a burlesque of itself and, incidentally, of all similar pages. In the language of the stage, it was "a scream." People were puzzled at first glance, then they smiled, and finally, as they read it through, they rocked with mirth. It was excruciatingly funny when one observed it from the right angle.

Daniel Horace Rudd did not see it from that angle. To him the transfer was a calamity—an inexplicable calamity. That it was not a terrible mistake never occurred to him, and how such a mistake could have been made he could not imagine. Then, to make matters worse, he received congratulations when he sought sympathy. No one seemed to realize what a shock it was to him. They said in the local room that "he had come across with the big noise" at last.

Even Dudley, when finally reached the following day, seemed unable to realize what this meant to his high-strung soul. Dudley was fairly beaming with satisfaction.

"It's all in the point of view," he gloated. "I knew you'd be a hit from the right angle."

"But they think it's humor," complained Daniel, "and I'm no humorist, Mr. Dudley."

"You can't be anything else, after this," asserted Dudley. "The wiser you try to be the funnier you'll seem. But don't let that worry you any. Some of our best hand-picked humorists are funniest when they try to be serious, and you've got the world buffaloed right now."

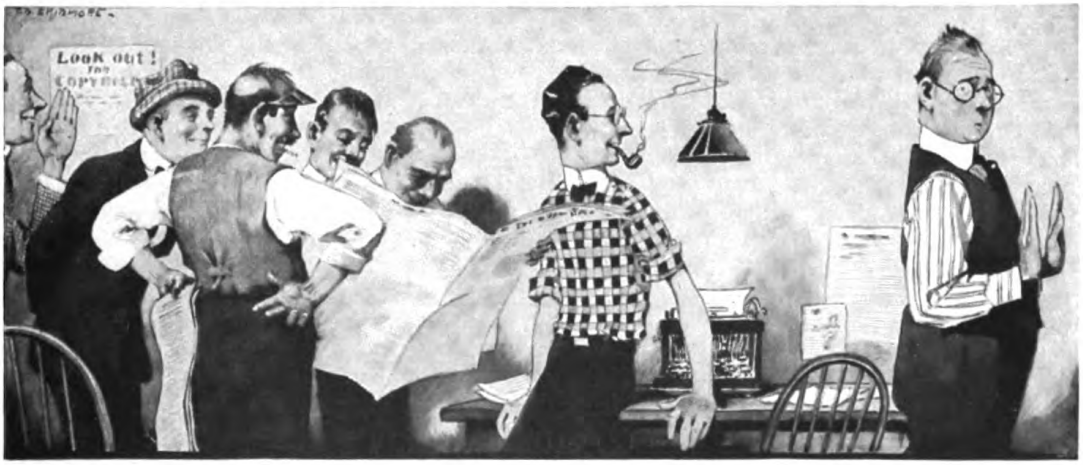
Daniel returned to his desk in a daze, and awaiting him there was a stranger who dazed him still more. The stranger gave him what is popularly known as "the once over," and then enthusiastically informed him that he had "the front to put it across."

"You see," explained the stranger, "I represent the Big Star Lyceum Bureau, and we need one more good humorous feature on our list—"

"Sir," interrupted Daniel, severely, "I am no humorist."

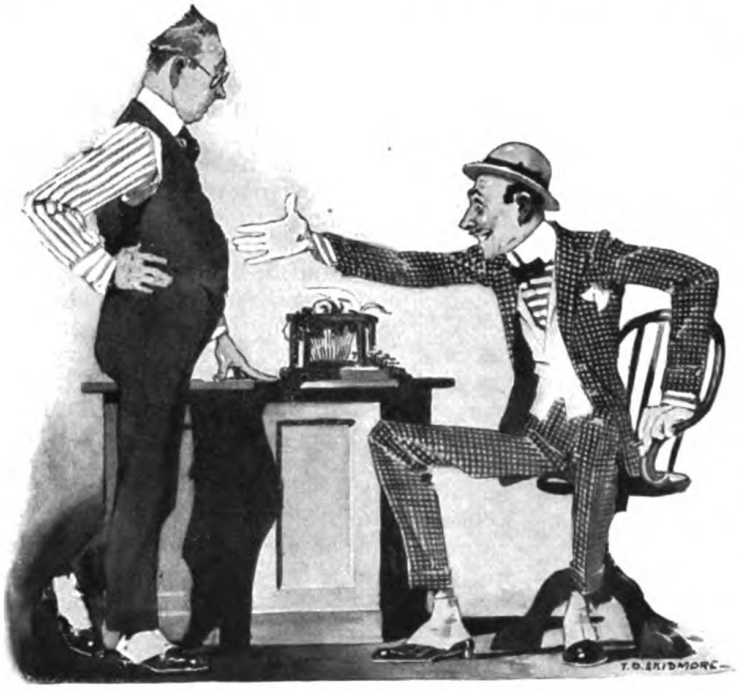
"Bully!" cried the stranger. "Bully! It couldn't be done better. You walk down the platform and say that in just that way, and you'll have a laugh started before you begin. Then you read from your own page—solemn, you know, earnest, impressive, without a smile—and it will be just one wild case of hysteria. You can do it all right—I see that—and we can book you in a way not to interfere with your work here."

The predicament of Daniel Horace Rudd was truly deplorable—the misunderstood



NO ONE SEEMED TO REALIZE WHAT A SHOCK IT WAS TO HIM

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"SIR," INTERRUPTED DANIEL, "I AM NO HUMORIST"

man must always be unhappy—but when he saw that there was no escape from it, he reluctantly made the best of it. After all, material prosperity counted for something, and with Lydia Culver and plenty of money there might still be pleasure in life. He was and always would be a man of thwarted ambition, hating the silly, bungling people who would make a mountebank of a Solomon, but the possession of Lydia and a generous income would atone for much.

Then he got the greatest shock of all. He did not know woman as he had supposed he did. She was not the simple problem he had believed.

Miss Culver laughed heartily when he explained the honor he was prepared to do her. "A joke, of course," she said, "and you do it wonderfully well, but you can't fool me again with your silly solemnity. You did it once, and once is enough."

He insisted, with all the earnestness of which he was capable, that he was quite serious.

"Perhaps," she conceded at last, "but I could never be sure of you, and doubt is a terrible thing. You say you are in earnest now, but how do I know? I thought you were in earnest before, with your foolish sayings, and you were just laughing at me."

This was indeed the culminating blow. He, an essentially direct man, had achieved an amazing reputation for duplicity.

"You're too deep!" she insisted. "It isn't honest to be so deep. And I must have a man of stability—that I can be sure of always."

"Like Ranford, I suppose," he suggested, bitterly.

"Well," she confessed, "Billy Ranford is a very reliable man." Apparently she had not noticed that Billy was now standing in the doorway, but in reality she saw his flush of pleasure. "He isn't one thing one day and another the next," she went on; "no, indeed—he's a joke all the time."

In spite of this thrust, Daniel somehow gained the impression, as he let his eyes rove from Billy to Lydia, that his absence would occasion no great sorrow, and he withdrew, pained and puzzled but still dignified.

Daniel Horace Rudd now has a little room of his own on the editorial floor of the Star Building. Occasionally, but only occasionally, he emerges from it and unloads a "gem" upon the local room, whereat there is much laughter. But Daniel Horace Rudd does not laugh. On the contrary, he regards those who do laugh with a distinctly pained expression that provokes more and louder laughter. Very likely you have seen that expression yourself—seen it upon the lecture platform—for Daniel Horace Rudd is now one of the high-priced entertainers, both in and out of print—a humorist by force of circumstances—a serious, solemn, dissatisfied man who has been made rich by the point of view. And whether the joke is on him or on the public I do not know.

Too Literal

THE reporter was sent to write up a charity ball. His copy came in late and it was careless. The editor reproved him the next day by quoting an extract:

"Look here, Scribbler, what do you mean by this, 'Among the most beautiful girls was Alderman Horatio Dingley'? Old Dingley ain't a girl, you idiot! He's one of our principal shareholders."

"I can't help that," returned the realistic reporter, "that's where he was."

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Verse Unshackled

BY FRANKLIN P ADAMS

UNTIL to-day I have been opposed to
Free Verse.
A device to save labor, I called it;
A shirking of responsibilities.
The manner, I held, was almost as important
as the matter.
But, as Calverley said,
"Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours."

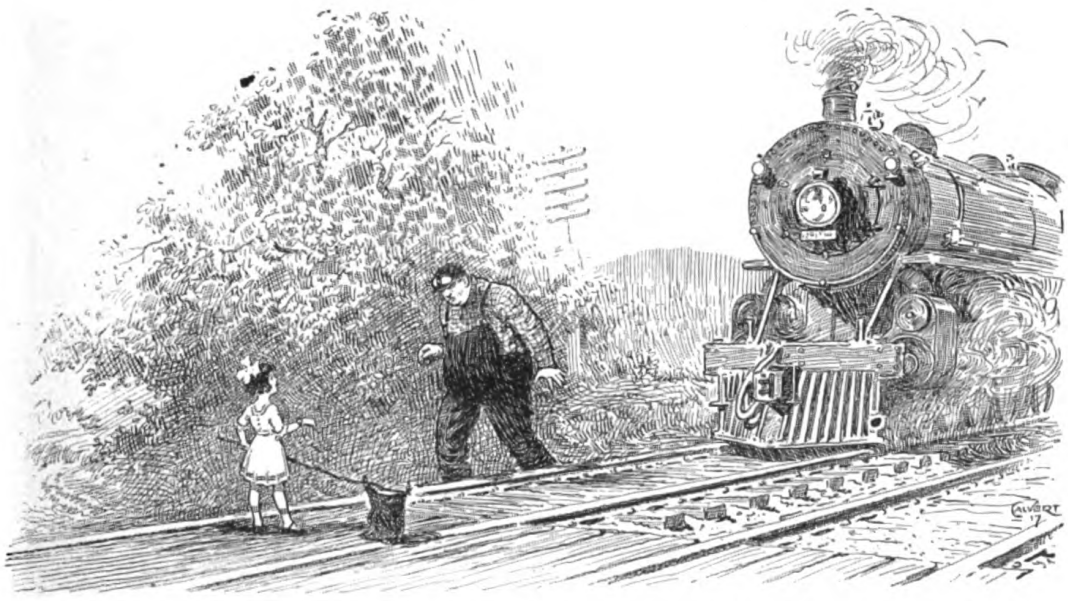
The rhymes to "love you"
Are stilted and hackneyed,
Too oft profaned by jitney jongleurs and
bathetic song-writers;
And "above you" and "dove, you" just
about exhaust the rhyme-possibilities of
what I have to say.

Refrains go galloping through my head,
And cadences to sing to you a merry song
and fair.
But I haven't the patience.
And casting about for rhymes seems artificial
And strained.
Now I can plunge right into it!
No waiting for metrical climaxes
And effects
In Free Verse!
Just
I love you.

Why, in Free Verse, I can even—
I love you—
Interrupt myself.
No bothering—
I love you—
About rhymes and consonantial euphony.
It's a great thing, this Free Verse,
My dear,
And I love you.

"Ah," you say,
"Why not prose?
For *your* Free Verse is only prose;
There is no poetry in it.
It is just prose
In lines
Beginning
With
Capital
Letters."

I'll tell you about that.
I couldn't sell this declaration
In prose formation.
I can sell this.
And with the money
I'll buy you flowers, oh my very dear . . .
Because I love you.



ENGINEER OF THE LIMITED: "*Why did you flag me? What has happened?*"
LITTLE GIRL: "*Oh, Mr. Engineer! Please give me the correct time, my wrist-watch has stopped again!*"

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SISTER: "*Ambrose, don't cry if they want your dress for a flag—where's your patriotism?*"

Harder Still

"IT'S hard to lose a beautiful daughter," said the guest, sympathetically, at the wedding-feast.

"It's a blame sight harder to lose the homely ones," replied the old man, who had several yet to go.

An Apt Pupil

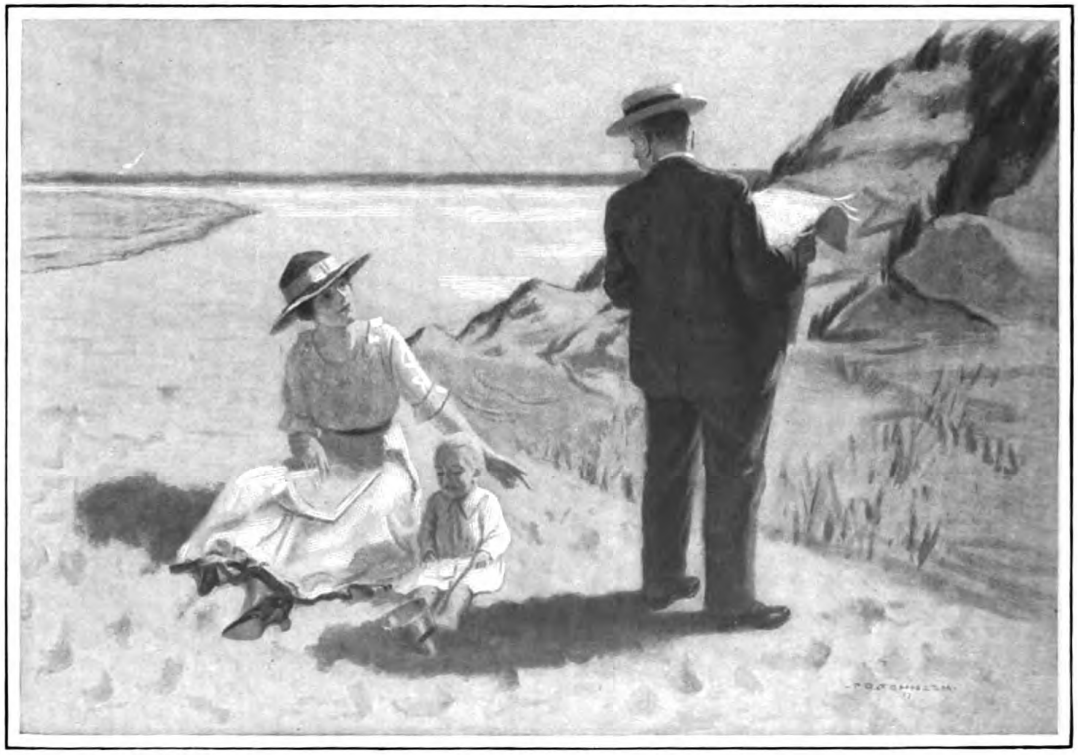
A NEW YORK lawyer had in his employ an office-boy who was addicted to the bad habit of telling in other offices what happened in that of his employer. The lawyer found it necessary to discharge him, but, thinking to restrain him from a similar fault in the future, he counseled the boy, on his departure, in this wise:

"Tommy, you must never hear anything that is said in the office. Do what you are told, but turn a deaf ear to conversation that does not include you."

This struck the boss as such a happy inspiration that, to the end that his stenographer might learn the same lesson, he turned to her and said:

"Miss Jones, did you hear what I said to Tommy?"

"No, sir," she returned, promptly.



"*Henry, can't you see that you have moved again and the baby's in the sun? I do wish you'd keep your mind on what you're doing*"

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Experienced

THE young man sidled into the jeweler's shop, with a furtive air. He handed the jeweler a ring with the stammered statement that he wished it marked "With some names."

"What names do you wish?" inquired the jeweler, in a sympathetic tone.

"From Henry to Clara," the young man blushingly whispered.

The jeweler looked from the ring to the young man and said, in a fatherly manner, "Take my advice, young man, and have it engraved simply, 'From Henry.'"

Promising

LITTLE Marion's father was the only practising physician in the town. One morning the little girl, who evidently had an eye to business, came running to her mother and, in tones that had a ring of earnestness, told her that she must call upon their new neighbor at once.

"And why, dear, must I call on her?" questioned her mother, amused at the child's positiveness.

"Well, in the first place," explained the little miss, "they've got four of the scrawniest kids you ever saw, and then the mother herself doesn't look very strong."

The One He Wanted

YOUNG Isaac stood in line at the library to draw out a book. When his turn came he asked, respectfully, "Please give me Miss Alcott's Jew book."

The young lady looked puzzled. "A book by Miss Louisa M. Alcott?" she queried.

"Yes," reiterated Isaac, "her Jew book."

"Can you remember the title?"

"No; but it's her Jew book," he insisted.

"Well, I'll read over some of the titles of her books to you, and perhaps you can tell me the one you want when you hear it read." Patiently she began, "*Little Women*, *Little Men*, *Under the Lilacs*, *Rose in Bloom*—"

"That's it, that's it!" cried Isaac—"*Rosenbloom*."



If Prices Go Any Higher

"Sergeant, my partner is missing and I fear he has met with foul play. He was known to have a potato in his possession"

Couldn't Fool Him

BILLY SUNDAY stopped a newsboy the other day and inquired the way to the post-office.

"Up one block and turn to the right," said the boy.

"You seem a bright fellow," said Sunday. "Do you know who I am?"

"Nope!"

"I'm Billy Sunday, and if you come to my meeting to-night I'll show you the way to heaven."

"Aw, go on," answered the youngster. "You didn't even know the way to the post-office."

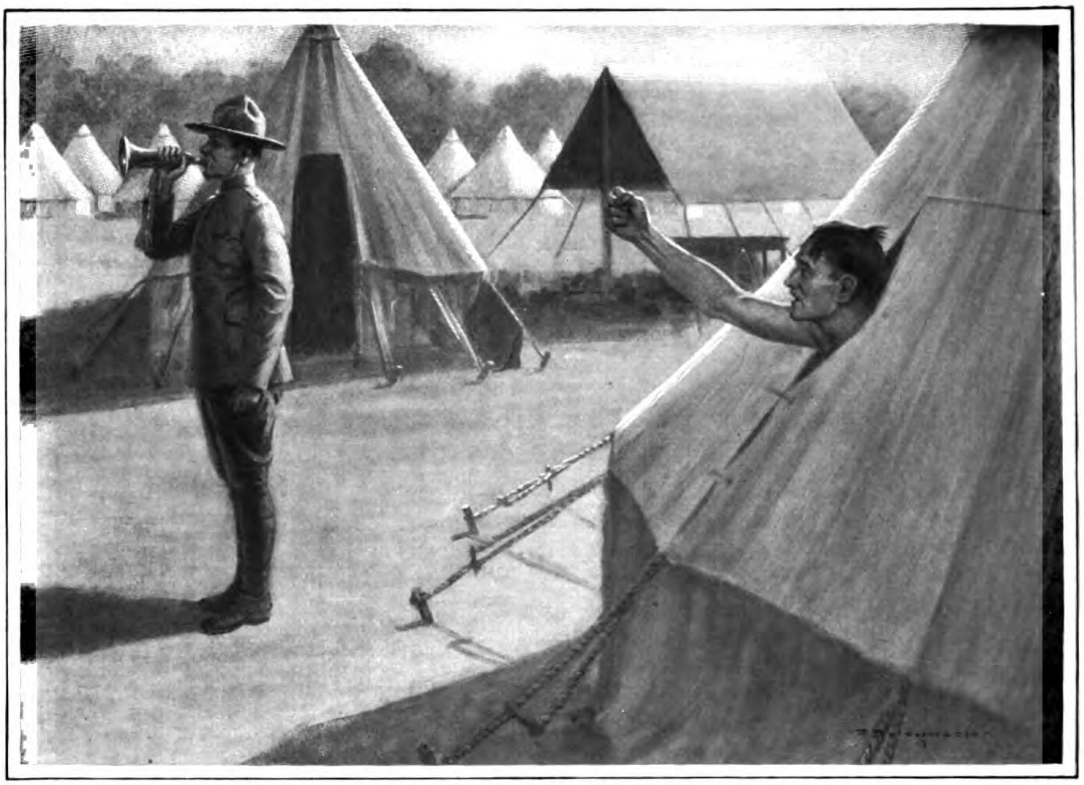
A Pertinent Inquiry

ONE of the attachés to the American embassy in London tells of a breezy young American girl who was presented to David Lloyd George, when the statesman was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The girl from the West looked at Lloyd George curiously for a moment, and then, just to start the conversation in the right direction, asked:

"Don't you find it awfully trying to have to chancel when you don't feel like it?"

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ROOKIE (as reveille sounds): "*Hey, cut out that practising. How do you expect any one to sleep?*"

It Didn't Fit

YOUNG William was evincing much interest in the evening paper, but finally a puzzled look came over his countenance.

"Mother," said he, finally, "what does D——d stand for?"

"Doctor of Divinity, my son. Don't they teach you the common abbreviations in school?"

"Sure; but that don't seem to sound right here."

"Read it out aloud."

"'WITNESS: I heard the defendant say, "I'll make you suffer for this. I'll be doctor of divinity if I don't!"'"

Unreturned Favors

A CONNECTICUT farmer was asked to assist at the funeral of his neighbor's third wife, and, as he had attended the funerals of the two others, his wife was surprised when he declined the invitation. On being pressed to give his reason he said, with some hesitation:

"You see, Mary, it makes a chap feel a bit awkward to be always accepting other folks's civilities when he never has anything of the same sort of his own to ask them back to."

Logic

AN Easterner, superintendent of an Indian school out in South Dakota, nodded toward a prim, grave little miss.

"Sometimes," said he, "the arguments of children are unanswerable. You see that little girl over there in the second row with straight, black hair tied with brown ribbon? She is a chief's daughter. Her father and mother are decidedly civilized, and she is being brought up in a household as civilized as a New-Yorker's. In argument it is almost impossible to get the better of her.

"'I wish I had a new doll,' she said to her mother one day.

"'But your old doll is as good as ever,' her mother replied.

"'So am I as good as ever,' the little miss retorted, 'but the doctor brought you a new baby.'"

Well Trained

THE head of the household wore a worried, dark look when he beheld the numerous bills that confronted him.

"Your extravagance is becoming unbearable," he growled. "When I die you'll probably have to beg."

"Well, I should be better off than some poor woman who never had any practice," replied his wife, slowly.

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Painting by Walter Biggs Illustration for "Ked's Hand"

THE FLAME-COLORED FIGURES MADE A COMPOSITION SPECTACULAR AND INTIMATE

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXV SEPTEMBER, 1917 No. DCCCVIII

Aden of Araby

BY WILLIAM ASHLEY ANDERSON

LEANING over the rail of a Nord Deutscher Lloyd steamer, safe in harbor after having been battered across the Indian Ocean by the young and lusty monsoon, I listened to the German doctor who stood beside me pointing out the flat, narrow isthmus, across which caravans came bearing the fruits and spices of Araby. Aden bulked ruggedly at the end of the isthmus like a rock in the loop of a sling poised for some unseen foe.

"It's ugly," said the young doctor, reflectively, "and it's hot and dirty, but there are great possibilities. . . ."

After a couple of years, when I again entered the shimmering harbor and looked across the scorching white reaches of the Arabian shore, the old Deutscher was lying on a coral bed lapped by the waves of the China Sea. I do not know where the doctor breathed; but this I know, there was nothing on the wide seas that sailed from Bremen, and the Yemen gave forth nothing but bullets from Austrian Mausers and dust djinns that came snorting and shrieking from the Hadremaut. The world of men had changed; but the barren rocks remained the same—a vast St. Michael anchored in a tepid sea, its crusted slopes rotting and quivering with humid heat, while around its verge a multitude of men of many races toiled in defiance of sun and sand, some as sentinels of an empire, but the most in the whimsical hope of insuring a happy old age.

A mist of coal dust rose about the mail-steamer. Ports were closed; fans droned hopelessly in the stifling cabins; distraught passengers wandered helplessly about the deck, mopping their faces, or stood at the port rail with glasses screwed to their eyes, gazing at Sheikh Othman where they hoped for a sight of the venturesome Turks who had intruded to the very threshold of Aden. A few tossed idle coins among the coal-coolies, not realizing that these were Bedouins and Fuzzy-wuzzies, men of unconquered tribes. But none made a move to go ashore.

The Scotch skipper, bound for Singapore to take command of a tanker, was standing beside me, poking his pipe gently in my ribs to emphasize a message for one of the pilots. Behind me the deck steward, a merry fellow, unseemly on a P. & O., was dancing to amuse some children.

"Ho," he wheezed, stopping suddenly and following my gaze shoreward, "there ain't many what goes ashore here, sir."

"Aye," said the skipper, eying him commiseratingly under half-closed lids, "we're aware o' that. But can ye tell me," he added, as the idea occurred to him, "what's become of the wee lads that dive for pennies?"

The steward's face lighted with joy. "Ain't you heard abaht that, sir? W'y, last trip ort, whilst the passengers was throwin' them money, along comes a shark and bites a little shaver raight in two."

The skipper glared at him.

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"Swelp me Gawd, sir," protested the steward, shrilly. "I seen it wiv me own eyes."

That put the cap of gloom on all my anticipations, because, for me, the one redeeming feature of Aden's rocks was the living water that danced on the sandy shores. So I delayed no longer. I sought out my poetic companion, who was characteristically engaged in one of those earnest and lingering farewells that make sea-voyages so very pleasant, and escorted him firmly to the head of the gangway. Then I went back for a few words with the girl from Keppel Harbor. We were quite sure we should meet again . . . in Penang, perhaps.

"Insh'allah," she said; and we both laughed.

The little Somali boys rose, grinning, to their feet, flung their weight on the long sweeps, and away we went, foaming across the blue water. We swirled past a gray British cruiser, a Russian transport, in and out among high-pooped dhows with red Mohammedan flags fluttering astern and white sails swelling out like the breasts of swans, and straight across the bow of the fussy *Tadjoura* headed out of harbor on its weekly trip to D'jibouti, the port of the Abyssinian traders, across the gulf. We bumped the wet stone steps of the Abkari landing, and the baking, pitted rocks of Aden rose before us.



THE CALL TO PRAYER

Instantly the soft memories of overnight slipped from our minds. We were in a world of work once more. We registered ourselves in the little thatched cottage of the harbor police, and were met by the Englishman whom I was relieving. The sun had treated him well. Except that he was somewhat anemic and prone to fever, oversilent, and with muscles that were slow to respond to his thoughts, he was little the worse for his two and a half years. As a matter of fact, he said Aden was a relief from the Gold Coast.

"But you've been here before?" he asked as the car threaded among the mixed mob back of the landing-stage.

I admitted it. "But that was a different matter," I protested. "I was homeward bound. All I saw was Cowasjee's Parsi clerk feeding his lions, and the stuffed mermaid in Mouna's."

The gloomy dejection that had fallen on my companion vanished in an instant. He sat up with a jerk.

"What did you say?" he demanded.

"Mermaid," explained the Englishman, turning his head. "The fishermen catch them along the coast. Nothing's changed," he added, placidly. "The lions have grown up, and had to be shipped to a zoo; and they're building a railroad to Sheikh."

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Drawn by George Harding

LIFE, ACTION AND VIVID COLOR—THE FILM ROLLS BEFORE ME

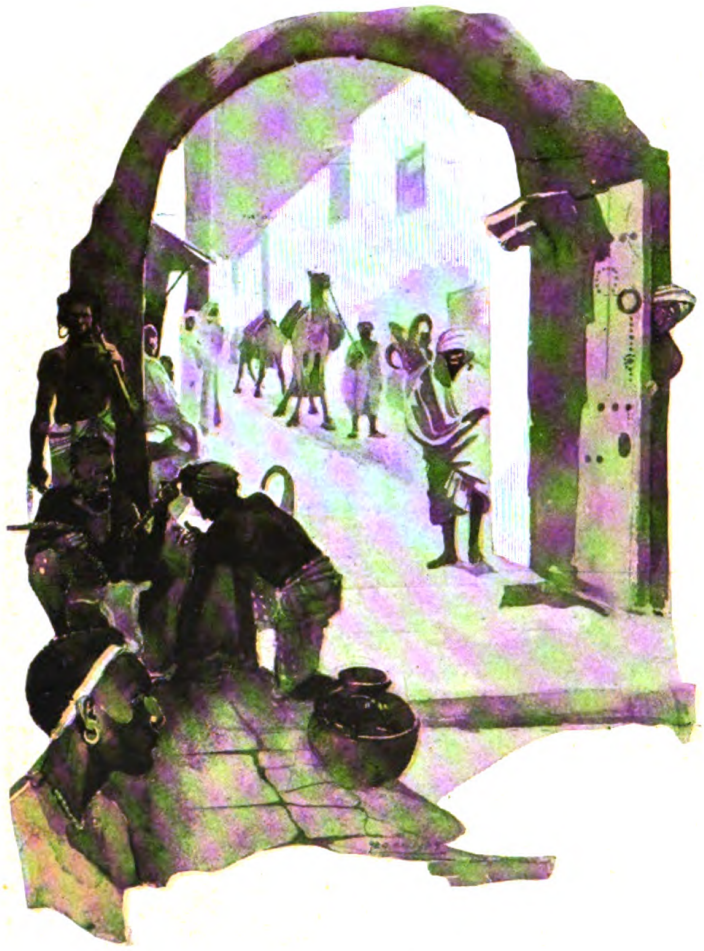
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He saw I was surprised.

"Well, not exactly a pukka railroad. The military birds are doing it, of course—armored locomotives, and all that. They don't intend to pay dividends. But it's quite all right, just for the sake of hearing the whistle at night. Sounds like Euston—Euston—Euston. . . ."



GRIZZLED ABYSSINIANS—HUNTERS AND IVORY BROKERS

The last words trailed off in a hoarse whisper. I looked at him in astonishment. His eyes were bulging, and his lips were fluttering. A camel-cart had swung into the road in front of us, and the Englishman was trying to concentrate in time to avoid it. But his muscles were too late in responding. We bent a mud-guard. The Englishman murmured plaintively to himself, and began to speak bitterly to the camel wallah in Arabic and Swahili. The coolie resented it, and a spindly Somali policeman came sauntering up, red tarbush cocked over his black brow, splay feet gently slapping the roadway, swinging a teakwood club with the insouciant air of a boulevardier.

But we worked the car free, and resumed our way around the Crescent, where Queen Victoria squats in leaden effigy upon a square block of stone and marshals behind her a drab array of hotels and pallid, flat-faced buildings hiding beneath their porticos the activities of merchants, shipping-agents, consuls, curio-venders, and military and naval outfitters. We ran past mountains of coal, and great sheds where the rattle of the riveter's hammer rose above the lapping of the waves, and through Hedjuff Gate on to the dust-swept plain of Maala.

Here we ran past the little station where a tiny train was huddled behind a square, block-like locomotive covered with sheet metal. As we approached, a whistle tooted, and the little colored train moved away among other larger blocks that were blue and white tinted godowns, and across a flat, brown stretch splotched with yellows and reds and big patches of blue sea; and suddenly there flashed into my startled memory a picture of myself as a very little boy crawling over an old Persian carpet, pushing a line of colored blocks around the border, and tooting to myself with imaginative delight.

Beyond the station were the native shipyards where graceful dhows were being fashioned out of seasoned teak

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Drawn by George Harding

MEN OF MANY RACES, TOILING IN DEFIANCE OF THE SUN

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from Burma, and the docks of Maala village, piled high with congested cargo —for Aden, though grim, is great. The ships that come rolling into her port go staggering out. When the Phœnicians were trading in Tyrian dyes, Aden was sending spices northward for the embalming of Egyptian mummies; and now that the Phœnicians are no more, Aden crams Welsh coal into great ships, so that her spices may still be carried northward.

The ships come laden with every variety of merchandise—cotton goods, yarn, agricultural implements, dynamos, motors, provisions, carriages, and coal. The Aden gharry is sister to the rig in which the old New England farmer rides to town—sister, born of the same mother factory in some mill town on green slopes beside the Housatonic; and the Somali's robe, copied from a Roman toga, is spun from cotton plucked by Carolina darkies. And the ships go out to the west, sunk well below the water-line, choked with hides, skins, spices, incense, and coffee, brought hither in dhows from the Benadir coast and all the Red Sea ports.

Ascending the steep, tortuous slope of the Main Pass, we rolled through the deep, arched cleft in the volcanic ridge where the bones of Cain lie scorching in their tomb, and coasted down into the crater.

Here was my future home.

The eastern side of the extinct volcano had fallen into the sea, and the sun blazed in through the breach with all the fury of smothered flames. The encircling mountains, rough, pitted, barren as a crusted grate, seemed to shut out any possibility of a wind from the north, and filled the air with the dusty odor of cinders.

So long as our car was in motion, dodging the great lumbering camels of India and the graceful creatures of Arabia, sleepy donkeys laden with panniers of water, rattling automobiles, military motors—armored or emblazoned with the red cross—flocks of fawn-colored goats, and all the flowing mass of foot-traffic, the rush of air kept us reasonably comfortable; but when we had passed the first line of shops that front on the maidan, and came to a stop in the shadow of the great, rectangular, barrack-like building that was at once our office, godown, and bungalow, the heat seemed suddenly to fall upon us like thick, hairy blankets. We climbed languidly up the long flight of stone-arched stairs to our mess quarters on the top floor, where a vast,



THE GENIAL OLD GRAND VIZIER PLAYED A SWIFT, DESOLATING GAME

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THE ADEN GHARRY IS LIKE THE OLD NEW ENGLAND FARMER'S RIG

tiled dining-room opened through spacious porticos upon a broad veranda overlooking the blue gulf. We sank into long chairs, and called for first-aid.

Over the dilapidated housetops of our Banian neighbors the abandoned citadel of Cirrir rose on our right, standing up against the white sky like a stage setting of Bakst fixed for a drama, awaiting the reluctant actors.

I took a cautious glance at my wilting comrade. There was a wild, unsettled light in his eye as he reached for a cool drink.

"Where," he demanded, feverishly —"where can I see one of those mermaids you were talking about?"

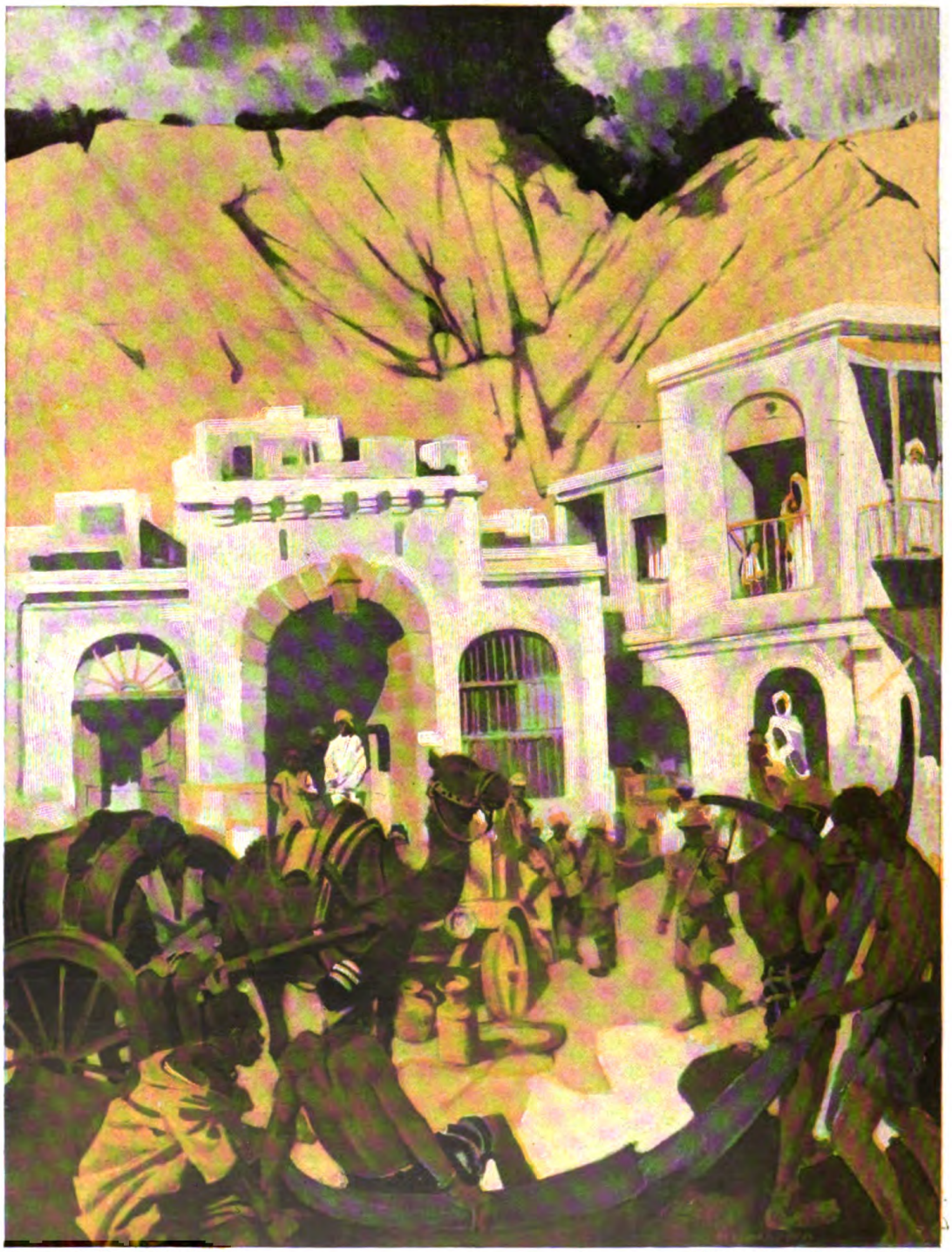
The hot days that followed were a blur of business, broken only by the departure of my companion for Mombasa, whence he was bound for Uganda, where cool hills rear their misty heights and green, juicy grass grows underfoot.

There was little opportunity to look about me. I fell into a downy nest of work, for the mills of New England and the New South spin swiftly, and the Somalis and Abyssinians must be clad. Gradually, however, as I found opportunity to peer over the edge of my desk, I observed with delight that the cook was a Goanese Catholic—Diego Felice Fernandez—the house-boys were Indian Mohammedans, the punkah-wallah was an Arab follower of the Prophet and read his Koran with diligence the while he fanned the stagnant air, the dhobies were Somali maids, and from the godown below came the giggles and chatter of twoscore Hindu women with rings on their fingers and bells on their toes, sifting and sorting choicest shortberry coffee from Mocha and Harrar, destined for the percolators of Manhattan and the Bronx.

After a while I stretched my arms and looked about. . . .

For almost a year I lived upon the rock, hating it as heartily as any one may. In all that time I did not see a blade of grass, nor taste of fresh fruit, nor smell the scent of a flower; nor did I travel more than six miles in any direction; for I was alien, and the British lines were particular, as their Turkish foes were ever on the *qui vive*. Even the clubs offered scant attraction: the Gymkhana, where sunburnt colonels danced about bare-armed and bare-legged, vigorously intent on making small boys

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Drawn by George Harding Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

THE ROAD IS A CURRENT OF VARIED LIFE

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chase tennis-balls; the International, torpidly blinking across its empty courts, contrasting with the sprightliness that vanished when the German merchants were sent to waste their festive talents on the internment camp at Ahmednagar; and the famous Union Club at Steamer Point, which sits with its feet in the bay, wet outside, wet inside, the only oasis in Aden, where, nevertheless, you pay extra for water with your meals, and make or break a reputation according to your skill as a mixer of cool and titillating potions.

Here late guests not long ago, seated upon the gravel terrace, watched the flash of cannon and the bursting shells that flared over the salt-heaps of Khor Marksar. Here one evening I noticed several generals, the secretary of an empire, and a bevy of colonels mingling unmarked by the wilting crowd, whose interest was entirely absorbed by the few ladies available for dancing who still remained within the fortress. Here I have messed at table with fourteen officers of the army and navy, the only civilian among them, listening to a conversation that was entirely of bombs and ships and hydroplanes, of motor-cars and guns. There was life here, but it was strangely one-sided, and, for all its turmoil and change of characters, it ran in ruts. There is little individuality in a British officer, and little enthusiasm.

A stranger from a passing transport walks slowly on to the cement terrace, looking slowly about for familiar faces. Suddenly his expression alters. "I'm damned," he says, approaching a seated group. "Fancy meeting you here!"

The seated friend does not even rise, but he shakes hands and indicates a chair. "Pull up," he says, placidly. "Boy! What 'll you have to drink? Chota peg, boy. . . . Where you going? Mesopot?" He introduces the others, and the conversation drifts drearily along.

At a table where a number of us have been messing for many days together, the youngest officer, apropos of something or other, says to the man on his right, "I was on your eleven, wasn't I?"

"Why, yes," says the other. "I think so."

"Fancy that! I thought I recognized you. But I know your younger brother better."

"Yes. James. He was killed about six months ago. What are you going to have?"

"A gin - and - bitters, if you don't mind."

There has been a booming all morning. This is not nice if it happens on mail-day, because you can't keep your mind on market prices when you know there is *action* somewhere. At the club in the evening there are some officers, unusually dusty, hot, and surly. Some are playing bridge; others are at the bar.

"What was the show to-day?" says some one. The answer is grunts. "What happened?"

"Oh, strafe the beggars."

"What happened?"

"Usual thing: march out; shoot some guns; march back. Beastly hot, too. They got Blakeley. Bit of shrapnel."

And then you notice for the first time that Blakeley is not at his bridge-table querulously interrogating his partner.

One night I met a major who is well known among the Lambs in New York. He had just come out of Somaliland where he had been trotting after the Mad Mullah on camelback. He laughed when I pointed out the absence of choleric colonels.

"You ought to meet Ashton," he said. "It was pretty generally understood that he didn't want any one shooting around his compound. Well, a young sub who didn't know anything about the rule shot a bird near the colonel's gate. The colonel saw him at the mess later, and gave him a most awful call.

"'But where was the harm?' said the sub. 'Why—?'

"'Why?' shouted the colonel. 'Why? Because I, Colonel Bernadotte Fitz-William Ashton, Commanding His Majesty's Ninety-Eleventh Camel Strawcrumpers, damn well say you shouldn't! That's why, you impertinent young scoundrel, you!'"

But the drab curtain falls. There are no choleric colonels in Aden. They are too busy with Turks to bother about birds. And I was generally too busy with cotton to bother about colonels. Let me tell you there's not much that's drab about business here.

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Squatted on the floor of dingy shops with a press of natives about, puffing sweet-scented Banian cigarettes, I discussed weave and weight with naked yellow men from Cutch, and brought into being contracts as lusty as war babies. Climbing over heaps of hides and plunging down dark alleyways, I came to low-ceilinged godowns where, seated on piles of tusks, I argued with grizzled Abyssinian hunters and brokers on the relative prices of ivory in New York and Canton. In stifling godowns I watched the assembling of bales of skins of goat, sheep, gazelle, and leopard, and hides of lion, zebra, and bullock, destined for the tanneries of Boston and Philadelphia. I visited pearl-merchants who poured forth on velvet mats to tempt my hungry eye quivering globules that were like the tears of laughter of a joyous mermaid. This reminds me that the last wail of my old comrade, bound for the black districts of Central Africa, had been for a sight of a mermaid sporting in the living waters of the gulf.

"You're kidding me," he wailed as the bumboat leaped toward his steamer. "It's impossible. There's no such thing."

"Oh, but sir, there is," protested an obsequious Parsi passenger in the bumboat. "I have myself seen one, sir, stuffed, in the shop of Mouna."

My comrade shuddered.

"The natives eat them," I added.

"You always have to contribute your little bit of disgusting comment," he said, savagely.

"Oh, well," I remarked, serenely, "it won't be the last time *you'll* come in contact with flesh-eaters."

He answered this with a glare of stern compassion. Anyway, he had not seen a mermaid. And I had. . . .

In the evening when most Europeans forgathered in the clubs for tea and tennis or bridge and billiards, adding bit by bit to the crust of the conventions of their race, I sometimes found myself alone in the bazaars, amazed at the variety of human life, overwhelmed at the thought of the quantity and diversity of unheard-of ideas that must seep through these strangely stirring minds, and thanking God in my heart that I have ears to hear and eyes to see, though much that I observed was like phantoms passing through the fog that surrounds us all. Vassanjee takes a flea gravely from his wrist and with gentleness deposits it upon the ground, for who knows what soul is chained within? Sammbu walks wide of the village well with glassy eyes, for he has seen a devil sitting on the stone. Who knows? Perhaps he has; I see germs in every puddle. And poor Yusuf Sangoi cannot sleep; he still grieves for the lost days of his mad, merry youth when he was lord high executioner for his holiness the Mad Mullah. Is he any worse than the two prim ladies four hundred yards away who put their heads together over an unconscious snub administered by the general's wife, and damn the reputation of poor, giddy little Mrs. Gaylor?

I cannot say. My eye is only for color—the futurist daubs of the bazaar, a pattern of races that cannot be copied: Banians of Cutch, Parsis of Bombay, Hindus of Bengal, Somalis in togas whose patterns were looted from the last camp of Augustus, proud Abyssinians with stubble beards, Nubian slaves degenerated into free sweepers, Jews with dangling curls and watery eyes, Arabs with the grace and pride of Spaniards, Persians from the Gulf, flat-nosed Swahilis from Mombasa, Armenians, Greeks, and their brother Levantines. Dirty and clean, beggar and sultan, they shoulder their way through life together, glad to be alive and unashamed of their emotions—wailing their grief in public, or laughing aloud so that all the world may see their happiness.

"It is fated," says the merchant to the pleading beggar. "God will provide for you."

"Verily," says the man in rags, "we belong to God, and unto Him we shall all return. May He make no loneliness in thy case." And the merchant pays the dole.

"Bismillah!" says he, and dusts his finger-tips.

Down the dark alleys I made my way, sniffing the spicy odors as a hillman sniffs the perfume of the deodars, and even the stenches were not unpleasant to my nostrils. Vague arches reared their mystic curves above me; there

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were whispers in the dark and the alluring tinkle of bracelets; uncertain chords of music drifted over the housetops; flames flickered in the cavernous gloom of the eating-houses; I stumbled over milch goats, and blundered among charpoys. In the broader thoroughfares I climbed around recumbent camels munching their fodder from the hands of tender guardians who, beyond the fetters of the law, would have delighted to bury their knives in a Kafir.

The road is a current of varied life, moving forward and backward, eddying around the gaming-tables and the stalls of venders of dates and melons, or down past the choki and gharry stand, where a few dilapidated American motor-cars have taken their place as inconspicuously as the old clipper ships that used to ride in the lee of Cirrir in the good days when the Marblehead skippers came swaggering up Aidroos Road, and the consul flew his flag in Crater.

I ran into an old friend.

"Hello," said Mohammed. "Come. Let us not talk here. We will have coffee."

So I went with him to drink coffee at his divan; and I was glad, for there I found two sultans, a grand vizier, and five merchants who had come from Muscat in dhows with cargo of dates and rugs and honey.

Squatting on Shirazi rugs with our backs to the walls, or bolstered up with fine cushions, we sipped Arabian coffee, flavored with cardamom and cinnamon, and gravely passed the hookah-tubes from hand to hand as we gossiped on many topics. The merchants said little. Their skin was still dry and wrinkled from the exposure of their long voyage, and they wore their fine brocades and hair-plaited turbans with ill comfort. The sultans were ingeniously absorbed in a game of parchesi; so the grand vizier, beaming at me over a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, suggested chess.

He was a genial old fellow with a stubby, red beard and smooth-shaven upper lip. He had the head of a Barcelona boatman, save for his tightly wound turban and the silk scarf about his neck; but he played a swift, devastating game, and in less than fifteen minutes, shifting a rook, he cried out:

"Sheik el mat!" . . . And my king was gone.

As I moved away from the bright glare of the piazza into the darkness once more, I heard a lattice rattle lightly above me, a murmur of voices, and the sound of suppressed laughter; and in my heart there suddenly leaped a joyous and indefinable emotion, for I was young, and the stars twinkled merrily in the dark canopy of the sky, the night was soft about me, and a woman's laughter was music in my heart.

I arrived at the Mess late for dinner.

An Irish captain had dropped in for pot luck with my messmate. He had come with news, for Kut had fallen and Townshend was taken. The captain's brother was with Townshend, and my messmate had been up the gulf for five years, so thev fell naturally into argument.

"Here," said the captain, planting a musty mango for a marker, "is Kut—and the river to Basra runs here—and the pipe-line comes down from the oilfields somewhere about there—"

He marked the lines across my tablecloth with a knife, and took up his positions with crusts of bread. My messmate accepted battle; and the argument continued until the little Arab boy fell asleep over the punkah rope and the butler came to make his nocturnal salaams, while a tom-tom throbbed near some distant mosque. Afar off I could hear the dull hammer of cannon.

In the morning a grinning, bare-legged Arab boy comes staggering pigeon-toed into the office, bearing a huge tray of dates, candied fruits, and bottles of rose cordial. This is duly handed over to Diego Felice Fernandez, and I am presented with a complimentary note from Menahem and an invitation to call. It is a business call, but there is a matter of friendliness, for the old Jew and myself understand each other. He is the greatest merchant between Cairo and Bombay, the landlord of much in Port Said and more in Aden. His head is sound, his manner is gentle, and he judges people shrewdly. With his red tarbush pushed back from his forehead, his round face beaming pinkly above his white whiskers, his eyes twinkling, he has the air of a benevolent patriarch.

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He likes Americans for their fraternal spirit, and he told me a little story that makes me happy.

One Sabbath he embarked on a boat at Jaffa, having purchased and paid for a first-class ticket. For some inexplicable reason the captain objected to him and his companion traveling first class, and insisted that he pay a bonus or leave the ship. The Jew could not pass money on the holy day. In the midst of the altercation an American came by. He stopped, listened.

"Young man," he said, "don't worry for a moment. I'll pay the difference, and you can fix it up with me at Port Said."

Menahem has forgotten his name! But who was President of the United States thirty-odd years ago? He was the man.

It's curious that the kindly act of a President, done before I was born, should be of material assistance in the sale of goods turned out by the most modern of American mills. The ripple started at Jaffa still beats heavily on the Arabian shores.

Down the street is another friend, Mohammed Bazara. Not only is he a rich man; he is also a sheikh. In his divan you would think him a poor merchant, were it not for his proud bearing and languid grace. He is thin, wears a long, thin linen robe; his face is long and saturnine and topped with a little, white skull-cap, or sometimes a simple yellow turban, while upon his feet are well-trod sandals. Upon his chin is a meager tuft. He is continually reciting his beads, while his mind swiftly turns over the bullish tendencies of the American market, and the inroads of Indian and Japanese cotton. We have done each other favors, so we are at ease. As a special treat he has brewed for me a cup of China tea.

"It is genuine China tea, the finest," he assures me, who has drunk it forty times a day in the dusty yamens of northern Shansi, in the moist, slimy alleyways of Sheng-feng. He offers it to me in a tumbler, like a miniature mug of beer. It is thick and syrupy, and he stirs in more sugar, using an indelible-ink pencil in lieu of a spoon, so that the amber fluid becomes tinged with an exquisite purple that looks like a Persian cordial and tastes like the devil.

I leave him to call on Bhagwandass Dewjee, whom I find squatting on a table in a murky shop, picking his teeth with an air of abstraction. He is considerably more than half naked, and gives me the irreverent impression of a Buddha who has been on a bat. He bestows on me a toothless grin, a moist hand, and a sickeningly sweet Banian cigarette which I smoke with satisfaction. Then we talk of Manchester mills, and the shortage of dyes; for Bhagwandass, despite the caste mark on his forehead, is a heavy buyer, and knows his business.

Thus the film rolls before me. When I tire of the bazaar, I switch to the clubs. When I weary of the clubs, I turn and make my apologies for social delinquencies over fragrant tea poured by fair hands. When I feel the desire for a mental stimulant, I lounge into one of the hotels at Steamer Point or the outer office of Dinshaw Cowasjee's, where skippers from the shivering and simmering seas curse with delight at meeting, and grunt with disgust when the Parsi clerk hands them their papers and they know the bumboat is thumping at the landing-stage impatient to be off. Here I listen to true tales that would make me a liar to repeat—tales of sea-serpents, of submarines, of skies that fall and seas that writhe, of fights with fists and marlinspikes and flames.

Again, I step through a portière, following the majestic figure of Mohammed Omer, his heavy, black-and-white silk turban with its tassels of pearls marking the way through a gloomy passage. Then suddenly all thought of Aden falls away; the rasping roar of dusty winds is hushed; my own dull spirit seems to take on a consciousness of other days, and in my mind runs the poetry of Omar, in my ears sound the songs of Hafiz. A blaze of light, a jumble of vivid color against an opulent background of rugs and cushions from Sanaa, Serabend, and Mousal, the pulsing music of high-pitched voices accompanied on lute and flute and drum, a soft haze of smoke, and the throaty purring of two hundred narghiles! Far at the end of the pavilion a youth in

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gorgeous raiment sits cross-legged on a dais with a scimitar before him. He is half stupefied by the kart leaves which he chews. Below him there are figures swaying in the rhythm of an Egyptian dance. We advance in a haze; a servant bawls out the announcement of our coming, and our forehead and hands are smeared with attar of roses. The guests begin to file forward, flinging handfuls of coins into a great brazen tray which rings with the clash of the silver; and the young man descends from his dais and dances before them. To me it is a dream. To Mohammed it is a grim reality. The boy is embarking upon his first matrimonial adventure; and Mohammed joins with him to celebrate his sixth wedding.

"Why not?" says Mohammed, a smile flashing across his dark, handsome face. "May we not be happy?"

My youthful French companion, crippled in the wars, leans heavily on my shoulder, but rolls his large eyes fervently toward the ceiling, and murmurs:

"Alla ul Allah!"

Mohammed smiles deprecatingly.

"Have you seen her?" pleads Max.

"Nay," says Mohammed. "It is not our custom. I do not see her until the night of the nuptials."

"Trustful man," says Max, and begins to hum, "*Je sais que vous êtes jolie.*"

This is all very well. There is life and action and color in all this, but it is very deceiving. Expose it to three hundred and sixty-five days of sunlight, under whose glare all colors fade. Drown the music in the roar of hot, dust-laden winds that sweep over the lips of Crater and smother the town in dust and dirt. Cripple all action with the flame of fever, the twinge of rheumatism, the ache of neuralgia, starve it with the vain desire for fresh vegetables and an empty craving for the taste of fresh fruit. Drop yourself in the middle of it for a year or two!

Medical men agree that the effect is not nice. The mind actually deteriorates, the body becomes torpid. A period of long indifference is suddenly followed by bursts of inane fury. Trifles are the beginning of tempests. A sneeze starts a whirlwind. The memory becomes erratic; important matters are overlooked and not worried about, while little things cause endless irritation. One becomes oppressed with the monotony of life, like a caged animal, indifferent to the passing throng, snarling over bones, and sleeping.

At night I sleep on the roof, and grow on intimate terms with the constellations hanging above my head. The moon and the stars seem to set the still atmosphere aquiver with their silver radiance.

There are other watchers from the rooftops. From the shadows about me come the murmur of voices, whispers, laughter, the fitful cry of a baby, the grumble of a disgruntled man. But after midnight the town slumbers. One night an extraordinary thing occurred. For over a week we had suffered a constant temperature higher than blood heat. The air was saturated with salt moisture, and we sweltered, and writhed with the tortures of prickly heat.

There was little sleeping on the rooftops—just a vague, restless stirring and the subdued whimpering of unhappy children. A cyclone was raging in the Arabian sea, which only added to the weight of our atmosphere. After three sleepless nights I managed to doze off sitting in an upright chair. At three in the morning I was awakened by an unbelievable sound—thunder rumbling in the hills. At first I thought the Turks were attempting a nocturnal surprise. Then I felt a cold thrill run up my spine. Cool rain was beating in through the porticos! A babel of astonished and happy voices broke over the town. There was laughter; there were shouts; and in the white glare of the lightning you could see people running about dragging their charpeys under shelter, or with their faces turned up mutely to the drenching darkness above.

Rain is by no means unknown. The distant sky is often sad, though it sheds no tears. But when the rain does begin to beat on the burning ridge, it usually comes in a cloudburst. Cataracts leap two or three hundred feet from the crests of the denuded mountains and come rushing down the gorges in torrents. The eight-million-gallon tanks,—the work of Romans or Persians (no one seems to know, though their work en-

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dures!)—fill up in half an hour, and the water goes rushing through the heart of the town, down a broad nullah and into the sea. The streets run like rivers, and the thick, white adobe roofs collapse like snow beneath the downpour. Half an hour after the rain has ceased, the main roads are dry.

In the "winter" months, when the temperature drops to eighty, the evenings seem cool and the hills become inviting places to climb. They rise almost two thousand feet in the air. Upon the crests a perfect gale may be blowing, or a breathless stillness hangs. After the sun sinks its head upon a bed of purple and gold, slipping under the horizon as though beneath a coverlet, darkness pours like a fluid into the cup of Crater. The humming of the human hive mounts upward through the stilling air; it is a distinct hum, only occasionally punctuated by the soft low of cattle, the throaty roar of a camel, the distant bleat of a motor-horn.

The mountains are lonely, deserted. Few care to climb in them, for they are dangerous. They are not the granite slopes of home. The rocks are rotten and crumbly; they slip from underfoot; if you reach out to seize a handhold, it crumbles beneath your grasp. Pebbles go skittering away, and the roar of an avalanche follows. Deep chasms gape suddenly at your feet. You find yourself without warning on the downward slope of a crest that overhangs the broiling sea. The very ugliness and danger are the chief attractions. There is a bit in particular that fascinates me.

Looking from this bleak pinnacle—the ugliest bit of mountain in the world, I think, with its masses of rotting rock, its iron crust curling in ragged edges, gypsum oozing from the crevices, vast stains of stinking guano, chalky bones bleaching on the ledges, and the unclean hawks wheeling in clouds over all, uttering their desolate cries—it seems to me to symbolize the end of all things.

Southward, I know, lie Socotra and Guardafui, the verge of the ancient universe when the stars were watch-lights and the earth stood on pins. Over to the westward, below the melting horizon, stretches the Benadir coast whence came the African wizard to seize Aladdin's lamp, and where even to-day a black veil of mystery hangs over the strange land and the fierce activities of the Mad Mullah. But eastward, where the broad beach sweeps away in an immeasurable arc vanishing in the misty distance in the direction of Oman, and northward behind the dim purple mountains where Nasrani never dares to tread, an ancient world, yet new to me, and overflowing with romance and adventure, lies tantalizingly near, but closed tighter than the passes beyond Darjeeling.

If you are caught on the mountains after dark you snuggle close in some cranny, thank God for a pipe, and stick there until the sun leaps out of the Indian Ocean. But when the moon is high and clear the mountains are safe.

At two o'clock one morning I found myself with a Swiss companion on the highest peak. A wisp of cloud hung about us. We curled up in the rocks and slept. An hour later my companion awoke with a cry, clutching me by the arm. From a placid dream he had awakened to stare down a slope tumbling two thousand feet into the sea, while behind him black cliffs fell sheer away into unplumbed darkness.

The air was cool. We descended slowly. We came through the hollow-echoing tanks that may have once given back the sound of Roman picks or Persian sledges, and on into the bazaar.

Silence hangs heavy about us. The waning moon seems to touch the crest of the mountainous ridge with a silver streak. A fisherman passes with his nets flung over a withered, brown shoulder.

Suddenly over the sleeping town a loud call echoes from minaret to minaret. The bazaar sighs and stirs about me; my heart leaps in my throat, for the muezzin is calling the world to prayer.

The sun climbs swiftly out of the east; the bazaar begins to murmur and clatter; the little world of men resumes its fretful uproar. Against the bleak mountains the call to prayer still echoes:

There is no god but God!

But Meghjee Permanund, the Hindu, fingering his bolt of cloth, murmurs to himself:

"The risk is in the mouth, but the profit is beyond the head."

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The Diffident Mr. Kyle

BY LAWRENCE PERRY

MISS WAINWRIGHT came blithely down the broad veranda of the Pondicherry Inn, leading a Welsh terrier. Somehow I was glad it was not a toy dog she had in tow—it would have been so uncharacteristic of the girl's wonderfully wholesome personality.

I was seated in a wicker chair in a breezy corner, talking finance with Tom O'Day, and as she approached us O'Day regarded her with that jovially impudent grin of his.

"Hello, Lady Wainwright!" he drawled. "Where'd you pick up that Siberian waffle-hound?"

Waffle-hound! I would cheerfully have given my left hand if I could have invented that silly name and copied O'Day's manner of address.

She laughed, of course; she was highly amused, and paused for a moment to exchange some light badinage which pattered upon my ear-drums like lines from a Shaw comedy, while I, with face averted, tried to develop some real interest in a cruising schooner tacking across the offing. O'Day must have noticed—and interpreted—my spurious preoccupation.

"Mr. Kyle," said he, "you've met Miss Wainwright, of course."

Blast his impudence. I turned slowly, and raised my eyes through sheer physical effort to the radiant creature who stood at my side. Then I muttered incoherently until my throat clicked and my lips grew dumb.

Yes, I had met her; every detail of the encounter was still a vivid, harrowing reality. It was early in the week and I had just arrived. At a corner of the Pondicherry veranda, I had come full upon the girl. That haze which always clouded my senses when in proximity to the unknown sex failed to conceal the fact that she was strikingly beautiful and that the smile which she bestowed was evidently a prelude to speech. It was.

"Mr. Kyle," she began. "I hope I am not presuming too much upon your good nature." That much I caught. The rest was more or less of a meaningless blur; but out of it all I *did* gain the impression that she was organizing some sort of an entertainment among the guests of the inn and that Mrs. Gurney had told her I might be induced to contribute one way or another. It was one of Bertha Gurney's little wheezes, of course. But that didn't help matters, made them worse, in truth—worse because the girl stood with her dazzling brown eyes, her rich, dark complexion, her utterly stupefying smile, rattling away in the happy assurance that I was the one man who could fill a chink in the program she had arranged. I!

But she remained not long in deception. As I stood like an ass flushing, shifting from foot to foot, words at length came.

"My dear—" should it be dear lady, or madam, or what the devil? "My dear—" Then suddenly speech departed, leaving me in the dreadful position of having addressed an utter stranger in a term of endearment. Flight, of course, was the one alternative; upon it I acted with alacrity so prompt and agility so pronounced that she was in the midst of speech as my coat-tails disappeared around a convenient corner.

Since then I have evaded her as I would the plague. She was a Miss Helen Wainwright, as I learned; a recent Vassar graduate who had been employed by the Pondicherry people to devise games, amusements, and the like for the ennuied guests. She was wonderfully clever at it and had made life at the inn a veritable whirl, so that the Pondicherry's reputation for vivacity and good cheer had spread throughout the coast region—much to the material discomfiture of rival hotel managers.

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Bertha Gurney and the rest of the crowd had taken her up and only the girl's good sense had prevented them from making an idiot of her. But Miss Wainwright, evidently, had her perspectives down fine, had poise and sweetness and tact—in fact, she was a thoroughly charming girl.

All this had not helped me any—not a bit of it; rather the contrary, I imagine. And now there she stood, nodding and remarking with an inscrutable smile that she believed she *had* met Mr. Kyle—rather informally, she feared.

"And I hope, Mr. Kyle"—her eyes were sparkling merrily—"that you have forgiven my abruptness. It was pure business, you know."

"Yes, yes, of course," I stammered. "Quite so—most certainly."

She nodded brightly and walked away, while I, not at all unconscious of the figure I had cut, hurried off in the opposite direction without so much as a word to O'Day, and blundered across the vision of Bertha Gurney, one of the last persons in the world I cared either to see or to have see me. She was snuggled in a corner of a great wicker chair, a novel in her lap.

She beckoned to me and I obeyed the imperious summons very much in the mood—no doubt with the mien—of a spaniel expecting to be whipped. Confound it, I had been practising a *dégagé* manner for Bertha's benefit all winter. However, I wrestled with my bluff.

"Hello, Bertha!" said I, grimacing at the hideous little Yorkshire which lay sleeping in her lap. "How's the—the waffle-hound this morning?"

No use at all. I mouthed the words; my voice was throaty, my face tortured into a painty smile. The *jeu d'esprit* fell to earth like a bean-bag. Bertha merely looked surprised.

"Sit down, Godfrey," she said.

Bertha is small, sharp, brilliant. Somehow she always reminds me of a saucy squirrel with her snapping blue eyes and quick gestures.

"Do you know, Godfrey," she began, "that you were downright rude to Elise Jessop last night?"

"Was I?" I chuckled defiantly.

"Yes, you were—a perfect boor. . . . The next time I go to the trouble of placing you *tête-à-tête* with one of the most charming and eligible girls in the world you'll know it. Why, the moment I turned my back you were floundering away across the dance floor, like a great calf, bowling couples right and left."

"Oh, come, Bertha," I protested, "it wasn't as bad as all that."

"Bad as all that! It was worse," she flashed. "And it isn't as though you hadn't told me how you admired Elise and how you wished you could get on with her. You even said she was a girl you'd marry in a minute. And then when I arrange everything you run away. And there sat that poor creature among the palms, completely deserted, not knowing whether to laugh or cry."

"She laughed!" I shouted. "Don't you be trying to make out a pathetic case for Miss Jessop. She *laughed*—and she's been laughing ever since, hang her."

Bertha turned her pretty little squirrel face upon me and asked if I could blame her. As I refused to commit myself she went on:

"Do you know what's the trouble with you, Godfrey Kyle? Well, I'll tell you; this diffidence of yours is all a pose. In your heart you loathe women. Don't tell me," she hurried on, as I made to speak. "I know how easy you are with men, how popular you are with them. Jack has told me all about it"—Jack was my cousin and Bertha's husband—"and so has Tom O'Day and all the rest of your best friends."

A woman-hater! The Lord knows I'd have married long ago had I known how to go about it. Thirty-two years of bachelor existence had shown me how lonely, how abnormal, how utterly damnable it is. Did Bertha Gurney suppose for a moment that I would not have sat there with Elise Jessop and talked to her, and in fact got down on my knees to her, had I but known how? Miss Jessop *was* charming; Bertha was right there. But she had an inscrutable little smile that went through me like an X-ray.

There was something about Bertha's charge, though, that appealed to my masculine instincts. I had much rather stand as a boor than as a silly ass.

"Loathe women," I said, musingly. "I wouldn't put it *quite* that way. At the same time," I added, "I can see your human failings."

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O'DAY REGARDED HER WITH A JOVIALLY IMPUDENT GRIN

"Mine!" Her eyes were sparkling.

"I mean all women's," I hastened. "I have lived, observed. I fancy I know about everything they possess in their little jeweled boxes of tricks."

"Oh, you fancy you do—really!" she snapped.

"Yes," I bore on, "I know I do. They are so confoundedly ingenuous, while all the time they believe they are so subtle. I can, for instance, appraise their flattery to the last paltry farthing; I know, too, that in order to get the correct meaning of anything they say, you have to hunt for the mental reservation—just as I am aware that it would be folly to accept anything they do as a tangible fact until you have rooted out the underlying significance of their act." All this rot I had dug out of a book by some fool German philosopher. But I didn't tell Bertha so.

"And where did you get all this wonderful knowledge?" she asked, calmly.

"Oh, I got it, all right," I growled. "And there's another thing," I went on, inspired by my success, "woman's intuition of which you hear so much."

"Yes, what about it?" She was smiling now, one of those inscrutable interpretive Elise Jessop smiles.

"It's a—a—joke," I floundered.

"Is it?" She arose. "Well, Mr. Kyle, shall I tell you what *my* intuition tells me? It tells me," she proceeded as I nodded, "that *you're* the joke. Woman-hater—!" She laughed, scornfully. "You know, perhaps you might be if you were not too much of a coward to develop any emotion as positive as hatred. If you wish to know the truth, Godfrey Kyle, you are so awfully afraid that some girl will marry your money that you cannot sleep nights."

"Bertha!" I bawled. "I—"

But she interrupted, laughing.

"Really, Godfrey, you are merely amusing. Amusing—" She flung the

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repetition over her shoulder as she walked away.

As I stood staring at her I don't suppose I was ever so desperately angry in my life. The impulse was strong to follow her and tell her thereafter to mind her own business. And I would have done it, too, had not the Wainwright girl, her dog still in tow, appeared from behind the back of the big chair which Bertha had occupied. I turned to her with blazing eyes, too angry to care either who or what she was.

"If you please," I said—my voice was as crisp, my manner as abrupt, as it ever was to any stenographer in my office—"how much of my conversation with Mrs. Gurney did you hear?"

She stopped short, flushing.

"Mr. Kyle, really—"

"Oh, I don't mean to imply you were—were eavesdropping," I interrupted. "But you *were* approaching us and you must have heard something."

She regarded me frankly.

"Your voices were hardly—well, confidential," she admitted.

There was a pause, while I stood staring at her. At length some impulse caused me to speak.

"Since you *have* heard—I don't know how much, but enough, I guess—I'm glad," I said. Somehow or other my emotions had given me a certain detachedness through which I was able to stand and talk to her as freely and coherently as I would to Tom O'Day. Or perhaps it was Miss Wainwright herself; at all events, I was natural as daylight and bold as a lion—that is, in a way.

"Are you terribly busy, just now?" I ventured. As she shook her head, I continued: "I'd appreciate it a lot if I could talk to you somewhere—right now. I—I want your advice."

She glanced across the lawn to a pagoda which fronted a high bluff, and then moved toward the veranda steps, I following at her side, mentally invoking the aid of Artemis and all the amiable gods and goddesses, who have been credited with kindly interest in stricken humanity. An extraordinary girl, Miss Wainwright, lithe, graceful, accomplished. She was all in white, with a crimson scarf under the rolling collar of her shirt-waist, and the brim of her hat hid her face above the cheek-bones. I think this helped me somewhat in our course to the pagoda—helped me, despite the fact of a wonderful little wisp of a curl right at the nape of her neck.

At all events, we got there and went in and sat down, with heavy trellised vine shielding us from the hotel veranda.

"Miss Wainwright," I began, before she had time to say anything, "first of all, I want to tell you something about myself."

"Do you have to?" I don't know just what she meant; but she was smiling. My hands went up, a bit tragically, I imagine.

"Now please!" I protested. "This is the first—the first time—I mean, if you'll let me get this off my chest—"

"I'm sorry," she said, sincerely enough. She gestured for me to go on.

"No doubt," I began, "you heard Bertha Gurney call me a joke—among other things." I paused, but as the girl said nothing I went on. "Well, I am—so far as women are concerned. I don't know why. . . . I get along well enough with men. But women — ! There's something about them. . . .It's been so since I was a boy. For instance, there are some persons who for some unaccountable reason can't be in the same room with a cat—"

"Mr. Kyle—!" Her hands flew to her mouth; then suddenly abandoning effort to restrain herself, she rippled with laughter.

"I—I—I'm sorry. I didn't mean that as—as it sounded. What I tried to indicate was, that some unaccountable influence, some—well, I don't know what it is. Anyway, if I attempt to be at ease with—with you, or any other girl, I feel—and look—like an elephant in a china-closet—shop, I mean. And so—"

"And so," she smiled, "you feel your course is aloofness—and retreat."

"It *is* the only course." I brought my palms together with a crash. "And, Miss Wainwright, I hate it. I don't like the life I'm leading. I'm 'Uncle Godfrey' to a host of children, who belong to friends of my age. I'm a visitor—welcome, I hope—to many a family drawing-room and dinner-table, but damn it, Miss Wainwright—" I sprang to my feet. "I beg your pardon, Miss—"

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"It's perfectly all right," she said, gently. "I understand. Please go on—"

"Well," I plunged, "I want a family board and a drawing-room, a wife and children of my own. I don't want to be 'uncle'; I want to be '*dad*,' see?"

"Yes, I see," she said, "perfectly. . . . Have you any particular—" Here she became a bit confused herself. "I beg your pardon," she added.

"No, no particular girl," I replied. "That is, I rather—rather admire—. For example, I mean I'd like to know Miss Jessop better. I really think I would. And other girls, too, for that matter. But I've never known how to develop feminine friendship, nor how to explore the feminine mind. I am honest with you: I'm sick of this bachelor life. Yet I've read—and heard—enough to realize the folly of marrying a girl simply on her beauty or because her gowns happen to be attractive."

She seemed to approve of this, but had nothing to say.

"Now you may wonder," I resumed, "why I'm boring you with all this. I'll tell you. You are here, as I understand it, serving as an employee of the hotel to see that the guests are entertained—" I fancied I caught a defiant sort of an expression on her face and raised my hands deprecatingly. "Oh, don't misunderstand; I think that's fine of you, simply bully. What I am trying to get at is this: why couldn't you take me in hand and coach me so that I would be something less than an ass. I think you could do it, I really do. You could teach me to dance, and, and—well, show me all sorts of parlor snake stuff—"

I glanced at her, expecting to see laughter. But on the contrary, she was studying me seriously.

"You have been perfectly all right with me," she said, at length. "You've talked freely and easily and—you—"

"But that," I interrupted, eagerly, "is because I am simply talking business with you, discussing a business proposition. You can see the difference—"

"Yes, I see it," was her reply, "but I wonder if *you* do, really? You were intent upon a certain idea—a business proposition, as you say. It filled your



"REASONABLE! OH, IF YOU MEAN MY KISSING HER HAND, WHY, YES"

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mind; while you were talking you were not thinking about your hands, or your feet, or wondering whether you were impressing me. Can't you see that you were treating me just like an ordinary human being? And all girls, don't you know, are ordinary human beings. I think if you'll keep this in mind and treat all girls as you have me you won't require assistance."

"But I shall," I declared. "Now come, Miss Wainwright, what will you charge? Name any price you wish."

She laughed.

"I don't want you to be *too* business-like. As a matter of fact, I am here, as you have said, to see that guests are entertained. For this I am well paid; and every one has been dear to me. I'll be glad to do anything I can—but, of course, it will have to be accepted as in line with my duties here. There would be no formal lectures, you know, nor anything of the sort—that would be too silly for worlds."

"Then what?" I asked, puzzled.

"Why, we'll be—well, casual, don't you understand? I'll be happy to help you in any way I can—always, of course, as a matter of the purest business."

I agreed with this quite cordially, and as I am not at all a bad business man I didn't let her get away before we came to a definite understanding. As a first step, she was to teach me to dance. There was a little rustic dancing-pavilion in the heart of the pines several hundred yards from the hotel, and we arranged to meet in the late afternoon when almost every one was in his, or her, room, dressing for dinner. She quite fell into the spirit of the adventure.

"For music," she said, gaily, "we'll have little Sam Pate, one of the colored bell-boys. He is wonderful with his harmonica, and as he is playing it constantly, no one will be attracted to the pavilion by the music. This afternoon, then, at six."

I don't suppose, if I live to be ninety years old, that I shall ever forget a single detail of our first lesson. The sinking sun had reached the top of the pines and was filling the grove with a soft, weird light when I arrived, towing the little bell-hop and impressing upon him the absolute necessity of the utmost secrecy, bestowing by way of emphasis sundry coins which lay loose in a pocket of my dinner-clothes. As I was beginning to banter Sammy, in order to keep up my courage, my instructor appeared. She was dressed for dinner, and as she stepped noiselessly across the firm carpet of pine needles she seemed less a human being than some goddess. I'm a lover of painting, am, in fact, supposed to be something of a connoisseur. The picture she made quite took me out of myself.

"Stop a moment; stay right there, will you, Miss Wainwright?" I cried. "In this setting you look for all the world like something from Diaz."

She flushed and then advanced toward me, smiling, while I, utterly amazed at my temerity—and sore afraid—stood there like an oaf.

"For a man who has no way with girls, that was a remarkably pretty speech," she said. She glanced at the colored boy. "Now, Sammy, you play that one-step—don't you remember?" she added, and then, as the boy looked puzzled, she hummed a sprightly air. Thus inspired, he placed the harmonica to his mouth and joined in most effectively. "Now, sir," she said, turning to me, "if you'll let me have your hands."

Beyond all question it must have been a scene for the gods, that spectacle of a great awkward man towed by a radiant being over a sylvan dance floor to music as furnished by a mite of a colored boy who sat on the orchestra platform, his great eyes rolling over his mouth-organ.

"Now," she said at length, "we'll try it together. Do you know how to hold a girl?"

"The Lord forbid, I don't," I murmured. Then taking the bit in my teeth I slid my arm about her waist, feeling—and no doubt appearing—very like a bear trying to be gentle with a tall Sèvres vase. She corrected my position, quite professionally, and then as the boy started his music we began to gyrate, I perspiring like a stevedore, and muttering maledictions every time my feet got entangled with each other or with hers. But I progressed, and at length, losing myself in the rhythm of foot and body, was really dancing when suddenly she stopped.

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TOM O'DAY CAME UP AND BORE HER AWAY

"You really have it!" she cried, triumphantly. "Do you realize you have been doing splendidly? You grasp the idea perfectly."

"Do I? Bully!" I stood, my arms encircling her, grinning like a gargoyle.

"You only hold your partner when you're dancing," she said, gently.

My arm fell from about her waist like a leaden bar and, stepping backward, I stared at her dazedly. Then I blurted it all out.

"Why did—why did you say that, Miss Wainwright? You spoiled it—spoiled the whole thing."

"Spoiled!" She gazed at me wonderingly.

"Why, yes!" I said. "I was detached, as you had told me to be. In fact, I had filled my mind with the idea that you were nothing more than a meal-sack, a lay figure—and—and then, by George! you spoke and I—" As I stopped abruptly, she nodded.

"I understand. I'm sorry," she said. She hesitated a moment, then she smiled. "Well, suppose hereafter you just consider that I *am* a girl. I sha'n't bite you. We'll try it again. Play, Sammy, please."

As I am a living man, it was just like that. I took her in my arms and away we went as naturally as though she were my sister. The ice was broken.

I came to look forward to the little afternoon sessions as the only event of the day worth thinking about, and I think Miss Wainwright enjoyed them, too. Or, at least, she must have enjoyed *me*. My honest *naïveté* was that of a backwoodsman. Often I made her stop and show me how to ask a girl for a dance, how to leave her after it was over—in short, at my unceasing behest she conducted me through the entire curriculum of those little formalities and niceties that mark the social relations between the sexes. I learned to approach her with a nonchalant swagger, learned

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to lead in light dancing conversation and to accept her feminine deviousness as an open book. There came a time when she gave me my degree.

There was a gorgeous sunset and the grove was filled with a curious crimson glow.

"I don't think there is anything more I can teach you, Mr. Kyle," she said. "You are quite ready to go in and hold your own with—with Miss Jessop or, in fact, any girl."

"Do you think so, really?" I exulted. "Well, do you know, I think so, too. You're not so much, you girls, after all. I owe you one. You don't know how much you've done for me. But I think I can show you, in a way." Impulsively suiting action to word, I seized her hand and, raising it to my lips, bent over it very much after the manner of the late Richard Mansfield in *Cyrano*. And before she could snatch it away I had kissed it. As I raised my head with a smile of triumph I saw she was not looking at me at all. She was staring straight over my shoulder, her eyes filled with a strange light. I turned.

There, gazing at us with horror as pronounced as though we were creatures from the pit, stood Bertha Gurney. Miss Wainwright was the first, apparently, to recover. At least she was the first to speak.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Gurney. We meant—that is, Mr. Kyle meant to surprise you all at the hop to-night."

"You mean," Bertha replied, coldly, advancing to the pavilion, "that Godfrey intended this knightly osculation to be a public, instead of a private, performance?"

"Don't be an idiot, Bertha," I cried, thoroughly annoyed at her. "I decided to stop being a farmer and Miss Wainwright has been giving me lessons—I mean in dancing."

"The fee was rather reasonable, wasn't it?" asked Bertha, imperturbably.

"Reasonable!" I stood glaring at her. "Oh, if you mean my kissing her hand, why, yes, it was reasonable. But that was all she'd let me give her—that is," I stammered, "she wouldn't let me give her anything. I—"

"And so—" Bertha began. But she didn't finish.

"I think, really, Mrs. Gurney," the girl interrupted, "that I'd be awfully indebted if we dropped this subject."

It was an awfully unwise thing for Miss Wainwright to do, because Bertha was by all odds the social lioness of the inn, and, after all, it was she who had made the girl. Bertha, suddenly transformed into an icy statuette, turned away.

Thus Helen Wainwright ended herself quite completely. She was dropped by all the crowd at the inn who amounted to anything significant and was obliged to depend upon the nonentities for such functions as she organized; as a consequence things broke badly for her. I didn't know anything about all this at the time. I am not a great observer, and, besides, I was too occupied with my newly acquired accomplishments to think a great deal about her— that is, in a concrete way.

"You had it in you," Bertha would say, "and any girl could have done just what the Wainwright girl did." And I came to agree with her.

My spurs were won in a gallop at the very first hop. I danced five times with Elise and twice with Bertha. What with my stock of small talk, my familiarity with all dances, I made the hit of my life, both with myself and with the crowd.

Miss Jessop—Elise, it had come to be; I don't know in just what way—is a stunning blonde with hair like raw cornsilk and dark-blue eyes that sparkle like ice. Within my range of action—which was limited—we got to be excellent pals. That X-ray smile of hers was missing and very often on the veranda, in the midst of a crowd, she deferred to me when I expressed some view, or made a remark, in a way that was extremely flattering. Girls, after all, as Miss Wainwright had so well said, are human beings.

One day I advanced sufficiently far to escort Elise to a hop at a neighboring hotel. We made the trip around the bay in my runabout. Not many were there from the Pondicherry and I must have danced every other number with Elise. The floor was wonderful, the music good, and dancing, with me, had come to be the greatest of all indoor sports. At length I commandeered

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"HANG IT ALL, HELEN, I LOVE YOU SO THAT YOU *MUST* LOVE ME"

some ices and we went to a little retreat in the conservatory.

"Do you remember, Elise," I said, laughingly, "how I retreated the last time we were in a place like this?"

"How long ago that seems," she sighed. "Do you know that night I thought you hated me."

"Hated you!" I guffawed. "I was merely afraid, plumb scared, that's all. Hate you!" I gazed at her like a great calf. "Well, I should say not."

She sat, not replying. She certainly was beautiful. And her father, Silas Jessop, is a coal baron. Presently one of her gloves slipped from her lap to the floor. Quick as thought I leaned down and picked it up. I don't know what demon possessed me, but at all events I didn't give it right back. I sat toying with it, enjoying the feel of the fragile thing. Then, somehow or other, I *couldn't* give it back. I don't know why. There seemed to be the fool instinct that she'd be disappointed if I did. I don't know. Anyway, I stuffed it into my pocket, while she sat there, sat as though waiting for something, I didn't know what—but I knew it wasn't the glove.

Finally, with something of constraint, I asked if we should dance, and she, nodding silently, arose and walked toward the ballroom. Thick as I am, the situation unfolded its mystery to me before the evening was over. She had expected something romantic. I don't say she wanted a proposal. I don't think she did. But no girl objects to a little dallying about the edge of things, particularly in a case such as ours. For Bertha Gurney had been manœuvering both of us, born matchmaker that she is, talking first to the one, then to the other—carrying what each of us said, or was alleged to have said, back and forth, and all that sort of thing. The fact is, too, I'd liked to have been a bit moony. But I didn't know how.

On the way home, tooling over the dark road, I decided that Helen Wainwright hadn't taught me everything.

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This started me on a train of thought about the girl. I realized that I hadn't seen her to speak to more than twice in a fortnight, and that upon these occasions I had tossed her a word or two as I hurried along in the wake of Elise Jessop. Rather scurvy treatment of a girl who had done as much for me as she had. But just now Elise was at my side, and as I had been rather silent, I had to atone. None the less, I kept Helen Wainwright in mind, and next day I spoke of her to Elise. She laughed, a trifle bitterly.

"Bertha was rather disappointed in her, I fancy," she said. "She took her up and made a lot of her here. I don't think the girl appreciated it; in fact, I'm sure she didn't. You can never tell about persons of the sort. Bertha is always too ready to be decent to any one. But Miss Wainwright made a horrid mistake in antagonizing her."

"Did she do that?" I asked.

She glanced at me sharply.

"*You* ought to know. It happened at the pavilion when Bertha found you taking a dancing lesson. She was horribly rude—Helen Wainwright, I mean. I really think if she weren't helping support a mother and small brother, Bertha would have arranged to have her leave here." She paused. "I am afraid I shouldn't have been so considerate. At all events, our crowd has dropped her and she isn't getting on at all well."

"Yes." That was all I said. I had almost forgotten that thrilling little scene in the pavilion. But now everything was clear as day. The girl had offended Bertha and was paying the penalty. There was something about Elise's cold satisfaction that chilled me. I stared at her, wondering whether that icy sparkle in her blue eyes was a reflex of her nature. . . .

Later I decided that it was not. Those eyes of hers, as I found, could be quite sufficiently warm to melt me by slow but sure degrees. There were a great many wonderful things about her, and while, as we came to know each other better, we clashed upon occasion, I found myself slowly but surely approaching the conclusion that marriage, after all, is a matter of adjustment and that primarily it is the large things that count, the minor dovetailing of traits and individualities coming later.

In the mean time I had taken occasion to hunt out Miss Wainwright and let her know how and where I stood. But I don't think I had much success, as she was dreadfully busy with a tennis tournament among the youngsters, and I never had the chance for a good straight talk. At length, however, I managed to intercept her as she was hurrying from the courts to the hotel. She made a wonderful picture; I appreciated that, filled as my mind was with Elise Jessop. Her silk waist was open at the throat and her dark hair—she carried her hat in her hand—was in picturesque disarray. She smiled in a perfunctory way and was about to pass when I playfully put out my arm, whereupon she paused, gazing at me curiously.

"Have you been in the pavilion lately?" I asked.

"No," she shook her head. Then, as though reaching a sudden decision, she stepped toward me impulsively. "Oh, Mr. Kyle, you could really help me, if you would. I have got up a dance there to-night with some Hawaiian musicians; there will be a crowd, but there won't be the *real* crowd. Can't you, won't you get some of your people and come? It 'll help a great deal. It will help me with the hotel people more than you can imagine. Won't you, please?"

I nodded my head emphatically.

"You bet I will," I said. "I'll get as many as I can—and I'll be there myself; for, I need one more lesson —a very important one. Will you give it to me?"

She nodded, smiling.

"I'll give you anything you like if you'll only do what I ask," she said. She acknowledged my reiterated intentions with a smile and hurried on her way to the hotel.

Well, I got the crowd, all right. But it was only after a fight. Whether it was my eloquence—which was vast—or the Hawaiian musicians, or just what, I induced Bertha to call a truce on the girl, and once she was in line the rest was easy—except with Elise. She was downright stuffy.

"I won't go, Godfrey," she said, "and if you want to please me you won't go, either."

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"Why not?" I asked, regarding her with open amazement.

"Just because I don't intend to be manœuvered about by that Wainwright girl." Then as I stood staring, speechless, she flared out at me with a temper of which I hadn't believed any girl capable. "You make me sick—absolutely sick, Godfrey Kyle. Any girl that walks can twine you around her finger."

"Don't be so sure of that," I retorted.

"I *am* sure of it. Why don't you act like a man—a—a—"

My interruption came in the form of an expression of admiration. It was sincere, too. She looked like a furious goddess, so unutterably, so beautifully angry that I had to speak.

"By Jove, Elise," I said, "you're a stunner!"

In an instant she was smiling. In another instant she was like the sun that shines after a May rain. I was dazzled, utterly overwhelmed by the swiftness of the transition, and while I stood blinking she reversed herself utterly. Of course she would go to the dance, if I wished her to—if I would take her. Would I? Well, *would* I! I left her with my head in the clouds, my stride that of a giant. I meant to make history that evening.

And it proved to be a hop meet for history. There was vivid moonlight and the rays came down through the pines like silver rain. The women in their soft, filmy gowns of varied hues seemed like figures painted on ivory, and that wonderful lilt of the Hawaiian music added to the dream quality of the entire function. It was a night for romance. I felt it; I was filled with the spirit of knight-errantry—exalted, uplifted.

"Give me a ribbon from your—your hair, or somewhere," I whispered to Elise, "and I'll lick any seven chaps who think they can take it away from me."

"Don't be silly, Godfrey," she said. Then she smiled softly. "How many dances do you want to-night?"

"I want—" I paused. I was going to say that I wanted all, every one; but I knew that when I said that I'd have to go on and say something else, and I didn't know whether this would be the time, or the place; nor, in fact, did I know just what to say, or what to do. I hadn't made an ass of myself in a fortnight—and I was playing safe. So, finally, I said I would take all she'd give me. She hadn't time to reply when Tom O'Day came up and bore her away for the first dance—which was rightfully mine—he leering at me and she smiling an inscrutable, pitying sort of a smile, as they whirled away.

For a moment I stood where I had been left, feeling unutterably foolish, when, looking across the room, my eyes caught Miss Wainwright speaking to the dark-skinned leader of the band. When she turned away from him I was at her side.

"May I have this?" I asked. She looked at me, smiling.

"It is to be a waltz," she warned. "You remember what trouble you had with it."

"I don't care what it is," I replied, doggedly, "I want this dance with you—and I want you to keep that promise about helping me."

They were playing that wonderful song of good-by, the *Aloha oe*, to waltz time, and as we swung away across the floor we were as one. I don't know why it was. I was not thinking about my feet, nor, for that matter, about anything but the wonderful soft rhythm and the poetry of motion. My senses were steeped in it; I don't think we spoke at all until the music ceased and we stood calling for an encore.

"You waltz beautifully," she said. "I don't think I ever had such a perfect dance."

"That," I said, sincerely and naturally, "is because it's you. Somehow or other I seem to go right ahead without thought, whereas in the case—"

"Oh, I'm a meal-sack, you know." She laughed and started away as the musicians began to respond to the encore.

"Meal-sack!" I was rigid for a moment, staring at her. Meal-sack! She stood a trifle apart, poised, alert. Her dark hair gleamed in the soft light, her red, mobile lips parted, her eyes glowing. I strode to her, thrilled with the knowledge that here was a girl as wonderful, as thoroughly handsome and dainty and

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feminine, as any girl in the world; a girl, too, with whom I was thoroughly at home, with whom I was not obliged to act a part.

"I want the rest of this dance," I said, masterful and dominant. Then without further ado I put my arm about her and whirled out on the floor.

"I have wanted to ask you something," I said at length. "It's a matter of further instruction. You said you'd help me if I got the crowd here."

"Well," she smiled, "why don't you ask?"

We danced in silence for a few seconds. Then I spoke, bluntly.

"I've been wondering how to propose to a girl. I mean," I hurried on, "in the right and proper way—so I won't be ridiculous. Now I'm going to propose to you, see, and I want you to tell me how it goes. I—"

She had stopped dancing and was staring at me.

"But I can't help you there, Mr. Kyle; I know nothing whatever about it."

"I don't care," said I, grimly. "You've helped me a lot already and I want you to help me in this. You just have to, you know."

As she looked about her, every line of her tense, lithe figure giving warning of impending flight, I slipped my arm through hers.

"Miss Wainwright, it won't do. I am desperate. You can get out of this only by making a scene."

So throaty was my voice, so villainesque my mien, that she allowed me to escort her down the steps into the grove without so much as batting an eye.

"Miss Wainwright—Helen," I began, "I love you. There isn't any doubt about it at all. It's the surest thing you know. I've always loved you ever since I first saw you; that's the reason I ran away the day you talked to me about the entertainment. Something told me you were different from any girl I had ever met. That's right, too; all the other girls are selling platters alongside of you, dear. I have the means and the will to make you happy. I love your wonderful eyes, and your hair—I love everything about you. When I'm with you I am just as natural and happy as though—as though we had grown up together. I know the fight you're making; know all about you. You're the kind of a real girl that I want to marry. I admire, respect, I love you, and if you'll marry me I'll be the happiest and luckiest chap in the world." I stopped abruptly, trembling. "How was that," I gulped, "pretty rotten?"

There she stood in the midst of the trees, with the moon rays sifting down upon her, transfixed. Then as I came closer to her I found her eyes filled with tears.

"And you—you ask me to teach *you* to propose," she said. "You!"

"Then it was all right?"

"All right! It was wonderful. It was—" She paused.

Then suddenly I knew—knew that my heart and not my lips had spoken; that the convictions of my very soul had welled forth in speech that I did not recognize. And Helen Wainwright, not Elise, had inspired it. Elise—worldly, cold, calculating, a creature purely of the froth of life—no wonder I couldn't propose to her. I came close to Helen, and stood looking down into her wonderful eyes.

"It—it—was really great," she resumed. "When you speak—speak to—Miss Jessop, she—won't laugh at you, believe me."

I reached out my hand and put it upon her shoulder.

"Helen, I'm not going to propose to any one again. I've spoken my piece, blundered with it upon the girl of all girls I wanted to have hear it. I couldn't do it again to save my neck. Anyway, I don't have to."

"Mr. Kyle!"

"You heard what I said. I can't make that speech twice. Except I will say I love you—love you so— Hang it all, Helen, I love you so that you *must* love me; it wouldn't be natural if you didn't. This thing couldn't have come to me all by itself."

She gazed at me a moment. Then suddenly she put out her arms in infinitely tender abandonment, while the wailing music of the Hawaiians and the lilt of the sea and the whisper of the pines merged in harmony subtly sweet—and for us alone.

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The Political Future of Germany

IS THERE TO BE A GERMAN REPUBLIC?

BY KUNO FRANCKE

Honorary Curator of the Germanic Museum, Harvard University

WITH A REPLY

BY JAMES M. BECK

Formerly Assistant Attorney-General of the United States

[THE recent revolution in Russia has provoked a host of interesting speculations as to the effect which this great social upheaval may have upon the anti-monarchical forces already in ferment in Germany. The two articles which follow differ radically in their vision of the possible future trend of events.

Dr. Kuno Francke presents a careful analysis of the social organization, political tendencies and temper of the German people as viewed by one who may justly be regarded as speaking for the Germans themselves.

The Hon. James M. Beck, whose forceful utterances on the war have attracted wide attention, views the picture from a different side, and lays stress upon various factors which may prove crucial in bringing about far-reaching changes both in the German state and in the fortunes of its Imperial family.

As the *Magazine* goes to press, Germany appears to be on the eve of momentous events which may develop before these pages reach the reader. It should also be said that Dr. Francke's article, designed for the August number, has been unavoidably delayed in publication.—EDITOR.]

THE collapse of the rotten structure of Russian autocracy and the emergence of a new Russia, teeming with chaotic possibilities, are perhaps the most portentous consequences which the world war has had thus far. The question naturally suggests itself—what will the effect of this colossal upheaval be upon Germany? Will Kaiserdom go the same way that Czardom has gone? Will it, too, crumble to pieces before the storm of outraged public opinion? And will a German republic, the dream of the patriots of 1848, finally descend upon us as the New Jerusalem, to atone for the horrors and woes which now are pouring upon the world from the vials of wrath?

Such men as Karl Liebknecht or the author of *J'accuse* would probably answer this question in the affirmative. And there is no telling what dimensions a republican propaganda, directed by skilful leaders and fanned by the distress of the millions, might assume. The only safe guide, however, for estimating the probable success of such a republican propaganda is to be found in the actual strength and manifest weight of anti-monarchical feeling now existing in Germany.

No doubt, the Socialist party has in years past habitually taken a demonstratively anti-monarchical stand. Ever since the foundation of the Empire the party consistently and on principle voted in the Reichstag against governmental budgets. It regularly withdrew in a body just before the formal cheers for the Emperor with which a Reichstag session is closed. And it has been particularly unsparing and virulent in personal criticism of the present Emperor. But it is not casting doubt upon the genuineness of democratic feeling in the Socialist party when I say that all these demonstrations were, after all, demonstrations and nothing more. They were in part fit answers to equally violent denunciations hurled against the Socialists by the Emperor, and in part conventional gestures inherited from the tradition of 1848. With the vital points of the Socialist program of the day or of the future these demonstrations had little to do. In spite of them the Socialists have taken an active share in

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constructive political work in monarchical Germany. For years Socialist members of the Reichstag have been in evidence on all the important parliamentary committees; and it is an open secret that their colleagues from other parties, as a rule, value them as particularly effective, well-informed, and eager associates. The same is true of Socialist participation in communal work; city councils, school commissions, factory-inspection boards all over Germany have benefited on a large scale from Socialist co-operation. In some of the smaller states, such as Hesse and Würtemberg, Socialist deputies have even gone so far as to appear occasionally at court functions—flirtations with the provincial dynasties which, to be sure, did not escape censure from the stricter adherents of the orthodox party creed. What is most significant of all—at the momentous Reichstag session of August 4, 1914, the Socialist party suspended its whole traditional policy of opposition by voting solidly for a governmental bill—the war appropriation.

What are the concrete demands for which the German Socialist party has stood unswervingly during the last forty years, as integral and fundamental parts of its vital program? Briefly stated, they are as follows: ministerial responsibility to parliament, suffrage reform in Prussia, redistribution of the electoral districts for the Reichstag, disestablishment of the church, introduction of the principle of free public instruction for all, substitution of the militia system for the present military service, tax reform based upon the principle of direct taxation only, labor reform based upon co-operation of the state and the labor unions, eventual nationalization of the large industries. None of these demands is fundamentally incompatible with the monarchical form of government. In the prosecution of most of them the Socialist party has had the support of one or another of the parties which avowedly accept the monarchy as the form of government best suited to German conditions. In questions of parliamentary reform it has worked side by side with both Liberals and Clericals. In educational and ecclesiastical matters it has stood shoulder to shoulder with the Liberals. In social legislation and industrial affairs it has frequently found itself, though grudgingly, in accord with the Government. Only with the Conservatives has it been invariably and hopelessly at odds.

It may, indeed, be said that the Conservative party, much as it has done for the conservation and the development of the agricultural resources of the country, and much as it has thereby helped to uphold German economic strength in the present war, has played in parliamentary politics of recent years a most unenviable part. In 1909 it defeated, in common with the Clericals, the inheritance tax bill introduced by Prince von Bülow in the Reichstag. Through a number of years it opposed and finally succeeded in partially wrecking the great midland-canal scheme of the Prussian Government, from foolish fear of its supposed injuriousness to the great landed interests and from narrow jealousy of its expected benefits to the industrial population. And throughout the last decade it has stood uncompromisingly against suffrage reform in Prussia. In the face of the overwhelmingly progressive sentiment generated by the war, the Conservative party cannot possibly exert in the future the same baneful influence in retarding legislation that it has exerted in the past. And most, if not all, of the demands of the Socialist party are likely in the long run to be put through by parliamentary majorities composed of Socialists, Liberals, and Clericals.

The most urgent of these demands at the present moment seems to be the suffrage reform in Prussia. It is, indeed, an untenable situation that, whereas Prussian voters, like all other Germans, elect their representatives in the German Parliament (Reichstag) on the basis of universal and direct manhood suffrage, these same voters should be restricted in the elections to the legislature of their own state (Landtag) by a system of indirect suffrage which is the very embodiment of class rule, and the rule of the moneyed class at that. It is an anomaly that in a state whose governmental policy in administration and public service has been traditionally

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guided by the principle of non-partisan consideration of the needs of all classes, the legislature should be constituted in such a manner that by far the largest class of voters—eighty-four per cent. of the population—is entitled to only a third of the votes in the electoral college, and therefore remains practically without representation. It is an absurdity that in a state whose citizens, by their number, their intelligence, and their interest in public affairs, exert a leading influence upon the policies of the national parliament, the interest in the elections for the state Diet should have been forced down so low that in many districts less than ten, sometimes even less than five, per cent. of the voters exercise their nominal right to vote. It is intolerable that in a state whose manufactures and industries surpass those of all other German states in bulk and importance, and from whose industrial population is recruited the majority of the one hundred and ten Socialist deputies in the Reichstag, the state legislature should have only ten Socialist members out of a total of four hundred and forty-three.

These facts are so obvious and flagrant that the demand of radical reform implied by them cannot any longer be ignored. Indeed, the words recently addressed by the German Chancellor to the Prussian Conservatives, "Woe to the statesman who fails to read the signs of the time," indicate that they *will* not be ignored. There is no reason to fear that a Prussian Diet based upon universal manhood suffrage will be a dangerously revolutionary body. Neither the German Reichstag nor the Bavarian Diet nor the Diet of Alsace-Lorraine—all of them based upon universal and direct manhood suffrage—have shown any tendency in this direction. The reconstructed Prussian Diet will take its place by their side as a trustworthy and safe organ of popular constructive work.

Less unanimity than about this need of suffrage reform there is likely to be in German public opinion concerning the Socialist and Liberal demand of ministerial responsibility to parliamentary majorities. Many enlightened and patriotic men in Germany feel that a non-partisan government, a government consisting of members of all the influential parliamentary parties, making compromises with the various parties, but not obliged to resign when defeated by a parliamentary majority, would be better able to steer a just course between the many conflicting interests represented in parliament than a government changing with the shifting majorities of parliament. Considering the great variety of parties in the German Reichstag, and the inability of any one of them alone to command a majority, this view seems rational and well founded.

But it may well be that the stress of the time will lead to the obliteration of all the smaller parliamentary factions and to a consolidation of political life into two great party groups, the reactionary and the progressive. If that is the case, the identification of the Government with one or the other of these groups will be the logical consequence. There can be little doubt to which of these two fundamentally opposed parties the Government of the future will belong. A remarkable speech which Doctor Dernburg, the former Colonial Secretary and during several months of the war the principal spokesman of the Imperial Government in the United States, recently delivered before a meeting of the Progressive People's Party at Breslau, is a significant indication of the Liberal thought now prevailing in Government circles. It contains these words:

> The more we give ourselves to the state the stronger is our feeling in favor of personal rights and personal freedom. The more the state fills our lives the more must we take part in the settling of its destiny and in the determination of the direction in which it goes, and all the more urgently must we demand that, where all give the same and the utmost, political injustice, social inequality, and out-of-date castes be thrown overboard as quickly as possible. The new Germany is here and requires its house. Let us build it. Do not let us delay.

How soon or to what extent the Socialist demand for the introduction of the Swiss militia system in place of the present form of military service will be fulfilled it is extremely difficult to say. For this is not a question of internal

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politics alone; it is a question which must be approached with due regard to international conditions, and can be solved only by international agreement. It seems, however, likely that the end of the war will leave all Europe so exhausted both in men and material that another war will be a physical impossibility for at least a generation to come. In that case—a sad comfort for all the misery visited upon the present generation—constructive peace thought will be given time to take hold of the masses, and with it will come the general conviction that armament on the scale maintained during our time by all the great powers of Europe must be stopped. We may therefore cherish the hope that some kind of universal disarmament, both on land and sea, will in not too distant a future be forced upon Europe.

Surely, no people would welcome this delivery from the military incubus more readily than the Germans; for Germany, owing to her central position, has had to be particularly on guard against possible enemies, and has felt the burden of this strain most severely. On the other hand, the Germans are temperamentally not inclined toward military aggression and foreign conquest; they certainly have acquired less foreign territory than either the English, the French, or the Russians. With the ever-present danger of invasion by superior armies from the east or west eliminated, Germany could content herself with a military organization such as suffices in Switzerland to uphold national security. But the principle of some kind of universal military service, I trust, will not be set aside, nor is it to be expected that the loyalty to the monarchy now pervading the army will be lessened. Both the acceptance of universal military service and the loyalty to monarchical tradition have affected German character so deeply and have added so much to its firmness, soberness, discipline, and readiness for action that it would be shortsighted statesmanship to replace these incentives for public usefulness by others not yet tried.

It would be futile to attempt a detailed forecast of the course which the realization of the other points of the Socialist program mentioned at the beginning of this discussion is likely to take. The least prospect for success probably can be held out to the movement for the disestablishment of the church, much as the success of this movement is to be desired. The difficulty is that in church matters Conservatives and Clericals are pretty certain to stand together, so that the coalition of Socialists, Liberals, and Clericals, which may be depended upon as basis for reform in parliamentary and military matters, cannot be depended upon for ecclesiastical reform. The most that for the present can be hoped for is that the progressive current of the time will infuse new life into the churches also; and we shall have to be satisfied if greater toleration, at least, is practised by them than heretofore toward dissenters and unbelievers, and if the social and official ostracism of persons not belonging to any of the orthodox church organizations comes to an end.

The widest scope, on the other hand, for successful reform is opened to the Socialist program of social and industrial legislation, for there is hardly a problem belonging to this domain in the solution of which sheer necessity will not bring about a partnership between the Socialists, the Government, and most of the other parliamentary parties. The war has given a terrible proof of how imperatively the safety of the national existence demands the conservation of human power. There can be no doubt that this lesson will be utilized for the vigorous prosecution of a labor policy doing its utmost not only to protect the workman against injuries from capitalist exploitation, but to increase in every way his physical and mental capacity for production and good citizenship. The war has given a wonderfully impressive illustration of the value of co-operation between the great labor organizations and the Government. There is every reason to believe that the Government will take radical measures to make this co-operation a permanent force in public life, by obtaining for the labor organizations statutory influence upon the administration of the large manufactures and the methods for increasing industrial efficiency. The war has demonstrated the possibility and

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usefulness of government control of a vast number of formerly private forms of production. It is a foregone conclusion that this experience will facilitate in due time the fulfilment of the Socialist demand for the nationalization of the largest industries, such as coal and iron mining and the great electric and chemical concerns. In short, the progressive socialization of Germany looms up as the inevitable result of the war and as the consummation of a working program for all constructive parties.

The carrying out of all these reforms will indeed create a new Germany, but I hope and believe it will not lead to the overthrow of the monarchy.

Can it reasonably be denied that the extraordinarily high state of public organization and individual efficiency by which Germany during the last thirty years has outstripped most other nations is to a very large extent the result of the moral self-discipline ingrained in the German people through centuries of monarchical tradition? No princely family has been a better representative of this tradition than the Hohenzollerns. It is preposterous to place this truly royal house of tenacious, conscientious, public-spirited, and devotedly patriotic rulers upon the same level with the Romanoff dynasty, the very embodiment of the worst in Russian autocracy, despotic selfishness, weak-mindedness, corruption, and misrule.

The Hohenzollerns, too, have had their faults; not all of them have lived up to the high ideals of *Suum cuique* and of non-partisan justice included in the traditional tenets of their domestic policy. But, quite apart from the personal character of the individual rulers, the Hohenzollern principle of unflinching service to the state and of the training of the individual to public responsibilities has been the guiding star of Prussian administration throughout the centuries. There is not a sphere of German life which has not been affected by it. It was the Prussian type of pedagogy, Prussian exactness, methodicalness, comprehensiveness, which—modified, to be sure, by the freer and more human ways of the South Germans—made the German schools of the nineteenth century unequaled training-grounds of scholarship and public usefulness. It was the Prussian type of city administration which, beginning with the days of Stein and Hardenberg, during the last hundred years gradually transformed and modernized the antiquated, patriarchal conditions of the old Hanse towns and other survivals of medieval burgherdom and infused all German cities with a new and vigorous community spirit. And it was the Prussian monarchy which, by its far-seeing *Zollverein* policy in the early part of the nineteenth century, laid the foundation of the economic unity and industrial co-operation of the various German states; which in the second half of the century, by bold strokes of diplomacy and military prowess, achieved the welding together of all Germany into a powerful political organization; and which in our own time took the first comprehensive legislative measures toward the establishment of social peace and the bridging over of the fatal antagonism between capital and labor.

It has often been said before, but it needs to be said again, the constructive work done in contemporary Germany under the lead of the Prussian monarchy and with the co-operation of the chosen representatives of the German people for the enlightenment, the prosperity, and the moral discipline of all classes of the population has been of a grade never excelled, if ever equaled, by any nation or in any age. Nowhere was there to be found before the war less poverty or popular degradation than in Germany. Nowhere is there a more widely diffused respectability of domestic conditions, a more general desire for education, a more general insistence on good workmanship. Nowhere does there exist greater integrity of public service or less abuse of parliamentary positions for private gain. Nowhere does the law and the everyday administration of justice guard more carefully the rights of the socially or economically inferior.[1] No-

[1] On this point I am permitted to quote the following from a letter from Prof. Roscoe Pound, the dean of the Harvard Law School: "Particularly noteworthy is the extent to which the actual administration of justice in Germany gives adequate security to the interests of the poor in petty litigation. There is no greater blemish upon the administration of justice in this country than

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where do universities, theaters, academies of art, conservatories of music, and similar institutions serve with greater ardor or intenser consciousness the national ideal of a people united in high visions and aspirations. All of this is closely bound up with what Germans feel for the Hohenzollern dynasty and its part in building up a great and powerful empire; and all of it will help to prevent a violent disruption of the monarchical foundations of the German constitution.

But, even apart from the achievements of the Hohenzollern dynasty, the monarchical system is deeply rooted in German sentiment.

As has often been observed, German life does not center in Berlin in the same way that English and French life centers in London and Paris. Munich and Dresden, Stuttgart and Karlsruhe, Darmstadt and Weimar are in many ways independent from the intellectual drift of the capital. They are little capitals themselves, intellectually as well as politically; they represent territorial and ethnic shades of divergence in the German character; they are symptoms of that richness and variety of national type which distinguish Germany from most other countries. And in all these small and smallest German states, with the exception of the city republics of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck—which, as a matter of fact, strongly gravitate toward Prussia—in all of these states the consciousness and pride of territorial independence are supported by the provincial dynasties and find their cherished visible symbol in them. It is a matter of common knowledge what these little courts have done for German literature and art. It is impossible to dissociate the great classic writers of the eighteenth century from the court life of Weimar. Richard Wagner, Baireuth, and Munich are names indissolubly linked together. One of the most hopeful tendencies in contemporary German architecture is closely bound up with the court of Darmstadt. But not only in literature and art, in every form of thinking and living are these small dynasties the legitimate guardians of national treasures, of local custom, of popular tradition, of provincial individuality. Is it probable that they will be lightly set aside to make room for unknown and colorless republican functionaries? Is it desirable that they should be?

The Germany of the future, I believe, will not be a republic; for there is no evidence to show that the German people think that the monarchy has forfeited its right of leadership either before this war or during it. On the other hand, there is every likelihood that the Socialists will come to be the dominant party and that their ascendancy will force all other parties to compromises with their democratic program.

There lies before me a remarkable book, published at Leipzig in the autumn of 1915, which is symptomatic of the direction in which things are tending in Germany. It is entitled *Die Arbeiterschaft im neuen Deutschland* (*The Working Class in the New Germany*), and consists of twenty essays dealing with a variety of questions concerning the political, social, economic, intellectual, moral, and religious reconstruction of Germany. The editors are two men whose names could not have been found together on the same title-page before the war; one is the librarian of the Prussian House of Lords, the other is the chairman of the Central Committee of the German Labor Unions. Of the contributors, ten are prominent Socialist party leaders, editors of So-

the wholly inadequate provision for such matters except as legal aid societies do something in the way of charity that ought to be done as of right. In Germany the *Amtsrichter* conducts what may fairly be called a Bureau of Justice where every one may be assured of receiving the protection of the law in even the most trifling matter. Perhaps an American reader would understand the matter best if it were brought home to him that all litigation in Germany is handled very much as probate matters are handled in those parts of our country where the probate judges confer informally with the parties, advise them as to their rights, and assist them in properly presenting their claims to the tribunal, so that it is only in large matters where the litigation justifies employment of a legal representative that attorneys or counsel are necessary. Nothing could be in more striking contrast than the proportion between judges and lawyers in Germany and in the United States. In this country the litigant must employ a lawyer whether the amount of his claim justifies it or not. In Germany he can get advice from what amounts to a Bureau of Justice maintained by the state, and only needs a lawyer in cases in which employment of a lawyer is worth while."

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cialist newspapers, presidents or secretaries of labor unions; the other ten are high Government officials or well-known professors of history, economics, philosophy, and theology in German universities. All contributors are men of indisputable weight and authority. The one fundamental thought running through the twenty essays is: we must maintain after the war what the war has given us—a common hope and a new faith in the German people.

The fulfilment of these hopes in a prosperous, strong, unified, and progressive Germany is a goal zealously and devotedly to be striven for, not only for Germany's sake, but for the benefit of the whole world.

A REPLY TO DR. FRANCKE BY JAMES M. BECK

DR. KUNO FRANCKE propounds an interesting and vital question. Upon its rightful solution probably depends the future peace of the world for some generations, and certainly the true welfare of Germany.

To Americans his reply will be disappointing and unconvincing. It contradicts the logic of events and is based upon ante-bellum conditions, which will never return.

The most sagacious statesman that Germany ever gave to the world—although by no means the noblest—Prince Bismarck, was not disposed to accept, as Dr. Kuno Francke does, the inevitability of deductions from prior conditions. Thus, in 1867, when Count von Moltke advocated a declaration of war against France on the ground that the war was "absolutely unavoidable within the next five years," Bismarck, as recorded in his *Memoirs*, replied:

> The personal conviction of a ruler or statesman, however well founded, that war would eventually break out, could not justify its promotion. Unforeseen events might alter the situation and avert what seemed inevitable.

Again, in 1875, when the same war party at Potsdam, which precipitated this terrible war, was then urging the Iron Chancellor to take the first favorable opportunity to crush France, just as the stricken gladiator was struggling to his feet after the *débâcle* of 1870, Bismarck (the *Memoirs* once more are the authority) again remarked:

> No one can look into the cards held by Providence.

On another occasion Bismarck made a pregnant suggestion, the following of which by his successors would have avoided this world war, for when he was addressing the Reichstag on February 6, 1888, in replying to the same military cabal, who were again urging war, Bismarck prophetically replied:

> If in the end we proceed to attack, the whole weight of the *imponderables*, which weigh much heavier than material weights, will be on the side of our enemies whom we have attacked. "Holy Russia" will be enraged by the attack. France will bristle to the Pyrenees with weapons. *The same thing will happen everywhere.*

This distinction between the ponderables and the "imponderables," which the man of "blood and iron" was wise enough to recognize, is largely ignored by the apologists for the Hohenzollern dynasty, and, as I shall take occasion hereafter to suggest, the question, propounded by Doctor Francke, will be answered not by the influence of the ponderables, upon which he largely rests the conclusions of his interesting and suggestive article, but of the imponderables, to which he gives scant recognition.

Indeed, his article has the *indicia* of Prussian propaganda. Thus he naïvely ignores the vital element in the problem —viz., Germany's possible defeat. He also assumes a basic false premise—viz., that the anti-monarchical tendencies of the German Socialistic party are only theatrical "demonstrations," and without serious purpose, from which he draws the conclusion that he desired to draw and endeavors to make it palatable to American readers by so sugaring the pill as to suggest that the liberal and beneficent Hohenzollern régime — God save the mark!—will voluntarily give to Germany a more democratic govern-

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ment. It may be here noted that the profuse promises of internal reforms, made by the Kaiser and his Chancellor last Easter, having been vigorously assailed by the Junker caste and its newspaper organs, performance was then postponed until "after the war."

In all this Doctor Francke is not necessarily disingenuous; he is simply overzealous, as the civilized world has found nearly all German intellectuals to be in this world crisis.

His article would be more illuminating if he had told us what would happen to the Imperial Government if the war's result should be for Germany a Jena and not a Sedan. He also fails to tell us what the German citizen will think when he learns the full truth as to its origin, and when he realizes, as realize he must in due time, that Germany could have avoided this war, with all its infinitely tragic suffering, had its Imperial Government shown any yielding spirit to the almost pathetic pleading of Russia, France, and Great Britain for any peaceful adjustment of the controversy. The deliberate deceit then practised upon the German people will also be an element in the reckoning.

The assumed solidarity of the German people in this contest undoubtedly existed at the beginning of the war, for they were taught and inflamed by the baseless fiction that in the very midst of their Government's "mediatory" influences to avert war, Russia had struck a treacherous blow. When they learn that Russia, Great Britain, and France proposed mediation, a concert of the powers, a reference to The Hague tribunal, and even conceded that Austria should so far proceed in its war against Serbia as to hold Belgrade as a hostage for its good behavior, and that Austria, instigated by Germany, would not yield to any of these peaceful suggestions, but insisted upon the imposition of its will at any hazard, then it is possible that the German masses will be less concerned about the domestic political problems, which Doctor Francke discusses, and more with the criminal folly of this atrocious war, and the responsibility of their autocratic Government for all its unprecedented horrors.

To discuss the possibility of a German Republic, without considering a possible defeat for Germany or even a stalemate, is to discuss the problem of the play of "Hamlet" while wholly ignoring the psychology of the young prince. Doctor Francke's readers would be more interested and edified if he would now supplement his article and tell us frankly what will be the effect of defeat upon a ruined and impoverished Germany, whose firstborn are slain and the lintels of one-sixth of whose homes are splashed with the very life blood of the nation.

Let him further analyze the state of the German mind when it realizes, whether it is victorious or defeated, that the brand of Cain is upon it and that it is driven by the public opinion of the world from the Eden of civilization, as one upon whom is the "primal, eldest curse, a brother's murder." To the materialists among the German people the thought is not likely to be comforting that the possible economic supremacy of the world was thrown away in an utterly needless and avoidable war, as to the causes for which the German people were largely kept in ignorance by a censored press and which was suddenly precipitated by a military clique, of which the Kaiser is the titular head.

When the day of reckoning comes, is it likely that the German citizen will give his first attention only to such domestic problems as ministerial responsibility to parliament, suffrage reform in Prussia, redistribution of the electoral districts for the Reichstag, disestablishment of the Church, and a militia system instead of obligatory universal service, to which Doctor Francke refers? Ultimately all these crying needs—so essential to true liberty—are likely to have his very practical attention; but if human nature counts for anything, the honest German *Michel* will first call his rulers to a stern reckoning for deluging Germany with blood in a wholly needless and fruitless war.

If Doctor Francke has considered this phase of the question, he has been strangely silent about it. Possibly he may still believe that Germany will be the victor, and if such unhappily should be the case—which may God forbid!—then I assent to his conclusion that a German Republic is an improbability

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within the life of the present generation, for it is an unhappy fact, which those who, like the writer, once admired Germany and still admire her nobler but submerged self must admit, that the besetting sin of its politics has been a gross materialism.

No other nation has been so powerfully influenced by the Machiavellian principle, that "nothing succeeds like success."

I took occasion, in my analysis of the diplomatic documents in *The Evidence in the Case*, to call attention to the significant fact that the reader of this diplomatic correspondence

must be impressed with the different point of view of the two groups of disputants. Both the written and oral communications of the German and Austrian representatives failed to suggest at any time a note other than one of selfish nationalism. We search in vain for the most distant recognition of the fact that the world at large had any legitimate interest in the controversy. The insistent note which Austria sounded was that its interests required its punitive action against Serbia, even though the peace of the world were thereby sacrificed, and that of Germany repeated with equal insistence that its "closest interests" summoned it to the side of Austria.

This purely selfish attitude remains true after nearly three years of the war. Never in any of the diplomatic communications, which have been addressed by Germany to other nations, has there been due recognition of the sacred demands of justice in the affairs of men, but the theory has always been that if it were for Germany's interest to pursue a certain course, such interest was a complete justification of the means, however unprecedented and atrocious.

This has generally been the spirit of the Hohenzollern dynasty. The rape of Silesia by Frederick the Great has been held up to generations of German school-children as just because it was successful and for the interests of Germany. The immense and, in some respects, deserved admiration for Prince Bismarck was never diminished an iota by his shameless confession of his perfidy, not only to the cause of civilization, but even to his king, when he converted the Ems message from a conciliatory reply to an arrogant affront with the deliberate purpose of precipitating a war between Germany and France. That he openly exulted in this base act has never diminished in Germany the Bismarck cult, with its fitting *indicia* of monstrous and barbaric *denkmals*, as crude in art as in morals.

Since 1848 there is little in the history of Germany to justify the conclusion that if she shall be successful in this war the success will not be regarded as fully justifying both its origin and all its incidental methods, at which the whole civilized world stands aghast. In that event the Kaiser will undoubtedly emerge from the titanic conflict a second Napoleon, and with reason, for Napoleon never encountered a more formidable coalition than has the German Kaiser, and it should be freely recognized that he has thrown himself into the war with stupendous energy and heroic strength. Apparently he has not been a mere figurehead, but an iron "king of men," and the news that from time to time leaks out from Germany is not surprising, that the Kaiser for the moment is greatly beloved by his people, even though they may have lost any illusions about the heroic proportions of the Crown Prince.

A victory for Germany would thus be in all probability the end, for at least a generation, of any hope for a liberal government for that ill-fated land. Germany would then be the first power in the world and, like Napoleon, would have to defend its position, and to do this, an even greater concentration of power in its Imperial Government would be the inevitable result. The reforms, spoken of by Doctor Francke, would be quickly forgotten. "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be"—but "the proverb is something musty."

But does not this reasonable inference from the hypothesis of victory carry with it as a necessary corollary an opposite but equally reasonable deduction from the hypothesis of defeat? Unless the experience of history means little, the Hohenzollern dynasty will reap the benefits of a successful war or will bear the burdens of an unsuccessful war. Prussia's apologists should remember that nothing fails like failure.

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Having thus ignored the vital element in the problem, Doctor Francke proceeds with an inaccurate premise, which is the very basis of his argument. While admitting that the Socialistic party in Germany has in years past "habitually taken a demonstratively anti-monarchical stand," he yet calmly assumes that its activities in this respect, carried on for many decades in the very teeth of drastic laws which curb the free expression of opinion, are, "after all, demonstrations and nothing more." He instances the fact, so significant to most reasonable men, that at each session of the Reichstag for many years the Socialistic party, representing more than four million German voters, and therefore representing the largest element of its citizenship, regularly withdrew in a body from the Reichstag before the formal cheers for the Emperor were given, and he adds that the members of this party have always been "particularly unsparing and virulent in personal criticism of the present Emperor." All this, however, in Doctor Francke's opinion is only "demonstration."

If it were the custom in this country for the President of the United States to appear at the close of every session of Congress, and if a majority of its representatives were accustomed to withdraw ostentatiously before his appearance, we would naturally assume that there was a very deep-seated feeling against the President and the system that he represented, but Doctor Francke so far impeaches the sincerity of these striking manifestations by the German Socialists as to suggest that they must be taken purely in a Pickwickian sense. The fact that the Socialistic party in Germany, representing mainly the opposition to monarchical absolutism, has grown in the teeth of the Kaiser's shrieking anathemas from 763,000 votes in 1887 to 4,250,000 votes in 1912 would seem to indicate that these demonstrations were something more than merely parliamentary finesse, as Doctor Francke assumes.

To him it is most significant that at the momentous session of the Reichstag on August 4, 1914, the Socialistic party voted solidly for the war appropriation.

To me this statement has little significance. If true, it would only mean that at a time when the German people believed in good faith that Russia, Great Britain, and France had treacherously attacked peace-loving Germany, the Socialist members of the Reichstag voted for an appropriation to defend the very existence of their country. What else could they do? What else would any members of a representative party do? Even if they were in doubt as to the cause of the conflict, they would naturally resolve the doubt in favor of their own country. Even if they were certain that the allegation of a treacherous attack were false, yet a "condition, not a theory," confronted them. Germany was at war. It was plainly a life-and-death struggle. Upon no class of the German people did this struggle fall more heavily than upon the class that the Socialists represented. For them to vote for a war appropriation was the most natural course under the circumstances and can in no way be significant in determining whether they did so with any kindlier feeling toward the imperial régime.

As a matter of fact, all the Socialist members did not vote for the war loan. Some absented themselves and some refused to vote. While it was given out that the party's representatives had voted unanimously for the war credit, Dr. Karl Liebknecht—that "bravest of the brave," to whom be immortal honor!—wrote to the Bremen *Bürgerzeitung* with reference to this canard as follows:

> In order to prevent the origination of an inadmissible legend, I feel it my duty to put on record that the issues involved gave rise to diametrically opposite views within our parliamentary party and that these opposing views found expression with a virulence hitherto unknown in our deliberations. It is therefore entirely untrue that the assent to the war credits was given unanimously. When the second war loan was proposed on December second, fifteen of one hundred members refused to vote in favor of the war loan and others voted for it in deference to a party caucus after having uttered their protest in such caucus.

In this connection it is interesting to note—for it has been largely ignored or forgotten—that the German Socialist party denounced the war in unmeasured

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terms in that fateful last week of July, 1914.

On July the 25th the party formally announced that "the war fury, unchained by Austrian imperialism, is setting out to bring death and destruction over the whole of Europe." It condemned the frivolous war provocation of the Austro-Hungarian Government, and added that its demands upon Serbia "are more brutal than have ever been put to an independent state in the world's history *and can only be intended deliberately to provoke war.*"

On July the 29th twenty-eight Social Democratic mass-meetings were called in Berlin and a resolution was passed denouncing the war. One of these twenty-eight meetings, it is said, had an attendance of seventy thousand men. In Stuttgart the Socialists threatened to declare a general strike as a protest against the war.

The editorials from *Vorwaerts*, the official organ of the Socialists, are even more striking. On July the 25th, 1914, it denounced the Austrian ultimatum as "shameless," and stated that it was "an act of criminal frivolity on the part of the German press to urge on its dear allied comrades to the last extremities in their lust for war." It proclaimed that in Berlin "there is being played just as dangerous a game as in Vienna."

On the 26th it denounced Austria's Serbian ultimatum as "a scandalous surprise," and on the 27th spoke of the policy of Germany as foolhardy in supporting Austria's insane desperado politics.

On the 28th it commended the proposition of Sir Edward Grey for mediation and arbitration by the four neutral powers, and on the 29th again placed the blame on Austria and denounced its own Government for rejecting the British mediation plans. It denounced the German Foreign Office for declining to support the proposition of England and Russia for a temporary cessation of Austrian hostilities, and prophetically added that this would place upon the German Government "the most awful responsibility before its own people, before the foreign nations, before the forum of the world's history." It further said that it was within the power of the German Kaiser to preserve peace, but added

> that the indications prove beyond doubt that the camarilla of war lords is working with absolutely unscrupulous means. . . . to carry out their fearful designs to precipitate an international war, to start a world-wide fire, to devastate Europe.

On July 29th it said:

> And in England, too, the impression is quite general that the German Kaiser bears the blame, that it lay in his power, as ally and adviser of Austria, to shake war or peace out of the folds of his toga, *and England is right.* In the present situation William II. holds the outcome in his hands. *We have always been and always will be opponents of monarchical rule.*

Let my readers remember that this was said in the official organ of the Socialistic party—probably written by its leader, Karl Liebknecht—and that that party represents nearly twice as many votes as the next largest political group.

On July 31st, after the declaration of martial law and partial mobilization, *Vorwaerts* justified the refusal of Russia to turn Serbia over to Austria and denounced its own Government for unreservedly supporting the policy of Austria, which it declared was "utterly without conscience." On August the 1st it held that Russia's mobilization did not excuse Germany for such summary action. On August the 3d it condemned the members of the Socialistic party who had voted for the first war credit.

On the voting of the second war credit in December, 1914, fifteen Socialistic members of the Reichstag out of one hundred and eleven members of that party refused to vote. Liebknecht voted "No," and made this explanatory statement:

> This war, which none of the peoples interested wanted, was not declared in the interests of the Germans or of any other people. It is an imperialist war for capitalization and domination of the world markets, for political domination of important quarters of the globe, and for the benefit of bankers and manufacturers. From the viewpoint of the race of armaments it is a preventive war provoked conjointly by the war parties of Germany and Austria in the obscurity of semi-absolutism and secret diplomacy. It is

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also a Bonaparte-like enterprise tending to demoralize and destroy the growing labor movement. That much is clear despite the cynical stage management designed to mislead the people. This is not a defensive war. We cannot believe the Government when it declares it is for the defense of the fatherland.

Again and again in subsequent debates in the Reichstag this superlatively brave man—as brave as Luther at the Diet of Worms — although brutally jeered at and howled down, attempted to tell the German people the truth, until he was sent to the front and finally thrown into prison. The treatment thus accorded to this noble tribune of the people, the outrageous system of preventive arrests, whereby thousands have been thrown into prison without charges or trial, the employment of hordes of police spies, the suppression of free speech and of free press, would seem to indicate that if there be in Germany the condition of harmony among parties and political groups, as Doctor Francke affects to believe, then it is peace of the Warsaw variety.

Doctor Francke seems to me to have omitted the strongest argument for his thesis. That argument is the psychology of the German people. Its concept of the province of government differs radically from that of Great Britain, France, and the United States. To the German, the individual is made for the state, and to the Englishman, Frenchman, and American the state is made for the individual.

Germany is therefore the land of *Verboten*, and individual judgment is submerged in the assumed greater judgment of the state to an extent that does not prevail in countries where the forces of individualism have greater play. Each system has its own advantages and disadvantages. Germany's wonderful efficiency, which is, or should be, the admiration of the world, is largely due to this spirit of collectivism, while in America the spirit of individualism is at times carried to unreasonable lengths and leads to inefficiency, class rancor, and, at times, mob tyranny. With all its faults, I prefer the American system, for it is something to be free.

The varying results of the two forms of government are strikingly shown in the psychology of their soldiers. No fair-minded man can withhold admiration for the magnificent struggle that Germany has made in its fight against half the world. The gray-clad soldiers have gone, with songs of the Fatherland on their lips, to their graves as to their beds. The strength of the German soldier is more in the mass and less in individual initiative, for I believe that this war has demonstrated that, man for man, the British and French soldier as an individual is a better—*i.e.*, a more resourceful—not a braver—soldier, just as an American or English athlete individually, but not collectively, has generally surpassed his German rivals in competitive contests. If I am challenged to give my reasons for accrediting the French poilu or the English "Tommy" with superior power as an individual soldier, my reply is Verdun and the Somme. Again and again the much-vaunted Prussian guard has been driven out of seemingly impregnable positions, as Contalmaison, by British clerks and artisans of one year's training.

This extreme docility of discipline and excessive subjection to the will of the state denies to the normal German that genius for revolt which is generally found in the land of individualism. The spirit of collectivism generally regards as folly a revolt against constituted authority growing out of a "tuppenny" stamp on tea. To it Burke's fine phrase, "You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty," would be what Bismarck said of all democracy, a "blubbering sentimentality."

Reasoning from the past, when revolts in Germany have generally been temporary and ineffective, the possibility of a German Republic through revolution must be regarded as small; but, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the psychology of the German people to-day is not necessarily that which existed on August the 1st, 1914. The possibility of a German Republic through revolution will necessarily depend upon the spirit of the soldiers when they return from the trenches, and if defeat shall be their portion, who can confidently say that the remnant of the Kaiser's mighty legions may not

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call the supreme war lord to a stern reckoning? Is Doctor Francke so sure that the stock—even though it be a "saving remnant"—which gave Carl Schurz to America and Heine to Paris, does not still exist to bring about a more successful revolt against Kaiserism than that of 1848?

It must also be recognized that a German Republic may be, either for a victorious or a defeated Germany, an imperious necessity. Doctor Francke apparently assumes that the attitude of the rest of the world to Germany, which existed prior to August 1, 1914, will continue to exist when the war is ended. In this assumption he is clearly erroneous. This is no ordinary war, fought for mere economic advantage or territorial aggrandizement; it is a life-and-death struggle between proud and great nations and, most unfortunately, the methods of warfare have led to a hatred and bitterness such as the world has not known since the Thirty Years War.

Whether victorious or defeated, Germany is likely to suffer for many years from a social and economic boycott, not necessarily inspired by any government, but the voluntary act of thousands of individuals with whom the feeling of resentment will be keen and lasting. It is probable that it will be many years before any Frenchman or Briton will, without urgent necessity, have business relations with Germans. Travel between the countries will be paralyzed, for few Frenchmen or Britons will enter Germany and still fewer Germans will be welcomed in France or Great Britain.

In America we hardly realize the intensity of feeling which the sufferings and barbarities of this war have brought about. The conclusion seems reasonable that the material prosperity of Germany will suffer immeasurably for years to come from this economic and social boycott, and is it unlikely that when this fact is clearly taken into account and when it is further recognized that much of the resentment of the world would disappear if Germany were to transform its autocratic monarchy into a Republic or limited monarchy by dethroning the Hohenzollern dynasty, that the business interests of Germany will find opportunity to suggest in no unmeaning way that, as Germany sacrificed itself for the prestige of the Kaiser, the time has come when the Kaiser could profitably sacrifice his crown for the benefit of the German people?

When France recognized that Napoleon was an impediment to any fellowship in the European family of nations, its leading marshals promptly requested the abdication of the great Emperor, and it is not impossible that the German captains of industry—the Ballins and the Von Gwinners—may find it necessary at the end of the war, when German ships lie rotting at their docks, when manufactories are idle, and banks are swept away with a hurricane of financial disaster, to suggest to their imperial master that the greatest service that he could render Germany would be to abdicate. A recent cable from Berlin (published June 27th) states that the agitation for immediate liberalization of Germany is growing daily and that newspapers which heretofore were strongly conservative are now urging democratic reform. Prof. Otto Kuntze, the accredited historian of the Hohenzollern dynasty, has recently said:

> We Prussians cannot stand alone in the midst of Germany, of Europe and of the whole world and resist liberalization. We are threatened with dangerous isolation from the world's people.

Doctor Francke's argument also proceeds upon the theory that the continuance of the Imperial Government will necessarily rest with the German people. Time will tell whether this is so. Unless the publicists of England and France have greatly changed their minds since last summer, then I am confident that if the Allies shall be successful in this war, the final determination of the fate of the Hohenzollern dynasty will rest with the Allies, and I have little doubt as to the nature of that determination.

While the Romanoffs were upon the throne of Russia, little was publicly said on this subject in Paris and London, but none the less there was a settled determination that when the time came to discuss peace, such discussion would be with the representatives of the German people and not with the Hohenzollern

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régime. This will simply follow the precedent set by Kaiser William the First—the noblest of the Hohenzollerns—and his great Chancellor in 1870, when they disclaimed war against the French people.

So strong was this feeling last summer that it was then seriously considered whether an immediate declaration should not be made by the Allies that no peace would be concluded with the Hohenzollerns. Added strength has been given to this determination by President Wilson, who has admirably drawn a distinction between the Imperial Government of Germany and the German people. This is symptomatic of a world-wide demand. As in 1814, the cry rang through Europe, "enough of Bonaparte," so to-day a weary and suffering world looks upon the Hohenzollern dynasty with a loathing, of which Doctor Francke evidently has little appreciation, and angrily cries, in the words of Voltaire, "*Écrasez l'infâme!*"

The world has thus awakened to the truth of the remark which Napoleon made at St. Helena when he said:

> I made the mistake of my career, when I had the opportunity, that I did not remove the Hohenzollerns from the throne of Prussia. As long as this house reigns and until the red cap of liberty is erected in Germany, there will be no peace in Europe.

How could it be otherwise? What value could be attached to any pledge or guarantee that the Kaiser would now give as a condition of peace? If any nation were disposed to make peace upon the assurance of the Kaiser that in future he would respect its rights, the fate of Belgium would give such nation ground for pause. To treat solemn treaties as "scraps of paper" has this disadvantage, that the violator of treaty obligations cannot find safety in them in the hour of need.

I do not pretend to any gift of prophecy. Germany may remain an empire, and no one can ignore the possibility that the Kaiser may retain his throne, with or without his present powers. But is it not also possible that with the defeat of Germany the Emperor will share the fate of Napoleon III.? May it not become apparent to every intelligent German, when this war is ended, that the only hope of a durable peace and the only possibility for Germany to enjoy on equal terms fellowship with the free states of the world, lies in the abolition of its mediæval monarchy, and the substitution either of a limited monarchy with a different dynasty, or a Republic?

Hohenzollern cunning may again defeat the just expectations of the German masses, as it falsified solemn promises, made during the Napoleonic wars, and later, when Bismarck imposed upon the German people a base counterfeit of parliamentary government, but as I write (July the 12th) events indicate a more portentous uprising of the German people, and already some concessions toward a democratic form of government have seemingly been made, as a result of the imperative demands of a new coalition of the two strongest parliamentary groups in the Reichstag, the Socialists and the Centrists.

Perhaps Erzberger, the leader of the Centrists, may prove to be the Mirabeau of a new revolution, and possibly the Reichstag, at present little more than a "hall of echoes," may in the near future say, as did the National Assembly of France on the eve of the Revolution

"We are here by the power of the people and we will not be driven hence save by the power of the bayonet."

The spirit of 1848 may not be as dead in Germany as the apologists for the Hohenzollern régime would have us believe, and from it may spring a new and puissant democracy, for if German efficiency were once wedded to true liberty, there would result one of the strongest republics in the world.

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Journey's End

BY PERCY ADAMS HUTCHISON

THE *Ganges*, fifteen thousand tons, outward bound from London to Calcutta, had slipped between the Pillars of Hercules, sped the length of the Mediterranean, nosed through the Suez, and plowed the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, until at last the blue Indian Ocean was beneath her forefoot, the blue Indian Ocean under her counter and abeam.

On the passage down the gulf a Lascar among the crew had been stricken with some mortal sickness, and the day when the vessel felt the first plash of the waters which washed the land of his birth the remains were lowered overside.

That evening, in the smoking-room, a particularly insufferable youth in flannels—there is sure to be one such aboard ship—was displaying a snap-shot photograph he had taken of the sailor's burial, asking us to see his picture of the captain feeding the sharks. And although he was consistently snubbed, he continued making the rounds.

"I remember another chap . . . this ship . . . picture like that . . . ."

We looked up to find the captain himself, a kindly man in late middle life, standing in the companionway.

"It wasn't better than mine," proclaimed the youth, truculently.

"I can't say," answered the seaman. "I didn't see it. Nobody saw it. The lights went on in the ship's dark-room while the owner was developing. Of course my electrician apologized. In fact, I apologized myself."

The voice had been dangerously even, but Flannels rushed to his doom.

"I should jolly well think you would! For a chap to lose—"

Some one kicked the brat under the table, advising him not to be a bally ass, and our skipper, although pretending not to notice, looked grateful.

"You'll find it in the *Ganges's* log," he said at length, almost tentatively, feeling his way through soundings as it were. "That is, you'll find the ending there. The first part goes back before her day . . . goes back to the *Simla*."

An elderly gentleman made it plain that he recalled the *Simla*—a beastly tub—remembered her because of the rats. And a younger man with more tact asked if she hadn't been one of that old fleet of packets, ships of about four thousand tons, which carried their three masts square-rigged to catch the trades over the long reaches of the southern seas.

"Ay"—Captain Hanscombe had allowed himself to be persuaded into a vacant chair—"Ay, and the type is done. They build greyhounds for the Orient now.

"However, it's not the ship I'm thinking of. I'm thinking of the man who was master of her those tides, Eastwood—'Silent Eastwood' they called him all along the lanes—and he was an old man before I signed aboard. Second officer, that was my berth. And I hadn't gone more than a voyage or two when Eastwood reached the retiring age. Were we sorry to see him go? Rather! He never spoke an unnecessary word. He was all the way a sailor, though! Had a motto in big letters above the chart-room desk: NO SEAMAN EVER LOST HIS SHIP. And he twigged it about right—at any rate, there's the old *Simla* atop the water still to prove it.

"The skipper to follow Eastwood was a chap by the name of Wilkins. An annuity was waiting for Eastwood; the line always saw to that. But—no annuity for him! Said he was no hulk left by the ebb. So the board gave him a shore post. It was some port office in Calcutta, and he took passage with us for himself and the wife. I was at the head of the gangway when they came up. She was a little woman, East-

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wood's wife—he wasn't tall—and I noticed that she was white, like chalk, and feeble. And she leaned on him at every step. Well, we had hardly dropped England astern when the old lady began to fail. She couldn't leave her room. Eastwood wanted to give it all up, to turn back at Gib. But the missus said no. She wouldn't balk him of his plans. Had a will, the missus! said no at every port we touched.

"She didn't pick up; and by the time we had shouldered out from Aden she was weaker still. She was an awfully brave little body, though. The *Simla* was in the Indian Ocean when she died. Eastwood couldn't believe she was gone. Our surgeon said it must have been something she had known of for years and kept to herself.

"At sunset Wilkins ordered the engines stopped. There was a bishop of the church in India going out, and he read the service. Then we went on. But it didn't seem decent to leave poor Eastwood down among strangers, and Wilkins tried to get him to take his old quarters off the chart-room. Eastwood was grateful. Thanked Wilkins over and over. All the same, he refused: said he had given up captain's quarters when he gave up command. Finally, however, he agreed to take my room, which was aft on the boat-deck, while I was to bunk in with the third officer, watch and watch about. That evening, after I had moved my dunnage, I went back for something—sextant, I think it was—and there was Eastwood poring over the bit of a desk. He was trying to work out from dead reckoning the *Simla's* position when she lay to; but he hadn't it right, and as I remembered it from the log I jotted it down on a spare chart and gave it to the old man. Latitude 9 north it was, longitude 60 east. Not much for an epitaph, though, figures. . .

"Sapphires and emeralds, with jade in heaps and turquoises—you've seen 'em crusting the tombs of heathen kings. But not all the jewels of the east could match the seas we crashed through those next days, or the fire spreading from the *Simla's* bows at night. Then suddenly—we at Colombo rebunkering—there came a change (with a sweep of his arm the captain drove an empty glass shivering to the deck) so! Greasy, leaden sea. Leaden sky; with mare's tails fanning across it. And a barometer which would first shoot up and then drop like a stone.

"'There'll be a cyclone navigating outside,' says our first officer, Jones.

"I was off the African west coast trade, in which a man doesn't meet with cyclones or hurricanes, so I don't know; but I wondered if Wilkins would stay in port. Not he! It's his first command; first voyage in command: drive his ship through all the typhoons of hell. . . . Besides, cyclone may be two hundred miles away.

"'Ay,' Jones comes back, 'and it may be fifty.'

"Well, we worked up through Pamban Passage into Palk Bay, and from Palk Bay out through the Straits into the Bay of Bengal. No change. The glass had stopped shooting and was falling steadily; and there was the same greasy sea. But there was no wind, and it looked as if the hurricane were nowhere near. And then suddenly the *Simla* bucked and stood still, as though she had come up against a wall; a wall in the ocean's midst. In a second she was over it; but her propeller would not bite, and her decks seemed to fall away under our feet. Then she came up. And all around us the water was flat and dead, and she was moving *through* the surface calm.

"'That will be the under-sea those beasts send on ahead gripping our keel,' said Jones. And he begged the skipper to put about. But Wilkins was sure he could make Madras.

"When Jones hears this he snorts like a porpoise.

"'Ay! You'll make it. Right-o! Pile up in the streets! That is,' he adds, 'if you don't hit the top of Ceylon.' And then he remembers that he rates only mate, and stows his talk.

"Red at night sailors delight,
Red in the morning sailors take warning.

"You've heard that a thousand times? Called it silly rot? So did I until next day's dawn taught me. Heaven and earth—what's that in gospel—consuming fire. . . . I believed it had come!

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Drawn by Harry Townsend Engraved by H. Leinrot

EASTWOOD, AT THE END OF THE BRIDGE, WITH SOME FLOWERS IN HIS HAND

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The ship labored in a mounting sea; but there was not a cat's-paw of a breeze.

"It was along about noon when we got our first taste of wind, with avalanching rain and lightning. But it was only a squall. After a time, however, there came another, and then another, each worse than the last: and about the middle of the first dog-watch we sighted the hurricane itself, a wall of cloud, a mountain-range, a moving continent of black. Wilkins would have run then, but he could not, for, as Jones had said, India was under his lee and Ceylon was below him, and the path to open ocean was blocked.

"Jones had the middle watch that night, with Wilkins, of course, keeping the bridge, too. Just before eight bells I made my way up on the lee side to relieve Jones for the morning trick. The fourth officer—a lad out of Dublin—was with me; and hardly had we got our feet on the bridge when a sea reared up under the *Simla's* weather bow, reared higher than her stack. Wilkins roared to the men at the wheel, but they could not turn her head. The whole top of the wave sliced off, and came crashing down. When it had passed I found myself with my arms about the railing, and Mulreddy—that was the fourth officer—holding to my legs. But Wilkins . . . Jones . . . gone! Weather end of bridge gone! A flash of lightning split the darkness and showed us the boat-deck. It was swept clean.

"It looked as if the *Simla* had sailed her last voyage. Ay—with captain and chief mate carried overside, and an officer in command who had never weathered a cyclone. And then another wave sliced down on her. It didn't reach to the bridge, this one; but there was green water on the boat-deck, and a ghost—it looked to me like a ghost—in the swirl of it. Was it Jones—Wilkins—washed back? Mulreddy leaped, and I threw him a line, and he dragged the Thing with him to safety. Eastwood! I had never thought of Eastwood! That first sea had knocked him from his bunk. Going down (he thinks) . . . his old ship . . . must get to the bridge. He was in his pajama sleeping-suit, which accounts for the ghost.

"By the time I had got some oilskins on him he had twigged the bally mess the ship was in. He knows how green I am; knows he must take command. He's very polite about it, though, wants me to see that he hasn't forgotten he's a passenger. The old man would make a trumpet of his hands: 'Wouldn't it be well, Mr. Hanscombe, to bear up a point?' Or: 'Perhaps if you could get a rag of storm-canvas on her now. . . .' And I would bellow the order to the wheel-house or to the bo'sun.

"When we had worked a little out of the trough I sent Mulreddy to make tour belowdecks. He reported there was no damage to the hull. But he found the third mate in a passageway with his leg broken, so that there was another officer gone, and hell let loose in the bowels of the ship, with the firemen swarming up from the stoke-hold, and the engineers having to shoot down two of them before the others would go back. The passengers were in a funk, too.

"We had sighted the hurricane to the east and south of us; but that was the afternoon before, and neither storm nor vessel had been standing still the while. Wilkins had taken bearings since, of course; but I didn't know them, not having been on the bridge. Eastwood ordered the engines stopped, so as better to get the shifts of the wind, and by his reckoning, the center—the maelstrom—was to the west'ard of us. We couldn't believe that there had been so much change as that, so we steamed for half an hour and tried again. Same result! What did it mean? That the cyclone had recurved, was traveling in the opposite direction. No danger from a lee shore? Right-o! But now the wind could drive us in on the center, as it couldn't before; though it was small choice, any road—with the devil playing them all!

"We ran this time: ran for open sea. Could we cross the path first? That was our one chance! Wind seventy miles an hour; wind eighty. Rain? A man can stand against rain. He can't stand against seas being carried solid through the air. If only some one would lash down the tops of those waves, I caught myself saying. Silly thought! We had lashed ourselves in the lee of the

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wheel-house. Would the wheel-house go? Wind ninety miles the hour. Wind a hundred. Suddenly—no wind! Suddenly, too, a sick, green sun. But it was black all around us, and the ship was in a funnel, and we were looking at the sun through the funnel's end. I knew what it meant; not even Eastwood. . . .

"That's where I was wrong. The vessel was on her beam end; she was spinning like a top, with all the water in the Bay of Bengal piling in from every side and spiraling up under her keel. But above the crashing of the seas I could hear his voice: 'Mr. Hanscombe! Order the quartermaster—!'

"There were two quartermasters who had been at the wheel for hours, turn and turn about, for all track of watches had been lost, and I would allow neither to leave to go below. They seemed a thousand miles away, those men, as I looked at them through the shattered window, although I could see the red beard of one, and their arms, which were huge and hairy as a gorilla's. But they must have heard me, and got my word, for I saw them put the spokes over, and I felt the ship steady under me. Five minutes she hung? Ten minutes? Not a second, perhaps, although it seemed a day. And then she began to slide; to slide down the face of the world. The sun was blotted out. And there was rain again, and wind. And the ship staggered from the blow. But the wind came from the opposite quarter! The ship had passed through the maelstrom—through the center. She was on the safe side of the storm's path, and couldn't be driven in again!

"Swept and battered, with the salt crust on her superstructure, and her flag at half-mast, the *Simla* crept at last into Calcutta. When the city heard the story it was wild with joy. What could they do for Eastwood? A banquet—of course! The fact that the poor chap had lost his wife, as well as saved a ship, hadn't seeped into their heads. However, when they go to notify him, he is gone, and all they find out is that he had decided to travel, to 'do' Afghanistan. And as he had a lump of salvage stowed away somewhere, there was nothing to hinder. After that we heard of him once or twice; but it was ten years before we saw him again.

"Ten years—the sea changes a deal in that time. More than the land. Ships you used to speak have either gone down or been sent to the junk-yard; old pals have either died or taken out master's license. I had got my certificate; been in command of the *Simla* for a trip or two besides. And then the *Ganges* came off the ways, and the *Simla* was taken out of passenger service, and I was given the *Ganges*.

"I had made my first voyage out with the new ship, and was two or three days down the Indian coast, homeward bound. Mulreddy—he has a command of his own now, but he was chief mate for me then—had been taking a turn about the decks and had come back on the bridge. 'You'll find him,' he says, 'on the port side amidships, under a rug.'

"He meant Eastwood, I knew by the way he spoke. But fancy—under a rug—in the tropics. 'Going home to die,' I said to myself, as I went down the ladder.

"It didn't take me long to find the deck-chair, but I could hardly believe that it was Eastwood who was before me. He carried eighty years, of course, and maybe more. But with his hollow cheeks, shrunken hands, and skin as yellow as dried palm leaves, he looked a century. Was he glad to see me? Rather! But I wasn't going to let him stay there; and the next day his chair was on the bridge, in the lee of the weather-cloth; and every day after that. And we could see that it pleased him to be there; made him feel that he was a part of the ship.

"After the *Ganges* had left Colombo in her wake and started her westing across the Indian Ocean, Eastwood began to ask for the ship's position after every sight. It was easy to guess what was in the old man's mind—latitude 9 north, longitude 60 east—and as we had been running a little to the south'ard I ordered the course so as to bring the vessel on.

"It was at the end of a forenoon watch—blue sky overhead and a still, blue sea—when my reckoning showed that we must be about at the spot. I gave the word to the engine-room and

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the propellers stopped. Eastwood was at the end of the bridge. He had some flowers—faded they were—and we turned away. Then I set the telegraph at full speed ahead, and we went on. Finally we docked at London, and Eastwood stepped ashore.

"I had intended to take a run out to Chelsea—Eastwood had told me he should be in Chelsea—before we put to sea again; but I had a new ship which hadn't got shaken down, and what with reports, and little changes here and there on board, and one thing and another, I couldn't make it. You can imagine my surprise, then, when on the second or third day out I found him—same place on the deck—same rug. Perhaps I showed my surprise too plainly; perhaps he was hurt that I hadn't been out; at any rate, it was a week before I could coax him on the bridge. But once he was there, he settled back into his old place under the weather-cloth, quietly happy, like a child.

"The log of one voyage is the log of any other voyage; that is, if you don't run into a cyclone or have a fire at sea. But to carry the same passenger, week after week and month after month, that is something out of the common. And that's the way we had Eastwood.

"'It's an old man's whim,' my surgeon says, when I asked him what he thought. 'Arteries hardening, and that sort of thing; believes he'll live longer with air to breathe. All the same, a squib—sure to pop off some day.'

"Well, he made, I can't say exactly how many of these trips back and forth, but it must have been a dozen at the least. I always saw him in port betweentimes — not even ship's business could hold me again—and once, while we were lying at Calcutta, and he had a touch of tropic fever, from his fear that he might not be able to get back to the vessel, I began to see that there was something more to his journeyings than we had guessed. And yet he wouldn't talk, or let us know in any way what was on his mind. Then, finally, we knew.

"Working up through a Biscay gale the *Ganges* lost one of her propeller-blades; and after she was unloaded at London she was sent to dry-dock for repairs and overhaul. Eastwood had been breaking up fast, and I got out to see him almost every day. And one day he told me he'd be needing me soon, would want me to 'stand by' as he put it; asked me over and over. And the poor chap seemed to think I wouldn't, just as if I hadn't been waiting ten years to pay off some little part of my debt! But at last I was able to make him understand; and he felt easier, although even then he wouldn't tell me what he wanted. However, I had the decks cleared for anything.

"The repairs on the *Ganges* were finished after a time, and her sailing date set. Two days before we were to go out I had word from Eastwood, and he wanted me to come at once. I feared that the old man was dying, and made the best time I could. But when I got there and found him stumping about the bit of a garden—he made his home in Chelsea at the house of a nephew—I couldn't get my bearings. He set me on the course, though. It seems that he was booked for passage as usual—had his ticket in his pocket—and that this nephew wouldn't let him go. Afraid for his dear uncle's health? Not he! Eastwood had lived too long as it was for *his* schemes. What he had his eye on was that salvage money, what there was left of it; couldn't bear to see any of the pounds and pence which might come to him going to any scarlet steamship company!

"Well, from what I had heard of the nephew, and from all accounts, he was a pretty kind of scamp, I hadn't felt any great love for him. But it did seem to me that Eastwood had come about to the end of his cable, and wouldn't it be better for him to finish out in comfort ashore? There was more than one haven for him, I knew. But as soon as I tried to tell him so he stopped me.

"We were in a sort of open deck-house at the foot of a walk—Eastwood told me that they called it a pergoda—and after a time he drew a huge envelope from his pocket and placed it in my hands. 'Will,' I said to myself before I opened it. But it wasn't a will. It was a chart of the Indian Ocean; the chart I had given him in my room aboard the *Simla* years before. It was yellow with age, and creased from being folded small;

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but I could see the dots I had made, and the latitude and longitude marked. . . . Pretty thick of me not to guess. Surgeon, with his 'Old man's whim' and 'Air to breathe'! However, there was some excuse for my surgeon; he hadn't been with Eastwood when the wife went, he hadn't given him the chart. . . .

"'They think I'm gone—here.' The poor fellow touched his head.

"But he wasn't; and I knew it. And I knew, too, that he was giving me my chance to pay the debt. To be kept a prisoner, eh? Not to be allowed to sail with the *Ganges?* We should see about that! The only question was, how get him aboard the ship? The nephew watched him as a terrier watches a rat; and when the nephew was out of the house the wife did the watching. And after a time I thought out a way.

"You know my Chinese steward, old Wang Len. Nobody has any idea how old he is. Eastwood to be Wang Len—that was my plan. So the next day when I went out Len went with me, a basket on his arm; Captain Hanscombe and his steward bringing daintjes for the old gentleman.

"As soon as we were up-stairs—Eastwood was to be very bad, have to keep to his bed—Wang opens the basket. Our 'dainties' are clothes, of course; that is, if you can call the slops a Chinaman wears 'clothes.' And Eastwood gets himself into them. Then I go down. And while I am telling the wife—the nephew was out of the house—how anxious I am about their dear uncle's health, he slips out to where Mulreddy is waiting with a four-wheeler. Did it work? Rather! But you should have seen the woman when the real Wang hove into sight. Was *her* head gone? Or was she seeing ghosts? She had a nose like a bowsprit and a voice like a tuppenny horn; and she let out a screech and keeled over in a faint. I doused enough water on her to bring her to before I left. Eastwood was aboard the ship when I arrived. They didn't dare do anything for fear of letting on that they had been holding him for his money. And they didn't get it, either, for he had made it all over to the Bethel. So much for scamps!

"He was willing to take captain's quarters this time. Poor chap, his cruise was about done; we didn't think he could last the voyage out, for his heart was racing like the screw of an empty tramp one minute, and standing still the next. But the sea air set him up, and the *Ganges* had made Colombo, homeward bound, and was well across to Aden before the end came.

"We had overrun the bearings—*his* bearings—by two or three degrees. But he was to lie where he wanetd to be; and I put about, and we made the position the next day. The passengers weren't very pleased when they came on deck and found the sun at the wrong end of the ship. However, by using the blowers I brought them into London on time. When my board got the boiler-room reports they sent for me; wanted to know if I shoveled my coal over the side that I had to rebunker at every port. I gave them the whole story. Most of them couldn't see beyond their dividends; but old Watson—he's gone since—pulled himself up. He was straight as a stick of Norway pine, was Watson; and as there was six feet and six of him to get up it took time. ''Prentice I was wi' Eastwood,' he says, at last, hauling out sovereigns till you'd have thought the man sweated gold. 'Ay, 'prentice in sail 'fore ever a screw turned i' the sea. And if there's to be haggling over a bit coal—'"

Captain Hanscombe had stopped, and we nodded, for there did not seem to be much to say. And a few minutes later he was summoned to the bridge. Our neglected cards once more claimed our attention, and it was "one no-trump," or "two on hearts," again. But as I sorted my hand I caught sight of Flannels; he had picked up his photograph and was slowly tearing it to bits.

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A Cruise Through Colonial Connecticut

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

ADRIAN BLOCK had evidently a happy knack in giving names to his discoveries. "Hell Gate" was one of his inspirations. And when he gave the name of "Freshwater River" to the Connecticut he was no less happily inspired. Freshness!—freshness, mighty and illimitable, laughing and triumphant, sweeping out to the sea in so broad and buoyant a flood that it throws up a long ridge of crisping water, where fresh meets salt, stretching far as the eye can see across the Sound. Two hours or more after the tide has set east in the Sound it thus holds its own, and as we turned the nose of the *Yo-Ho-Ho* in to the old Saybrook light at two-twenty of the afternoon, it was thus running out with the glee of a school-boy escaping from school. Never had the phrase "living water" come home to me with such immediacy of truth. And so generously it opens out and stretches in gleaming levels inland, with such a glittering hospitality of invitation! No wonder Block was unable to get by. It is as though the land suddenly opened in one vast, lovely, irresistible smile. One can almost imagine vessels sailing in there of their own accord, so broad and brimming is the welcome of all that laughing water. We reckoned that the smile was about a mile wide, and it is further prolonged to the eastward by the spacious golden-green salt meadows in which the smooth, level flood looks like a broad street of silver inlaid in a plain of emerald. Two or three miles inland we see the bosoms of low-lying, thickly wooded hills preparing to receive it; on the western, Saybrook, side they are more dark and rocky in character, rather "dour" and time-scarred, as with the passage of all the stern New England history that was made in that haunted-looking old village.

Old Saybrook proper lies a mile or so away from the riverside, a long street of stately old houses bordering a superb avenue of ancient elms, and Saybrook Point, consisting of a wharf and a small cluster of stores, is its sea-gate as it was once its fort, built first by the Dutch, and then successively held by one and another of the English colonists—the "Lords and Gentlemen" with their patent from King Charles, and the Bay and Plymouth adventurers, betwixt whom there was as little love lost as between them and the Dutch. Nowise gentle are the ghosts that one can conceive making Saybrook and Saybrook Point their rendezvous some All-Hallow's Eve, but masterful, warlike traders, now running up the Dutch and now the English flag on that little lonely fort—bickering about the priority of their grants from the Pequot Indians who, claimed the Dutch West India Company, had made over to them all the "very fruitful country" on both sides of the river as far as Hartford for "1 piece of duffel 27 ells long, 6 axes, 6 kettles, 18 knives, one sword blade, 1 pair of shears, some toys and a musket."

The hard facts of all early colonization, though they become glamoured by time, are never edifying, and the less closely we look into them the better for romance. All that interests us now is the dramatic pattern made by those old rivalries, the romantic flavor of the old names that were once hard-headed and hard-hitting men—Wouter Van Twiller, Jacob Van Curter, Lieutenant William Holmes, John Oldham, John Winthrop, son of the famous governor, Sir Harry Vane (representing among other "Lords and Gentlemen" Lord Saye and Lord Brooke, whose names, for some reason, were to stick after the others had passed into oblivion), Lion Gardner, and George Fenwick, Major Andros, Captain Bull, and many more vigorous shades.

It is strange to think how narrowly the names of Hampden and Cromwell

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escaped inclusion in that list. They were to have sailed from England with Fenwick, but at the last moment the king's order prevented their ship's sailing. They remained in England, and, as Macaulay dramatically puts it, "with them remained the Evil Genius of the house of Stuart." The little town of Cromwell, higher up the river, preserves the memory of Oliver's intention and the king's fateful thwarting of it, and for an Englishman there is a stirring pathos in the occurrence of well-loved English place-names all along the river—Lyme, Essex, Glastonbury, Chester, and so on.

A little beyond the impressive span of the first railway bridge, the Artist and I landed in old Saybrook in search of the post-office and fresh eggs. A yoke of oxen harnessed to a cart was the first sight that met our eyes. In spite of modern vandalism, it comforted us to realize that they still plow with oxen here and there in Connecticut.

During our walk we came upon a boulder in the middle of a field inlaid with a bronze plate which told us that there was the original site of Yale College. Saybrook did not see the college go to New Haven without a struggle, and one of its incidents is piquant to recall—the famous battle of the college books. In December, 1718, the trustees, already migrated to New Haven, desired to remove the college library which had been left behind in Saybrook. But Saybrook refused to give it up, and so stubbornly that the governor and council had to come down from Hartford and set the sheriff and his assistants to work. These, however, found the house in which the books were kept barred and guarded by "resolute men," and even after the sheriff had broken in and placed a guard over the books the book-lovers of Saybrook did not yet give in. On the morrow it was found that the carts that were to transport the books had been disabled, and when others were procured, and a start finally made, it was found that even the bridges along the road had been destroyed in advance of them! When before or since has a village shown such a furious passion for learning!

Another quaint local fight is recorded of Lyme, which lies hidden from view, across the eastern marshes at the mouth of the river. A dispute having arisen between Lyme and New London as to the possession of certain boundary lands, it was agreed to decide the issue by a fist-fight between champions of the respective towns—a truly British arbitrament. Lyme was the victor.

To return to our personal doings, there was one incident of our arrival in the river which we took especial pleasure in recording in the day's log. Had Lion Gardner been there to receive us with a salvo of guns, I don't think we could have been better pleased, and I don't think, indeed, that we would have been much more surprised. As we approached the long railway bridge and were about to pass under one of its great spans, we heard ourselves cheerily hailed from aloft. A gang of painters were at work on one of the girders. We waved our hands to them, and then, to our surprise, the whole gang started to sing. They had caught sight of the name on our bows, and—hard as you may find it to believe —had broken out into

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum—"

and they went on with the whole of the snatch:

"Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum."

It was one of those friendly surprises of wayfaring which, as Stevenson would say, warm the great heart of man. Those unknown comrades had caught the spirit of our little joke, and were enjoying it with us—but how did they come to have the old chanty so pat on their tongues' end? Whatever the explanation, it was a pretty happening, don't you think?

Next morning came clear and brilliant, with a bracing touch of cold in the air and a moderate northwest wind, and we made haste to follow the lure of the river flooding like a great moving mirror into the thickly wooded distance. Soon we came abreast of a little town of quaint old houses tucked in snugly at the head of a broad cove to the left, with the white steeple of an old Colonial church rising from the trees on the hill

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above, and another white steeple lower down near the water-front. It was as English-looking as its name, Essex, and masts and boat-yards reminded us that during the Revolution it had been a busy center for the building of war-ships. The British had once burned a number of them in that now so quiet cove.

After leaving Essex the river began to narrow somewhat, and the woods and hills to come nearer and close us in with that sense of the green wilderness which we found was the characteristic note of its course. One reason of this is that most of the villages lie a little away from the banks and are lost sight of in the abounding foliage, but even when they come down to the water they themselves are too quaint and quiet to disturb the general peace. Soon the river began those graceful windings for which it is famous, sometimes running close by the foot of high, wooded granite rocks, narrowing and widening and widening and narrowing in wayward fashion, frequently spreading out to make room for delectable islands of willows and poplars, which soon become the prevailing trees.

Then we pass the pretty landing of Hadlyme, whence onward the river-banks grow more and more wooded and precipitous, now and again a house peeping out high up among the foliage, but for the most part no signs of human habitation are visible—nothing but rocky, wooded banks, and the stream winding on in curves that are constantly folding away the scene we have passed through and opening up new vistas ahead. Yet we know that behind the screen of trees lie prosperous villages, and that the river roads on both sides follow the river windings, and the trolleys are running from village to village all the way to Hartford.



OLD HOUSES BORDERING AN AVENUE OF ANCIENT ELMS

But mile after mile went by, and we met but one human being, and him under circumstances of mild excitement. Suddenly we heard some one plaintively hailing us, and there, some yards from the east bank, was a rowboat lying bottom up, with the forlorn figure of a man

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PAST OLD HOMESTEADS SURROUNDED BY FERTILE FIELDS

kneeling upon it in an attitude of supplication. Seeing that we were plainly called upon to do some rescue work, we were somewhat inhumanly resentful of the lack of romance in his appearance. He seemed a poor whimpering rag of a creature, calling to us in some uncouth jargon, whereas he might just as well have been some beautiful damsel in distress. He proved to be a poor Italian workman, apparently frightened out of his slim wits, and how he had got there we tried in vain to make out from his broken talk. When we had put him ashore and were again chugging on our way, we exchanged some regrets on the passing away of the old New England types, and the rapid invasion of the storied New England valleys and villages by a polyglot population painfully out of keeping with their Old World tone and tradition.

It almost looks as if in a few short years the Anglo-Saxon will have disappeared as completely as the Indian from the New England landscape. No doubt, Italian, Hungarian, and Polish are beautiful and noble tongues, but they seem strangely jarring in places with such names as Haddam and Glastonbury—places, too, with such an English air and flavor about them that you can hardly believe you are not in England. This is particularly true of Middle Haddam, with its white gables set in old lawned gardens sloping steeply to the water, and bowered among superb buttonwood-trees and ancestral elms—to our thinking the prettiest scene on the river. There are several Haddams: East Haddam, just below the opening to the Salmon River—where men catch salmon no more; then Haddam proper, three or four miles farther up, on the west bank; then, after oddly named Higganum on the west bank, and a stretch of another three miles or so, Middle Haddam on the east bank. All the Haddams have distinguished memories, but East Haddam is particularly proud in having had

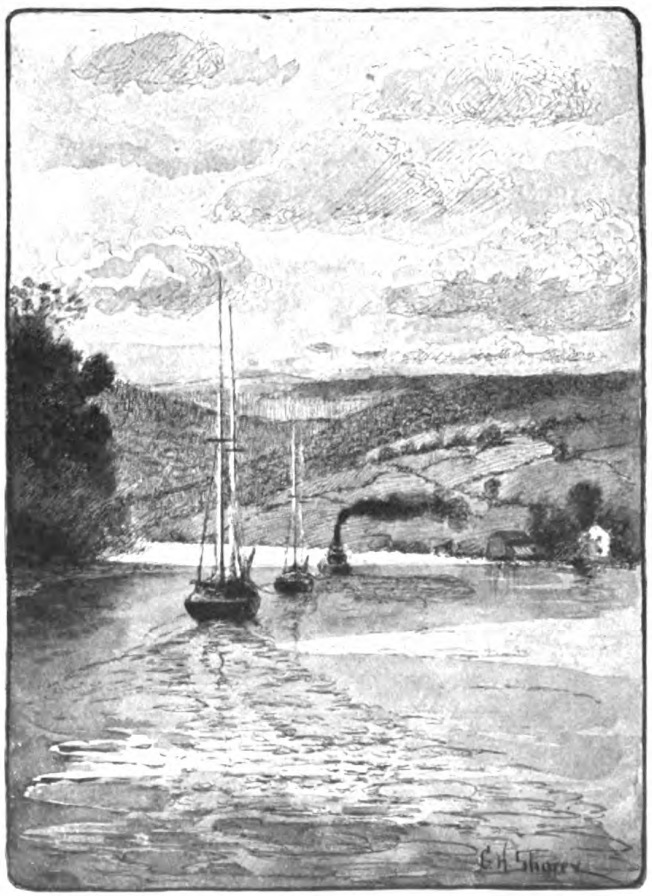
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Nathan Hale for village schoolmaster, and has reverently preserved the little house in which he taught. A little north of Middle Haddam is the scene of young John Winthrop's prospecting for precious metals. It is known as "Governor's Gold Ring," from the belief that he had found at least enough gold to make into rings.

As we were passing Middle Haddam we heard behind us the swishing sound of some large craft steadily overtaking us, and presently there emerged our old acquaintance, the steam-tug *Onrust* escorting two beautiful three-masted schooners up-stream. With their stately spars and mazy rigging, they were exquisite reminders of the romance of the old sailing-ships of which the river has seen so much. It was in such craft the first settlers had sailed up to Hartford and Windsor, and many a tall ship like that had been built in the Haddam dockyards in the busy days of the Revolution. Of the three things that Job found most wonderful to him, "the way of a ship upon the sea" never loses its beauty and mystery; and although those two schooners were, for those who chose to regard them merely as freighters, on some prosaic errand, to us they were as suggestive as though they had been Solomon's ships from Tarshish with those cargoes of "ivory, apes and peacocks" of which Mr. Huneker has recently been reminding us.

Soon after leaving Middle Haddam the river sweeps suddenly westward and enters a narrow gorge, known as "the Straits," running swiftly beneath wild, precipitous banks of wooded rock, in some places eight hundred feet high. A lead-mine that supplied bullets for the War of Independence is somewhere there among the wildness, and old cobalt-mines are there, too, giving its name to the little village of Cobalt. High up, a coal-pocket adds a western touch to the scene, and you wonder what it would be like to live in the eyrie of a white house perched up among the trees —from whose windows it seems you might lean out and touch the young moon.

The straits continue for a mile or so, and then, with a sigh, you realize that the wildness has come, temporarily at least, to an end, as you emerge into a broader flood and a more level land. On the last hill to the left, naked of trees, juts abominably against the sky one of those hideous piles one knows at once for an institution. It is, as one might have guessed, an insane asylum. We are nearing Middletown, home of learning and many scholastic memories. The river is very broad and shallow here, and the town clusters snugly at the western

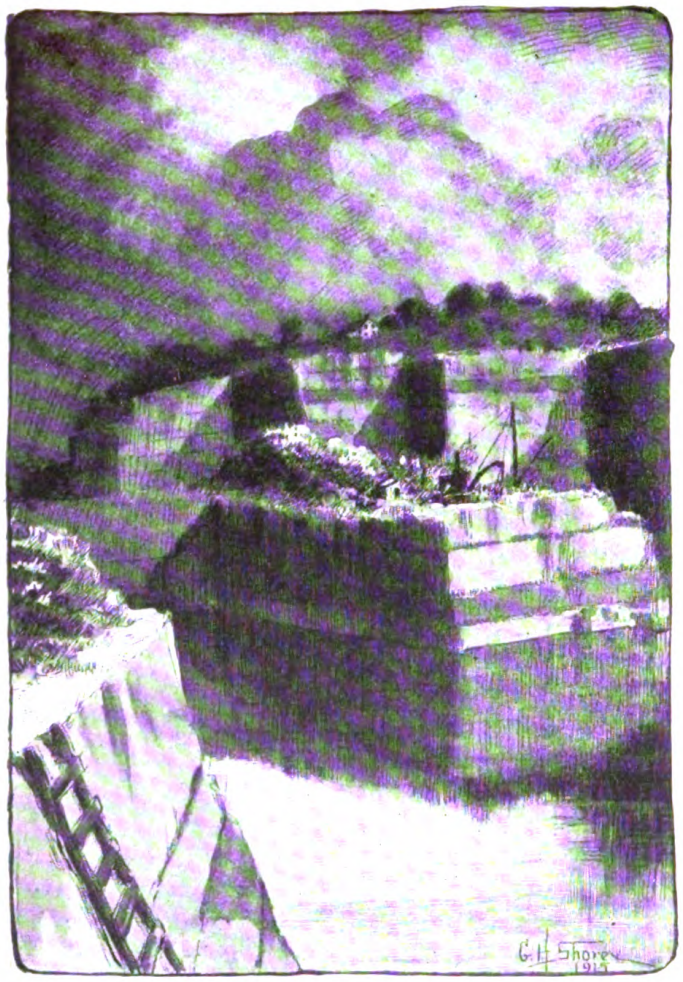


EXQUISITE REMINDERS OF THE DAYS OF ROMANCE

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end of a long span of modern bridge, beneath which lies at anchor an astonishing fleet of motor-boats of all shapes and sizes. As we passed these we were greeted with many fraternal salutes, and once more we hear the Dead Men's song, this time on the lips of some laughing girls.

Middletown looked to be an attractive little town, and we knew it to be charming and distinguished with its college buildings, and quiet, tree-shaded streets celebrated in the prose of John Fiske, one of its famous sons; but still it was big and populous compared with the hamlets we had been passing, and we feared to break the spell of the river by landing, so we passed on again into the still waters and the green pastures. But we were scarcely out of sight of the town when our attention was caught by huge blocks of freestone piled for a long distance along the eastern bank, and a little farther ahead were our two schooners moored against the log piles of a wharf. They had evidently come up here for stone, and these were the famous Portland quarries.



GREAT GULFS OF SAVAGE STONE WITH LADDERS RUNNING TO DIZZY DEPTHS

I suppose that quarries have a fascination for most people. I found that they appealed as strongly to the Artist as to myself, so we hitched up near the schooners and went ashore. Behind the rampart of stone blocks were the quarry-yards, and there were men leisurely shaping huge cubes that looked like fragments of primeval temples. And there were shops where giant saws were cutting the soft stone like loaves of bread, and the first processes of their future architectural uses as cornices, or pediments, were going forward. But inland, behind the shops were the great gulfs of savage stone, with ladders running to dizzy depths and fearsome platforms, and lakes of water far away at the bottom of the beautiful rectangular excavations, begun as far back, the foreman told us, as the late sixteen-hundreds. Their smooth sides, with the action of water and time, made giant tapestries of wondrous color, in which brown and orange predominated, and over all was the quarry spell of mystery and endless Time. I shall never abuse brownstone houses again, for here was the pit from which so much of mid-Victorian New York and

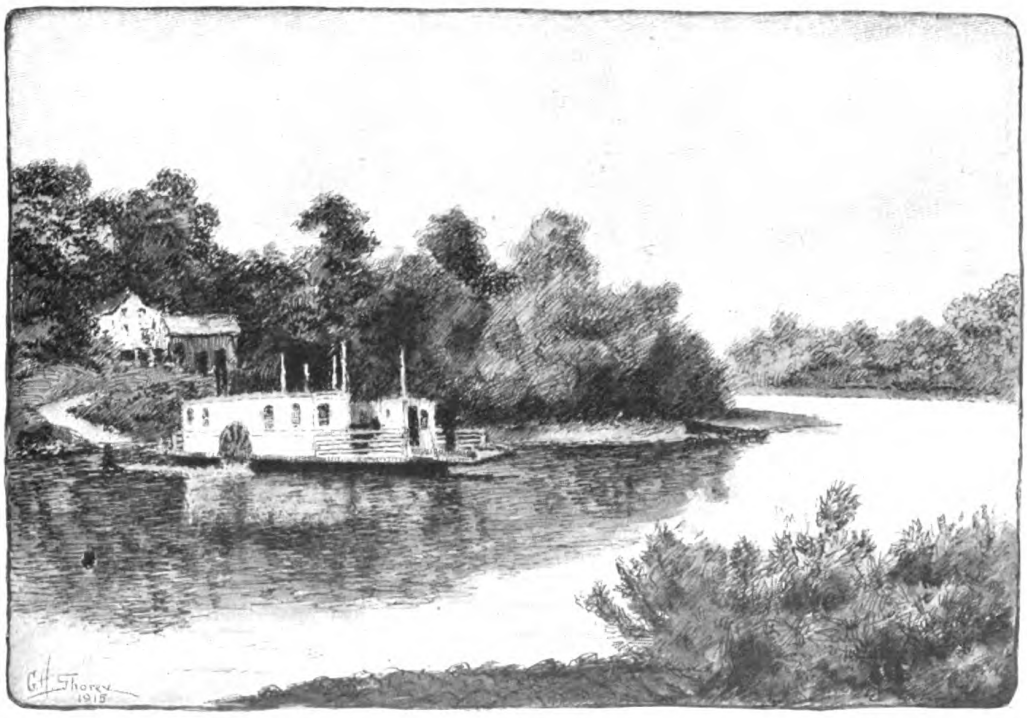
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Brooklyn was digged, and in future a brownstone front will always bring back to me those solemn chasms in the Portland hills, with the willow-whispering river flooding by.

By this the loveliest of October days was reluctantly dying in an agonizingly beautiful sunset, but there was time yet before dark to run the farther mile or two to Rocky Hill, a quaint landing-place flanked by a long, low island made all of willows, in the lee of which we cast anchor as the first stars were coming out. Presently the young moon rose spectrally through the willow traceries, and the bats came flitting about us, and delicate veils of moonlit mist began to spread over the river reaches, and all was still save for the water talking against our sides.

When we woke next morning the world seemed packed in luminous cotton-wool. A dense white fog hid all but the smoking willows, and through it the sun struggled lost and dim, like a far-away voice in a telephone. The decks dripped with dew and once more we enjoyed the illusion of the world being created anew, slowly emerging around us out of seething vapor. We had been away but two or three days from roofs and locked doors and curtained windows, but already we understood the rebellion of gipsies, sailors, and other outdoor folk against the oppressive shelter of indoors. How little we realize, cribbed and cabined in our respectable houses, of the living, breathing being of the earth. We look from our windows at breakfast-time, and there it is back again in familiar stability, but we know nothing of the processes of its early morning becoming, how vitally and differently it is born again at each rising of the sun, renewing its youth as though emerging from a bath of stars and dews.

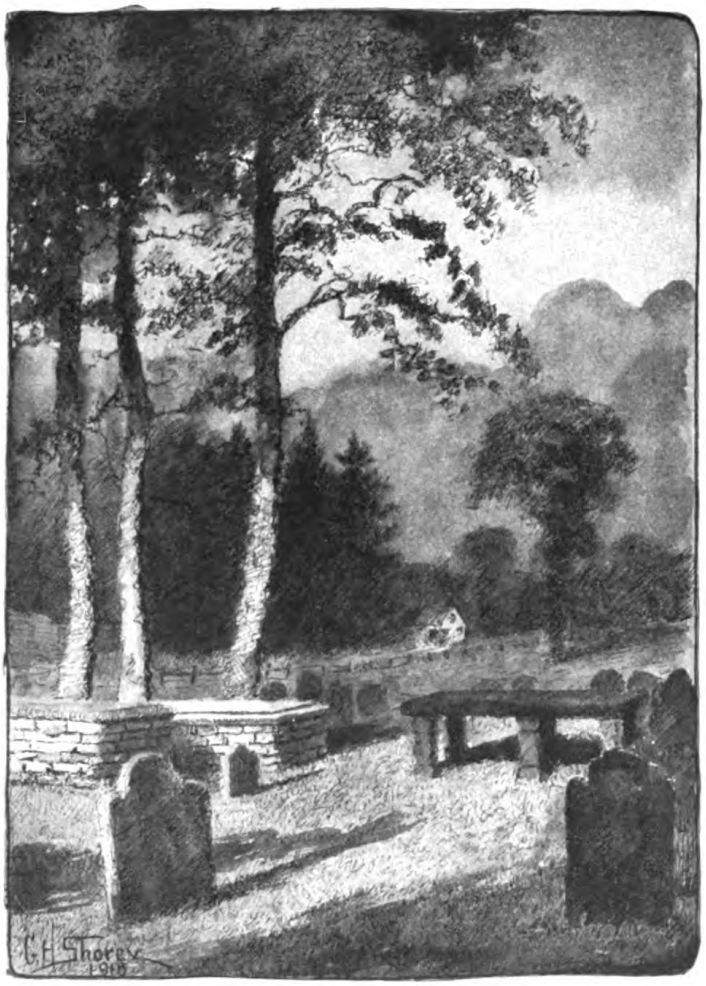
The need of taking in a new supply of gasoline from the little store at Rocky Hill landing did nothing to rob us of our exhilarated aloofness from "the common day," and incidentally it introduced us to two hitherto unknown friends of like minds with ourselves. For the big, genial fellow who sold us the gasoline evidently sold it for a living as incidentally as we bought it. His



A QUAINT LANDING-PLACE FLANKED BY A LONG, LOW ISLAND ALL OF WILLOWS

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heart was in the sea, over which he had sailed far and wide, and his talk of men and things had a universality of accent, even a touch of bookishness, which surprised us in that rural corner—a laughing philosopher in overalls, whom we were fain to keep aboard with us, as we smoked one another's cigars—good, we hope, on our side, but better on his—till at length, noon having overtaken us in that pleasant intercourse, nothing would please him, or us, but that we should go ashore and meet his wife and lunch with them, and wonder how two such surprising people chanced to be keeping a little store in that willowy backwater. The wife was one of those magnetic little New England women, with a shrewd, witty, proverb-making tongue such as you read of in novels—and the modernity of them both! How alive they both were to all the new vital issues of the world; how abreast, or indeed in the van, of all that is valuable in the newer ways of looking at things. We surmised that they must seem uncomfortable, "dangerous" people to the moss-backed conservatism, the vested respectable interests, of their neighbors. What does Rocky Hill make of the little woman's views on woman suffrage, one wondered. I wish I had taken down some of her bright, pointed sayings on that and other subjects; but this I will say, that if the "cause" should happen to be organizing in these parts there is a brilliant propagandist all ready made for them hidden there among the willows by Rocky Hill landing. We rejoiced in our new friends, too, because they reassured us in regard to that misgiving expressed above as to the passing of the old-stock New England, for they were good aboriginal Yankees, the kind that had settled that green wilderness.



OLD GLASTONBURY CHURCHYARD

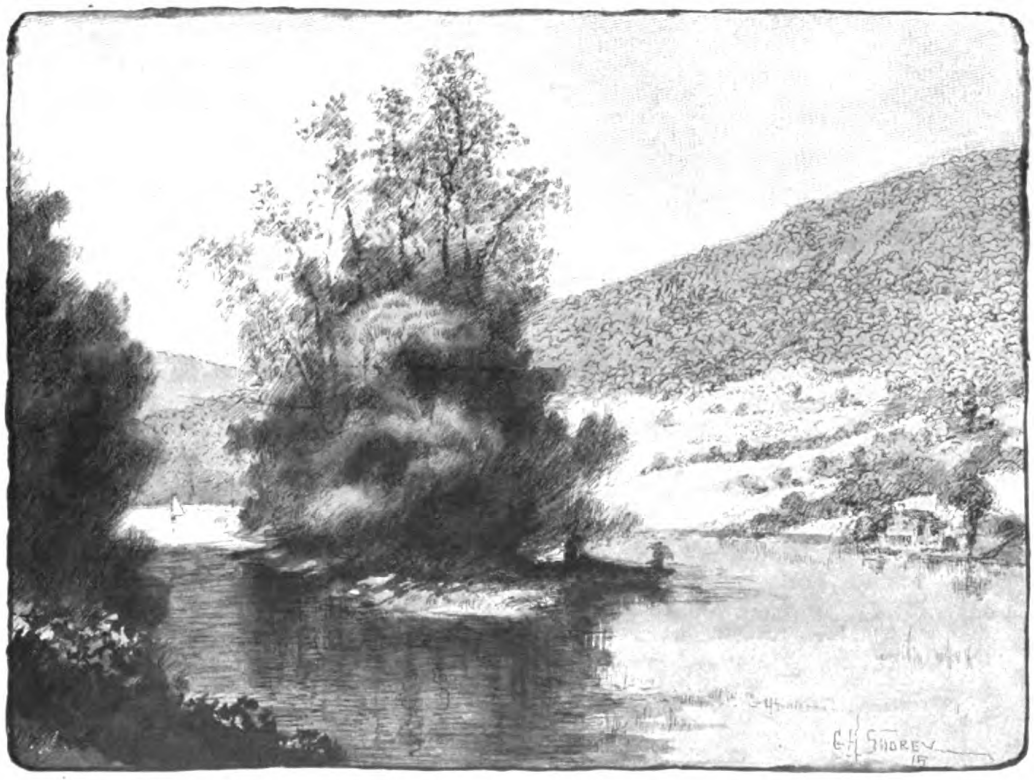
There plies at Rocky Hill one of those antique ferry-boats which, like the almost vanished horse-cars in New York, seems more like a work of nature than the work of man's hand. They are machines indeed, but they seem to belong to the machinery of the universe rather than to merely human mechanics. The Artist has drawn it, so I need not attempt its description; but it fascinated me so that I could not resist taking a passage in it, leaving the Artist and the

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Bright Boy to navigate the *Yo-Ho-Ho* up the river while I walked the few miles to Glastonbury—which old associations with the mitered abbey of that name in England made me curious to visit.

My walk brought me first to South Glastonbury, a pretty old village with a picturesque stream called Roaring Brook, one of several streams with which the two Glastonburys run their mills. The road all the way was lined with stately trees, particularly in Glastonbury proper, where they make a very impressive setting for several fine old mansions, still occupied, I was told, by the descendants of the original settlers, whose headstones I mused over for a while in the churchyard which covers the slope as one enters the town. There were a great number of the old graves, and the old headstones, breathing a distinction in marked contrast with their more pretentious modern companions, were in most cases well preserved, with the old lettering easily decipherable.

Some went back to the end of the seventeenth century—Glastonbury was settled in 1680. The Reverend Mr. Timothy Stevens, the late faithful pastor of the Church of Christ, had come to his rest there in 1726. He lay there between his two wives, both of whom had preceded him, Eunice in 1698, and Alice in 1714. Near by lay a Mrs. Tryon, with whose Christian name the "Old Mortality" of the day had evidently had difficulty, for he spelled it "Pennelpee." There also lay Mr. Samuel Hale, Esquire, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, 1711; but it was a more recent inscription that interested me most, that of one Lawrence Augustus Berg, who had been born in Stockholm, 1803, and died in Glastonbury, 1849, desiring to bear witness from the tomb to the gratitude of an evidently good American to his adopted land. "Sorely tried in the storms of Life," I read, "trusting in God, he sought a foreign shore, and found there a tranquil harbour, fair and bright fortunes, with friendship faithful unto death; also suffering fellow-creatures whom he willingly assisted; but one thing more he found—the land of bliss.

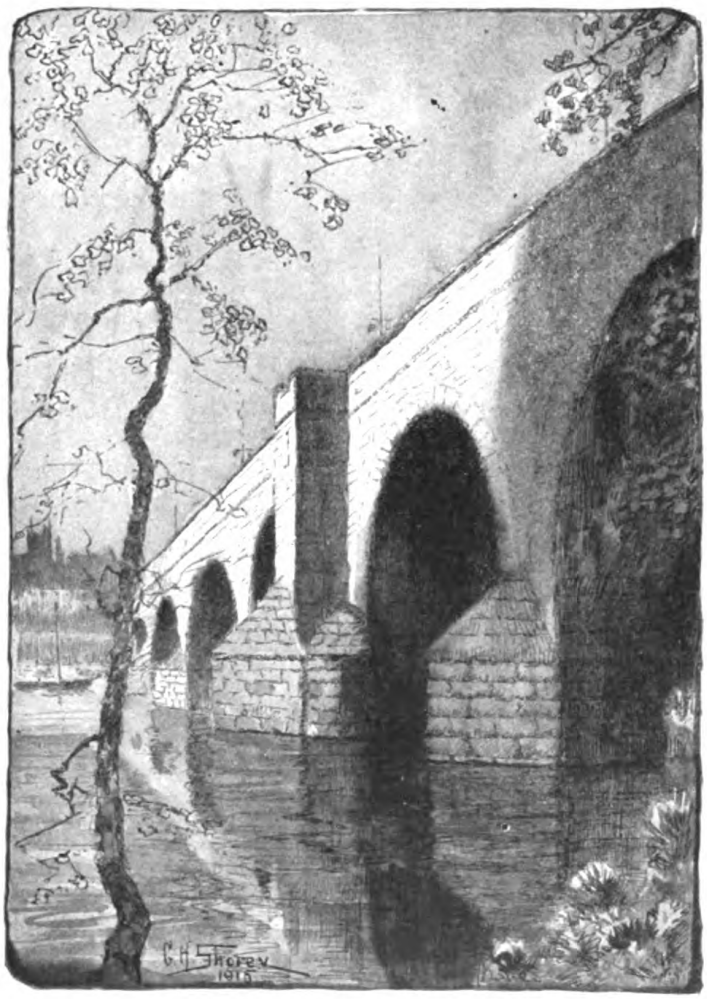


ISLANDS OF WILLOWS AND POPLARS

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Be comforted, there the severed here will be again reunited."

As I passed on up through the village, and read names here and there on the fronts of the stores, I was struck to notice how many of them I had just been reading in the churchyard. In the American Glastonbury, it would seem, the old stock from the English Glastonbury still holds its own. One feature of the Glastonbury landscape is the tobacco-barns, several of which, with their long, lateral shutters through which the air can stream through the suspended leaf, I noted on my way back to the riverside, where I found the *Yo-Ho-Ho* drawn up to the wharf, awaiting me.



A NOBLE BRIDGE SPANNING THE BROAD STREAM

From Glastonbury the character of the river scenery changes. After the rocky gorges lower down, and the dense wooded hills, it seems a little tame with its flat meadows and crumbling, ice-worn banks. These are shored up in many places with rough buttresses of the ever-present brownstone, to resist the wintry swirl of the river which is constantly eating away the land, particularly on the eastern bank. As we approached Hartford, however, the willows began again. That city, indeed, is embowered in willows, and as one at last came upon it framed at the end of a long reach of gleaming water, with its noble bridge spanning the broad stream, it seemed to us that it would be hard to conceive a fairer city. We were to see it thus again on our downward journey, hanging like a mirage in the mystery of dawn; but now, late in the afternoon, we followed the stream up into its heart, and at length dropped anchor under the shadow of the great bridge on which the lights had just been lit against the western sky. High up above us carriages went by, the cling-clang of trolley-cars came sharply to us over the water, and the air was full of the human murmur of a city at evening. Suddenly we felt curiously lonely and homesick and far-traveled, as though we had been away from our fellows for weeks instead of a few short days. Somehow it seemed that it might be good to go up into the lighted streets, and look in shop-windows again, and move along with the loitering crowd, and dine at a restaurant, and perhaps see some moving pictures!

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What They Seem

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

WE used to sing "The Psalm of Life" in school. It had been set to music by the singing-teacher—a black-bearded gentleman who would have been one's idea of a handsome pirate had he not been too cross-eyed ever thinkably to manage a cutlass; which didn't prevent the teachers from being in love with him according to their various temperaments. Some lines came out better than others, naturally, though most of them were reduced to mere futility by the "tune" which Mr. Knapp had made. As a school song, it had the advantage of our all knowing it by heart anyhow. It was a "gem." Perhaps "Gem Books" have all disappeared from schools. At all events, we had them; and "The Psalm of Life" was (of course) a "gem"; and, unlike most gems, it was sung in chorus (we were too young for part-singing) weekly. "And thi-ings *are* not *what* they seem." It was somehow due to Mr. Knapp that this line stuck, more than shipwrecked brothers, or muffled drums, or dumb driven cattle. We fell down the third line, I remember, from the top of the octave to the bottom, as it were a ladder. But the third line was of no importance. I am not sure that I do not owe my whole habit of psychologic scrutiny to Mr. Knapp. How many times, in exotic and distracting contexts, have I heard the refrain, faintly emphatic and wholly nasal, "And thi-ings *are* not *what* they seem"! I cannot, of course, make you realize with what conviction we crashed down, fifty strong, on "are" and "what."

I am afraid the Gary plan includes no "Gem Books." Perhaps it does not even admit that things are not what they seem. But in my time we took it for Gospel, and life has often seconded our innocent lungs in corroboration of that "gem."

Certainly Curtis Frayne's case was not what it seemed. If I retell it, pulling it into place to show something (not all) of the real pattern, I do it because I think it well to remember—since it is a fact—that almost no motive is ever pure. By pure, I mean single, self-contained, and untinged by all the motives just adjacent. Love—for the very sake of love!—must be expedient; patriotism has love to reckon with; jealousy is rewoven by fear. And because no one is capable of giving a full account of himself to another person—well, "things are not what they seem." (Emphasis, forever and ever, on "are" and "what," please!)

When the Fraynes—Curtis and his mother—differed, they never refrained from "having it out" simply because I was there. As Curtis's most intimate friend, I was very much of the household; and as I had the grace both to love and to fear Mrs. Frayne, she treated me almost like a son. In fact, Curtis occasionally pushed some of his filial responsibilities off on me. I quite belonged in the house.

I knew, the moment we went to war with Germany, that there would be a tense moment at the Fraynes'. I knew, that is, that both mother and son would have very positive ideas as to Curtis's duty, and that probably the two ideas would be different. Oddly enough, I didn't at all know (probably because I had been away during January and February of 1917) how the ideas would be distributed. Each was an unexpected person. You can't tell about mothers, when it comes to war—and you can't tell about sons, either.

The selective draft was still being hung up in Congress when I returned to New York and reported myself, inevitably, to Mrs. Frayne and Curtis that very evening. I found them in the thick of it.

Mrs. Frayne would have stopped, and

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spent the next hour in talk—*her* talk, pleasant, but with a little curling edge of irony. Her white hair, her straight back, her brown eyes behind her pince-nez, her stick, her deep voice—how little she changed from month to month and year to year! Curtis had not yet achieved his type so definitely. Still, I thought I knew something about Curtis, too. Evidently I didn't know the last word as to his manners, for he hardly made me so welcome as I had a right to expect. At least, he did not let me turn him from his discussion; and his mother, after one sharp glance at me and another stealthy one at Curtis, permitted their conversation to proceed. I had expected them to fire questions at me about conditions in the Middle West, where I had been, but nothing so impersonally intelligent or courteous happened. I became furniture. The only mitigation of it for me was that they seemed, both of them, in some wordless, signless fashion, glad to have me back from the upholsterer. I nursed my game leg and listened.

"We're talking about the war," Curtis threw out in my direction.

"Well, of course, my child; every one is."

"I was just saying to mother—" But he departed instantly from the tone of explanation and turned to Mrs. Frayne as if I had not been there. "I don't care about all that. I know that my great-great-grandfather was killed at Saratoga, and my great-grandfather was killed at Lundy's Lane, and that you lost one brother at Antietam and two at Gettysburg. I've known all that ever since I can remember. You had a very patriotic family, but I can't see what that has to do with this."

"You think that patriotism might be left out for a few generations?"

"No point in talking about generations, is there? There won't be any more generations in the Frayne family if I am killed."

"I don't think you put it fairly, Curtis. Do you think I want my only child to go?"

"Why, yes, mother, I think just that. If you mean something else, you've expressed yourself very inadequately."

"I don't." Her deep voice barked it out. "But if it is your duty, no one shall have the right to say that I kept you here, tied to my arm-chair."

"Um—well, I don't think any one will say that, mother. If they do, Bertie, here, can deny it."

I had not quite got my bearings yet, it was all so surprising to me. Only one thing was clear—Curtis was hesitating to offer his services to his country, or at least affecting to hesitate, and his mother either wanted him to go or wanted not to seem to be keeping him. "Things are not what they seem"; and I couldn't yet tell the real motive of either. Though I had expected them to differ, I had not looked for just this spectacle. On the surface, it resembled the patriotic mother and the slacker. But that was too absurd. Curtis was no slacker; and, on the other hand, while Mrs. Frayne had been one of the bitterest critics of our "neutrality," that fact by no means proved her patriotism. She was the kind of Republican who thinks that all Democrats chew tobacco. A very distinguished old lady, all the same.

"Well, cheer up, mother! I shall make a point of telling every one that you disapprove of me."

Was that his game, I wondered suddenly—to save her in spite of herself, to let her be selfish without seeming so? That is so often the way of the younger generation with the older. I question sometimes whether it wouldn't be better to talk to them straight. No, on the whole, I dare say not. We are but doing for them what they, in their time, have done for us. I thought I would get it all out of Curtis privately. At present I greatly hoped I should not be called on to say anything. I didn't want to spoil, through ignorance, the little game of either. A lot had evidently taken place before I arrived, and I could not, then and there, "catch up."

Curtis rose just then and lighted a cigarette. He gave me, in passing, the kind of half-look one gives to the familiar object returned to its place. I watched him light the cigarette, and his manner of doing it gave him away. It was pure stage business. This talk was serious, and whatever the hour was to Mrs. Frayne, to Curtis it was of immense sig-

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nificance. His little gestures were nervous, artificial, despairing. A man didn't care so much as that—not a man like Curtis Frayne—whether he died or not. I remembered in that instant a sentence uttered long before by our old college president: "A man gives his life to his country as a lover tosses a rose to his mistress"—gracefully, that is, with no heroics. That would have been Curtis's way, certainly. But this—this was different.

I looked at Mrs. Frayne. Her face was less mobile, her hands were quiet and folded. But tragedy was brushing her closely, too—its black wing hovered. It came over me just then, for the first time, that we Americans were all having to deal suddenly with the most tragic situations in life. Of course we were. But we hadn't got into our stride yet, as England and France had. We did it unhandily, protestingly, stupidly. We had talked so much of bitter things that we considered we were used to them, and we were not. But we should learn—oh yes, we should learn. And with that would depart, for a time, our power to learn anything else.

Curtis seated himself, and his mother spoke again. "Don't you think it's more honorable to go now, before you're drafted?"

"I know that is on all the posters, my dear, but I think it is a poor attitude to take. It's important there should be some honor left for the real army, when it comes. Don't you think so?" He still spoke pleasantly, but his voice was not really smooth; it was gritty, as if a few particles of dust had got in.

"After all, Curtis"—and her hands began to twitch a little as she folded her handkerchief—"you've had more than most men to fit you for service. You were in the militia for years; you went to two training-camps; I've heard, more times than I can count, that you are a crack shot." (The bit of slang came oddly from her lips, but her seriousness ignored inconsistency.) "They would be enchanted to give you captain's examinations."

"Oh, you've been documenting yourself, haven't you, mother?" Curtis Frayne rose again. In a far corner of the library, he busied himself over the door of a cellaret. I expected to be offered whisky, but I was not. He came back from the cellaret empty-handed. Mere fiddling, off-stage. My heart began to ache for Curtis. I knew, somehow, that he was suffering. So, probably, was Mrs. Frayne; but Curtis was more my affair than she was—though before I came into their library that evening I shouldn't have been perfectly sure of that. It flashed through my mind that Curtis might know he was medically unfit, and didn't want to break that to her until he had to; that they might have told him his heart was bad. Then I threw that away impatiently; it wasn't a solution. He would never have let her let him in for this if that simple fact had been ready to his hand. He couldn't be a pacifist. I had been away, but not long enough for Frayne to change his whole constitution.

A silence had fallen while Curtis was standing aimlessly by the cellaret. His mother did not answer his last taunting question. When he came back into the lamplight, he spoke again:

"I tell you frankly, mother, that I am not going to offer my services to the Government until they are asked for. If the Government wants me, here I am, but I am not going to volunteer. And I assure you that consideration for you has a great deal to do with it." He came across to her and took her hands in his. "You don't know how much poorer you would be, for example."

"What difference would poverty make to me if you were gone?" She said it very simply. For the first time she was pathetic. Then she looked up at him, and her expression changed. Her hands seemed to be held against her will. "You must not think of me. You must think only of your country and your duty. Do you suppose that I am less brave than a Frenchwoman?" She got her hands away from him then, and strained her face forward a little nearer his, as if to scrutinize him more closely.

"It's my country, too," he said, quietly, returning her gaze. "And my duty is even more my affair than yours. I know you're a tremendous stickler for moral beauty, my dear mother, but I am afraid you will have to put up with

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whatever amount of it I happen to have. You can't feed moral beauty to me out of a spoon." He moved away a little, but still faced her. "I don't agree with you, that's all. What's the use of talking? We've done nothing but repeat ourselves for an hour. I expect to be called; I expect to go; and I only hope it won't be too soon for you."

The last words fell heavily. Mrs. Frayne turned her face away.

"I'll walk home with Bertie. Good-night, mother."

I rose then to join him. "Good-night, Mrs. Frayne."

She did not answer my salutation, but she looked at me for the first time since they had taken up their talk after my entrance. "What do you think, Bertie — with his military experience, and health, and no one dependent on him?"

"I think it's none of my business," I answered. "A man with a game leg doesn't exactly feel like telling other men it's their duty to get shot. Anyhow, it's Curtis's own affair. You see—we're non-combatants, you and I. We've no right to talk. All that white-feather business in England—" I stopped. I had got too near the quick.

Curtis kissed his mother and followed me across the room.

"Good-night, Curtis." She had not said it before. Then she spoke, a little wildly, and almost as if to herself. "No one understands. My boy thinks I want him to go, when he's the only thing I care for in life. He can't see that it's only because there are some things we have to put before ourselves. If we shirk our duty, all life is poisoned. We're shameful; our love is shameful; our happiness is shameful; our peace is shameful. I've lived through one war. You think I know nothing about it—as if four years of hell hadn't taught me! But I know there are worse hells than that. Oh, Curtis, do you think I don't love you?" That brought him to her side at a bound. But she got her control back almost at once. She would not let him caress her, only dried her eyes and patted his hand. "You've upset me, my dear. Run away."

"Good-night." He kissed her again. "And you didn't have the worst hell of all, mother. My father didn't go."

"You've upset me, my dear. Run away." The same words came out again, but oh, from how white a face!

"Is it all right to leave her?" I asked of Curtis on the stair.

"Oh yes. She'll ring for Betsey. Her heart is perfectly all right, you know. Never seems to do her any harm to lose her temper."

"It wasn't just temper," I suggested.

"Oh, wasn't it?" He seemed not to care. "Well, I mean an emotional moment won't hurt her. She doesn't have them often, but when she does they are better than triple valerian. Brace her up, somehow. Mother usually doesn't let herself go enough."

Yet, believe me, little as I understood Curtis Frayne's tone, I knew that he was not indifferent—least of all to his mother.

Frayne had, you remember, announced his intention of going home with me, which was a wholly natural thing for him to do. I was surprised when he took a quite different direction and, on my reminding him of his promise, shrugged his shoulders.

"Sorry. I can't, to-night. I'll drop in to-morrow. Walk along with me, won't you?"

He did not tell me where he was going, and I did not wish to ask him. So I walked with him, and he soon fell mechanically into the peculiar gait my slight lameness necessitates in any companion as tall as Frayne. We went a little vaguely through the night, southward, but not with any apparent purpose. I suppose Frayne guided me, set the pace and chose the way; but we seemed to be drifting merely, propelled by some influence out of the north at our backs. The night was starless and chill, but the street lights charted the Avenue for us, and we went on and on, directed, as I say, by Frayne's intention as if it had been a north wind.

We did not talk of war. I had made my declaration of faith in Frayne, in his own house, before his mother. He knew I did not mean to pull him about. And if ever a man did not want to be pulled about, it was Curtis Frayne that night. I felt him, walking there beside me, sore

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from a million impacts, ready to resent any touch save that of the little wind which, in his mind, blew gently out of the north to push him southward. We talked of the Middle West, and some of the time we did not talk at all.

Not far above Washington Square I stopped. "I won't go farther," I said; "I'm a little tired. But I hope to see you to-morrow."

Frayne pulled himself up—out of his silence, out of his monotonous gait matched to my limp.

"All right," he said. "I'll come round to-morrow night. So long!"

And I turned back, glad to have saved him from subterfuge by stopping a block ahead of the place where he would want to turn east. I knew, now, where he was going, but I preferred not to call his attention to the fact that I knew. "Things are not what they seem," and I realized that never had they been less what they seemed than in the Fraynes' library that evening. What they really were I did not know.

The next evening, although Frayne had promised to look me up, I went out. I went, indeed, to see the lady for whom I knew he had left me the night before. It was no particular business of mine to call on Madeline Fales, but I chose to do so, for my ruminations during the two hours after I left Frayne at the wrong corner showed me that if she was not the key, she held it.

Many roads led to Madeline Fales. Upon one of those roads my friend Curtis's feet had long been assiduous. It is probably audible in the very tone of my phrase that I did not like her; and I disliked her chiefly for expediency's sake—because, that is, I did not see how she could do my friend any good, or what there was "in it" for him. She was the wife of Frayne's cousin—of Mrs. Frayne's nephew, to be explicit. They had not lived together for some years, and Welldon Fales would not divorce her. Mrs. Frayne, I knew, upheld her nephew in his strict views of divorce, and Curtis Frayne damned him in season and out of season. Welldon Fales went occasionally to see his wife, and I fancy she received him with mocking courtesy. He was understood always to be willing to "take her back"; but she had left him solely because he bored her, and she would not willingly bore herself again—not until she had lost her looks. Welldon was neither rich nor generous, and how she got on about money I did not know. It was a maze, like all her affairs. Perhaps people bought the daubs she painted. Mrs. Fales had a mop of rough golden hair; a faintly flushed oval face, with a chin so pointed that you somehow felt it must hurt; very beautiful hands and feet; and a conventionally silly voice.

I had been increasingly sure for some months that Curtis was badly in love with her. But I owed nothing to Madeline Fales, and I did owe something to Mrs. Frayne. Not being—naturally—in Curtis's confidence, I had to judge for myself the best way to serve him. So, instead of waiting in for him, I went to see the lady.

She received me in her big, shabby, comfortable studio, and watched me, while I sat before the fire, as cynically as if she had bought me at a whacking price and then discovered that I was "imitation." I have never seen boredom more completely expressed than in her face. I knew I was unwelcome, and not because I was interfering with any plan of hers. I was generally unwelcome—unwelcome because I was I, a dull fellow who could serve no turn of hers, ever. She couldn't be expecting Curtis, because he was due to call upon me. I was merely "no good," and therefore by her resented.

What I was really there for was to find out whether Madeline Fales was responsible for Curtis's interpretation of his duty. She might, I reflected as I watched her, be responsible for anything. Mrs. Fales left me perfectly cold; I couldn't imagine myself ever desiring more of her than that she shouldn't cross my path too often. Sometimes, in such a case, one translates one's own coldness into universal terms—refuses to see how any one else can be moved by the creature who so fails to move oneself. But I made no such mistake about Madeline Fales. She was a wine I did not care for, a dish I could not savor; but I could fancy her, in many a feast, the proudest morsel.

So I watched and waited for an open-

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ing, and in vain. I do not believe she suspected my thoughts to be of Curtis Frayne, but she was determined not to make it easy for me to speak any word in our common tongue except "Good-night." She was so bored with me! Not more bored than I with her, except that now and then, punctuating our aimless talk, came a sudden vision of how much a man might care for her futile person—provided, I mean, he cared at all. Intellectually I granted her pull. I even granted her, intellectually, the right to insult me by showing how I bored her. If she had been a waistless washerwoman, you know, I shouldn't have admitted the right.

Still the opening did not come. She would not even discuss the war—looked shamelessly blank when I mentioned it. She was not going to embark on any interesting subject with me for fear of getting involved in real talk. We spoke of her latest atrocity in the way of landscape; it was there on an easel, and all you could say of it was that it matched her dress. Both were greenish-blue. Had she painted the frock or dyed the picture? I tried to ask her that, but the words wouldn't come out. To tell the truth, I was afraid of being shown the door. Finally I saw that indirection was fruitless, and I brought Frayne's name up brutally.

"By the way, Mrs. Fales, is our friend Curtis going into the army? I've been away for two months and last night I gathered that he hadn't made up his mind."

"I really don't know. He has never spoken of it. I should think he would, shouldn't you?"

"I don't think anything about it in those terms. It's his own business. But of course one wonders about all one's able-bodied friends, and I wonder specially about Curtis because I am fond of him."

"Yes, it must be very interesting for you to watch them go." And she actually looked down, like a health-inspector, at my leg.

"More tragic for me than for most—as I am sure you can understand. I can't even drive an ambulance, you know."

"What a pity!" And again she looked at my shortened limb, only this time her gaze began at the top of my head and slid down my unimpressive person to end with a full stop on my most obvious disability. She "registered" contempt very well, and she did not limit the contempt to my leg.

"I can't help hoping, you know, that Curtis won't go unless he has to," I went on. "It would be very hard on his mother."

Mrs. Fales looked at me then with her first sign of interest. "Really? I should have imagined Aunt Caroline would take it just the other way."

"Her only son, you know. Indeed, the only thing she has in life. How could you blame her if she was reluctant?"

Then I realized that, since Mrs. Fales had seen Frayne the night before, she would know I wasn't playing quite straight. Fortunately she didn't know that I was aware she had seen him.

"I think," I continued, "she'd be very keen about his doing his duty, and all that—but she is his mother, and she's old, and she can't really want to lose him. She might encourage him to go, but she'd be awfully glad, wouldn't she, to have him safe and sound?"

Thus I pulled myself round into some relation to the facts she must have had reported to her.

"I'm rather sorry for Aunt Caroline. She's such a fool." Madeline Fales, this time, frankly yawned in my face. It wasn't a bad yawn—her teeth were very pretty.

"I don't think that. I was only thinking—with gratitude—that, whichever way it turned out, Mrs. Frayne would have her compensations. Either he's a hero or he's safe."

Then I got up. I had not learned much, but I had learned that her opinion of Curtis's duty, whatever it was, was not for publication; also that she hated Curtis's mother. I felt sure that Madeline Fales did hold the key. Otherwise, why should she have lied to me? I did not manage to get out of the studio, however, before Curtis Frayne entered it. That mischance annoyed me. I had counted on getting home in time to see him. He turned on me at once.

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"I told you I was coming round to-night."

"Well, aren't you still coming?"

"I've been!" He was not in the best of tempers.

"I thought you'd turn up late. I was just going to rush back, to be sure to be there in time."

"Why should I have turned up late?"

"Because you always do—after your mother has gone to bed."

"Mother went to bed immediately after dinner."

"Well"—I turned to the lady—"we mustn't quarrel about it before Mrs. Fales. I suppose you won't come home with me now, but perhaps I shall see you later."

"Hanged if you will—when you cut me like this."

"I wish I hadn't," I laughed. "Mrs. Fales has been bored to death with me. She never wanted anything in her life so much as to put my hat on my head and push me out of the door. Just now we've been discussing your duty to your country."

Frayne turned very quickly to Mrs. Fales. "You have?" It was of her that he asked it.

Madeline Fales shrugged her shoulders. "I told him I had no idea what you were going to do. He thinks your mother really wants you to stay with her."

Curtis grunted. "Can't either of you tell the truth?"

"Oh, come!" I exclaimed. "I said—"

But Frayne did not have time to hear what I had said. Madeline Fales turned on him. "Did you want me to repeat to this person things I supposed you had said to me in confidence?" She fairly glared at his pale, perplexed countenance. I had no time to get out, no time not to see the glare repeated in his eyes, no time not to see it followed by a charged look between them of appalling intimacy. I made for the door in haste, though I tried feebly to cover my rush with a light laugh.

"You thunder-clouds! Of course Mrs. Fales wouldn't break your confidence. And of course I only said that your mother might think she wanted you to go, but that she really couldn't help being grateful if you were saved to her. Don't, for Heaven's sake, quarrel over that! These are bad times, and we must all keep our heads."

But Curtis Frayne had one more word for me before I could escape. "It's only within the week that mother has begun to pester me. If you can change her mind, you'll be doing her a great service. Good-night." And he—not Mrs. Fales, who had not even said good-bye to me—shut the door in my face.

I went out into the night, inexpressibly shocked, I confess. Any two people, linked together in the bonds of passion and permitting that passion to be transmuted into anger, should be shut away in subterranean caverns—where no third person can see them, I mean. We have all paid, in our time, to see such pairs on the stage; but that, while it is hardly defensible, is not so painful as being forced to watch one's own kind at it—with no footlights between.

It was evident to me—and that was all that could concern me; the rest I must forget—that Mrs. Fales had extracted some kind of promise from Frayne. Of course he couldn't tell his mother; and, to deepen it, Mrs. Frayne hated Madeline with a vigor that (had it not been for poor Curtis) I should have found delightful. I thought, as I made my way home, I had at last got to the bottom of it. Madeline Fales intended to keep him by her side. Nor could I be unaware that Curtis was probably supporting her out of his handsome salary. He had promised lightly, no doubt, some time before, not feeling war then as an immediate urge. That hypothesis, at all events, accounted for everything. And now I must forget. . . . In walking the last blocks before I reached my own door I tried for the mental equivalent of silence; tried, by turning my thoughts from Curtis Frayne and his innamorata, to achieve an intimate, inner discretion. On the very steps of my own house I was pulled up by a sudden thought—a shriek, you might say, piercing my mental muteness. The fact was that my hypothesis by no means accounted for Mrs. Frayne.

Those must have been bad days for Curtis, before our lords and masters decided at what age the decimating

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process should begin. As you will have made out, Curtis's own age lay precisely in the No Man's Land between the limits set first, respectively, by House and Senate. I avoided him, I confess, and found it so easy that I could not but see he was avoiding me as well. But I spent many evenings with Mrs. Frayne, and there was an acknowledgment of the old intimacy in the way Curtis permitted me to install myself and then slipped off to his own engagements. He let me be his substitute quite frankly, which meant that, though he didn't care to see me, he hadn't learned to hate me.

Mrs. Frayne and I talked no more of Curtis's "duty." What she might have said to him in private I did not know, not being for the moment in her son's confidence. But I judged that she no longer discussed the matter with him. What else but a constant, hourly repression of her emotions could have brought about the change in her fine old face—an effect that I can describe only as a slight pulling up of the arch of her brows, a faint, fixed interrogation Her countenance had always seemed to assert a hundred things; to assert them, in the same terms, year after year. Now her assertion was turned to a tacit question, her eyes asking silently something that the positive pince-nez could not answer. It was all in the eyelids and brows; her lips did not swerve a hair's-breadth from the curve the years had given them. There was to me something outrageous in her suffering like that—for only suffering could have changed the expression that she had put seventy conscious years into acquiring. If it is the doom of youth to be plastic, it should be the reward of age to be immobile; to be done with the cruel moulding process forever. A touch suffices for the young; they can turn comic or tragic overnight. But judge of the force that must be exerted when the features have once hardened into their predestined type! And as the lips would not speak, the eyes must go unanswered.

We did not eschew the subject of the war. Mrs. Frayne took in three newspapers and read them all, and her hands, as she talked, rolled bandages or knitted socks. We even talked of Curtis—freely, I should have said, if I had not happened to hear the end of their strange discussion. Had it not been for the mute interrogation of her lifted eyes, the faint perplexity of the brow, I should have thought that her world was, if not to her liking, at least measured and accepted by her. I did not like to think that the answer to her eternal silent "Why?" was the unworthy name of Madeline Fales; yet, on the other hand, I confess, I had been offended by her passionate (though vain) pushing of her son towards death and mutilation and pain. Still—Madeline Fales, and what, as he faced her on her own hearth, Curtis Frayne could look like and sound like. . . . I owed Curtis much, and I was paying my debt, evening after evening, in his forsaken home with his suffering, silent mother. By this time I did not doubt that she suspected Madeline Fales in the background, or that it was her perception of Madeline which sealed her lips. Things are not what they seem.

Of course this period of probation could not last forever. The machinery of the draft got under way, and Curtis Frayne was in due time caught in his proper cog. He was eminently fit in every way to serve his country, and he made no pretenses and no delays. Heaven knows I envied him, though in changing bodies with him I think I should have stipulated that all memory of Madeline Fales be erased from my brain.

Frayne made it so obvious that he did not care for my society that I avoided him more than ever. I suppose, between the two women who were devouring him—each wantonly ignorant of how much the other was tearing at his heart of flesh—he had no time for a mere friend. He had to hurry from one hungry mouth to the other. I forgave him for his brutality—it amounted to that—in not keeping me aware of his affairs. But I slackened my attentions to Mrs. Frayne, after I heard, from a common friend, that Curtis had been drafted and was "going." I suspected that after he was "gone" I should have to pick up the pieces. Mrs. Fales I had not seen since the evening Curtis had shut her door—their door—in my face. In common

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decency to her, I could not seek her out. She must have wanted me drowned.

I did not know about Curtis's dates, and I avoided the columns in the newspapers that might have mentioned them. So, when suddenly one evening Mrs. Frayne's maid asked me, by telephone, to come immediately to see her mistress, I did not know whether I was in for a bit of dialogue or an encounter *à trois*.

I found Mrs. Frayne propped high in a great mahogany bed, the victim of acute rheumatism. She had been there, she told me, for two days. Her plea to me, which she brought out without waiting to greet me adequately, was to find Curtis for her.

I explained that I did not know where Curtis was to be found; that unless she could give me a hint, I was powerless. He had resigned his post, I had heard, and for all I knew was already in camp.

"No, not yet," she said, eagerly. "He was to report the day after to-morrow. I haven't seen him since I had this attack. He has telephoned. He says he is out of town attending to some last business, but he hasn't told me where."

"Not even where he was telephoning from?"

"Sometimes it's one railway station, sometimes another. He says he is moving about—having to go to two or t ree places. But I want you to find him."

"Where did he telephone from last?"

"From the Grand Central Station." Mrs. Frayne smiled, her humor dominating, for the moment, her distress of mind and body.

"But, Mrs. Frayne—"

"I know. I know." Her face wrinkled now and then with a sudden twinge of pain. And I felt that these little grimaces, permitted to the victim of rheumatism, were an immense moral relief. She could let herself go—for the first time—ever so little; even a moan would not give her away, for it would be attributed to the suffering flesh.

"But I must see him," she went on, as her face relaxed.

"But you will see him, when his business is done. I would do anything to get him here for you to-night, but I might as well hunt the needle in the haystack. The game is in his hands."

"No, Bertie, if you'll only bring him here to me, the game is in mine." And she fell back on her pillows.

"If—! I can't, unless you can give me a clue. But he'll turn up. Can't you wait?"

"Not too long." She closed her eyes.

"What, precisely, is your pull?" I was curious to see what this sane woman was up to.

"He's got to stay—if I can get hold of him. He can't go."

"Go where?"

"To the trenches." She snapped her teeth upon the words.

"But—" For the first time Madeline Fales receded from my secret thoughts—back, back into that twilight where nothing matters.

"He's exempt."

"But not now! That's all over, dear Mrs. Frayne." My conviction of her essential sanity was beginning to tremble in its time-honored niche. "He has been through all the formalities."

"Ah, but there's a new factor." Her brown eyes shone at me with the old fire of common sense. "He's the sole support of his widowed mother."

"Since when?" I gaped at her.

"Since the day before yesterday. I went out in the rain to see to that. Hence this stupid rheumatism—and my having to send for you. Otherwise, I'd have managed, myself."

"But what have you done?" I cried.

"Don't be melodramatic, Bertie. I've disposed of my little property—at least most of it."

Fear struck to my heart like ice. I bent forward and touched her hand. "Dear Mrs. Frayne, please tell me," I murmured.

"I just signed and signed until I had a chill. Signed my fortune away, Bertie." Her laugh had, for the first time, a senile flatness. "It's gone to War Relief."

'But how could they let you?" I groaned.

"I do what I choose with my own." There was crispness in the voice again. "I sent word first that they were to sell the securities for what they could get. And then, later, I went down and signed, I tell you—oh, over and over again. Now Curtis will have to stay at home and support me. Don't you see?

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I'll be as cheap as I can for the poor boy."

I have never felt more helpless. Mrs. Frayne had broken under the long strain and had done irreparable things. I made no doubt that she was legally sane—medically, too, probably. Yet she was not so sane, to my thinking, that it was best for me to tell her, brutally, then and there, that she had undoubtedly made her gesture in vain. I could only hint it.

"And if they make Curtis go anyhow?" I rested it gently on the well-known inhumanity of the law.

"Oh, I could manage somehow." She was bent and twisted, but not broken, you see.

"But why, oh why did you?" I was still beating about in my trouble.

"I'd do anything under God's heaven to keep my boy—keep him safe from all that hell."

"But—" I could go no further. It was the same voice that I had once heard pleading with Curtis Frayne to volunteer for hell. The curtains of the four-poster trembled in the light breeze from the window, and the shadows were deep under the tester. She lay there in a world of muslin and mahogany, enigmatic, isolated, contradictory—a thing I could not understand. I had never seen her thus. There was nothing to link her to my memories of her. Even her pince-nez was gone. The place was strange, the person was strange, the words were strange. Yet my reason insulted my senses by telling me that I knew her well.

"I know, Bertie. I know." She calmed me, soothed me. "You didn't understand. Neither did poor Curtis. And I didn't want to explain. Now I may as well—and to you." Again the brown eyes closed for a little, and the lips twitched. "I seem to have gone very far—back there. Did Curtis think I wanted him to go?"

"He never talked with me about it."

"That's a pity. That's a pity. My boy! I must see him."

"You shall. He'll come back tomorrow." I tried in my turn to soothe her.

"And then we'll see." She smiled at me. "I believe I have saved him, after all. I can take my oath that he's my sole support. The little I have left I can get rid of in a wink. You'll see."

"If you're ready to despoil yourself to keep him, then why—" I could not seem to finish my questions. But Madeline Fales rose again out of the twilight in which she had been blessedly lost.

"Yes, yes. I've told you I'll explain. And then you will see why I couldn't explain to him, at that time. Fetch me the little mahogany chest on my dressing-table. The key is in it."

I fetched the chest. Mrs. Frayne sat up very straight and took it on her lap. She unlocked it, and for a moment her hands fumbled among some yellow papers. Then she let them go, withdrew her hand, and locked the chest again. "Lift it down." I obeyed. "I don't need any papers. Poor Curtis!" Silence fell. Then Mrs. Frayne began again in a thin voice: "I don't like to tell you, but I want you to understand—for I am not sure that I had better tell Curtis himself, even now. . . . You see, my husband didn't go."

"So I heard Curtis say."

She stirred a little, as if annoyed. "Yes, but Curtis didn't know about it. He wasn't born until long, long after. I had six, and he was my youngest. What I mean is that his father was drafted, and then didn't go. He paid a substitute, a man who was far gone in debt and trouble. And I was just married—I was only seventeen—and in love with him, and I didn't understand. He was necessary to me and to his family and to their business interests—he was a good son and a good brother and a good husband. And my three brothers had gone. You can imagine that no girl thinks her husband ought to be shot. I pleaded with him; I sobbed; I threatened to die or go mad. I didn't even have a child then, to justify my selfishness. . . . I just didn't see the shame of paying another man, with wife and children, to go out and be shot for you. The man came and begged for it, but what difference did that make? The other man was killed very soon. We always 'did' for his family, more or less. But one day I saw the look in the wife's eyes, and I understood. I never went, myself, again after that. . . . I grew up overnight—I realized . . . There are just

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some things you don't do—and I had made my dear husband do one of those few, terrible things. I had let him profit by another man's misfortune to save his own skin and my feelings. I have never got over the shame of it. He shouldn't have done it; he should have let me fulfil every threat, to the madhouse or the grave, rather than permit me to tear his personal honor to pieces. But he let me, and I did it—with these little claws of mine." She spread her fine, yellowed hands out on the counterpane before her, staring at them.

"And then"—her voice sank—"long afterward, when I told him of my shame and my remorse, he told me he should have done it anyhow. I never knew whether he lied or not. I hope he did, but I was never sure. And he died very soon after he had said it."

I sat very quietly waiting for her to burn herself out. Madeline Fales had receded again, but I was not sure that I liked this obsession much better.

"So you see"—Mrs. Frayne was bound to finish—"when the war came, and we were so pitifully unprepared, and Curtis had had more training than most, and to many men in his position it seemed the plainest case of duty—Well, his hanging back was more dreadful to me than I can say. I felt that I must pay, having once so dishonorably refused."

"And did you think Curtis ought to pay because you had been selfish once?" I had to ask.

But Mrs. Frayne answered me very gently. "You do not know, Bertie. . . . The greatest agony of parenthood is the fear of seeing your children fail by the weaknesses you know you gave them. We can suffer for our own sins; that is right. But it is terrible to create a being who cannot help being weak in just your way. If Curtis had gone at the first, I should have felt triumphant, forgiven. I should have felt that I had not committed the worst crime—that of making a son in our own wicked likeness."

I could not argue away the mental twist of years. I could only say, "You take it much too hard."

"Yes, I know I do." A slow tear rolled down her cheek. "I have brooded over it so long. That woman's face! . . . We had taken her man, so that we could sleep soft."

"He would have gone for some one else if not for your husband."

"Do you suppose a murderer gets much comfort out of thinking that some one else would have killed his victim if he had not?"

"You take it far too hard. . . . And Curtis did not try to evade his duty when his country pointed it out to him."

"No; but that was different. He never made the beautiful, free, generous gesture that would have atoned. What I cannot bear is that my son should be no better than his parents."

"He is going gladly, is he not? Doesn't that in itself 'atone,' as you say?"

"Not gladly, I think."

I was distressed for her, and I hated Madeline Fales at that moment more than I had ever hated her before. Had it not been for her, I felt sure, Curtis would have gone "gladly"—for I knew him. A wild impulse to tell Curtis's mother what I had guessed, what I felt I knew, made my heart flutter for a few seconds. But that, of course, I could not do.

"He knows what he is going to, you see. The devil of this war is that we do know. For two years we have been told every ghastly detail, seen every ghastly picture. The men who are going, believe me, Mrs. Frayne, are not glad. They think it a sordid, hellish job—but their duty. They hate it. All you can ask of flesh and blood is to *go*."

She took that in and seemed to meditate upon it.

"But why are you trying now to keep him back?" I asked.

The thin shoulders under the dressing-sacque heaved into a little shrug. "What does it prove, now, that he should go? It doesn't wipe anything out. It means nothing. Curtis is what he is, and I made him. If he's not to atone, if he's not to prove himself brave and fine as we weren't—oh, then" (her voice grew very firm), "I'll keep him if I can. I could have given him up to be a hero, a stainless soul, a young strong spirit leaping forth to the sacrifice—I'd have given him and gloried in him. But,

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send my boy stupidly to the shambles with a million others, in spite of himself, herded into the trenches with no volition, no nobility of his own—given up to butchery! Not if I can help it—my ewe-lamb."

I could not do much, as you see. It was too late to undo the finished pattern of her mind, wherein egotism and altruism were the very warp and woof. But I would make one supreme effort to show her Curtis in another light. Her sacrifice had been vain; she could not, I was sure, get him back. Then she must see him, if I could manage it, in the light of heroism. The deuce of it was that I must toil in the dark. I did not even know, of the work of my hands, whether poor, tortured Curtis would not clean destroy it on the morrow.

"Dear Mrs. Frayne"—I addressed a white face with closed eyes—"I think you are absolutely wrong. Do you call the soldiers of France unheroic? Do you dare to say of our army, in the very hour of its birth, that it is going stupidly and ingloriously to the shambles? Curtis told you long ago, with no bluster, that he would go the moment it was his plain duty—and he is going; *has* gone, you might say. Your own bitter experience has made you morbid. I think even about that you are all wrong. How do I know that the reason Curtis has been avoiding me is not that he cannot bear to look at me, for fear I should see pity in his eyes? I don't know what sort of superficial glitter you wanted for him, but I tell you frankly that to me there is a solemnity, a decency, in being called out as a citizen by the state, and reporting for service as quietly as you go to the polls, that's worth Plattsburg ten times over. Curtis seems to me to be doing his whole duty—not more than his duty or less than his duty; not shoving himself above other men, or dashing off on any initiatives of his own, or troubling over the show he's making or isn't making. He trusts his country to use him when and how it wants him. The perfect anonymity and solidarity of all that seems to me patriotism of the highest type. You wanted to be more than a Spartan mother. Well, don't be less than one! And"—I felt about a little—"Curtis adores you. If you could see your way to telling him you're proud of him and the million others, I think you'd do him good. For Curtis, you know, is a patriot."

She had opened her eyes while I spoke, and was watching me with interest. "Yes? Well, I haven't come to that point yet. We shall see. But he will really have to stay and support me, won't he?" There was a wild fear in her tone that clutched me.

"If he knew how you loved him, he would commit any baseness for you, I believe."

"Ah no, not twice!" she cried. "No, that's why I did it—so that he could stay with honor."

I hoped she was not going to miss everything. My breast ached with my pity for her. But she had not been fair. How could she, in her morbidness and her ignorance, be fair? And I cursed Madeline Fales, who had made the truth impossible between Curtis Frayne and his mother.

I rose and stood above her. "I'll come very early in the morning. And I'll start out to find Curtis if he hasn't returned. You can trust me, you know. You don't have to make me swear. And if Curtis comes—just show him how you love him. Let everything else go; for you know as well as I do that nothing else at this hour counts. And please"—I bent over and kissed her hand—"remember that the one thing no grown man should be asked to endure is that another person should tell him where his honor lies. Remember that, and you've *got* him."

She smiled at me tremulously, but her voice was very clear again. "I shall keep him if I can—after all I've done. If I can't— Oh, well, it won't matter then what I've done. Good-bye. I'll expect you to-morrow." She turned her head away in the shadow of the tester, and I left the room.

As I went down-stairs, the front door shut heavily. In the lower hall I met Curtis Frayne. We had very few words for each other. For one instant I thought of buttonholing him and telling him a few facts that he was not yet aware of. But I did not dare. It must just go on without me. Besides, he was in posses-

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sion of many facts concerning himself that I should never know. It was certain as death that Madeline Fales had made him promise not to volunteer, but what other compacts had been made was their own secret. We said good night briefly.

I was in bed an hour later when Curtis Frayne knocked long and loudly at my door. I let him in, then offered him nervously every comfort that the place afforded. He refused them all, would not even sit down.

"Sorry to get you out of bed," he began. I waved away his apology. "Mother tells me you know about this fool thing she's done. I'll see what I can do about it to-morrow. But she's very thorough and very quick. I don't know whether I can do anything. The devil of it is"—he smiled, a rather hard smile—"I've done virtually the same thing. I thought mother was perfectly safe, you see. I've come, simply for old sake's sake, to ask you to do your best for her—keep an eye on her, you know, not let her suffer. It's a big order, I realize, but—" He broke down.

"Not a big order at all. I hope you know that I'd have done it anyhow."

"Oh yes. Otherwise I shouldn't have asked." (Such is the picturesque logic of friendship.)

"She isn't keeping you, then?"

"Keeping me?" He looked astonished. "I say, Bertie, it worries me awfully. She has always been so sensible, and this looks to me—well, like senile decay, if I must phrase the thing. You heard how she talked before, about my volunteering. And now she does a crazy thing like this. I wish I had known it was all bluff in the beginning. It would have made it easier. But I wasn't accustomed to the notion of mother's bluffing. I don't see why she took that line, ever. She's always been so logical, so sane. I didn't dream. . . . I'm afraid—well, I'm afraid she's just what they call 'breaking up.' I"—he turned his head away and fingered the chimney-piece delicately—"I've just got to leave it to you, Bertie. Sorry, but—well, you'll have to do your bit in this way."

"And mighty glad, since it has to be, of the chance," I assured him. "If she had done it in time, would it have been of any use, Curtis?" I had to ask it.

"Not a bit, I'm afraid. I couldn't have, you know. I mean—there comes a point where a man's a citizen before he's a son or—or anything else. You'll be good to her?" He was at the door with outstretched hand.

"I love her very dearly." It seemed the best way to put it.

"That's all right, then. Thank God, you've got the money. I haven't a cent left." He looked me very straight in the eye, and I saw that I might make what I could of it, that being the utmost explanation he could give of so much that had coerced him. "Good-night. I'll see you again, of course."

"Good-night." I knew I shouldn't see him again, and it was just as well. I got back to bed and switched off the light. My modesty wanted the darkness of Cimmeria, for there were tears in my eyes.

Not one of us four—mother, son, mistress, friend—would ever know the whole. The tuneless tune made by Mr. Knapp came back through the shadows as, all my life, it has had a trick of doing.

"And thi-ings are not what they seem." Emphasis, as always, on "are" and "what."

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Diplomatic Days in Mexico

BY EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY

[No book dealing with recent events in Mexico has had a wider or more enthusiastic reception than "A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico," by Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy, wife of the American *chargé d'affaires* and acting ambassador during the momentous days of the Huerta régime and Second Secretary of the American Embassy before that time. The following letters to her mother—with others that are to follow—recount Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's earlier experiences in Mexico—the fall of the Diaz administration and the brief tragic rule of Madero.—EDITOR.]

HÔTEL DE GENÈVE, MEXICO CITY,
May 6, 1911.

WE got in early, at seven-thirty, and I did not feel, driving through the broad streets with their wash of Indian color, as one often does entering strange cities in the early morning: "Why, oh why have I come? What am I doing here?" There seemed abundant justification if one could only get at it, some personal pointing of the finger of a generally impersonal fate. N. went early to present himself to the ambassador. We had purposely not telegraphed our arrival. Elim is out with Gabrielle, and I am rather limp and listless after the sleepless night, which was an unforgetable rising up, up, up, with a ringing in the ears through an exotic, potential sort of darkness.

My last word was from the boat posted at the consulate. Mr. Canada, our calm, sensible, silver-haired, blue-eyed consul, welcomed us at Vera Cruz, piloted us quickly through the furnace of the customs, across an equally hot interval of sand and cobble-stone, to the dim, cool consulate, where a strong, unexpected breeze was blowing in at the sea windows. Then ensued a great telegraphing to and fro to know if the line, the only one rumored to be intact to Mexico City, was really open and safe. Further encouraging rumors, such as the cutting off of the water and light supplies of Mexico City by the revolutionaries, were also rampant.

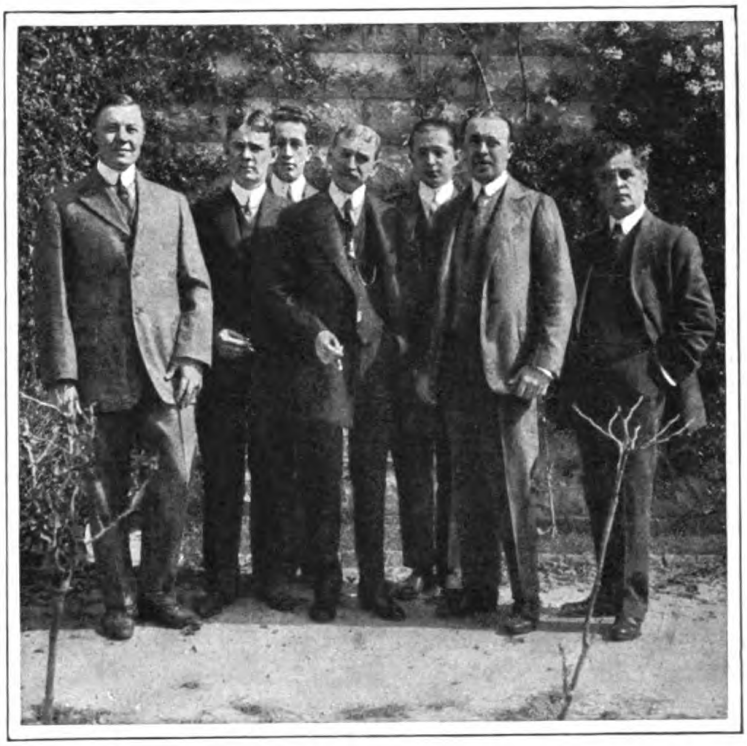
Half an hour before the train started, with babe, baggage, and maid safely on board, we took a little turn about the streets. A blessed blue darkness was falling, all that glaze of heat was gone, and the note of color proved to be little, low, pink houses with a great deal of green shutter and balcony. We went as far as the Plaza, drawn by the sound of some really snappy music. Indians, mantilla-covered, white-clad women, little children in various stages of undress, and a foreigner or two smoking, were sitting or walking about in the palm-planted square, and under some arcades people were eating and drinking; the domed and belfried cathedral was only a dark mass against the sky, but all the same I deeply knew that it was the tropics, the Spanish tropics.

As the train moved out of the station every man had his revolver or his rifle ready at hand, and there was a great wiping and clicking and loading going on. It wasn't one of those nights when you "lie down to pleasant dreams." As I put my head out of the window at one of the dark stops the scent of some sickeningly sweet, unknown flower fell like a veil over my face; there was a hollow sound of the testing of the wheels; torches and lanterns cut the darkness, so that I got suggestions of unfamiliar silhouettes as a peaked hat or a flap of a cape or a bayonet caught the light. Soldiers were guarding the bridges and trestle-works, which seemed endless. As the first dim light began to come in at my window I drew up the curtain and looked out on a scene so beautiful, so unexpected, I could have wept. The two great volcanoes Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl were high, rose-colored, serene, ineffably beautiful against the sky, still

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a pale tint of *bleu de nuit.* I felt all the alarms and uncertainties of the darkness slip away. Elim was rolled up like a little ball at the foot of the berth, nothing of his head showing but a shock of yellow hair. We were safely on the heights.

Dim bluish fields of the unfamiliar maguey were planted in regular rows. Even as I looked out they began to take on a rich, brownish-pink tone; the little Indian huts along the way became rose-colored; everything began to glow. The two peaks which had had no place in my consciousness since I wrestled with their names at school were masses of flame color against a sky of palest, whitest blue. At the little stations an occasional red-blanketed, peak-hatted Indian appeared. It was the Mexico of dreams.



EMBASSY STAFF, MEXICO CITY, 1911

Ambassador Wilson and Mr. O'Shaughnessy are the fourth and sixth figures, respectively, counting from the left

HÔTEL DE GENÈVE,
May 7, 1911.

Yesterday proved very full, though I had thought to engage it, as far as the outer world was concerned, by a single visit to the Embassy. N. came home to lunch with the announcement that it was Mrs. Wilson's day. I went back with him, thinking to greet her for a moment only, but she insisted on my returning for the afternoon reception, and was most cordial and welcoming. I came home, tried to rest and didn't, and finally, pulling my outer self together with the help of the big, black Alphonsine hat, sallied forth at five o'clock to see the general lay of the Mexican land. I found various autos drawn up before the Embassy door, and Mrs. Wilson, very gracious and attractive-looking in a heliotrope dress, was receiving many callers in her handsome, flower-filled drawing-room. Various diplomatic people were presented, but mostly, as it happened, from or about the Equator.

I met, however, a charming young Mexican—Del Campo, I think his name is—from the Foreign Office. His English was so choice and delightful that I asked how it came about. He explained that he had an Irish mother and had been *en poste* in London. Toward the end the ambassador came in, very cordial, and asking why in the world we hadn't telegraphed that we were coming up on the night train, so that we might be properly met; but I told him one *couldn't* be "properly met" at 7 A.M.!

May 8th.

I have already sent off two letters, but this goes via the pouch to Washington. I am not formulating anything about Mexico; I feel myself simply a receptacle for impressions not yet crystallized.

I am now going to look at the house Mr. Dearing spoke of. This hotel, though quite new, is already ricketty and proves

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itself more primitive at each turn. The doors in every room are placed just where you don't expect them; either you can't shut them or they won't open. The hot water runs cold, and the cold hot. We are up a huge number of stairs, the first step placed at right angles as you go out of the door; and I seem to be living in a world of luggage. The pleasant rooms can only be got at through the undesirable ones. The food to me is interesting, with its American veneer over unclassified substances, but would never do for Elim.

This afternoon I make official calls with Mrs. Wilson—just a leaving of cards—and in the evening we dine with Dearing and Weitzel, who, now that N. has arrived, is returning immediately to Washington. The weather is beautiful, but the dark and splendid clouds that yesterday "gathered round the setting sun" are, they tell me, the forerunners of the rainy season.

May 9th.

Instead of dining with Mr. Weitzel we all had a very pleasant dinner at the Embassy last night. Everything exceedingly well done. A Belgian *maître d'hôtel* has brought his Brussels ways with him, and it might have been a pleasant dinner anywhere. The Embassy is very handsomely equipped throughout with the furnishings of Mr. Wilson's Brussels Legation, and the rooms are all large and high-ceilinged and generally ambassadorial-looking. Mr. Wilson has a very complex situation well in hand, but says he has ample reason to fear that if Diaz goes it will be an embarking on unknown seas in a rudderless ship. Personally I have not got any of the points of the compass yet, but something seems brewing in all directions.

Later.

We took the charming dwelling I spoke of yesterday—not too large, and thoroughly furnished by comfortably living, cultured people—42 Calle Humboldt. The name of the street itself is in the proper Mexican note. I want to keep the house, which is built in the dignified, solid way of half a century ago, on the basis of the former masters, so I looked over the accounts, which in themselves give a picture of Mexican life. The servants get fifteen cents a day for their food, consisting largely of *frijoles*, and their everlasting *pulque*, which my nose is no longer a stranger to, and their wages range from seven to nine dollars a month. There is a dear little flower-planted corridor—pink geraniums and calla-lilies—running around the four sides of the *patio* on which all the rooms open, and there is a second brick veranda, with various shrubs and flowers and oleander-trees, out beyond the dining-room, where Elim can play in the flooding sun. Four of the servants have been many years with the Americans to whom the house belongs. It has never been rented before. Its only drawback is that it is in the center of the town, though it is at the end of the street near the broad Paseo. The Embassy is some distance out, in one of the new *colonias*. We can move in immediately. Everything is in apple-pie order. I have seen two smiling, black-dressed, white-collared, white-aproned maids, who said they wouldn't stay if I got a butler. It sounds so promising that I certainly won't introduce any possibly disturbing element into this paradise.

42 Calle Humboldt.

I am sitting here quietly in the charming little library waiting for the *maître de maison*, whom we have just missed—a few final arrangements to be made. There are many bookcases filled with really good books, easy-chairs, writing-desk, and all sheltered from this beautiful but cruel light by awnings at the windows of court and street—everything comfortable and *comme il faut*. The rooms have the high ceilings of this part of the world, and in the drawing-room, which gives into the library, are more books, and furniture that will be pleasant to live with.

Mrs. S., fearing possible destruction of a very probable revolution, took with her all her really good portable things, I understand. Collections of fans, paintings on bronze, some old pictures, valuable bric-à-brac—in short, the gleanings of years. I am thankful, of course, not to have the responsibility of anybody's special treasures. The rooms are all

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enfilade, with the open corridor running around the inside of the *patio*, and all, except two big corner rooms giving on the street, open on to it. Just opposite is the Ministry of Finance, and at the head of the street in the big Plaza is the Foreign Office. There is an artesian well at the back, but the water must be boiled and filtered. I understand one must keep one's eye on the filtering and boiling, which seem superfluous to the Aztec. Nothing is spoken except Spanish, which pleases me as it will break me in immediately—a cook, the nice maids, two washerwomen, and a little half-priced one called a *galopina*. As you will judge by the name, she does all the running, and doubtless the kitchen work nobody else will do. I am most fortunate not to have to try my novice hand on getting a household together in this land of unknown equations. Just to step into a well-ordered household is a piece of good luck. I have already seen a corner I shall make mine—a sofa near a book case and reading-lamp, and an old, low, square table which I shall put beside it for books and flowers, and where the tea will be brought.



ELIM O'SHAUGHNESSY

May 10th.

A word in haste by the pouch. Don't believe all you see in the newspapers, and especially don't let the Paris *Herald* make you panicky. We are well, and tomorrow we move into the pleasant home. In case there are riots we can sport not only one oak but two, as there is a double set of doors to the large vestibule leading into the courtyard, and we are up one flight, in what the Italians would call the *piano nobile*. Nothing above but a flat, convenient, accessible roof. I am told the roof is a great feature of Latin-American life, especially in revolutionary days.

I write you at length about the disposition of the house because I know you would like to hear, not because there is one chance in a thousand of the siege so much talked about, though it seems in the note to order large supplies from the American grocery-stores, and people are having their doors and window-shutters strengthened. The fighting on the frontier has nothing, as yet, to do with us.

May 12th.

All peaceful here in Mexico City. Diaz and Madero are supposed to come to some sort of terms. The well-seasoned inhabitants who know the people and conditions feel there is no cause for personal anxieties, though of course there are always alarmists. One minister, whose posts during a long career have been Guatemala, Siam, and Mexico, talks wildly, and has stocked his house for a siege, lets the water run into his tub at night for fear the water-supply will be cut off, and has had iron bars put across his shutters.

Yesterday, when we got to the house, there was not a sign of any of the servants. It appeared completely deserted, and might have been a Mayan ruin so far as signs of life were concerned. After an hour of thinking their delicacy, or whatever it was, had gone far enough, I investigated the back quarters, and they all appeared smiling

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and ready. As I understand it, there was some Spanish-Indian idea about not intruding at first, but *I* wanted to get settled. I was out this morning getting a few necessary additions to the house, though everything is here, even to some linen and silver. The departing Belgian secretary is having a sale, and I met there several of the colleagues looking over his household gods.

Last night we were again at the Embassy for dinner, and the cook returned me some of the morning house-money, fifty cents or so, that had not been used! I was so surprised that I took it. They seem a pleasant, peaceful, gentle, ungrasping sort of people. The house is open day and night—practically outdoor life. To get to the really charming dining-room with its yellow walls, rare old engravings in old dark inlaid frames, its cabinets with bits of Napoleon, Maximilian, and other old china, we have to go out under "the inverted bowl" of an unimagined shining blueness and around the corridor. It certainly poetizes the hour of refreshment. The climate is indescribably beautiful to *look at*, but it is all too high. Few foreigners can stand it *à la longue*. The *patio* was flooded with moonlight when I went to bed last night, and flooded with sun when I woke up. I praised Allah.

The dinner of twelve at the Embassy last night was very pleasant. President Taft's announcement that there would be no intervention made every one feel easy again. Rumor had been rife in town as to possible decisions in Washington. I sat between the ambassador and an American, Mr. McClaren, an *intime* of Madero, in whose house he lay concealed last autumn when he was in danger of arrest. I was most interested in hearing at first hand about Madero. Mr. McClaren, a clever lawyer, with a long experience of Mexico, says he is inspired, illuminated, selfless, with but one idea, the regeneration of Mexico. He seems to have no doubt of Madero's being able to work out the Mexican situation along high, broad lines, and thinks he will surely be here in the city through force or the abdication of Diaz within a month or two. Mr. Wilson, on the contrary, told me again he saw with dread the overthrow of the Diaz régime. Though the President is eighty-three, with many of the infirmities and obstinacies of old age, he also preserves many of the qualities that made him great, and Mr. Wilson said that he personally, in all his dealings with him, never found him lacking in understanding or energy. I reminded myself of La Fontaine's fable, "*Entre deux âges*," with the difference, however, that instead of having no hair left I had no opinions left when we rose from dinner. We drove home in an open motor, under a thickly starred and gorgeous heaven, but the unfamiliar constellations gave me a sudden nostalgia.

May 13th.

On the 10th Juarez was captured with its commanding officer, General Navarro, by Orozco and Giuseppe Garibaldi, who is down here following out the family traditions. I am writing in the comfortable little library, doors opening everywhere onto the flower-planted corridor. I have been reading Creelman's *Life of Diaz*, and three volumes of Prescott are waiting on my little table. Suddenly I find I am hungry with a great hunger for the printed page and the old objective and impersonal habits of thought.

We are to be presented to the President and his wife this week, and are looking forward to meeting the maker of modern Mexico and his charming consort. They are in their large house near the Palacio, but generally at this season have moved to Chapultepec.

May 16th.

Yesterday Madero, and Carbajal, who is the peace envoy of Diaz, whatever that may mean, went into conference at Juarez to consider the proposals of the Diaz Government. Everything here is in a melting condition, and how it will crystallize the Fates alone know.

Last night we dined at the handsome French Legation in the Calle Roma. The minister and his wife are away, and in their absence the chargé d'affaires, De Vaux, is living there, with two friends, a Mr. de Vilaine, very *au courant* with Mexican matters, and who has large mining interests in Taxco and Colima. He showed us some interesting silver ingots, from a little mill at Miramar on

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the Pacific coast, made up after the manner of the early Spaniards. A young man, D'Aubigny,[1] in business here, completes a pleasant trio and we had a very agreeable dinner. The retiring Spanish secretary Romero and his Viennese wife, just appointed to Teheran, were also there. Romero bears testimony to race, and his long and elegant silhouette fitted into the charming rooms most harmoniously, but a tall, distinguished-looking man, whose name I did not get, ought to have been hanging, clad in a ruff and velvet doublet, in a gilt frame among the Velasquez in the Madrid museum. The Belgian minister, Allart, who has been here during the last several years of Don Porfirio's glory, took me out. The conversation everywhere turns on the political situation, suppositions as to the abdication of Diaz, prophecies as to how and when Madero will arrive, if the city will offer resistance, and each one's little plan of campaign in case of siege. There is a temporary narrow-gauge railroad running from the arsenal to the Buena Vista station, across the beautiful Paseo, for the expedition of men and munitions if necessary, which Allart told me appeared last March in the night soon after Limantour's return. Nobody seems to know exactly what forces are at the disposition of the Federal Government. The newspapers get rich on the situation, however, and certainly it enlivens the dinners.

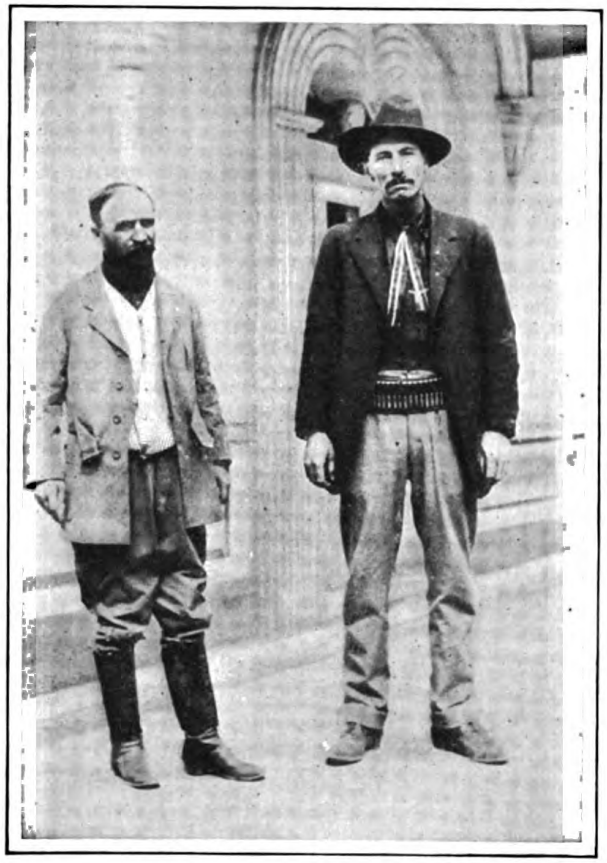
May 20, 1911.

The Madero forces are in possession of the ports of entry at Juarez and Agua Prieta and can collect the customs, which, as one minister said, would be spent in fancy by all, but in reality by the usual nearest few.

I saw some Mexican suffragettes the other day whom I wish you could have seen. They were armed, with bandoliers full of ammunition crossed over their breasts, and it was bullets rather than ballots among the sisterhood here.

[1] Killed in the battle of the Somme, 1916.

I stay at home a good deal, it is so pleasant, and after so many years of the concurrences, of the displacements, the hastes and excitements of the great world, how I love this full leisure! After all, what is needed to make life interesting, I am discovering, is not action but atmosphere, and that I have here.



MADERO AND OROZCO IN 1911

The President is very ill. I am deeply disappointed that our audience has to be put off. I want to see the old régime, now decidedly tottering, in its accustomed setting. It appears he has an ulcerated tooth, and there can be no receptions, formal nor informal, in the present state of affairs. Indeed I have not seen "hide nor hair" of any of the actual Government. Doña Carmen, of whom I hear so many tales of goodness and tact, combined with the charming elegance of a woman of the world, seems adored by high and low, and is very catholic. The not too drastic enforce-

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ment of the famous "Laws of Reform" is said to be due to her influence.

I have been looking into the history of Mexico since their "Independence," trying to get some sort of a line on governmental psychology. So much bloodshed has always attended a change of Government here. First came men like the priest Hidalgo and Morelos, his disciple, men of burning hearts and flaming souls; then appeared a set of what to-day we would call intellectuals —Comonfort, Lerdo, Juarez are types. The long reign of Diaz was preceded by all sorts of upheavals in which any one who had anything to do with government lost his life. However, all this concerned the Mexicans alone, but now, with disorders menacing huge foreign interests, a new element of discord and complication comes in. As the generations renew themselves with certainty and promptness, in the end the blow to things industrial is the most serious, and don't think me heartless for stating this simple, cruel truth. Diaz seems at last pushed to the wall, and of course with him many foreign interests, which I understand are vital to the life of the country. He has had much wisdom, but the gods seem to have withheld knowledge of the very practical recommendation of one of the old philosophers about succumbing in time. He is supposed, however, to have promised his resignation, if his conscience lets him. He fears anarchy, and of course he knows his people very, very well. Even I, stranger and alien, have a sort of feeling that if this revolution proves successful the "liberties" of the Mexican people will, as usual, get lost in the mêlée. Giuseppe Garibaldi is said to have received the sword from old General Navarro, when he gave it up at Juarez. Can courtesy to foreigners be carried further? The Boston *Evening Transcript* had an amusing bit, particularly so to me, saying the difficulty of finding out what is happening in Mexico is that of telling which are the names of the generals and which those of the towns.

May 23d.

My first "Tuesday" was accompanied by a drenching rain, but the colleagues mostly showed up—*noblesse oblige*—each giving some rather disquieting items about the political situation, according to his special angle. Mrs. Wilson, who always does what it is "up" to her to do, of course came. We are the only nation here having an Embassy; all the others have legations or agencies of some sort, or have turned their affairs over to the most related friendly nation on the spot. It puts the Embassy in a position of continual supremacy as far as rank and importance go.

May 24th, midnight.

Mexico is in full revolution, or, rather, in what seems the normal act of getting rid of the executive. At five-thirty I walked back to the Embassy with Mrs. Wilson from the Japanese Legation nearby, where we had been dallying with the German and Belgian ministers on Madame Horigutchi's day. The butler, watching at the door, rushed out to the gate when he saw us, in the greatest excitement, passed old Francisco, the Embassy gendarme, to say that five thousand people were making a demonstration in front of Diaz's house in the Calle de Cadena just back of the palace, and that there was going to be trouble. My one and instant thought was to get back to Calle Humboldt to Elim, the falling of empire quite a side issue. Just then the ambassador drove up in his motor, having come by a roundabout way from Diaz's house, where he had been to make inquiries as to the President's health. He had just escaped being caught up in the mob. I jumped into the motor, and he told Alonzo to take me home as quickly as possible. The growling, rumbling sound of a far-off mob is a disquieting thing, and I was trembling for my boy as I drove along. We had the thick doors of the courtyard entrance, the vestibule, or *zaguan*, as they call it, closed and barred, all the front shutters fastened, and soon were as snug as possible. Too snug to suit me, for, once my infant safely barricaded, I felt the spirit of adventure rising. N., who had been on an errand at the Foreign Office, where he heard the news, came running across the Paseo, thankful to find us all safely housed, with the further information that mitrailleuses had been placed on the palace roof and

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that the police had fired on the crowd in the great square who were shouting "Death to Diaz!", many being killed and wounded.

Later on, about nine o'clock, with Dearing and Arnold, who were dining with us, we sallied forth to go to the theater as we had planned. A drenching, torrential rain had come on. The streets along our route were completely deserted, the rain having dispersed the mob more efficaciously than the cannon. There were not more than a dozen people in the whole theater, El Principal, and the only inconvenience I had on that eventful night was finding ourselves seated in front of three of our own compatriots whose peculiar form of blasphemy got so on my nerves that I had us all change our seats before we could even try to listen to a farce on the order of "Pagliacci," without the killing. As we came out there were no cabs to be had, not even a disreputable *coche rojo*, and we walked home down the Avenida San Francisco and the broad Avenida Juarez under umbrellas. The town had a general look and feeling of having been through something. All was barred and silent except for a few broken shop-windows, where they had not been quick enough about their shutters. In the windows of one of the tea-rooms were piles of untouched cakes and candies. One had only to put one's hand out to get them.



FRANCISCO LEON DE LA BARRA, PRESIDENT AD INTERIM OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC, 1911

Well, Madero is coming to change it all, to heal the antique sores of Mexico. "*Ojalá*" (God grant), as I have discovered they are always saying when they aren't saying "*Quien sabe?*" I must put out my light; it has been an exciting day. Even if you have not been shot down yourself, it's nervously disturbing to know that near-by people have been.

Ascension Day.

This morning the mob was shot down at the top of our street in the broad Plaza de la Reforma between the Foreign Office and the statue of the Iron Horse. I felt myself not an innocent bystander, but a foolish one, as to the sound of quick-firing guns and screams I stepped out on the balcony and saw the mob running in all directions, some dropping as the guns placed by the statue turned with a horrible regular slowness across the street. N. had rushed home from the Embassy by a side way, hearing that our street was the scene of action. I felt we ought to do something besides remaining behind closed doors when that agony was being enacted, but I was told by N. and Mr. Seeger, who came up from his office below to see how things were going, that Americans in general, and the Embassy in particular, should keep out of the trouble. In fact, it wasn't our "funeral." Police-attended stretcher-bearers appeared on the scene a little later, and the streets were cleared of dead and wounded.

N. sent a note to Limantour, to the Ministry of Finance, when things were at their hottest, thinking it might possibly suit his needs to be within our extra-territorial walls for a few hours.

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He sent back the most appreciative of notes, saying, however, that he had no alarm. A day or two ago, standing at the window, I saw him come out of the Ministry. There is a clear-cutness about him; his Gallic origin is written all over him in an unmistakable elegance. He is considered by friend and foe alike to be absolutely incorruptible, and the only thing I have ever heard even whispered against him is that he is *rich*. On all sides are evidences of his taste as well as of his ability, for, besides creating modern financial Mexico and placing her on her golden feet, he laid out the park as it now is, he designed the uniforms of the mounted guard there, beautified many of the streets, and in a hundred ways helped to make Mexico City what it now is.

May 25th, later.

All quiet again in the shade of Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl. To-day at four-thirty Diaz's resignation was finally wrung from him. There are picturesque tales of Doña Carmen standing, black-robed, by his side as he signed away his glory and power, and perhaps that of Mexico as well. A vast throng waited all day for the news before the closed doors of the Chamber of Deputies, but the mob is again simply a peaceful-appearing crowd, singing the national anthem and crying, "*Viva Madero!*" interspersed with an occasional "*Viva De la Barra!*"

I must dress for dinner at Hye de Glunek's, the Austrian chargé—the only invitation any one has accepted or given since some days. Mrs. W., who is always very kind, lends us the Embassy auto. One of the incidents yesterday was the looting of the pawn-shops. I am afraid the Paris *Herald* will have blood-curdling accounts of the goings-on, and I will cable you, hoping it will get through. In the midst of life we are no more in death here than elsewhere, and it is all extraordinarily interesting.

May 26th.

The streets were completely deserted last night as we drove home from the very excellent dinner at Hye's, at which the German and Belgian ministers, the French chargé, and the Spanish minister and his pretty daughter, the Romeros, etc., assisted. One sees no Mexicans of any political shade abroad these days, and the change of government has been effected mildly rather than otherwise, if one looks back over Mexican history.

A few hundreds killed and wounded, a very few thousands of dollars' damage done to property in town, and the great and long and glorious Diaz régime is a thing of the past. Mexico is to tread untrodden paths. Robles Dominguez, who is Madero's representative here, has been dashing about the streets on a big black horse accompanied by his followers, all wearing the national colors on their hats, promising in the name of Madero everything on earth to the people gathered at the various points where he speaks. In many places the tram-cars leading to the different suburbs were taken possession of by the mob who rode out free, to carry the good news "from Ghent to Aix." The cars everywhere were simply plastered with them.

Señor de la Barra was sworn in as President of the Republic in the afternoon. No anti-American riots, which were at one time feared, though the ambassador and his staff had the pleasant experience of being hissed as they went to the *cámara* for the ceremony. From the little balcony of the drawing-room I could see De la Barra quite plainly as he came down the Paseo, bowing on all sides, grave, but amiable and dignified, in the presidential coach, and across his breast the green and white and red sash of his high office. Glittering, blue-uniformed outriders with polished silver helmets preceded him, and the crowd was rending the air with shouts of "*Viva De la Barra!*" I saw De la Barra with my physical eye, but I was thinking, what of the great old Indian, the maker and molder of Mexico, who was wont to go down the broad avenue in that same coach to the sound of "*Vivas!*" and wondering would they see his like again. I am sending you a postcard photograph of Maximilian in uniform, and Carlota in a blue dress with many pearls, which is not really so beside the point. Diaz helped to close that epoch; we now witness the closing of the Diaz epoch.

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Photograph by Gorduño

AT THE CHARITY BAZAAR, MEXICO CITY, 1911

Left to right—Mrs. Strange, Mrs. Wilson, Mme. Madero, Mme. Catero, Mme. Lie, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy

May 27th.

Though the mob turned into the tamest thing possible in mobs, and the revolution into the tamest thing possible in revolutions, I keep thinking how both did their work and how never again will Diaz drive up the beautiful Paseo, receiving the plaudits of the people. The town is busy preparing for the reception of Madero and the elections. General Reyes is still feared by the new party. Madero said to one of our newspaper correspondents the other day that the only unfavorable thing in the Cabinet was the admission of General Reyes as Minister of War, and that the members of the Cabinet and governors of states would be selected later by himself and De la Barra. It looks as if in the apportioning out of the plums the first seeds of discord will be sown.

May 29th.

In the revolutionary lull we have all been vaccinated, and I have been looking into the drinking-water question quite exhaustively. I felt rather discouraged when the doctor suggested having even the mineral water, "Tehuacan," from a place near Orizaba, boiled. In general the microbe question keeps foreigners busy here, and more alarmed, if they have children, than the sound of artillery. One has to learn to live here. The food leaves much to be desired, and if we were delicate or gourmets there would be a great deal of difficulty ahead. Friday Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and the Embassy staff come for dinner, the first time I will have any one except those dropping in informally, and I don't know how it will turn out. There is a nice American range in the kitchen, but the cook, it seems, prefers the classic *brasero*, and a turkey-wing to fan the coals—not as primitive as it sounds, however, for the *brasero* is a tiled affair and has holes on the top for sauce-pans.

To-day we lunched with the British chargé in his temporary quarters, as the new Legation, which is going to be a delightful dwelling, built with some regard for latitude and longitude and altitude, is not yet ready for occupation.

Of course the "old hands" were trying to enlighten the new-comers, but it was the blind leading the blind; nobody can tell what the gigantic changes will lead to or what this new wine of fraternity and equality, fermenting in the oldest of bottles, will do to their heads.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Ked's Hand

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

IT is called Ked's Hand, and it is not unlike a hand in shape, with the knuckle of the sandy thumb raised a little to bear the weight of Huddlestone Light, the fingers pressed together, stretching to the east, and a slender, woman's wrist holding it to the land. People live somewhere in the peninsula, though one would not guess it to look across from Huddlestone, and the mainland folks seem to know little about it, lumping the inhabitants in general as "Ked's" when they mention them. Inbreeding did it, they say; that is all, and that is enough.

At no place except at the Light does the land lift many feet above the tides. It is veined with salt water and rotten with marsh and quicksand. Fogs oppress it, resting motionless on the moors, lending an illusion of vastness to the headland. In season there is a droning sound, continuous from dawn to dawn, of mosquitoes. Nothing else breaks the silence; there are never any breakers, for there are no edges. The land fades out in a penumbra of reeds and grasses—not so much like a hand as like the shadow of a hand held under a diffused light.

Duck hunters go there in the late fall. In the summer, save for the strip of white beach along the pad of the thumb, the place remains remote and sufficient to itself, a mysterious wraith, never really seen from the main except on occasional moonlit nights, when it seems to emerge from its fogs and gleam with a phosphorescent pallor among its lagoons—Ked's Hand.

To-night a party of people from "The Willows" at Huddlestone were having a corn-roast on the pad of the thumb. Some of them, with children, were to return on an early launch, and the rest were to remain and see the eclipse of the moon at ten or thereabouts. They had built a fire, laying two timbers of a wrecked ship near together and piling smaller driftwood all along between them, so that it made a miniature street of living coals and gave every one a chance with his corn or bacon. From a little way off in the darkness, the moving, flame-colored figures made a composition spectacular and intimate.

Gaspard Kroon, the Gipsy Tenor, was in the center of the farther line where the light was brightest. That was like him. He carried the burden of the gaiety; he was brilliant, electric, full of gesture, drawing in to himself all the tangled threads of interest. He drained himself. On his swarthy, razor-sharp face tiny red beads of perspiration came out and evaporated in the heat.

Gaspard Kroon was the new man. That was what he called himself, in fact—"the New Man." He had nothing behind him—no history, no moral liabilities, no sense of race; two years ago this evening he had not been able to write or read his own name, and therefore he could win the world.

Hoff had discovered him. Hoff was there, to the left, being quite himself, and tearing at an ear of corn with his wide teeth. Lydia Klein, the editor, was there—and others. Gaspard carried them along. One wondered if he liked them.

Marcia More hated them just now. She sat on the sand a little way off in the shadows, taking no part. Her hands were clasped about her knees. An occasional crab scuttled past her in the dark, but she did not mind.

It would have seemed possible to only one or two people, her oldest friends, that she could hate any one. She had been through the mill of emotion and come out wearing a blank. Her face was like the face of a mountain lake, giving back what it received. Only Gaspard, of all the later people, knew anything

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Drawn by Walter Biggs "WHAT—WHO ARE YOU?" SHE GASPED

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about her, and this was because she loved him.

They had been married half a year now. She had wanted him to come down to Huddlestone because nobody knew about the place, and here they all were, after a week, hounds on a warm trail. She felt them tearing at his willing vitality. She knew something about life and about achievement, and she had dreamed of an old and solid house somewhere, buried deep in the country—quiet, brooding, a sanctuary. Gaspard needed that if he was to endure.

She heard his voice calling: "Marcia! Oh, Marcia! Where are you?"

Rising, she moved forward and stopped just at the edge of the firelight. He came to her, stepping over children with his long, nervous legs, an expression of sudden sobriety on his face.

"I'm afraid you're not having a good time," he said.

"Oh yes. Don't worry about me, dear. I'm quiet."

She turned back slowly to the night, taking him with her.

"You're always quiet," he said. They sat down on the beach with the tranquil water lapping near their feet. He broke out after a moment, as if he could not endure the silence: "Marcia, this place is queer. It's worse than queer; it's horrible. It makes a drumming in my ears. The air's heavy."

She laid a hand on one of his. "See the stars there in the water, Gaspard; every one of them perfectly still and round. It's as if we were hanging between two skies."

"Yes, and look at the mist creeping over the marsh there beyond. My skin prickles, Marcia. I have dreams like this sometimes, awful dreams, where everything is heavy, and the air like lead, and my skin prickles. I'm afraid of this place. They say at the hotel that it's called 'Ked's Hand.' Well, what if the hand were to close up all of a sudden and hold us here forever, smothered? Will you look at that fog now, with the moon rising through it. How pale the stuff is! It doesn't move, and yet it comes toward us. It's something dead, Marcia. I hate dead things." He held in his hand a pointed stick, with which he had been toasting bacon. He waved it now with a gesture of nervousness. "Marcia, what does it make you want to do? Shriek? Or sleep?"

Marcia bent forward and sifted sand through her fingers. "Sleep's not so bad. Every one has to sleep from time to time."

"*I* don't. Why should *I* sleep? You—all of you—perhaps! You've been doing things for years, centuries, making things. But *we! I!*" He spoke with an extraordinary concentration, his lips baring his teeth, his eyes lowered, his nervous hands busy with the stick. "*I* haven't been doing things, making things! I'm new! I've been asleep in my people for centuries. Why should I sleep now? It's morning, Marcia. The day is ahead!"

Marcia leaned toward him, her palms pressed to her cheeks and her eyeballs pushing gently against their lids.

"What are you doing?" she asked, in the precise and powerless voice of horror.

A crab lay on its back in the sand between Gaspard's knees, its belly gleaming with a moist pallor in the night. The pointed stick, indefatigably busy in Gaspard's hands, entered the belly, and, creeping through the flesh and the nether shell, pursued its way into the sand. The creature's claws, writhing, made a faint rustling sound.

"What are you doing?" she repeated in the same voice.

He leaped to his feet, leaving the creature pinioned. Marcia removed the stick and cast it into the water; then she, too, got up and stood with her eyes the other way, shivering a little.

"It has no feeling!" he said. He was blowing like a spent runner. "I hate things that have no feeling! I loathe things that have no feeling. . . . Come back to the fire! Please!"

She remained only a moment in the warm circle, for the early goers were getting their things together and some already straggling up across the sandspit, laughter and the voices of drowsy children hanging behind them in the quiet air. Gaspard's face appeared at her shoulder, more than ever swarthy with the red of shame.

"I love you," he whispered. His eyes were on the hem of her skirt. "I'm

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sorry. Forgive me. It made me go kind of queer out there—in the dark."

She laid a hand on his damp head. Just now he was not the new man; he was more like a little boy in trouble, shame mingling with a wistful fear of things beyond him.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, and there was an extraordinary tenderness in it. "You're tired, Gaspard. Won't you come back to the hotel now? Some of them are going."

He was himself at that, waving his hands. "Oh no, no, no! Lydia Klein is going to do a story for the papers. It will go all over the country. She wants to know endless things about me. I must!"

He kissed her hand with a passionate swiftness and was away, virile, romantic, clothed in the sanguine firelight.

Marcia turned and followed shadows up the sand. She was weary and inexpressibly troubled about life. At the crest, where the sand fell away again to the water and the thrumming launch, she stood irresolute between two fires—the boat on the one hand, crowded with noise and life and lights, red, yellow, and green, shining through striped canvas; on the other hand, the little globe of warmth which she had left. She could see Gaspard standing up in the core of it—it must be Gaspard. Remembering the faint agony of the crab's claws, she had a momentary and irrational vision of herself lying there, with a sharpened stick going through her, very slowly, and on into the sand, and Gaspard's rapt face hanging over her in the night, far away. She seemed to cry out, trying to warn him of what he did, but her voice would not touch him, and he did not understand till it was too late. Then she seemed to see him leaping to his feet with a shudder and to hear him gasping fiercely at her: "You have no feeling! I loathe things that have no feeling!"

She was weak and sat down on the sand. In a kind of mist she perceived the launch moving off, its lights and voices diminishing across the glassy water. A sense of freedom, like a miracle, came over her. The launch thought she was at the fire, and the fire thought she was on the launch. For a moment out of life she was alone.

She gazed over a shoulder at Huddlestone Light, burning quietly in the dark. There was something abiding and incorruptible about that tranquil beacon, like a Christ saying, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy-laden," and after a moment she went, walking through the heavy sand.

She passed the lighthouse, gazing up at the wind-polished clapboards. The soft night drew her on, and mist touched her brow with sweet fingers. It was no longer black on the lower levels, for the moon, heaving clear of the horizon, struck the vapors with a suave and ghostly radiance. The fetor of land long dead was in her nostrils—a rank, sweet smell, heavy with peace.

She was not going far, just a few steps. Then she would return and sit on the ridge till the others came across to take the boat. Just now it was something to be lost out of the world; to be for a moment, as it were, neither quick nor dead. Gaspard needed this. If she could but make him see. If she could but make him doubt himself, for a moment, and his inexhaustible fire.

A soft chill sprang over her foot, and when she glanced down she saw water gleaming between tufts of grass. She had come far enough. Turning around, she went back in the direction from which she seemed to have come, moving in a close chamber of pearl. Strange reeds brushed her knees, and her feet were in water again. Something rustled away. This time she stood where she was for a moment, thinking, till a sense of the marsh's muddy lips sucking at her ankles made her withdraw to firmer ground. Mosquitoes, shaken from the reeds, wove the mist.

Of a sudden she lifted her voice, calling: *Gaspard! Gaspard!*"

She had not meant to do that. Coming from her own throat, the cry appalled her. She asked herself what she was doing, and, folding her hands, she tried to remain relaxed and motionless. Mosquitoes dropped out of the air and settled on her hands and face and ankles.

"*Gaspard!*" she called again. "*Gaspard! Gaspard!*"

The sound was loud and sharp just about her, and then she felt it going up against the soft, impenetrable barrier

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of the fog. There were frogs somewhere, and the thing in the marsh near her was still rustling. She listened and listened, her head thrust forward and inclined slightly to one side, but all she could hear was the thing in the marsh and the frogs and the invisible mosquito millions singing to her nerves. After a little she seemed to be conscious of Gaspard's voice, far away and distinct. "What if the hand were to close up all of a sudden and hold us here forever, smothered?"

She heard, or rather felt, a gunshot, jarring the opaque air. It seemed to come from somewhere behind her back. She turned and went that way, and when she had gone twenty paces she was free of the fog, as though she had stepped out from behind the drop to take a call at the theater.

It was queer stuff, this fog on Ked's Hand. For no reason it was over there, and it was not here. In a clearing, perhaps seventy yards across, filled with moonlight and ringed about with feathery cliffs of the mist, a man stood on the margin of an estuary, leaning on the muzzle of a shot-gun, his head sunken forward and his shoulders drooping together, as if he meditated.

He had a long, colorless beard, so thin that it vanished like a morning vapor when it passed against the moon's reflection on the water. His eyes were light, prominent, and half blind, but his ears caught Marcia's footfalls twenty yards away. He turned to fix her with his lusterless regard.

Her pace slackened. Folding her hands, she pressed the palms tight together. It was years since she had known stage-fright, yet this was like it now, except that the horror was deeper and that there was no reason at all for it. What was she to say to this composed and ghostly figure? How was she to break the silence of this place? Seconds passed.

"I'm—lost," she managed after a time.

The man nodded his head slowly, seeming to think about what she had said. Then his eyes turned back across the water and he shifted the gun into the crook of his arm.

"There's a boy drownded here," he told her, in a high, lost voice. "They found his hat right here where I'm standin'."

Marcia moved nearer, fascinated by the lambent serenity of the flood. In those depths there was nothing but the moon, round and cold. She felt the dreadful beauty of the place laying hold of her.

"I'm lost," she repeated, and again she had a sense that sound refused to travel in this air. "I—I was with a party."

"I'm waitin' for the body to rise," the man went on, wrapped up in his own speculations. "They say if you shoot a gun acrost water it 'll bring 'em up."

He lifted the gun to his shoulder and felt for the trigger, and the moon, coming out of the water, danced along the blue barrel.

Marcia raised a hand in supplication, but her voice seemed to have gone away. She found herself staring at the water and waiting, watching, cringing. Her pain grew deeper as the silence continued.

The man lowered his gun. "I forgot to put in another load," he muttered. Fumbling his pockets, he brought out a fresh shell and slipped it into the chamber. Then, as though he had forgotten what he was about, he leaned an arm on the weapon's muzzle and brooded out across the lagoon.

"It's my boy Sim," he said. "He was a good boy. Black, curly hair. They found his hat right here where I'm standin'. Sometimes it seems years since yeste'day when it happened."

His skin was the color of old ivory in the moonlight, and his drooping, bloodless lips twitched at the corners with an ordered rhythm, like a pulse. Instead of pity, Marcia was filled with an uneasy dread. The man's bereavement was somehow monstrous, ghastly, dispassionate; there was no feeling, no reality. Growing angry, she grasped his arm to shake it, and then her hand dropped away again, for it was as though her fingers had closed on a naked bone beneath the cloth of the sleeve. He looked at her with his vacant eyes, opaque in the serene illumination.

"What— Who are you?" she gasped.

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He answered in a narrative tone, as flat and stale as the marsh.

"I'm Godsend Ked. *Old* one, that is. *Young* Godsend is brother to that one, y'u understand, under the water there. He's . . ."

"I don't want to know!" she cried. "I want to go back to the others. Right away, please! Do you hear? I'll pay you—anything!"

The old man nodded slowly, as if turning it over in his mind, and then, presenting his back to her, moved off along the margin of the water, without a word. Marcia would have said that they ought to go in the opposite direction, and misgiving followed her all the way across the crystal space. But when the fog had swallowed up the moon and made Old Ked a moving blur, she forgot this in the need for keeping track of him, for she did not want to be alone again on Ked's Hand. She did lose him once or twice in the glittering pall, and then she ran, tripping through tangled reeds, to see him.

She had no way of knowing how far they went. Sand, rushes, mat of wild cranberry, passed through the dim circle of vision underfoot. Once there was a bridge of twin logs with bits of plank fastened crosswise and a ditch of water shining beneath like the face of a black pearl. Silence oppressed her, and yet she was afraid to raise her voice for fear of hearing his again. He was leading her—where? She had told him she was with a party; now it came to her of a sudden that he had not asked her where the party was.

"Listen!" she cried, catching up to pluck his shoulder. "Listen! Please!"

Her voice startled him and he shrank away from her touch. When he turned his eyes over a shoulder she saw by their dull amazement that he had forgotten she was there. She stood still with her hands pressed to her cheeks while he went on and merged with the veil. Dimly she heard his footfalls receding, a soft *pad, pad, pad;* then he seemed to be getting over something, for there was a sound of grunting, a senile complaint, and the ring of gunstock striking wood.

A light, stronger than the moon, was in the mist, the mist itself rocked with a strange wind, and Marcia's ears were deafened. She put her hands over them.

"He shot the gun," she told herself. It was simple. He had shot the gun. She tried to laugh. She was shivering all over.

Taking her hands away, she listened and heard nothing, not even the *pad, pad* of his boots. She moved forward, curiously blind, groping the mist with outstretched arms. Her hands found the top rail of a fence, gray and polished like satin, and, resting her weight against it, she peered at the ground beyond and the human wreckage cast down there, dim, misshapen, eloquent of disaster. She crossed her arms on the rail and buried her face in them, and after a moment a sound came out of her throat.

She heard a voice from beyond the fence, by and by, questioning, impatient.

"What's the ruction there? Who is it? What's wrong? Say!"

She pointed, without uncovering her eyes. Hearing no further sound, and sensing that the owner of the voice came toward her, she looked up presently to find him standing with his elbow on the fence and his eyes studying the dim catastrophe. She fell back a step, shaken.

"*Gaspard!*"

Turning his head, the man regarded her suspiciously from under the shadow of his slouch hat. "Gaspard? Gaspard who?"

"Oh!" Marcia's hand went to her throat. It was all so queer that she wanted to laugh, even in the presence of death. "Oh, I—I— You're very like— For a moment, I thought—"

"I was Gaspard? Don't know 'im. My name's Ked. Godsend Ked. That's my father there—what's left."

It was like a dream, where nothing counted; his words ran in with the velvet pallor of the night, engrossed, passionless, like a sound of claws, it seemed to Marcia, rustling over sand. She remembered Gaspard and his sharpened stick, and now she almost understood.

"What happened?" she heard the other asking, in the same sluggard voice. "How'd he come to blow 'imself that way? Or did you do it? Or what?"

That frightened her. "No, no—no! He was climbing the fence. He loaded

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the gun out there where his boy—you know— He was shooting over the water out there, and—"

"Again?"

"Again?" Her wonder hung in the quiet air. She shook herself savagely. "I am sorry to obtrude; I hope you will understand, but I shall have to beg you to find me a guide. I have lost my party, I don't know my way; I am quite at the mercy of anything here. I am willing to pay anything, in or out of reason—if you will only hurry—please."

The young one nodded thoughtfully as the old one had done. He picked up the shot-gun, examined it, and handed it to her, saying, "You'll have to carry this." The barrel was still warm in her palm. She kept her eyes on it while another burden was lifted from the ground, and then, getting between the bars, she followed, guided by a muffled and laborious breathing and bootsoles sucking in swampy turf.

A doorway of yellow light opened before her, framing the silhouette of the two Godsends, and after a moment she followed in, obedient to a word cast back.

The room was spacious, high-studded, done in an old faith of architecture. Discolored wainscoting paneled the lower walls, and above them the plaster was mottled as a shrike's egg with the damp of degenerating years. What little of furniture there was seemed broken, exquisite, and old. A lamp on a table of scarred Sheraton in the center gave out a brown light, smoked and feeble. Had it been a little feebler yet, one might have forgotten the decay and summoned up the ghosts of strong and beautiful people in that old chamber.

The people there in the flesh were neither strong nor beautiful. It was hard to say how many there were. Like the colorless things on the under side of a field-stone, they sought shadow, inhabiting corners, crowding in obscurity, careless of contact. Twitching, they made no sound. The head of a very old woman was to be seen, and beside it the head of a baby, both of them toothless, bald, the skin drawn taut over the framework gleaming in the high-lights; oddly identical heads, staring fixedly in the same direction.

Marcia, following the gaze, turned her eyes over her shoulder. The dead man lay on another table by the wall behind her back. She saw his boots and the worn trousers above them, flattening away from the keen ridges of his leg-bones. Queer things suggested themselves to her; she breathed an opiate in the ropy air, and for a moment, under the urge of all those rapt, converging eyes, she felt a desire to keep on turning her head till she came to the other end of the table, an eagerness, breathless and almost beyond control, to snatch a glimpse of what had happened when the gun went off in the mist out of doors.

She got herself straight with an effort that left her weak and shivering and conscious of a personal filth. She appealed: "Please! Somebody! I wish to go!"

The younger Godsend came toward her out of the populous shadows, carrying a bottle and a teacup.

"I'm goin' to take you," he said, with a strain of petulance. "Only you better have a mite o' this first. You're white."

He took off his hat, endowing himself with a survival of gentility, somehow shocking. Marcia pushed away the cup. Moved by some thought or emotion too diaphanous for expression, the man stared into it for a moment; then, lifting it to his lips, swallowed the shot and put down the cup and the bottle beside the lamp.

He was ready to go, but he lingered there for a moment, leaning on his hands and letting his eyes drift away to the other table beside the wall. Marcia waited while the moment lengthened into many, her attention fastened upon the face hanging in the sulphur light, grayish brown, worn like a blade by blood turned back too many times upon itself, curiously dead, and as curiously alive with a still, insidious nervousness. He was as like the old woman as she was like the baby, and they were all as like as eggs in a nest.

He seemed to be giving himself up. Once he moved, but it was only to sink down into a chair with his arms spread on the table. His eyes, like the rest, kindled with a slow and exotic animation. The breath of the marsh dwelt in the room. Mosquitoes came in at the

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door, wound the air, invisible, or dropped out of it to sting. A clock ticked slowly behind Marcia's back, so slowly that it seemed ten seconds elapsed between the successive beats. The old woman was speaking in a rapt and weightless voice:

"I 'member. I 'member. 'Twas my own gran'father, Abner Ked. And he come ashore in his dory that time with his mate's co'pse. I 'member. I 'member."

Once, when playing the Southern States, Marcia More had been taken to a negro camp-meeting, and she recalled a moment when something seemed to break in the air, the lights dimmed, a raptured horror smote black faces, and the shadows of the devils of the jungle tiptoed through the pack, shaking them like a reed. . . .

"He'd been adrift two weeks, and he'd eat off one o' the legs, Abner did. He'd eat off one o' Martin Ked's legs. Did I say 'twas the right one . . .?"

They were shaken like a reed. Their blood beat all with one pulse and shadow knit them together. Behind Marcia's back the clock ticked on, more slowly.

Something was busy in her brain now, irrational, untiring, putting away obstacles, leading her along blind passages and through impenetrable walls, till she stood on the floor of a dream and heard her own voice, as a stranger's, pleading with the man at the table:

"Gaspard! Why are you doing it? Gaspard, dear, what is the use? What are you driving at? Why do you take all this trouble, Gaspard? What do you want to show me, and who are all—these? And why do you look that way?"

The man turned on her, wincing, and all about him in the room she had a sense of things falling to pieces. Something was shattered; an exquisite balance had been destroyed. Faces confronted her from the dusk, masks twitching with a raw and ineffectual anger, like the faces of devotees robbed of their drug by a sudden hand.

She rubbed her eyes. "What am I saying? Why do you look so like Gaspard?" She stretched out her hands, beseeching. "You promised! You promised! You wouldn't go back on your promise. Some one will take me!"

His eyes were clouded and as frightened as her own. She fawned on him.

"Please! Now! I'll tell you where they are, my people, and you'll take me right away. They're near the place where your father was—you know—where he went to shoot over the water—"

Her voice trailed off. And now a new thing, taking shape in the back of her mind, drove her on inexorably. "You remember you said 'Again?' when I told you that out there? Why did you say—'Again?' What made you say it—'*Again?*'—like that?"

He stared at her with Gaspard's frightened eyes, and moistened his lips with his tongue, as Gaspard did.

"He was always doin' it, that's why."

"Always? What do you mean? Why do you talk like a crazy person? The boy was drowned *yesterday*."

"It's you that's crazy here. He was twins with me, and that was twenty year—nearer twenty-five—ago."

Marcia took hold of the edge of the table. "But he was *drowned*, you know! He was—*dead!*"

"Some says—"

"*But they found his hat!*"

"Some says—"

"But— But—"

"Some says there was gipsies about . . . Why?"

"Nothing! Nothing, nothing! You believe me, don't you? Nothing!"

She was consumed by the necessity for making him understand that she meant nothing, and she was conscious of a kind of triumph when his eyes wandered away from hers and back to the table beside the wall.

Time went on, meted out by the lagging pulse of that clock behind her back. Her mind centered upon it, and she found herself awaiting the beat with an unaccountable tension.

The old woman's voice grew audible once more:

"I was on the beach that time, I was. I seen the stump, I did. The stump o' the dead one's leg. 'Twas dry, like a piece o' leather."

That was a queer clock. Its beat, now that she listened so closely, was not metallic, as a clock's beat should be. It was more like a fluid impact.

"Dry as leather. He'd been adrift

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two weeks, Abner Ked had, and he was thirsty—awful thirsty. . . ."

It was more like something falling on the floor—*drip, drip, drip.* Marcia put her hands over her ears and fled.

Somehow or other she was out in the dark, and mist blew in her face and her feet were running. It was blind work, for there was no light at all now, not even enough to see her swinging hands or the earth passing under her feet. It seemed natural to her that the world should be black; it was natural, for the moon was in eclipse, though she failed to think of that. Reckless of where she fled, the guardian angel of the reckless saved her by miracles. She bruised herself on an invisible fence. Once she tripped and went down sprawling, her face in sedges. Once she found water rising about her knees, but instead of turning she floundered on and after a little the water shoaled again, gave place to mud, and then to turf. The moon came out a little from the earth's shadow and phantom light crept abroad.

There were voices, some far off, some nearer at hand, hallooing: "*Marcia More! M a r c i a M o r e!*"

She wanted to answer them, but something seemed to break in her mind and she began to sob and stumble. And, stumbling, she came upon Gaspard Kroon, motionless and mute in the fog, and buried her face in his hands.

"I'm glad you've come," she heard him saying. "They're hunting you. The launch-man said he hadn't seen you, and they thought you were lost. They're hunting you. Hear them?"

She would not understand. Instinctively, for the moment, she refused to make head or tail of it. But in the following silence, ruffled only by the distant hails of the searchers, wonder forced itself inexorably upon her, a formless uneasiness, changing to dread. Why was it *they*, and not *he*, who searched? Why did he not call to them, telling the news? Why was he, the soul of flame, become of a sudden so mindless, inert, and still, and why was she so cold?

"Tell them," she begged, with her face still hidden.

"Yes, yes. In a minute."

Somehow or other she knew that he was nodding his head with an assumption of deep sagacity, seeming to turn the matter over in his mind, and she knew what his face was like, for she had lately seen its mate.

He took his hands away and sat down on the turf, leaving her to crouch alone, staring at him. His wrists hung down between his knees and his eyes were open wide, brooding at nothing. He, too, seemed to be giving himself up to a seductive acquiescence.

"I've just found out what peace means," he told her, dreaming. Languor blurred his words. "Peace! Quiet! To let down and be nothing, and care about nothing. You were right."

She tried to close her eyes, for in the queer half-light it was not the face of the Gaspard she knew, but the face of the brother—the face of the man standing by the estuary, and of the old woman and the young baby, back there behind her in that chamber of degeneration. Mosquitoes settled upon it, but it gave no sign that it felt, save for an occasional twitching at the corners of the lips. . . . She had a vision of a great, marsh-scarred hand curving and closing irresistibly, to claim its own.

"It would be nice to sleep here to-night, in the moonlit fog." His words drifted to her across a thousand miles.

When Hoff and the others heard Marcia's voice lifting in the mist, they turned and ran that way, spurred by a curious sensation of disaster, and found her with her husband, who seemed to be as lost as she. She was so glad to see them. She begged of them with a shaken and pathetic eagerness, "Please let's all go quickly!"

Once in the launch and free of the shore, the two sat close together in the stern. Gaspard seemed dazed and vaguely embarrassed, like a haunted boy. Marcia was weak as a babe, and as a babe she breathed of life. The engine's staccato thrumming was music; the wind of motion coming across clean water touched fire to her cheeks; the continuous, subdued conflict of voices, lights, and colors pulled her up. And she knew that they and she together must pull Gaspard up.

"What shall we do to-morrow?" she

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propounded, launching out desperately upon the future. "I'd like to go back to town. Would you?"

"Yes— Yes. Town." He passed a hand across his brow and turned his eyes astern. "That's a queer place back there."

"Yes, queer enough. What of it? Places are queer." Her words were light, but her nails were gnawing in her palms. "You must forget it, Gaspard!" That last went on repeating itself over in her brain—"You must forget it—forget it—"

"I don't know what to make of it," he continued, uneasily. "It's somehow very horrible, and yet— It's like a drink you hate the taste of, and yet want. Sitting there, for a moment— You know, Marcia, I— Well—I can't say. What is it about Ked's Hand?"

"Nothing! Nothing! It's just queer, and you have to let it go at that, dear!" She saw him wince, and discovered that she was pinching his arm cruelly. "I know what it is," she shifted of a sudden. "It's simply that it's old and low and heavy there, and you happen to be just the other things." She must make him believe this now, passionately—for his soul, and especially hers, hung upon it. "You happen to be *precisely the other things*, Gaspard—*new* and *high* and *raw* and *leaping!* Can you see it now, Gaspard? That's *night*, back there, and you're *morning*. Eh?"

She had made him believe it. She had done more than make him believe it, perhaps; for by making him believe it, if there be any meat in faith, she had made it true.

"That's so," he murmured. He shook his shoulders, and color came back to his face. "That's so, Marcia. We wouldn't get along together, it and I, would we?"

Ked's Hand had become very faint now, no more than a diaphanous ribbon stretched across the night, with a solitary star shining over it. Gaspard swept it all into the limbo of oblivion with one of his old, volcanic gestures.

"Come," he said. "Let's talk with everybody. Lydia Klein tells me I'm to be amazing this winter, and do astounding big things. . . . Lydia! Oh, Lydia Klein! Marcia wants to hear!"

"Yes," said Marcia, "I do so want to hear."

Autumn Winds

BY EFFIE SMITH

O AUTUMN winds, with voices far away,
I hear you singing on the leafless hills,
And all my heart with jubilation thrills!
You bring to me no message of dismay,
No tender sorrow for the year's decay;
Rather you sing of giant trees that cast
Their leaves aside to grapple with the blast,
Strong and exultant for the stormy fray!

Hearing your music, glad and wild and pure,
Sounding through night's cool, starlit spaces wide,
I grow aweary of earth's paltry lure!
Oh, like the trees, I too would cast aside
The fading leaves of pleasure and of pride,
And stand forth free to struggle and endure!

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College Studies and College Tests

BY ARTHUR T. HADLEY

President of Yale University

WHEN Winston Churchill had just come home from the Boer War he visited his cousin Shane Leslie at Eton, and gave him this characteristic word of advice: "Don't turn your mind into a damned ammunition-wagon. Turn it into a rifle to fire off other people's ammunition."

Leslie says that this was the best advice he ever received regarding education. It is certainly a kind of advice which is very much needed at the present day. Both teachers and parents are somewhat inclined to treat the boy's brain as if it were an ammunition-wagon. They regard the mind as a storehouse; a school or college education as the means of filling that storehouse with useful knowledge; and a good education as one which provides different forms of knowledge in such proportions as the boy is likely to need afterward. Conservatives and progressives differ as to the kind of information which the boy needs, but they are alike in laying stress on the value of this storing process. Teach a boy the things with which he will not have to deal in after life, says the classicist, because we shall contribute to his breadth of culture. Teach the boy the things that he will need to deal with in after life, says the modernist, because these are the things which it gives him pleasure to know and remember.

Both classicists and modernists are wrong, because the healthy boy is not going to store up the knowledge. He is going to use it once or twice and then forget it. Here and there we find some Dominie Sampson or Admirable Crichton who remembers all the learning, ancient or modern, that ever came in his way, but such characters are rare. The educated man is not the man who knows certain things, but the man who can do certain things. Good education results in developing certain habits and powers. The acquiring of knowledge is an important means of training those habits and powers, but it is an incident and not an end. To measure the value of an education by the amount of knowledge which the boy has stored up is like measuring the success of a business by the amount of gold which the owner has hoarded in his chests.

In fact, the relation between knowledge and education is a good deal like the relation between money and business. A man in active business is occupied in making money, but he does not intend to store it up. The successful merchant or manufacturer is not the one who has accumulated most coin, but the one who knows how to earn money and to spend it, to value it and to invest it. In like manner the successful student is the one who makes knowledge a means rather than an end; who knows how to acquire it and to forget it, to value it and to utilize it as the successive emergencies before him may demand. It is the power to learn and utilize and value, to select the small stock that must remain in the mind from the large mass that must be forgotten, which constitutes the true scholar. Education which trains these powers is a good education; education which makes knowledge an end instead of a means is a bad education.

In the advertisement of a popular encyclopedia we are told that a college education costs several thousand dollars while the encyclopedia can be had for a hundred; and that there is more knowledge contained within the covers of the encyclopedia than any man, however learned, can amass during four years of college study. We are left to infer that every father should buy his son an encyclopedia rather than send him to college. If the boy's mind is to be re-

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garded as a storehouse this inference is perfectly sound. The teacher cannot compete with the printer in manufacturing storehouses of information. The human memory is neither so durable nor so omnivorous as paper and type. The high school or college should not train the boy to compete with the encyclopedia, but should train him to utilize the encyclopedia. If he knows how to spell he can use it to find what he wants; if he knows how to read he can make the encyclopedia's contents his own property. If he knows how to distinguish the parts which he needs from those which he does not need and to apply them to the problems that are before him, he has realized Winston Churchill's ideal. He has made himself the rifle without which the ammunition-wagon is useless.

In actual teaching these principles are often recognized. A good instructor sees that the value of his work is not measured by the amount of Latin or psychology or physics that the student will remember, but by the habits of careful attention, of close reasoning, or of critical analysis, which are acquired in the process of learning. The better a teacher understands his profession, the more he measures his success by the things that his pupils can do rather than by the things that they know. But when it comes to discussions on the course of study or on the theory of education, this is apt to be forgotten. Parents want certain subjects omitted from the curriculum because the things the boy learns do not seem to them important, and desire to have other courses substituted because they believe that other lines of knowledge will be more useful. Teachers, instead of frankly admitting that nine-tenths of the knowledge acquired in school will soon be forgotten, talk somewhat vaguely of the importance of culture subjects as distinct from vocational or practical subjects, without recognizing that any subject can be vocational, or cultural, or neither, according to the way in which it is studied, and the use which the boy makes of it.

But if the pupil is not acquiring knowledge in the period of his high school and college education, what is he acquiring? If he is going to forget the things that he has learned, what is he going to remember? In what ways can the high school or college course make him better at the end of it than he was at the beginning?

A good course of education will give him the habit of seeing some things which others cannot see, and the ability of using his mind to do some things which others cannot do. To the former we give the name of culture, to the latter the name of efficiency. Neither culture nor efficiency is greatly dependent upon the amount of a man's knowledge. Each represents a power of doing things. Knowledge gives opportunity for culture and efficiency, rather than culture or efficiency itself. The boy who has studied the history of music or painting, or has read good literature and good history, has had the opportunity of acquiring a certain depth of insight and breadth of enjoyment. Whether he has actually acquired them depends chiefly upon himself. The boy who has studied arithmetic or chemistry has been shown examples of method which he can use efficiently if he is strong enough. Whether he is strong enough depends upon himself.

Doing can only be learned by doing. If the pupil is trying to do things himself a teacher can save him much time and many mistakes by telling him *how* to do them; and if he has finally learned to do things himself a rule may help him to remember what he has learned. But no amount of mere information as to the method of doing things will evoke power unless the boy himself puts his shoulder to the wheel, and no rule is of much help until after a boy has applied it himself. The vigorous activity of the pupil is an essential feature of all good education, and it becomes more essential as the pupil grows older and more independent.

In our study of these problems we have paid too much attention to the methods by which the subject may be taught, and too little to the methods by which the boy may be stimulated. I am convinced that motive is more important than method. An ambitious boy with poor teaching, or no teaching at all, will habitually learn more than an indifferent boy under good teaching.

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Our educational failures are due more to want of co-operation on the part of the pupil than to deficiencies of instruction or of facilities.

How can we get the pupil's co-operation? How can we make him do the work of self-education which is the really essential part in every good educational system? How can we prevent our classroom work from degenerating into a series of more or less entertaining lectures which give the opportunity of education but not the fact?

Two motives are at the teacher's command: preparation for a test, and interest in the subject itself. The old system of education relied almost exclusively on tests. Our forefathers believed in competition, and arranged the college curriculum with this idea in view. The very word *curriculum* is a significant one. It means more than course of study; it means a race-course where prizes are won.

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat,metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis.[1]

The pupils started out on a prescribed round of Latin and Greek, mathematics and metaphysics, with a very small amount of science, history, or modern language. Each man did what he could, by fair means or foul, to get a satisfactory mark on the books of his instructor. Some were content to pass for the mere sake of getting the degree which showed that they "also ran." Others strove for the best place on the class lists which they could obtain.

The facilities in those days were meager; the teaching, with occasional exceptions, was poor. The example set by the professors was one of character and ideals rather than of distinguished ability in their several subjects. The actual results which the boys obtained in the way of knowledge were scanty when measured by modern standards. But the graduate who at the end stood first in his class had proved himself a man of pre-eminence. The graduate who stood tenth in his class had proved himself a man of reasonable power. Students had learned to work for themselves, instead of leaving other people to do the work for them; to meet a test and survive, rather than rely on their teachers to protect them by a system of credits for work already done. They had used their knowledge to pass examinations which were always hard and often unfair; they had not made it a pretext for applying to be excused from examinations, as modern teachers would sometimes encourage their pupils to do. Consequently, when the day of Commencement came the college chapel was crowded, and the valedictorian was a popular hero in the same way that the football captain or crew captain is a popular hero to-day. The majority of people who listened to his philosophical oration on the Commencement program knew nothing more of what he was talking about than the majority of spectators at the football game know of the finer points in a well-executed play, but they applauded just as heartily, and for pretty much the same reason. They respected a man who had won out in a grueling contest, and believed that he had learned to do things; and in general they were right. Not only the applause of the Commencement crowd, but the opportunity for professional advancement, lay open to the man who had proved his worth; and the records of what such men did, as collected from books like *Who's Who in America*, show that they had got something more valuable than mere knowledge.

This represents the good side of the old college curriculum. The man who passed its tests showed that he had done certain things—that he could solve mathematical problems, could translate passages of Latin and Greek, could take verbs to pieces and put them together again. But they were not in themselves very important things. The student got the power that comes from meeting a test, but he did not get the inspiration that comes from dealing with subjects of general human interest. The old curriculum was so narrow that it only called out the powers of a part of the student body. Men who were interested in getting results from books or in stating them in forcible language had a fair

[1] Which may be unscrupulously translated:
Some like to raise Olympic dust
Through four years' course in college,
And clip the corners extra close
To win the prize for knowledge.

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chance to show their abilities. Men whose interest was in facts rather than in books, in practical affairs rather than in theoretical statements, found themselves placed hopelessly at a disadvantage, and were often content to meet the minimum requirements of the college course and seek an outlet for their best activities in other fields. And even with the men to whose intellectual temper the old curriculum was best suited, it did little for real culture. The student's time was so taken up with the solution of the mathematical problems before him that he lost sight of the bearings of mathematics on modern science and modern affairs. He was so absorbed in the work of translating sentences of Latin and Greek that he missed the value of the contents of the books themselves. A story is told of a boy who was asked about Julius Cæsar, and replied, "He was a great general who wrote a text-book for beginners in Latin." This is no unfair caricature of the mental attitude in which tolerably good students approached the great names of classical antiquity.

In the middle of the last century a growing perception of these evils and difficulties led to the substitution of the elective system for the old curriculum. During the latter part of the nineteenth century we ceased to make every one meet the same traditional tests. We introduced a choice of studies which appealed to boys of different types. We relied on the interest of the student to take the place of the old competitive examinations as a motive for work. First in our colleges and then in our high schools, we substituted a course which offered extreme freedom of choice to the pupils for one which attempted to run them all into the same mold.

The change had many advantages. The opportunity to study modern science and modern history aroused the interest of pupils to whom classics and mathematics had made no appeal. It gave the students in our schools and colleges the chance to hear about a great many things which form a part of the conversation of cultured men and women. It enabled some of them to lay the foundations in their school life for studies which proved valuable in their professional career. But it failed at one cardinal point. It did not lead the majority of pupils to do hard and regular work.

This is why, after half a century of trial of the elective system, we are beginning to lose faith in its underlying principles. With the best arrangements and the best teaching you can get, most boys find interest in the subject an inadequate motive for hard study. There are a few in each class who are so enthusiastic that they will work for the pleasure of working, and there is a somewhat larger number who can be made to work if they see that the subject is likely to have some connection with their professional career. But the majority are anxious to put on the teacher the responsibility of interesting them. Sometimes he fails; sometimes he succeeds. In the former case the boy gets nothing from the course; in the latter case he gets less than nothing—he gets the belief that he has studied, when he has only acquired information.

Enthusiastic champions of the elective system tried to shut their eyes to this demoralization as long as they could. But it was too widespread and too conspicuous to be ignored. The theory that a boy's interest in the subject would furnish a sufficient motive for work had not proved true.

Some have insisted that this deficiency could be made good by better teaching. It is undoubtedly true that a first-rate teacher can make boys work on almost any subject because they admire him so much that they try to imitate his methods, and if he works they will work too. If we had first-rate teachers in every school we could make the elective system, or any other system, a complete success. Mr. Bryce says that the men who settled Massachusetts would have made any constitution work, and this principle holds true of other things besides constitutions. But first-rate teachers who can inspire boys by their example are rare. The utmost that we can expect to get is high-class second-grade teachers—men who know thoroughly the methods of their subject, who are capable of imparting information and making it interesting. The influence of these men, however

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conscientious and intelligent, does not meet the necessities of the case. They enable boys to get more knowledge; they do not, as a rule, lead the boys to do a larger amount of work for that knowledge than they did before; and, as we have seen already, mere knowledge, apart from the individual effort in acquiring it, is a relatively unimportant educational product.

The demand that the average teacher should interest the student enough to make him work for his own pleasure has demoralizing consequences, not only for the student himself, but for the whole community. Does a parent receive unsatisfactory reports? He claims that it is the teacher's fault. He says that the subject ought to have been made more interesting. He may not intend to encourage his boy to loaf, but he really does encourage him by placing the blame for failure where it does not belong and ought not to belong, and where it never would have been placed except for the theory that momentary amusement is an effective motive for hard work. German critics of our high-school system say that we make the mistake of trying to do things *for* the pupil instead of seeing that things are done *by* the pupil.

Others have attempted to avoid tne evils of the elective system by making our elective courses vocational from as early a period as possible. There has been a growing tendency throughout the country to abolish the last two years of the college course and allow the student to substitute professional studies for general ones; and there is a similar tendency, though it is not quite so marked, to introduce specialized commercial and industrial courses throughout our high schools.

From the purely pedagogical standpoint this solution offers certain advantages. Good work is generally done where study has an obvious bearing upon a pupil's success in life, and bad work is more frequent where there is merely a general interest in the subject chosen and not a personal or selfish interest. But from the standpoint of the American people as a whole, it involves serious dangers. We do not want to encourage all our students to specialize too early. We do not want to make the mistake of sacrificing culture to efficiency, breadth of vision to concentration, public spirit to professional ideals. The old high school and college course, with all its failures, has done a great deal for culture and public spirit; and it is, I believe, a wise instinct on the part of the graduates of our older institutions which inclines them to save as much as possible of the old ideal of general education.

Under these circumstances there has been a widespread demand for the reintroduction of competition as a stimulus to hard study.

This demand has not always been wisely directed. School teachers who find that their boys will work hardest on those subjects where there is a college examination at the end have insisted that our colleges should hold entrance examinations in many subjects on which a paper, however carefully prepared, is an unfair or haphazard test of a candidate's powers. An examination in literature or history is a very different kind of thing from an examination in mathematics or grammar. The boy who studies mathematics must learn to do certain things—to solve problems, to prove propositions. If he has learned to do these things, and the examiner gives him a straightforward paper and adequate time, he can pass the examination better than the boy who has been crammed for the special purpose by some one who is conversant with the examiner's methods. But it is not possible to make an examination paper in history or literature which shows whether the pupil has obtained the real benefit which these studies should convey. We wish to know whether the boy has obtained inspiration from the mixture of comedy and pathos in "Henry the Fourth"; what we actually ask him is, the evidence as to Falstaff's real name, or the particular verbal usages which distinguish "Henry the Fourth" from "Richard the Second." The boy who has attended a tutoring school for a week will be able to answer more such questions than the boy who has really studied the subject would be likely to learn in a whole term's hard work.

This use of examinations where they do not belong has brought some discredit upon the examination system as a

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whole. Teachers who have suffered from the misapplication of the system are often skeptical as to its real value. But the public is not misled. The public honors boys who can do things; boys who can prove their superiority under the test of competition. There is as much interest in athletics in England as there is here; but there is not the *disproportionate* interest in university athletics, because Oxford and Cambridge have retained the competitive principle in studies as well as in sports. The senior wrangler, like the captain of the eight, is a man who has "suffered and done."

We shall never go back all the way to the old curriculum of Greek and Latin and mathematics. That was too narrow; it gave a fair field to but one type of man. We must have several competitions, and not one only—one for the boy of scientific temperament whose aim is to arrange facts in order; one for the boy of literary temperament who is interested in expression and style in the communication of ideas; and one for the boy of practical temperament who is interested neither in the arrangement of facts nor the expression of ideas, but in the use to which knowledge can be put in influencing the conduct of himself and others. It is important to have sufficient choice of courses to enable a boy to approach the problems of study in the way in which he will afterward approach the problems of life. No persons will watch the experiments of Mr. Flexner in developing new subjects of secondary-school teaching with greater or more sympathetic interest than the advocates of old-fashioned competitive standards. For every new subject in which the old standards of power can be developed and tested gives us a wider choice of methods of teaching and an opportunity to appeal to more boys. The schoolmaster who can show us how to make French teaching a means of developing intellectual power and persistence, as Latin or Greek has been the means of developing them, will confer a boon upon the school and college world.

Nor will the school or college course of the future exclude subjects which contribute to culture rather than to power. We must have both kinds of stimulus—the stimulus of pleasure in the course no less than the stimulus of preparation for a test; but we must avoid the attempt to mix the two to the detriment of both. Opportunity should be given for the study of branches of history and literature and art on which nothing like a competitive test is possible. But let it be understood that these things are in a certain sense an extra-curriculum activity. Let the boy who finds pleasure in these studies find his reward in that pleasure. For any one who really studies art or literature or reads the works of the great historians, there is a sufficient stimulus in the doing and a sufficient reward in the immediate personal enjoyment. If, in addition to this, parents appreciate what their children do by these studies to make themselves men and women of the world, in the best sense of that term, it will be compensation enough. Let them not encourage them to expect payment twice for the same thing—once in marks, which are almost certain to be unfair, and once in pleasure, which is likely to be spoiled if the work is being done for marks. Confine our examinations to those subjects where they can be made tests for the doing of things, and the first long step will have been taken toward teaching our pupils to study on their own account instead of expecting others to spare them the necessity.

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Henrietta Intervenes

BY JOHNSON MORTON

IT is astonishing in how many different ways a personality, provided it has any facets at all—and it wouldn't be a personality if it hadn't—may flash its light on its surroundings, and what diverse opinions it may draw forth from them, or at least the part of them that is human and consequently vocal.

I can't help thinking of my friend Mrs. Venable as I write this. Never was woman so differently described; her reputation, a veritable Joseph's coat for variety—her impression changing as a kaleidoscope, the cameleon a monotony by contrast! There were persons who extolled her simplicity, others to whom her subtlety was a household word. "She may be cold," a critic once allowed, "but isn't it the divine, inspirational coldness of a star?" Her practicality had its votaries as well. I once had a cook to whom Mrs. Venable stood just the high priestess of a certain intricate sauce for the concoction of which she is famous. Not that all comment was laudatory, as may seem from this digest; far from it. I've heard her spoken of as tiresome, sarcastic, overpowering, even silly, and it's a matter of record that Mrs. Pleyel, the well-known essayist, was unable to recollect her as a neighbor at a large and talkative luncheon party, and only recalled her, later on and after pressure, as "Oh, that large, terribly friendly woman, you mean—the one with the turquoises"!

So—thus I try to form my little theory, you see!

As for Mrs. Venable, she always spoke of herself as Mrs. Bourke-Venable. This use of the hyphen perpetuated properly, she would have told you, a long line of distinguished Bourkes and Venables—perpetuated especially, in dignified American fashion, the persistence of their qualities, such as patriotism and statesmanship as well as, incidentally, the pomp and circumstance of birth, too admirable to be passed over lightly; even, on occasions, of rank—once the happy, though somewhat remote, inheritance from a British ancestry.

Since the death of her husband Mrs. Bourke-Venable had led a life of freedom and activity. In ten years—she was practically sixty, but she never allowed herself to think so—she had lived in almost as many different places, spread her colors, as it were, over many canvases. Her alighting-places—in speaking of this manifold lady it is impossible not to mix metaphors—had been as antipodal as Paris and Honolulu.

It was conceded that her cosmopolitanism had made her restless; certainly it had grown with the years and come to be almost a patriotism in itself.

She had decided to live in Dingleton in the space of exactly fifteen minutes after an excellent, though conservative, repast of cold beef, salad, gooseberry tart, and Cheddar cheese in the appealing little Elizabethan inn that punctuated its street.

After luncheon the innkeeper, a suave and astute person prone to grasp opportunities, had met her, on application, more than half-way, and by six o'clock, somewhat to the consternation of the tremulous widow who owned the place, she had found herself mistress-elect of Hoxham Grange with its garden and seventeenth-century dove-cote, and was speeding forth triumphant in her brand-new car through the golden sunset toward London.

Two weeks later she reappeared; a force of servants had preceded her as a scouting corps an army, and with her came two other ladies, one fair, brown-haired, obviously young, was her niece, Miss Barbara Venable—unhyphenated you will observe—and the other small, dark, and, euphemistically speaking, middle-aged, her present companion,

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whilom friend of her youth, Miss Henrietta Matteson.

In twenty-four hours Hoxham Grange was as if it had known no other chatelaine than Mrs. Bourke-Venable. By the day after, the village, at least on its commercial and alimentary side, had claimed her as its own. And there had been a slight stirring on the social side as well, urged on, perhaps, by some suggestions of the tremulous widow of Hoxham, who, backed by the security of future rents, had betaken herself to the wet delights of the Lakes. A certain Miss Maria Bellasis had left, it seemed, during Mrs. Bourke-Venable's absence, a cognizant pack of visiting-cards. Later on that lady surveyed them through her lorgnon.

"Captain Adrian Bellasis," she read on one of the smaller. "Her brother, probably," was the comment. "Well, she seems to have lost no time. The sort of person who calls too soon doesn't much count."

Her niece took up the thread with more vivacity. "Adrian Bellasis," she repeated. "Rather a sweet name, but I warrant you he's fifty if he's a day! Retired Indian officer—career prematurely stopped. Cause: a bad liver and a touch of gout. Result: he sits scolding all day with his leg up and leaves the convenances to Maria—foolish name—which, perhaps, is just as well!" "Why, oh why, did we ever come to this place, auntie, if here's a sample of more to follow? See to what your leanings toward old oak and flagged garden-paths have brought us—to perch on these moldy green seats and watch fat pigeons go in and out of that glorified beehive of theirs while dull old gentlemen send us cards by maiden sisters."

Mrs. Bourke-Venable smiled indulgently. "Wait," she counseled. "I'm told there are delightful people in the county—the Tortoises, the Matlocks, Lady Garrity, dear old Canon Selkirk whom you remember dining with us in town, Sir Peter Silt— Isn't Stilton Hall just outside Gloucester, Henrietta?"

Thus evoked, Miss Matteson looked up from what was evidently, to account for her previous silence, an engrossing piece of embroidery.

"I've forgotten, if I ever knew," she remarked, caustically, then fell to her needle again.

"Nettie, Nettie! you surprise me!" broke in Miss Venable. "What on earth is the matter with you? There's nothing improper about Sir Peter, I hope!"

"Henrietta merely means," her aunt's calm tone explained, "that she doesn't remember where Sir Peter and Lady Silt's place is."

"Naturally—as that's precisely what she said!" laughed Miss Venable, somewhat rudely.

"Barbara!" Mrs. Bourke-Venable could not have expressed distaste more strongly had she allowed herself to shake a reproving finger.

"Oh, that's all right, auntie; no offense was meant, and good old Nettie here doesn't mind. Do you?" the girl ended, gaily. Then she came to Miss Matteson's side and took up the square of fine linen. "Don't do any more just now, please"—her soft hand folded the work carefully and laid it in the other's lap—"the light is bad and I'm worse. I'm low in my mind. I dare say I need my dinner. Anyhow, I want to talk."

"Speaking of dinner," remarked Mrs. Bourke-Venable, consulting her watch, "the dressing-bell will go in ten minutes."

"Oh, ten minutes; that's enough for reams of me! Ladies, I really think I've got something on my mind."

Miss Matteson had refolded her embroidery in quite another way and now was sticking her needle in it with precision. Her eyes came to attention, a small smile fluttered across her sharp little face. Mrs. Bourke-Venable offered one, too—only hers was large and obvious.

"That sounds more important than it probably is," she said.

"Aren't you rather sweeping?" laughed Barbara. "But I dare say you're right—you generally are! What I want to say is just this: Has there been what, in refined circles, is called a difference of opinion between you two dear things about coming here? I've had a queer feeling, in what pass for my bones, ever since we started. You're so terribly sure you're going to like it, Aunt Anna, and here's the Nettie get-

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SHE HAD FOUND HERSELF MISTRESS-ELECT OF HOXHAM GRANGE

ting rather snappish all by herself for some reason of her own. Out with it, ladies; let me into the secret. I really must know."

Then into the protests that followed this speech the butlerial figure of Judson projected itself, if such simile may describe his dignified advance. Mrs. Bourke-Venable looked up at his words.

"Will Madame see Captain Bellasis? Captain Bellasis is quite aware that it is late and says he will detain Madame but a moment."

"I had maligned him terribly," wrote Miss Venable to her dear friend and compatriot, Miss Pussie Alsop, at the moment resident with her father and mother in a big corner suite of the Hotel Savoy in London. "He was not a day over thirty-five, the right age; splendidly tall, splendidly dark, straight as an arrow with shoulders like—well, you know whose, only, if you'll pardon my saying so, rather broader! He was in tweeds—Harris they call them here—a nice, *smelly* sort of cloth, rough, in a becoming browny-gray color. What was he doing in our drawing-room? Well, it seems that his sister, who had called on us earlier in the day, you remember—I've met her since and she's quite a dear, not over twenty-five, rather nice-looking and pleasant, only for our taste perhaps a bit *inelastic*, as lots of English girls are apt to be—it seems that his sister, I suppose the poor thing got muddled with her cards, had somehow dropped an address that she needed out of her case, and when Captain Bellasis returned from somewhere—he said that had he realized his sister was going to call on us he would have come with her—he offered to go and see if it had been picked up. It had, by the way, and Judson gave it to him. Aunt Anna was delighted with Captain Bellasis. She treated him to her best manner and asked him on the spot to stay to dinner, while the Nettie twinkled

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with pleasure. Of course he *didn't* stay—no Englishman, unless he's been well broken in, ever does that nice spontaneous sort of thing—but I must say he's been here often enough since. The other day I told him what I thought he was like from his visiting-card and you should have heard him laugh!

"Other people have called, too. The card-plate in the hall—it's at least ten feet by twelve, the hall I mean—is full. Pleasant people they are, too, though I'm not in love with them as Aunt Anna is; they reproduce a *type* too inevitably and too accurately for my taste. *Personally*, I can see very little difference in the manners and appearance of two cunning old things who keep a shop — they're called McCullem — and the great and only Lady Garrity, who's a duke's daughter and the widow of an earl, or maybe it's the other way round, and whose arrival, though they tried to pass it off as a matter of course, threw our small ménage into paroxysms of delight. Indeed, I consider the Garrity a dull old woman! Between you and me, they're *all* dull—Tortoises, Matlocks, and the lot. They're not in the *least* like London people—thank Heaven, in capitals the world over every one speaks more or less the same language! These *don't*—at least not my language, and I feel as if I ought to go about with a 'key,' of a sort that we used to get to problems in mental arithmetic, at my belt. 'How to understand B. V., a simple young thing from almost anywhere,' it should read! Heaven knows I'm not difficult. But don't think that Captain Bellasis is like all these country and village folk. He's different; I suppose it's because he's seen more of the world—there's a platitude for you—India, Malta, and Canada. Did I tell you he's in the Buccaneers and is spending part of his leave here with his sister and a frightfully old cousin of theirs who lives with her and never goes out? I shouldn't call him really *expansive*, however, though he's far from the stern, taciturn type of man whose silence I find often covers futility as a beautiful beard—if beards ever *can* be beautiful—conceals the absence of a chin. To be candid, dearest Pussie, I don't mind telling you that I *like* Captain Bellasis and he goes far toward reconciling me to Dingleton.

"Aunt A. is in her element. I can see she's going to 'queen it' here as usual, for her barometer is rising. In a ridiculous way they all bow the knee to her—at least the precincts thus far heard from do. The Nettie has bucked up somewhat. At first she was queer; evidently put out over something, but I couldn't drag from either her or Aunt A. what it was. They're funny, these two—as opposite as the poles, getting constantly on each other's nerves and yet making a common antagonist of any one who tries to step in between them. It's an odd friendship. I wonder what they really think of each other!

. . . Aunt Anna is quite excited over a piece of news she has just heard. Mr. and Mrs. Pleyel—he's the big art critic, you know, and she writes quite wonderful essays—have taken a house in Dingleton for the summer, not far from us—a big, square, Georgian thing right on the street. They're expected momentarily. Odd we hadn't heard of it. Somehow I don't think Aunt Anna is exactly pleased. She expressed her surprise rather too obviously, and clung to the topic so tenaciously all the way home that the Nettie got somewhat snappish again. What *bosh* all this is, but I've nothing else to write about! After six weeks of it I feel myself a vegetable. . . . Captain Bellasis has only a month more of leave. I'm trying to arrange a little motor trip to Bath and Wells—just he, Miss Bellasis, the Nettie, and myself. . . . Goodby, dear, I must dress for dinner. It's rather a field-night, as afterward we're going to the village library, where Aunt Anna, who has given it a stack of new books and a vast bronze bust of Shakespeare, will, to the plaudits of the multitude, receive the thanks of a grateful public."

On the morning after the occasion to which Barbara had referred, Mrs. Bourke-Venable's mood—as she walked majestically up the village street—was one of supreme complacency.

The altar-fires of the previous night had been kept alive in various agreeable ways. A note from Lady Garrity, re-

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ceived at the breakfast-table, had referred to her in appreciative words as "our dear Mæcenas"; the vicar's wife, not content with sitting metaphorically at her feet during the performance, had approached again in the shape of a long letter and called her "wonderful"; courtly Lord Matlock breathed his appreciation over the telephone—he was one of the few who possessed the instrument—regretted his absence, and described her generosity as unprecedented and her appearance—Lady Matlock had evidently borne home the glad tidings—as charming, which, as she had worn a new Doucet gown, Mrs. Bourke-Venable could admit.

Out of doors, old Doctor Glandus had stopped his chaise and alighted ponderously to offer a large, moist hand of fellowship; and there had been in every shop she entered—her errands were numerous that day—indications that her coming had interrupted conversation of which she was the subject, and subsequent thanks, expressed, as she would herself have described, *so properly!* And finally Miss Bellasis had caught up with her and murmured pleasant phrases as they walked together. It was a sunny morning, too; the hawthorn white in the hedges, the turf of the roadside emerald-green; bud and blossom in the cottage gardens, and overhead silver clouds brushed by balmy breezes across a turquoise sky. Small wonder that Mrs. Bourke-Venable felt every reason for satisfaction and contentment!

The two ladies stopped at the corner of the little lane that led to Miss Bellasis' cottage. Here their ways should part, but Mrs. Bourke-Venable, hospit-



"WHY, OH WHY, DID WE EVER COME TO THIS PLACE, AUNTIE?"

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ably insistent, with hand on arm, detained the other, suggesting that she should come back to luncheon. Suddenly the door of the corner house opened and a lady appeared, drawing on her gloves as she came slowly down the steps.

"Evidently a stranger," thought Mrs. Bourke-Venable, whose mind was elsewhere and whose eyesight was none of the best, as she looked up, "but unmistakably a stranger of importance. She is perfectly gowned and has the air of distinction."

Miss Bellasis, following Mrs. Bourke-Venable's gaze, turned and with a sudden cry, "Why, *Alice!*" rushed to the stranger and, a moment later, they were in each other's arms. Then, mindful of her manners, she disengaged herself and laughingly introduced the two.

"This is my friend Mrs. Pleyel, Mrs. Bourke-Venable. Forgive my excitement, but I'd no idea she was in Dingleton already. Such a surprise! I must say you've stolen a march on us, Alice." Mrs. Pleyel bowed and held out a hand, which Mrs. Bourke-Venable took. As she did so, something in the other's appearance touched a chord of memory.

"Ah! I don't think we're altogether strangers. We've met before, I believe." She spoke graciously in her full, pleasant voice, explaining, "At home—I think, America—at luncheon in Lenox—the Buttresses."

Mrs. Pleyel smiled vaguely. "Perhaps," she hazarded, "though I'm sorry to say I *don't* remember! One meets so many friends when one makes a progress through your hospitable country. . . . Somehow, I *thought* you came from the States."

Now, oddly enough, despite her birth, her ancestry, her traditions, her proclamation of democracy and its institutions, there was nothing that so rubbed Mrs. Bourke-Venable the wrong way as to be called an American; and now, alas, she showed it. Possibly it was the sudden interruption of her placid mood that confused her, that sharpened her sensitiveness and left her a trifle irritable, for she answered quickly—and regretted it the next moment:

"Oh yes, I am an American; but over here I'm rarely taken for one. I flatter myself that I haven't what you English call an accent, at least not the typical twang."

Mrs. Pleyel shook her head. "Not in the least an *unpleasant* one," she conceded, "but there is a difference." And all Miss Bellasis' disclaimers could not smooth Mrs. Bourke-Venable's ruffled spirit.

The three ladies walked slowly down the street together, Maria Bellasis changing her way to suit Mrs. Pleyel's convenience, and in their conversation Mrs. Bourke-Venable felt herself pointedly *de trop*, for it consisted of descriptions of Mrs. Pleyel's movements; it dealt with details of her last visit to Dingleton; and the listener soon became aware, despite herself, that Mrs. Pleyel must have been a person of dominating importance in the village life. She touched lightly on various interrupted plans for Dingleton's improvement—the diet-kitchen she had started, the mothers' sewing-class, the club-room for men she planned opening, the Sloyd School for boys.

She spoke, too, of the county ladies with the intimacy of first names, and referred affectionately to the great Lady Garrity herself as a "dull old dear." But the climax was reached when, at the gate of Hoxham, she turned to Mrs. Bourke-Venable—prepared by this time to utter some valedictory remarks of exceeding graciousness that might blot out the memory of her lapse—and remarked, shortly:

"Good-by. I hope you'll like our little village and find it pretty. I'm sure you will when you come to know it, if you are true to the type of your countrymen. Henry James said, perhaps you remember, that all Americans have 'a passion for the picturesque'!"

"She's an odious person, that woman! Why, she actually tried to patronize me!" Mrs. Bourke-Venable burst forth to Miss Matteson, who met her in the hall. "No, I won't take off my hat; my hair's in a tumble. I'll go in to luncheon just as I am. Isn't it ready yet? Judson *is* getting careless. It's after one o'clock. Henrietta, what has that woman written, and who *is* she? I recollect her vaguely at home; they made a great

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fuss over her that Sunday she spent in Lenox with the Buttresses—I could never make out what for. I mentioned that I'd met her there and she was rude enough not to remember me." Then, in answer to Miss Matteson's puzzled look: "I mean Mrs. Pleyel, of course; her husband's on the *Era*—the art critic or something—and she writes things, too. I don't know what. Send to town and get all her books, Nettie, I want to look them over. She's here in Dingleton

The meal was a silent one. Miss Matteson's praiseworthy attempts at conversation were ignored. Only at its close Mrs. Bourke-Venable spoke, her words clearly framing the result of some previous mental processes.

"On the whole, I don't think you need send for those books of Mrs. Pleyel's. I sha'n't read them. Somehow I don't believe we shall stay here as long as I had planned. The more I see of the place the less I like it."



SUDDENLY A DOOR OF THE CORNER HOUSE OPENED AND A LADY APPEARED

in Liffy House. Mrs. Tortoise told me the other night that she was expected. A highly disagreeable woman, too—Why, where's Barbara? She's late."

"Oh, I quite forgot," interrupted Miss Matteson. "Barbara's gone out. Captain Bellasis came in half an hour ago on his way home. He'd just had a telegram ordering him to join his regiment—the boy gave it to him on the street. He thinks he's off to India or somewhere on foreign service. He and Barbara went out together in the direction of the coppice."

"Indeed," remarked Mrs. Bourke-Venable. Then, as luncheon was at the moment announced, she added, "Well, I suppose there's no reason we shouldn't eat."

Miss Matteson shot a glance of quick scrutiny, her sharp little face wrinkled in a smile of mingled cynicism and amusement.

"At your old tricks again, Anna!" she remarked, dryly.

"Pussie dear," wrote Barbara, "I have come to the conclusion that men are the most complex things that an all-wise Providence, aided and abetted by the evolutionary process called life, has yet produced! Yes, it's Captain Bellasis that makes me think so—Captain Bellasis whom I wrote down a good-looking, well-mannered, rather above the average Englishman of brains and—I may as well say it—charm. As to what he *actually* is, I'm afraid I'm in a quandary.

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This is what has happened. As you know, I've seen a lot of him since we've been here, and on our motor trip to Wells I really felt I had got to know him. I don't mind saying that I like him very much—you must find my candor engaging—and I believe he likes me, too, though perhaps, in the light of recent events, this last phrase should appear in the past tense. However, you must judge for yourself. Behold, the facts of the case:

"One morning just before luncheon Captain Bellasis came into the garden where I was sitting under the picturesque but dominating dove-cote. He held an open telegram in his hand and wore an expression of fixed solemnity on his face. I looked up in natural and, I hope, maidenly inquiry.

"'I've just had this handed me in the street,' said he, giving me the thing to read, which I did. It seems he had been sent for to join his regiment.

"'What a nuisance!' said I, easily. Then, between ourselves, rather archly, 'I suppose you *must* go?' And I ached to add, 'Why did you bring this to *me?*' But I didn't, for that would have made things *too* easy!

"'Yes, I'm afraid so. Orders from headquarters have to be obeyed,' he replied, with a deep sigh.

"There was a pause that he didn't break, though he had every chance, and it lasted so long that finally I had to break it myself. Suddenly those ever-gurgling doves gave me the suggestion.

"'Don't you wish you were a pigeon, Captain Bellasis?' I asked. 'A nice, fat pigeon with an iridescent neck, and never had to obey orders—only *instincts?*' Pussie, to my horror—I could have shaken him, for never was man given so barefaced a lead, I blush at the recollection of it—Captain Bellasis took my idiotic question seriously, and entered into a sort of disquisition on pigeons and their habits as only a serious-minded Englishman *could.*

"'Either,' said I to myself, 'the man is denser than his native fogs or he is the most consummate flirt that ever adorned an army.' And to this day I don't know under which category he falls!

"To go on: it was perilously near lunch-time, and somehow I didn't want Aunt Anna, who had gone out and was due momentarily, to find him there. I knew she'd insist on his staying, in that cordial, matter-of-course, impossible-to-resist-me way, and a *partie carrée* sort of meal is a difficult thing to handle with, so to speak, stifled emotions struggling for air! So I rose, remarking casually, though with, you'll agree, no lack of encouragement:

"'If you're going home, I'll walk part way with you and meet my aunt, whom I expect every minute.'

"He followed me, all too meekly, through the garden gate and then—oh, listening Pussie—I deliberately led him, not in the right direction, but in an absolutely opposite one toward the coppice, secluded and pictorial, at the foot of the hill!

"Captain Bellasis came with me like a lamb, rather a monosyllabic one—I know lambs could chatter if they would—for by this time the *cosas de palomas* were, I'm thankful to say, exhausted; but as we turned under the trees he spoke again, slowly and deliberately. His voice is a deep and telling one:

"'It's hard to leave'—my heart leaped within my fifteen-guinea blouse—'my *sister!*' he finished, and I breathed almost too normally again.

"Then followed a flood of reasons, pro and con; strictly family ones, Pussie, that might, to a certain type of female mind—not mine, by the way—have seemed subtly flattering, and I was forced to become sympathetic in a Sorellic fashion. So I agreed intelligently and even found myself murmuring, 'Aunt Anna and I will do all we can to make Miss Bellasis less lonely.'

"At this he warmed, and, looking straight into my eyes—not the safest of processes, by the way—began:

"'How *good* you are—' Again that sudden cardiac movement. 'To my sister!' he finished.

"On and on he prosed—we paced the path meanwhile—about the army, its history, its prerogatives, its penalties—like a handbook! It was getting to be two o'clock and, little by little, I could feel that hunger was dominating every other feeling in my young breast! So when we came again on perhaps the

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fifteenth lap, to the entrance of the wood, I didn't turn back. Captain Bellasis evidently *felt* my intention—I do like an intuitive man—and, rather to my dismay, looked at his watch. Promptly his mood changed. He became at once the officer in command.

"'I didn't realize the time,' he cried. 'Why, I've made you terribly late for luncheon. I *am* sorry.'

"Then he seized me metaphorically by the scruff of the neck and ran me home—our return march, so to speak, a *rout!* Only his words at the door, hurried and short and obvious as they were, gave me—shall I say—hope?

"'This isn't really good-by, Miss Venable'—and therewith he wrung my hand so that my rings cut my fingers till I could have shrieked—'I'll see you again, before I go to-morrow.'

"Indoors, Aunt Anna's barometric pressure was low. Something had happened that decided her to leave Dingleton within the month, something important; but I asked no questions, for her plans suit me well enough, provided she doesn't go *to-night!* I await to-morrow with, to put it mildly, *some* interest!

"Later.—Oh, Pussie, isn't it too bad? I am heartbroken! I was *out* when Captain Bellasis came—out for *ten minutes*—after I'd stuck to my chair all day on purpose to see him! I had mad ideas of flying to the station, only I knew he'd receive me like a stick on parade, and I still have remnants of a proper pride, I *hope*. I am very unhappy, Pussie, and quite ashamed of the silly, flippant nonsense I've written you. Believe me, it's just my way of—shall we say—saving my bacon?



BARBARA, A NEW, SWEET TENDERNESS IN HER SHINING EYES, HELD A LETTER

"The sober truth is—you must have it now in so many words—I love Captain Bellasis with all my heart and soul and I'm just a poor, weak, adoring woman, sitting here alone, thinking of him with tenderness and devotion, longing for him and realizing solemnly that, even if I have been mistaken in imagining that he cares for me, I am his, entirely and irrevocably, so long as I live! But don't pity me, dear. I am not really unhappy; what has come to me is too splendid and wonderful to admit of even regret; but, oh, my dear, poor human that I am, don't blame me if I can't find it wholly satisying! Yet, there are such things as *letters*, and there will be, in all probability, to-morrow.

"If only I understood *him;* but, oh, I am not wholly sure that I *do!*"

"Anna Venable," said Miss Matteson, coming into the room and closing the door behind her, "I want to talk to you."

Mrs. Bourke-Venable looked up pleasantly from the magazine she was cut-

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ting—a process for her tantamount to reading—at the nervous little figure before her. "Hadn't you better sit down while you do it?" she suggested, amicably. "You'll feel more comfortable."

"I don't know as I *want* to feel comfortable," retorted the other, "for I'm not going to say comfortable things. And I expect I sha'n't make you any *too* comfortable, either," she added.

Mrs. Bourke-Venable started in mild astonishment. "That's not very encouraging for me," she hazarded. "What on earth's the matter with you, anyway, Nettie? Aren't you well?"

"Oh yes, I'm well enough as far as that goes; but it isn't a very soothing idea to realize that you've got to speak your mind to an old friend."

"Well, I should think you could say about anything to me. You always *have*," Mrs. Bourke-Venable conceded.

But Miss Matteson ignored this remark and, standing still, her hands clasped behind her back, began:

"Now, I don't want you should interrupt me, Anna, for goodness knows it's hard enough to say what I'm going to, fond of you as I am. But the time has come when I've got to do my duty, cost what it may, and if you're the woman I hope you are you'll take it straight.

"Anna, I don't want you should leave Dingleton next week! I want you should stay right here till your lease is up, like a lady, and let things take their natural course—you know well enough what I mean." There were signs of restlessness on the other's part that seemed to promise speech. "Don't you say a word till I've done! More depends on your staying than you think, Anna Venable, for if you'll forgive my saying so, you were never one to see further than your nose unless it happened to concern you—and this don't, in a way.

"Take it from me, it's *up* to you to stay, for here's your niece eating out her heart for love of that soldier man and he—poor, stupid Englishman that he is—hasn't the gumption to see it, any more than *you* have. You must forgive me, Anna, for speaking right out! But *I've* seen it from the beginning, for 'twas kind of written in the books. You remember the day you came in after meeting the writing woman in the street—fussed up and excited you were, too—and Barbara had gone out with him to the coppice?

"When she came back you pitched into her for being late, as if that was all that had happened, but I could see further, and I jumped to the conclusion that what Barbara had expected—and had every right to expect—hadn't occurred! She didn't say anything to me, that's not her way; but I wasn't born yesterday, and I know a thing or two.

"Only to-day the Captain's sister tells us that he's got a little extra leave next week before he's off to India for good. Can't you see what that *means?* He's a curious, shy sort of a fellow—lots of those big, hulking Englishmen are—and he's been afraid to ask Barbara to have him. Like as not he's got the idea that she's too well off. Some men feel that way, though, I must say, not many! He's been embarrassed about writing, too—if I don't miss *my* guess—which, considering how Barbara feels and *looks*, is silly of him. Now he's coming back for probably twenty-four hours or some such like. And what do you do? Why, stick blindly to this ridiculous plan of yours like grim death!"

"Nettie, Nettie!" cried Mrs. Bourke-Venable, "you're acting like a goose, like the sentimental old maid you are. What on earth can my arrangements have to do with your fanciful idea of my niece and that dull, penniless Bellasis man? I haven't the slightest interest in him, nor has she—and even if she *had* I shouldn't let her look at him. I have other plans for Barbara. You're talking nonsense!"

Miss Matteson laughed grimly. "It's you who are talking nonsense this time, Anna. Just you keep still and hear me out."

It was at this juncture that Mrs. Bourke-Venable burst, so to speak, her bonds. "I sha'n't keep still, Nettie!" she cried. "You've no right to dictate to me as regards my movements. I won't have it, even from you. I won't listen to another word. For the best of reasons, known only to myself, I have decided to cut short my stay here and go up on Monday to London. This is—

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THERE WAS A PAUSE THAT HE DIDN'T BREAK, THOUGH HE HAD EVERY CHANCE

and should be—sufficient for my household, which includes *you*, Henrietta."

"But if I ask you to stay on"—Miss Matteson's tones, suddenly changing, had become plaintive—"if I beg you to stay for our dear Barbara's sake, Anna?"

"I shall refuse, for I consider it arrant nonsense."

Miss Matteson sighed. Then she caught her breath quickly and spoke again, this time sharply, defiantly, and with more than her former incisiveness: "You've had your chance, Anna, which you wouldn't take, and now—your blood be on your own head. "Do you suppose for a second that I don't know—and you *know* that I know, too—the real reason why you are getting out of Dingleton in this queer way? Well, granted you don't, I'll *tell* you! It's just because you've found out that you can't be the great lady here and queen it over the rest of the place. It's that Mrs. Pleyel who stands in your way this time. She's smarter than you, and better placed and more powerful. You recognized something in her that you couldn't get around as long ago as that luncheon party in Lenox, and now you find she's here you're—just plain *mad* and won't play! 'Tisn't the first time this sort of thing has happened either; but, in common, decency it ought to be the last. I could name a dozen instances of thrown-over leases and forfeits paid to hotels so that you could clear out and save your ridiculous vanity. You always were a vain baby, Anna, ever since I knew you when we went together to the grammar school in Dedham, Massachusetts; but I didn't mind, for you were always good to me, though you bossed me well, and somehow, trying as you are, I've always loved you. Yes, you're good and kind and clever and intelligent just so long as you don't run up against some one who is either better or kinder or cleverer or more intelligent than yourself. You're just lovely with your inferiors, Anna, and it's natural they should fall down and worship you. So you're at your best with them, but with your superiors and very often your equals, too, you never give yourself half a show—you just *turn tail!*

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"Now, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm a poor, dependent sort of a 'critter,' but I *can* stand by myself if I choose. I've got five hundred dollars a year of my own—enough to live on in a way, and if you don't decide to do what I say, why, happy as I've been with you and good as you've been to me, I'll *leave* you, Anna Venable, as sure as my name is Henrietta P. Matteson! . . . And what's more, I'll tell Barbara—I'll tell Barbara the whole blessed truth so that she may see exactly how the land lies. I want you should think this over well, for, though I say it who *shouldn't*, it 'll be more for your own good than anybody else's, and that's what I guess I'm after in the long run

"I'm giving you just ten minutes by that crazy clock—till it strikes six, remember—to make your decision. And now, Anna"—here Miss Matteson sank into a chair—"I've freed my mind and I'm just about, as the boys say, 'dead beat.'"

For the moment, Mrs. Bourke-Venable sat staring before her, a look of dazed amazement on her handsome, flushed face. Then slowly she recovered herself.

"You are certainly frank, Henrietta," she began. "I wonder if you are right!" She paused for an instant's thought and then spoke again. "There may be something in what you say, so bitterly, so cruelly—you mustn't mind the adjective, Nettie—for you have astonished me, I confess. Still, I don't want to be unjust or hard, and, oh, Nettie, Nettie, I can't let you leave me—I *can't!* And yet"—her mind turned evidently to another train of thought—"I don't think I ought to agree to all your charges; one has *some* rights, and you must realize, Nettie, that you've been horrid. And I thought you were fond of me! I have so few friends, so few persons who really care for me—so very few . . . I am so alone—and Barbara already scheming to leave me, if what you say is true. . . . I do try to do my duty, to be nice to everybody. Nettie, no one but you ever called me vain! . . . Oh, Nettie, Nettie!" . . .

Here she turned toward Miss Matteson, and, to that small person's dismay, her eyes held actual tears. But Miss Matteson steeled herself against them, and glanced significantly at the clock.

"Oh, Nettie, Nettie! my dear, my only friend," Mrs. Bourke-Venable repeated, and, starting to her feet, began to pace the room violently, "I'm all wrong! I'm a wretched, weak, unhappy, wicked, and misunderstood woman," she moaned. "I'm full of faults, and it has remained for my best and closest friend to remind me of them." She glanced in Miss Matteson's direction. That lady's eyes were still fixed on the clock. "Perhaps you are right, cruel as you are. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Suddenly the door opened and Barbara came into the room, but a changed Barbara from the pale and plaintive figure of the last week. This was a Barbara erect, gay, blooming, triumphant, and with a new, sweet tenderness in her shining eyes.

Both women stopped short to stare at her—one in surprise, the other with a world of sympathetic comprehension in her sharp scrutiny. The girl held a letter in her hand; she spoke softly:

"It has just come from Captain Bellasis; *Adrian*"—softer yet—"and it is all *right.*" Her glance sought Miss Matteson; then she turned to her aunt. "I may as well tell you—oh, I'm glad to tell you—that I'm engaged to Captain Bellasis, Aunt Anna," she said; "or at least I shall be when I answer this letter and he gets it—and he's coming to see me on Tuesday."

Just then there sounded the sharp, metallic *click*, preliminary to the hour. Mrs. Bourke-Venable turned anxiously to an enigmatic Nettie. Then she came straight to the girl and kissed her affectionately.

"This *is* a surprise, my dear, dear child, and I rejoice in your happiness. By the way, I have news, too. I have changed my plans and shall stay on at the Grange through the summer."

Then, as Miss Matteson rose from her chair and took the wondering Barbara into her thin, old, loving arms—the clock struck six!

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The Russian Revolution From a Hospital Window

BY EDITH T. HEGAN

[Miss Hegan, a resident of St. John, New Brunswick, and a graduate nurse of the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, was one of the first Canadian young women to go to the front. After some months spent in England and France, she was transferred to the Anglo-Russian Hospital Corps, and served in the Caucasus with conspicuous bravery and efficiency. Miss Hegan and the other Canadian nurses in the corps were stationed in Petrograd when the Revolution broke out. A hospital had been established in the palace of Prince Demetri, and it was from the second-story windows of this historic building, facing the Nevsky Prospekt, that Miss Hegan witnessed some of the bloodiest scenes of the Revolution, as recounted in the following pages from her diary.

On reaching England, Miss Hegan was assigned to a vessel sailing with Canadian wounded who had been invalided home. She has re-enlisted for the duration of the war, and has recently returned to the French front.—EDITOR.]

FEBRUARY 22. — The Julian calendar, used in Russia, is thirteen days behind our calendar, which accounts for the apparent variation in dates. February 22, according to our calendar, would be, of course, March 7. I am using both dates in this diary, giving the Julian date first.

We have been in Petrograd for nearly six months, having come here direct from the Carpathian mountains, where we were for three months, barely six miles from the firing-lines.

Our hospital is in the palace of the Prince Demetri, who has turned it over for the service of the Red Cross. In the rooms where wonderfully gowned women and dashing soldiers and court royalties used to gather there are now white-garbed nurses and suffering Russian peasant soldiers in rows of narrow white bed. Ranks and social lines have been wiped out in this war. As nurses, enlisted in the service of our country, our first duty is to relieve suffering and attend to the wants of our patients. But one does not often see a republic in the making, and so we watched the progress of events as much as we could from our second-story window.

The hospital is immediately on the Nevsky Prospekt, one of the most picturesque streets in the world. At one end of it is the Alexander Station, and from there it sweeps in a broad curve to the famous Winter Palace. Opposite us is the palace of the Dowager Empress, a long, low, rambling sort of building of reddish stone. Nearby is the famous canal, and the Fontanka Bridge with its wonderfully carved groups of rearing horses at each corner. The buildings on the Nevsky Prospekt are a strange intermingling of the influences that so permeate Russia and that perhaps account in some part for the apparently contradictory Russian mind. Near a grand shop building will be a small junk-shop, with everything in it from a string of fantastically colored and carved beads to wonderful Oriental rugs—all to be purchased only after a session of just such bargaining as one sees in the Far East. There is a modern trolley line, but the crowd retains a touch of the captivating mystery of the East in the garb of Russian caps and long coats. And there is an air of warmth and color—almost barbaric splendor—about some of the shops that makes the place seem more Oriental than anything else.

To-day we all went to Saraky, six of us from the hospital. We arrived about 2.30 P.M., drove to the palace and went through. Then we drove to the church of the Czar, which is magnificent—the finest I have ever seen. It has such wonderful ikons. From there we drove

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to a restaurant and had tea and dry bread, and then took an open train back to Petrograd. Miss M—— and I drove immediately back to the club where we live, and the others went on to dinner at a Russian restaurant. We have heard rumors, of course, that there are strikes. Many workmen are out of work, they say, owing to the closing of so many mills; but we have thought little about outside affairs, we are so engrossed in our hospital work. But when the others returned home after dinner, we found they were in a perturbed state of mind, especially about us, as there had been rioting. We have had orders to remain indoors and not to go out on the streets, except to the hospital and back.

Friday, February 23 — (*March 8.*)— All day crowds have gathered on the Nevsky. Many mounted Cossacks have dashed up and down, but appear to be quite friendly with the crowd that occasionally cheers them wildly. The crowd seems quite good-natured, but now and then there is a little group that appears menacing. The Cossacks were ordered to fire on the people, but refused. The hospital is full of soldiers ready for any emergency, and we have had orders to be prepared to evacuate at once. The people are demanding bread and long lines are standing in front of the shops. The Minister of the Interior says there is no bread for them and very little prospect of getting any. The air is tense with excitement. All mills have shut down and crowds are marching into Petrograd.

Saturday, February 24 — (*March 9.*) S—— and I have watched the crowds all day from the window, as we could snatch the time. Nurses on duty have brought the wounded back and forth all day in ambulances. At the front we only see the wounded as they are brought in; but here we have only to look from our second-story window to see riots continually in progress and wounded and dying falling everywhere as the police charge the streets from time to time. So many of the Czar's troops are deserting him and coming over to the Revolutionists that such battles as we can see appear to be hopelessly confused. Regiments of deserting soldiers are fighting former comrades who still remain loyal to the Czar. The famous Cossacks are still with the Czar, but are apparently very lukewarm in their efforts to disperse the Revolutionists.

Sometimes the crowd almost melts away and again it gathers in a moment's time. There are many women in the throngs. They do not seem to fear the flying bullets at all. When the streets are swept by the fire of the machine-guns, they hurry into halls and doorways for safety, but the moment the firing is over they come out on the streets again. Cossacks appear from time to time, some with whips and bayonets which they wave menacingly in the air; but still the crowd cheers them. After lunch we four Canadians took a walk down the Nevsky and over the bridge. The crowd was very dense on the bridge, but anxious watchers from the hospital saw us, and you may be sure we were very freely discussed and reprimanded on our return for venturing out in such a crowd. L—— and Miss C—— went to the dentist and we returned to the hospital to watch once more from the windows.

A tremendous crowd had gathered and suddenly the Cossacks and the mounted police charged through the crowd and shooting began. The crowd quickly disappeared. Some fell flat on their stomachs and crawled away. We could hear the click of the machine-guns which the police had hidden in the houses. Some of the police themselves were hidden in the houses and some of the German ringleaders had donned police uniforms. One man dropped dead in the middle of the street and we saw an old black ambulance drive up and carry him off. We can hear the guns and the noise of actual battle down near the Winter Palace. But almost as soon as the troops come in on orders they join the Revolutionists. Many casualties are reported. We hear that the Chief of Police and many of the policemen have been killed. All sleighs and motors are stopped on the bridge and ordered to go down side-streets. There are cheers from the crowd every time an officer is turned back. The officers are indignant, but after they have witnessed one or two instances of what is done when they

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MISS HEGAN IN HER UNIFORM AS A MILITARY NURSE

resist, they submit. Many of the officers have been arrested by their own soldiers and shot, after the formality of a brief trial. The Russian officials were formerly important figures on the streets. Now they hurry down side-streets to get out of the way. Some of them are wearing a bit of red on their uniforms. Our Russian patients are asking for news, but beg us not to remain at the windows, as already bullets have struck inside the hospital.

Sunday, February 25—(March 10.) —Another fairly peaceful morning, but again about noon the crowd begins to gather. We have positive orders not to go out except to the club and back; but S—— and I went to see Miss C—— this morning and then went to the Hôtel de l'Europe for lunch. Many wounded have been brought in and three of them died. The crowd is quite orderly and peaceful as far as we can see. They continue asking for bread. Suddenly, while we were looking, the machine-guns opened fire and swept the street in every direction. Dozens fell where they stood and others fled in every direction. Many hurried into the doorway of the hospital and the club. A most spectacular occurrence took place about this time when a regiment of Cossacks came slowly up the Nevsky. As they stepped upon the bridge, a shot was fired from

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the roof of some house. They had been riding slowly, their heads were up and they were gazing straight in front of them. Suddenly I heard a machine-gun click and a shot rang out. It seemed to electrify the Cossacks. One of them fell and we could see his riderless horse with the swinging stirrups galloping on with the rest. For, almost as soon as the click was heard, an order was thundered and, with bent heads and lowered shoulders, the Cossacks rode magnificently over the bridge at full speed. From a regiment of riders they became merely a tawny streak and charged the streets. Many more Cossacks now appeared and dashed rapidly up and down the four streets of the Fontanka and over the bridge.

Great lorries loaded with concealed guns dash up and down the streets amid the greatest shouts and confusion. More wounded are still being brought into the hospital. I saw a man I knew brought in dead. He had been quietly walking down the street with his mother to call on a friend when he was shot. He died almost instantly. We have only 180 beds in the hospital and most of them are full of our own patients, so there is little room here for anything but first-aid treatment. They came in rapidly, many of them dying almost as soon as they were brought in. We did what we could for them; but at night the authorities took them away, except two or three who were too near death to be moved. All day long the Cossacks have charged the streets with whips and drawn swords. The crowds do not seem to be at all afraid of them.

I saw one giant Cossack charge on a crowd and yell at a man who seemed to be one of the leaders. He leaned over as he dashed by the man and described an arc in the air with his sword. I saw the sword descend, and while I held my breath in horror it neatly sliced off the top of the man's hat. He did not seem to be in the least frightened, but walked calmly on, while the crowd cheered them both impartially. One of the Russians told me that this incident indicated more than anything else the sentiment of the Cossacks. He said that a few years ago the Cossack would have sliced off the man's head, but because at heart he was with the people he let it go at the hat.

Monday, February 26—(March 11.)—The appearance of the crowd changes daily. Sometimes there are many women and sometimes nearly all the women are of the student class. They are clad in the working costumes of blouses and heavy skirts. The advice of the women students seems to be heard with as much respect as that of the men. There seems to be a wonderful camaraderie between them. There are constantly increasing numbers of peasants in the crowd. The red flag of the Revolution is everywhere.

The Russians are very gregarious and usually gather in one of the three big squares in Petrograd to hold their meetings; but to-day they have streamed restlessly and constantly up and down the Nevsky. We hear that the Czar has been taken prisoner, which has surprised every one. The populace speak of him as "Colonel Romanoff." They used to speak reverently of him as "Little Father," but now they speak his name with a sort of amused indulgence. Sometimes there are threats against the Czarina, whom they do not seem to like.

While we were taking tea in the club there was a whirlwind of renewed shooting and shouting. Numbers of people from the street flocked up our stairs for safety. S—— and I went to the hospital for duty, but as bullets were flying thick and fast in the streets, we were not allowed to go out again but told to sleep in the hospital. L—— and C—— were still in the hospital, so we kept together, sleeping where we could. Some slept in the bandage-rooms on tables and stretchers. We could not sleep long at a time, for many wounded were constantly being brought in. There is fierce fighting down the Vladimirsky, and the nurses who are still at the club must be having a bad night. Stray bullets enter the hospital now and then, but the Russian patients take the matter calmly and philosophically. They still entreat us to avoid the windows. But it is such a wonderful picture unfolding itself before us constantly that we cannot leave it. We often see officers who do not wear the bit of red, or who are suspected of having German tendencies, surrounded by the people who tear away their arms. I saw one fierce officer,

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covered with decorations and looking very much annoyed, try to saunter down the Nevsky, pursued by a crowd of women who stripped him of his arms. His sword fell to a gray-haired woman who shrieked apparently uncomplimentary Russian epithets at him as she contemptuously bent the sword over her knee, broke it in two, and lightly tossed it into the canal.

The Court of Justice was burned to-day and all prisoners were released from the fortress. The situation seems to be getting beyond control. Soldiers are deserting continually to the cause of the people, and the letting loose of the criminal element is resulting in many acts of looting and lawlessness. Red flags are waving everywhere. We are ordered by the Embassy to put out as many Red Cross flags as possible, and we all turned to and made more to-day.

Tuesday, February 28—(*March 13.*)—The crowd looks very excited to-day. S—— and I were permitted to return to the club while the others remained at the hospital. After taking a bath and lying down for a moment, we had orders to return to the hospital at once. There was considerable excitement while we hastily gathered up our valuables. Many bullets entered the windows; but none of us was hurt, although they came pretty close occasionally. To those of us who had been near the Carpathian front all the summer before it was all a part of the day's work, except for the suppressed excitement that the Revolution had aroused.

We heard the tramping of hoofs, the roar of the lorries, and the subdued muttering of the crowd outside, while we gathered our things together. It seemed almost like abandoning a ship for the lifeboats and trying to decide quickly what must be left and what could be carried in the least space. While we were in the hall waiting for the others to come down, bullets flew through the house. We only looked at each other. Events have piled up so rapidly during the past year for us—four unadventurous Canadian nurses, that nothing seems to surprise or affect us. The bullets came and went so quickly that it was all over before we could even move. One hummed through the window directly between our heads. When our party was ready, we walked quickly to the hospital. There seemed to have been a subtle change in the demeanor of the crowd, perhaps due to the constant firing. Where they had been merely restless and wandering for days, they seemed bent on a common purpose now.

Several times we had to stop while on the way to the hospital, the firing was so heavy. We were anxious to get back to the hospital and worried lest the shots might strike some of our already badly injured patients. And we were interested enough to wish to get back to our windows, too, for it is not often that one can watch the death of a monarchy and the birth of a new republic. The thing that no one believed could ever happen has happened. If the rumors we hear are true, the Czar of all the Russias has been dethroned as easily as a recalcitrant school-boy is made to stay in after school.

From time to time crowds from the street enter a church to pray before the ikons. Then they return to the streets to renew activities. Most of the Russians are fatalists, which perhaps explains the fact that while they are victorious in this red revolution, they accept their victory almost as philosophically as they have always accepted their defeats.

There seems to be a deadly fixedness of purpose in the crowd to-day, as if it had crystallized its own desires. We hear that at Moscow, which is really the heart of Russia, there are no mobs or signs of a revolution. Great lorries are still in the street filled with soldiers. They are handing out ammunition to everybody and anybody who wears the red badge of the Revolution. We can hear the fighting all over the city and are told that almost all the policemen have been killed. We do not see so many Cossacks on the Nevsky to-day, but a great many soldiers are there. Several regiments marched down the street and attracted great attention and cheering. They were the former guards of the Czar who have deserted him. The revolutionists have sent out soldiers to guard him.

A Russian princess who was staying at the Astoria and who was wounded in

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the neck was brought in to our hospital. She tells us that the Astoria was completely looted. The cooler-headed leaders are trying to restrain their men from violence. An English officer, who was ordered out with the rest when they began its destruction, happened to think of the immense stores of wine in the hotel cellars and went back to try to destroy what he could before the crowd could get at them. So many criminals have been turned loose and are getting at liquor somewhere. One of the revolutionists demanded to know where he was going, and when he was told he heartily agreed with the plan and sent a detachment of his men to help destroy the wines.

More troops arrived during the night and immediately deserted to the revolutionists. Regiments fought fiercely against one another. During the night an officer and armed guard came to the hospital and demanded twenty-five suits of clothes. They come in daily with orders to search the place, for they have insisted that there is a machine-gun on top of the hospital. The police station is in ruins and all the police records have been destroyed. There will never be any papers to convict the revolutionists. We hear that all the convicts in Siberia have been turned loose.

Just as soon as the new troops come in and become aware of the situation they proceed to hand over their officers to the people. They are received with hoots and wild cheers. There is a constant procession of officials being taken to the Duma for trial. Some who resist are shot at once. The numbers of killed are constantly increasing. The figures given out to-day are 5,000 killed and 6,000 wounded. Many pitiful accounts are brought in. Count S——, who was the head of the Russian Red Cross, was sought in his home by the mob. His frightened wife clung to him weeping and begged him not to go with them, but to try to escape by a secret way. He reassured her, saying that it was merely a matter of form—he expected to be released after a perfunctory trial at the Duma. As he descended the stairs some hasty member of the mob fired a revolver. The mob immediately supposed that Count S—— had fired it, and it was the beginning of a scene in which he was shot, dragged to the streets, and almost torn limb from limb, under the eyes of his wife. Later she went out to search for him and found his body lying in the streets.

The streets are filling with a howling mob. The scenes are indescribable. It seems to have been a terrible mistake to turn loose the convicted prisoners, for they have gone quite mad with blood lust and are leading the mob into all sorts of depredations. The soldiers are handing out guns and ammunition and instructing civilians in the use of them. Newspapers with the news of the Duma are being tossed out to the people from the flying lorries.

More shots have penetrated the hospital. It seems a miracle that no one here has been hurt.

March 1—(*March 14.*)—The crowd looks a bit more orderly this morning from our windows. Nearly all the policemen have been shot and the students have been made policemen. There are placards up all over the streets, begging the people to remain cool and to refrain from rioting. The bread situation is still critical and it is a problem to feed all the soldiers. The citizens are asked not to resist the student policemen and to help feed the soldiers. Squads are out collecting all the arms given out the day before and trying to gather in all the drunken soldiers and roughs. They are doing their best to suppress the criminal element. Prices of food that had gone up by leaps and bounds are now coming down. Butter and eggs and bread are reduced materially in price. News of what is occurring is still being circulated by small newspapers.

Friday, March 3—(*March 16.*)—We were allowed to go to the club to-day for our meals. The weather has been fine until to-day and the streets are quiet. We hear that the Grand Duke Michael is to be Regent for the Czarevitch. The Czar and the Czarina are prisoners!

Three months ago we would have said that nothing stood on a firmer foundation than this Russian throne. But the Czar and Czarina are imprisoned in their own fortress. It is such a stupendous

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change that the mind can hardly grasp it. But we go ahead and do our work—for the daily tasks of a nation must be done, even if thrones totter and fall and kingdoms are ground to dust beneath our feet. This task of caring for the wounded, of feeding the hungry, and going on with the simple work of the day preserves the balance for us, I suppose.

The people are tearing down the imperial signs all over the city. I saw several destroyed and thrown in the Fontanka. The sign on our hospital has been painted over and the eagle torn down. We hear that at a meeting of the Duma they declared that they would leave nothing of the House of Romanoff, and that the Czar had quite meekly abdicated in favor of his son. But it is hard to credit all the rumors. We even heard this morning that the Emperor had been taken and the Crown Prince killed. It is plain that the Germans started the Revolution; but it soon became a Frankenstein on their hands and they would give anything now to suppress it. Having thrown off the yoke of centuries of oppression, the Russians refuse to listen to German dictation.

It is astonishing how peaceful and orderly everything is. There is a complete absence of looting or drinking. All of the ex-ministers have been taken prisoners and are in the Fortress of St. Peter, they say. S—— and I ventured down to the Astoria to-day and walked around the ruins. It has been completely destroyed.

March 4—(*March 17.*)—The streets are filled with a surging, changing crowd. Everything is quiet, but it is the uncanny quiet that comes either just before or just after a terrible storm. Red flags are flying everywhere. Russia is a republic! Motor-cars are dashing about in every direction, throwing out newspapers. The Department of Justice has been burned. We walked up that way to-day and saw the bullet holes in the buildings near by.

Monday, March 6—(*March 19.*)—Word came to-day that the boats are running. It seems almost too good to be true. There is a chance of our getting home again after almost a year here and at the Carpathian front. We went at once to see about our passports and were told to return later. We had tea at a Russian restaurant and went home. Everything seems to be quiet and it is strange to think that only a few days ago these streets were filled with dead and dying, with soldiers and police maintaining a running fight constantly amid the confusion of cheering mobs. The new republic seems to be moving along smoothly, although we hear of fierce arguments among the new leaders at the Duma.

Wednesday, March 8—(*March 21.*)—S—— and I drove to the consul's and the last touch was put on our passports. Our tickets are bought for Saturday. Shops are all open and we did a little hasty shopping. The struggle seems to be over. We have seen the birth of a new republic—but I never want to witness another.

Now that it is over and I can take stock of my thoughts, I find it hard to do more than to pick out such events of that terrible week as stand out in my memory against that dreadful red background. The travail of the coming of the new republic has already set its mark on the Russian people. The crowds seem more serious—more dignified. They gather here and there in groups, separate, and form again. It may be difficult for them to rule themselves. The Russian peasant, in particular, is simple, direct, but largely elemental. We have heard rumors that the Russians will consent to a separate peace. I do not believe it. They are strongly pro-ally, and if there is to be a separate peace it will not be with the consent of the Russian soldiers. Underneath their apparent apathy is a growing distaste for having Russia Germanized. In a way, they have a queer streak of fatalism; but no Russian is a quitter.

March 9.—Going home at last. Everything is packed and ready. We hope for a peaceful voyage. This is my last entry in my Russian diary.

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"Then Came David"

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL

THE west was crimson and gold with the setting of the sun. David, the young shepherd, took in the glory with eager, hopeful eyes, reading on its illumined page the promise of his future. He stood as straight as an ash-tree on the gray granite top of the rise; his forehead bared to the grateful breeze blowing up the pasture slope. It was no heated breeze of the Orient, but the wholesome hill wind of New England, fragrant with the pines. Nor was David, though verily the son of Jesse and "goodly to look upon," a lad of Israel. His charge was not that of the ruddy youth who left his sheep and tuned his harp for the healing of the King. "Ye my flock, the flock of my pasture, are *men*, saith the Lord God." David, like his grandfather before him, heard the call, heeded, and prepared for the shepherding.

Below him, beyond the rough patches of sweet-fern and bayberry, the road unrolled itself like a ribbon, following the contours of the earth, now curving into full sight, now plunging beneath the thick foliage of the wayside, and leading at leisure to the little village. From his point of vantage David could see the white spire rising out of the clustering elms. Tinged with the flame of the sunset, it rose, the beacon of his hopes. Under its heaven-reaching vane, now lit into a flashing and symbolic star of guidance, he was to break the bread of life and to proclaim glad tidings. The young man's eyes kindled; he saw himself the leader of a willing people, making the way clear before them, baptizing, marrying, welcoming them into the fold, and closing their eyes in final rest. He pictured himself growing old in the midst of a faithful flock. It was a fair dream of peace and accomplishment, and brought a quick, boyish rush of emotion. David's vision was as yet untroubled; his shepherd's crook was unbent; his blood was strong for the fight. He faced the great spaces before him with a glorious sense of high calling. He already was the conqueror of the dark forces which should never prevail!

At last David turned from the distant and purple mountains and made his way down the hillside. A cart was rattling along the highroad at the leisurely pace of the country. It stopped, and as David drew near he saw that the figure which descended from it was that of a woman, square and sturdy, moving with masculine directness and reserve strength. She appeared to be examining the harness. The cart was a big, boxed-in affair, cheerful in bright-red paint, and the comfortable-looking horse, standing at ease, seemed almost too rotund for the shafts.

"Can't I do something?" offered David.

The woman turned an elderly face, plain and kindly. When she spoke her voice was low and pleasant.

"No, young feller; this britchin's 'bout done for, but I guess it 'll last the trip out. Thank ye, jest the same."

The young man's eyes wandered to some large, white letters painted on the back of the cart. His smile broadened.

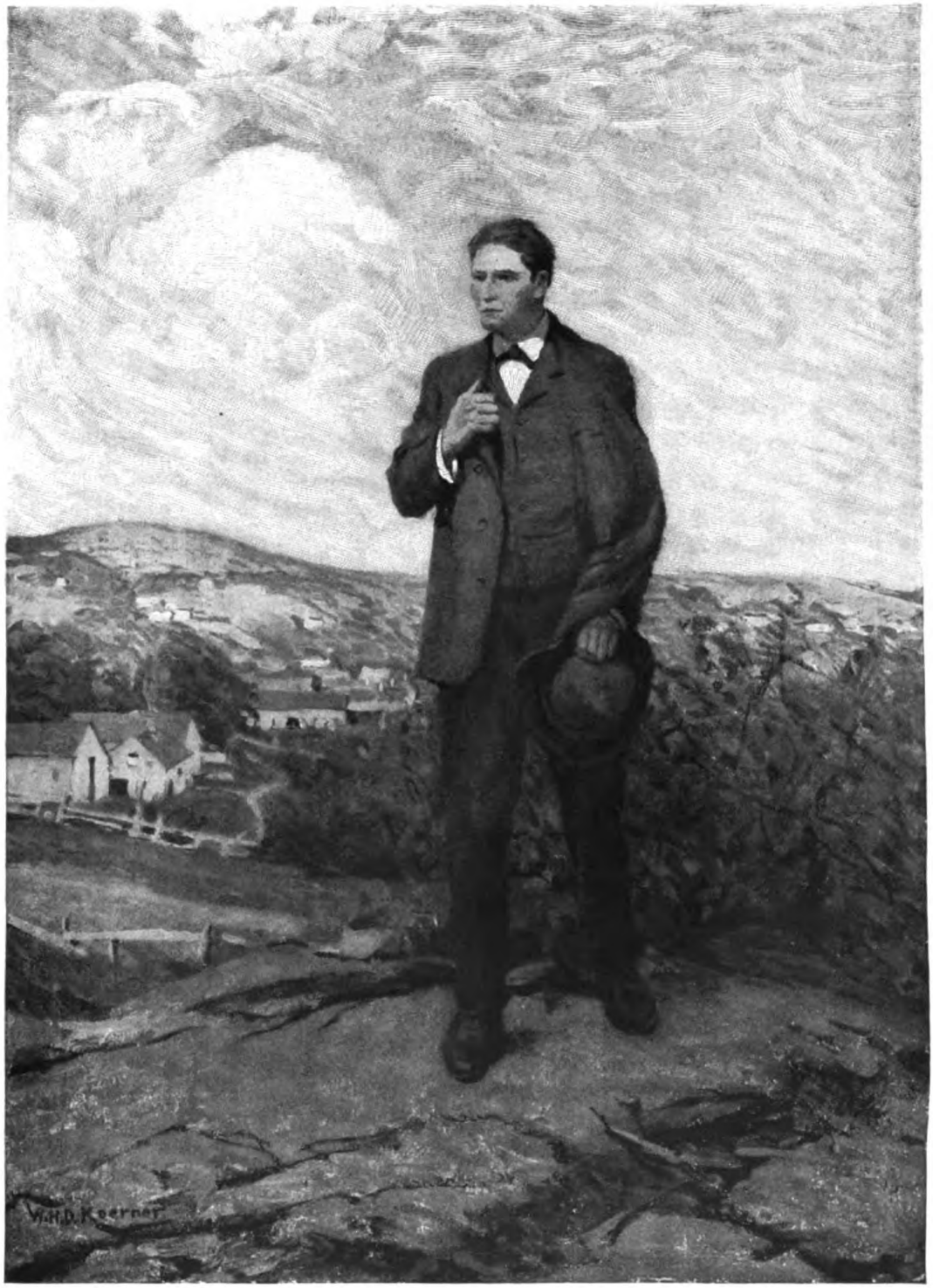
"I wonder if you aren't Miss Barcy McAllister?" he cried.

The woman held out a strong, brown hand. "An' I'll bet a cooky you're Jesse Patten's son, the new minister!"

David's grasp was instant and firm. "Father's often told me of you and the 'Rolling Jenny.'"

Miss Barcy gave a pleased nod. "An' Bolter! You mustn't leave out Bolter. Your pa 'n' me went to school together, an' he never missed lookin' in on me whenever he come back. An' many's the time I've hearn your grandfather preach. He was a good man, was Parson Patten."

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

THE LEADER OF A WILLING PEOPLE, MAKING THE WAY CLEAR

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"Wish I could remember him," returned David. "I'm the only one left now. Somehow it seems as if I were coming back home, though I haven't been here since I was a baby."

"That's good!" Miss Barcy's voice was hearty. "They say, 'Once a Turkey-Hillite always a Turkey-Hillite,' an' I guess that's the way it oughter be. We kinder feel you belong to us. You jest climb up here, young man, an' we'll jog along together; that is, if you ain't in any particular hurry. Bolter's got his own notions 'bout goin'."

The summer twilight deepened softly; the mountain-peaks still held opal tints of fire and rose, but in the valleys the shadows gathered. David's words were rapid and confident. Now and again Miss Barcy regarded him with shrewd, quiet eyes, but she said little. At last she remarked, "If all I hear's true, there's more 'n one reason to make you feel to home in Turkey Hill!"

The dusk hid the flush on David's cheek, but his laugh was quick and joyous. "That's right," he acknowledged. "It means I'm to have folks of my own once more, and you can't guess what that 'll be to me."

"P'raps not." The words were low. David hardly noticed that they were spoken; youth seldom gives much credit to elderly understanding.

"Linda's a good girl," went on Miss Barcy.

"Isn't she!" cried David. "There isn't another like her. We got acquainted when I was in the seminary and she was a stenographer in town. I liked her first because she came from here, and after—well, I didn't care where she came from! We meant to get married as soon as I got a parish. When her mother was taken sick and Linda had to come back here, it looked pretty bad for us. Linda 'll never leave her mother, and she may live for years, but she can't be moved. When grandfather's old church sent for me it seemed as if the Lord had opened a special way for us."

Bolter's pace had been tapering off for some time; now it came to a full stop. "There, there!" admonished Miss Barcy, gently slapping the reins. "I guess you can hear what we're talkin' 'bout jest as well if you keep movin'!" Then she turned to David. "You can't have no better mantle to fall on you than your grandfather's."

"He was a good man," assented David. "But times are different now. Ministers have to be more alive these days. Grandfather never saw anything outside this little place. Religion doesn't stand still. Why, I've had new light since I graduated that makes even the seminary seem narrow to me. I believe I have a message to deliver to this church, and I feel it the will of God that I am called here." The phrases sounded stilted and strange on David's young lips.

"I guess the church here is pretty near dead," continued David. "It will be grand to bring it to life."

When Miss Barcy had dropped her passenger in the village, she continued her way along the Ridge toward her house. Bolter needed no guidance; neither did he require urging when his supper was immediately ahead, so Miss Barcy turned all responsibility over to him. His big white bulk loomed large, an indeterminate blotch in the enveloping night.

"Nice little feller," murmured Miss Barcy, "but he's terrible young. All his troubles before him, poor boy! Seems kinder funny, when you come to think of it, to have him for a spiritual adviser. But, land! they've got to begin sometime, an' youth's a failin' soon over. It's lucky somebody knows it all!"

Of his own volition Bolter turned into the gate and halted in front of his barn door. Miss Barcy clambered down from her high seat. She stood by the horse for a moment, stroking his side.

"I don't s'pose there ever was a chick that pecked its way outer the shell but it thought the whole world was waitin' to hear it crow," she remarked, thoughtfully. "Well, every ship's got to find its own channel!" and with that she began to unharness.

David stood in the little front room of Linda's home. It was nearly church-time, and he was undergoing a sort of final inspection. Linda, herself sweet and satisfactory in white gown and rosy hat, flitted like a pretty butterfly about

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a sturdy stalk. David's professional garb was not convincing. In it he was stiff and constrained. His splendid young muscles swelled out in defiance of the ministerial cut. It was easier to think of David slaying the Philistine than of David preaching a sermon.

"Davie," pleaded Linda, pushing up the wilful lock of hair which would drop over David's forehead—"Davie, you *will* be careful what you do? It means so much to us."

David smiled indulgently. It seemed to him that he gazed from the height of years into the eyes of a child. "Don't you worry, sweetheart. I shall only speak the truth. That's my duty, to speak the truth always."

Linda made a little face of impatience. "It's your 'duty' to keep this pulpit. You're not settled yet. You don't know Turkey Hill as I do. Some of those deacons are just old Puritans left over. If they should hear you say some of the things I've heard you say they'd turn you right down, and then where'd *we* be, David Patten?"

"My dear little girl, the Lord will take care of that. I've just got to see to my part, that's all. If I've found religion a bigger thing than Turkey Hill has you wouldn't have me keep it to myself, would you?"

"I wouldn't have you tell all you think you know, David," retorted Linda. "Not till you're settled, anyway!" she added.

The cracked church-bell clanked out its summons. David and Linda walked together across the green. From all sides came worshipers, clean, bright, in Sunday attire. All Turkey Hill turned out that day; their sense of duty was pleasantly savored with curiosity. The parish claimed a sort of ownership in the new minister. He sprang from home stock, and he had a goodly inheritance. For a descendant of Parson Patten to come, after the lapse of years, to his grandfather's pulpit, holding the faith of his ancestors, seemed a fitting instance of the Lord's direction. It was with pleasant expectancy that the elder members of the church settled to listen to this young man of God.

The light of heaven shone unhindered through the clear white glass of the windows, and a bright ray touched David's fair head as he passed up the aisle. A few of the more aged members imperceptibly shook their heads. "Nothin' but a boy!" they said to themselves. More than one good matron felt a motherly stirring in her heart, and the maidens—the lambs of the flock—were caught in an attention not to be wholly attributed to religious fervor.

David's bearing did not give a hint of any consciousness of youth as he took his place in the high old pulpit with its velvet cushions and its big Bible. Gravely he looked down on the faces upturned to his. Words of divine rebuke rang in his mind, rebuke to the unfaithful shepherds, "For the shepherds fed themselves and fed not the flock!" No, that should never be said of him! He would give of what he had, withholding nothing. Here was dulled vision—he would bring new light! Here was indifference and stupor—he would sound the call to action! His voice trembled as he gave out the hymn, but it steadied and rang out clear, unhesitating.

David's rendering of the Scriptures was a trifle disconcerting to Turkey Hill ears, accustomed to a special and invariable intonation in the reading of the Word. However, criticism held itself in reserve for the long prayer, a function in which David's immediate predecessor had been particularly gifted.

David did not bow his head as he faced his listeners. He looked straight into their eyes. His own were fired with zeal. Again the sunlight rested on his golden crest; again the maidens fluttered and the mothers' gaze grew tender.

"Before I begin," said David, "I am going to tell you that my prayer is not to God, but to you. God does not need to be prayed to; He is ever ready. You are not. God knows all without the telling; you do not know, or else you have forgotten. So I am going to pray to you."

A little stir of surprise ran around the audience. Those hands which already shaded the eyes dropped. Some of the parishoners moved uneasily; some frowned; one good deacon covered his confusion by coughing. David went on, unheeding. He stretched his hands in

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supplication, not unto Heaven, but toward the congregation.

"Dear children of the Lord, I beseech you to open your hearts to the truth which is in you. Wake from your sleep and cast out your sins. Not one of you is living as he should. You are avaricious, you take advantage of one another; you are easily angered; you are selfish. You come to church, but you do not take God into your daily lives. The Spirit of God is not in you, and your church-going is but a form."

David's hearers gasped. This was impiety! This was a deliberate abuse of the sacred tradition of prayer! Eyes furtively sought eyes. One nervous girl tittered outright. Linda kept her head bowed, but her cheeks burned. David did not falter. He spared not the iniquity of his flock. As for the flock, it sat aghast. It was all very well to carry the sins of the world in an impersonal way to the Throne of Grace in proper and reverent form. These specific charges were indecent; their form was monstrous! What sort of minister was this who directed his pleading earthward? The congregation held its breath at the very thought of the holy and jealous wrath which God must be experiencing at this turning aside from its legitimate channel the act of petition.

There was no lowering of David's voice as he committed a crowning indiscretion. He twisted the Lord's Prayer itself to suit his own purpose.

"Make His Kingdom to come here and now!" he cried to his astonished listeners. "Do His will, and heaven and earth shall be one. Give honest work for your daily bread. Forgive those who have injured you; shun temptation and deliver yourself from evil, and *yours* shall be the kingdom and the power and the glory. Amen."

There was absolute silence as David's voice died away. Linda gripped her hands tight; she dared not look up. This was worse than anything she had dreamed would happen. Oh, foolish David! He could never redeem himself! No one moved until old Mr. Skilling stooped, laboriously, picked up his hat and shuffled out of the church, muttering "Blasphemy!" A few of the elderly men half rose, as if they felt it their duty to follow him, but curiosity or convention held them in their seats.

"'For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?'" David's sermon was full of enthusiasm. Those who looked for heresy were disappointed. There was nothing in it save, perhaps, a strenuousness disturbing to the calm of long inertia. But the grim attention did not relax, for over all hung the recollection of that prayer and the consciousness of an offended God. The benediction emphasized the impression.

"And now take the grace of God and with it establish your own peace which shall abide with you till the end."

David came down from the pulpit flushed with his fervor. He stood at the foot of the steps, eagerly waiting the handclasp of his people. The congregation solemnly filed to the doors. A few of the women started forward, but changed their minds and meekly followed their spouses. David stood alone. Suddenly the significance of what was happening struck him, and a dull red crept to his cheek. His eyes met Linda's. She sprang up; he should not face mortification alone! Then she sank back, held by a finer instinct, born of love. She would not fly to him as if he were in disgrace; she would not acknowledge to the world that he was in need of support, nor humiliate him in his own eyes by the thought that there was call for sympathy. So David stood solitary.

Presently a figure disengaged itself from the retreating flock and made its way to the pulpit. A firm hand in a loose cotton glove gripped David's palm.

"That was a good sermon, David Patten!" announced Miss Barcy in perfectly audible tone. "I wisht your grandfather could 'a' heard it. Now I'm goin' to take you home to dinner. You mustn't say no; I'm sot on it. I guess Linda 'll let me have you for onct."

It was Miss Barcy who kept up the conversation as the two walked along the dusty Ridge road. She discussed the weather in all possible points; she remarked on the promise of the apple yield, and called attention to the extravagance of an artesian well which was in the process of being sunk. "They're chancy things," she said. "You may

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git a flood right off, an' ag'in you may drive down to Kingdom Come, dry's bone." She knew perfectly that David heard few of her comments and cared for none, but she kept on, without pause. She was quite out of breath when they turned into her bright, blossoming little dooryard.

She left her guest by himself in the tiny room devoted to ceremony while she prepared the dinner. When she came to call him, she found David sitting by the center-table, his elbows on the gay woolen cover, his head in his hands. Miss Barcy touched him gently on the shoulder.

"Look here, David Patten," she said. "There ain't any use pertendin' I don't know what's frettin' you. We'll thresh it out byme by, but not a word 'fore dinner! There's many a better man than you who's thought wrong an' gone wrong for the lack o' heartenin' victuals."

David lifted a pale and miserable face, but he rose silently and followed his hostess to the kitchen. Once at the table, his healthy young appetite took control.

"Now," said Miss Barcy, briskly, when they had finished, "we'll clean up. I can't set easy in a mess. I guess I got it from pa. If I pin this big ap'n 'round you you won't git no spots on that Sunday coat. Let's see how many dishes you can manage not to break. Cups is worst, 'count o' the handles. Land! I never expected to see a parson wipin' *my* dishes!"

They grew quite merry over David's boyish clumsiness, and Miss Barcy declared that she couldn't start him in on full wages till he'd learned the ropes better. By the time the young man had stowed Miss Barcy's simple crockery safely on the shelves life looked less tragic to him. When the shining little kitchen was once more in order, Miss Barcy dropped into the rocker by the window.

"We'll set out here," she announced. "Seems as if front rooms was made for funerals, an' I guess even they'd be more cheery if they was held in nice sunny kitchens where folks do their livin'."

"Miss Barcy," said David, "I suppose I've offended Turkey Hill."

"Well," returned Miss Barcy, frankly, "I can't say you've recommended yourself to the pillars of the church. But I wouldn't flatten right out to that notion."

"I had to deliver my message." David was on the defensive.

"I notice"—Miss Barcy's tone was ruminative—"that's a reason we're apt to give when we want to do the talkin'. Did you ever kinder suspect that it doesn't make such a heap o' difference, after all, whether we say out what we think or not? I guess 'messages' do most good to the folks that think they have 'em, except, of course, as they sorter live 'em out."

"How about convictions, Miss Barcy? Father used to say you were the most honest person he ever knew. Don't you believe in speaking out one's convictions?"

Miss Barcy pursed up her lips. "Well," she said, thoughtfully, "convictions ain't to be banked on, 'cordin' to my notion. It's kinder uncertain whether they come from the Lord, or from inexperience."

"Not from the Lord?" exclaimed David.

"We lay a heap o' things onter the Lord," was all Miss Barcy's answer.

David sat in thought. Suddenly he asked, "Miss Barcy, don't you think I'm called of God?"

"I guess you've shipped under Him, an' I reckon you mean to steer by His chart, but you 'ain't hardly got your papers, an' you can't allers read the compass. I don't s'pose it makes a mite o' difference to the Almighty whether you pray to Him or to His folks. I don't give Him credit for bein' so conceited an' self-seekin' as that. But it made a heap o' matter to Turkey Hill. You set 'em right ag'in' you when you wanted to win 'm, an' that ain't common sense. Some of 'em have been thinkin' an' doin' for three times as long 's you been livin'. You can't take a narrer-gauge railroad train an' set it on broad tracks, expectin' it to run without some fixin'. An' who's goin' to say which does the best haulin', broad or narrer?" added Miss Barcy.

David shook his head. "You wouldn't have me compromise, would you?"

Miss Barcy laughed. "Land! yes, if

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SHE KNEW THAT DAVID HEARD FEW OF HER COMMENTS

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it 'll git you your p'int! I guess I'm a meddlin' old woman, David Patten, but I'm goin' to talk right out to you. Turkey Hill asked you to come here, but you ain't really settled an' chosen. You're a kind o' visitor yet, so's to speak. 'Tain't seemly for visitors to take liberties. Well, the fust thing you told 'em was that they was a bad lot. That r'iled 'em. It don't make folks feel real kindly to be told right off how wicked they are. Then you didn't pay no attention to their ways, but out you come with a new-fangled sort of prayin'. That give 'em a shock. That's where you mistook your reckonin'. You can't help a ship to port with a head gale."

"But I wanted so to help!" The exclamation was boyish in tone and words, and brought a very kindly look to Miss Barcy's eyes. But her voice kept its matter-of-fact level as she went on:

"There was a young woman over to the Corners that was terrible slack, an' fair drivin' her husband to drink with her mess an' clutter. All the talkin' to an' advice she got jest made her hoppin'. One day somebody left a pretty floor-mat in her settin'-room, passin' it off as a matter o' convenience. Fust she kep' it brushed up nice because it belonged to somebody else. Then she done it because the mat was pretty an' she liked to see it clean. Byme by she bought it, an' then she got some nice chairs an' things to put on it. Next the old paper had to come off an' fresh put on. To make long short, that woman's as good a housekeeper as there is in the county, an' her husband's steady as old Tilly. An' she don't know what done it. You can't help folks by gittin' 'em mad. You can't fire help outer a gun, so's to speak. It takes time an' patience, an' know-how; an' fust of all, you've got to be sure *what* to help. That's part o' the use o' livin', I guess."

"I'm afraid I've lost my chance," said David, dismally.

"Mebbe," calmly assented Miss Barcy. "But there ain't a soul alive that can tell when the wind's goin' to shift. David Patten. You go home to Linda, an' trust in that Lord o' yourn."

Monday afternoon was heavy with brooding heat. The flies buzzed drowsily in and out of the open, unscreened windows of the church vestry, where a meeting of the parish was discussing the question of the new minister.

"Don't seem jest right," announced one brother. "The Lord app'inted prayer for His own glory."

Brother Skilling leaned forward. "Blasphemy!" he ejaculated. "He made a mock o' the Lord!"

"I wouldn't worry 'bout the Lord's feelin's." This was Deacon Mayo's mild drawl. "'Twould take more 'n young Patten to make a mock o' Him."

"It didn't strike me as outer the way," declared Lucien Watkins, the rich man of the parish, and therefore entitled to opinion. "The young folks are crazy 'bout him. They allers like somethin' new an' fancy. There's dancin' steps, now. My girls are allers takin' up with new steps."

"This ain't the place to bring up the subject o' dancin'." Deacon Leavitt's tone was severe.

"Anyways he seems to git holt of the young folks," insisted the unabashed Brother Watkins.

"We ain't choosin' a minister for young folks!" snapped Deacon Leavitt.

"No?" Deacon Mayo's face wore an air of innocent inquiry. "Well, they'll be doin' their own choosin' pretty soon. We're 'most through."

"That's so! that's so!" cried a very old man, his shaking hand curved about his ear. This was the only remark he had been able to hear, and he assented to it in triumph. "We're 'bout through," he echoed, with a cackling laugh.

Brother Skilling brought his fist down on his knee. "Blasphemy!" he reiterated, challenging with his fierce old eyes.

"If you want *my* idee"—this from a new speaker—"I'm free to say I like that young feller. Took some grit to stan' up an' tell us what he thought o' us."

"He should have addressed it to the Lord!" retorted Deacon Leavitt, set as the earth-fast rock.

"Reckon it's only a fancy o' his," said Deacon Mayo. "I sense it that worship's somethin' like the fixin's my wife gits on. Fust it's a shawl, an' then it's a sack, or mebbe a cape, 'cordin' to

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fashion, but, land! she's jest the same stiddy wife whatever the riggin'."

Here the door opened and Miss Barcelona McAllister entered. She smiled a general greeting to the little assembly. After a few moments of awkward silence, Deacon Mayo spoke:

"I dun'no' when I've hearn a better sermon than that he give us. I wisht I'd told him so."

"I 'ain't got no fault to find with the sermon," admitted Deacon Leavitt. "The p'int I make is whether he's sound."

"He's Parson Patten's grandson, an' he's got the grace o' God in his heart." Deacon Mayo spoke with confidence.

"You can't git to heaven on your grandfather," sniffed Deacon Leavitt. "I move we git to votin'."

"'Course you've talked this over with young Patten an' found where he stan's," said Miss Barcy. The meeting looked a little sheepish.

"No," acknowledged Deacon Leavitt, tartly, "we 'ain't."

"It don't seem more'n fair that the lad should have a chance to speak for himself. That's jest *my* opinion, but I took soundin's this mornin', an' there ain't a woman but spoke out like he was her son."

"Women!"

"Women come in handy, Deacon Leavitt," continued the unruffled Miss Barcy. "I notice the parish don't object to their takin' holt when there's any money-raisin' to be done. What I want to say is, if you ask David Patten some o' these questions square out you'd come to an understandin' quicker 'n by settin' here an' wonderin'. He's a strong young fellow, ready to work, an' he's got more brains than most."

"It's godliness Turkey Hill church asks for," said Deacon Leavitt.

"Now that's funny," remarked Miss Barcy. "Seems if godliness was the last thing we'd have to ask for in a minister. Seems if godliness was the one thing we might take for granted in the start, or what's he bein' a minister for?"

There was silence for a moment, then the woman spoke again:

"Here's this clean, smart, straight young feller come to you full o' longin' to do all the good he can. An' jest because he's done somethin' you ain't used to you want to turn him off without a hearin'. You wouldn't git red o' a colt 'cause he had some leetle tricks when he was fust put in the sharves, would you, Deacon Leavitt? You know all 'bout horses. Ain't they better for sperit?"

This was meeting the Deacon on his own ground. He nodded to the reference. "That's so!"

"'Tain't my business one way," frankly admitted Miss Barcy; "but ag'in it is. I ain't askin' you to take David Patten; all I'm askin' is that you give this fine, earnest feller a fair course. Don't send him off 'fore you've sized his tonnage. Good land! I've got to git along! You'll say my tongue's hung in the middle! Well, I ask your pardon for breakin' in." She reached the door, but before she opened it she turned, her hand on the knob. "I see Cy Oliver this mornin'," she remarked, quite casually. "He was up from Lincoln, an' he was to church yestiddy. He can't say 'nough 'bout David Patten. Says he'd suit their church to a T."

The meeting pricked up its ears. Lincoln church was a rival of long standing.

"I don't know what Cy Oliver's got to do with David Patten," growled Deacon Leavitt. "He ain't preachin' for them."

"They've been minister-hunting for some time, you know," said Miss Barcy. "They've a prosperin' church an' want the best goin'. I jest mentioned it so's you'd know there was a place waitin' for him in case you don't call him."

Miss Barcy went to the shed and released Bolter. "I reckon I was dealin' in pretty small potaters when I brung in Cy Oliver," she mused aloud, " but you never know the heft of the last straw. Humans is for all the world like critters. Even Bolter 'll pick up a bit if he thinks somethin's goin' to git ahead."

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Mark Twain's Letters

Arranged, with Comment, by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

PROBABLY the most distinguished American of the middle '80's—certainly the most widely known—was Samuel L. Clemens, otherwise Mark Twain. Not only was he America's foremost humorist and platform star, but as publisher of General Grant's *Memoirs* he had attained an envied position in the world of book-making.

November 30, 1885, was Mark Twain's fiftieth birthday, an event noticed by the newspapers generally and especially observed by many of his friends. C. D. Warner, Frank Stockton, and many others sent letters; Andrew Lang contributed a fine poem; also Oliver Wendell Holmes—the latter, by special request of Miss Jeannette Gilder, for the *Critic*. These attentions came as a sort of crowning happiness, at the end of a golden year. At no time in his life were Mark Twain's fortunes and prospects brighter; he had a beautiful family and a perfect home. Also, he had great prosperity. The reading tour with Cable had been a fine success. His latest book, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, had been a dazzling triumph. Now with his fiftieth birthday had come this laurel from Holmes, last of the Brahmins, to add a touch of glory to all the rest. We feel his exaltation in his note of acknowledgment.

To Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Boston:

DEAR DR. HOLMES,—I shall never be able to tell you the half of how proud you have made me. If I could you would say you were nearly paid for the trouble you took. And then the family: If I can convey the electrical surprise and gratitude and exaltation of the wife and the children last night, when they happened upon that *Critic* where I had, with artful artlessness, spread it open and retired out of view to see what would happen—well, it was great and fine and beautiful to see, and made me feel as the victor feels when the shouting hosts march by; and if you also could have seen it you would have said the account was squared. For I have brought them up in your company, as in the company of a warm and friendly and beneficent but far-distant sun; and so, for you to do this thing was for the sun to send down out of the skies the miracle of a special ray and transfigure me before their faces. I knew what that poem would be to them; I knew it would raise me up to remote and shining heights in their eyes, to very fellowship with the Chambered Nautilus itself, and that from that fellowship they could never more dissociate me while they should live; and so I made sure to be by when the surprise should come.

Charles Dudley Warner is charmed with the poem for its own felicitous sake; and so indeed am I, but more because it has drawn the sting of my fiftieth year; taken away the pain of it, the grief of it, the somehow *shame* of it, and made me glad and proud it happened.

With reverence and affection,
Sincerely yours,
S. L. CLEMENS.

Holmes wrote with his own hand:

Did Miss Gilder tell you I had 23 letters spread out for answer when her suggestion came about your anniversary? I stopped my correspondence and made my letters wait until the lines were done.

To W. D. Howells, in Boston.

Jan. 3, '86.

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—The date set for the Prince and Pauper play is ten days hence—Jan. 13. I hope you and Pilla can take a train that arrives here during the day; the one that leaves Boston toward the end of the afternoon would be a trifle late; the performance would have already begun when you reached the house.

I'm out of the woods. On the last day of the year I had paid out $182,000 on the Grant book and it was totally free from debt.

Yrs ever
MARK.

Mark Twain's mother was a woman of sturdy fiber, possessing a keen sense

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of humor and tender sympathies. Her husband, John Marshall Clemens, had been a man of high moral character, honored by all who knew him, respected and apparently loved by his wife. No one would ever have supposed that during all her years of marriage, and almost to her death, she carried a secret romance that would only be told at last in the weary disappointment of old age. It is a curious story, and it came to light in this curious way.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

HARTFORD, *May 19, '86.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—. . . Here's a secret. A most curious and pathetic romance, which has just come to light. Read these things, but don't mention them. Last fall, my old mother—then 82—took a notion to attend a convention of old settlers of the Mississippi Valley in an Iowa town. My brother's wife was astonished; and represented to her the hardships and fatigues of such a trip, and said my mother might possibly not even survive them; and said there could be no possible interest for her in such a meeting and such a crowd. But my mother insisted, and persisted; and finally gained her point. They started; and all the way my mother was young again with excitement, interest, eagerness, anticipation. They reached the town and the hotel. My mother strode with the same eagerness in her eye and her step, to the counter, and said:

"Is Dr. Barrett of St. Louis here?"

"No. He was here, but he returned to St. Louis this morning."

"Will he come again?"

"No."

My mother turned away, the fire all gone from her, and said, "Let us go home."

They went straight back to Keokuk. My mother sat silent and thinking for many days—a thing which had never happened before. Then one day she said:

"I will tell you a secret. When I was eighteen, a young medical student named Barrett lived in Columbia (Ky.), eighteen miles away; and he used to ride over to see me. This continued for some time. I loved him with my whole heart, and I knew that he felt the same toward me, though no words had been spoken. He was too bashful to speak—he could not do it. Everybody supposed we were engaged—took it for granted we were—but we were not. By and by there was to be a party in a neighboring town, and he wrote my uncle telling him his feelings, and asking him to drive me over in his buggy and let him (Barrett) drive me back, so that he might have that opportunity to propose. My uncle should have done as he was asked, without explaining anything to me; but instead, he read me the letter; and then, of course, I could not go—and did not. He (Barrett) left the country presently, and I, to stop the clacking tongues, and to show him that *I* did not care, *married*, in a pet. In all these sixty-four years I have not seen him since. I saw in a paper that he was going to attend that Old Settlers' Convention. Only three hours before we reached that hotel, he had been standing there!"

Since then, her memory is wholly faded out and gone; and now she writes letters to the schoolmates who have been dead forty years, and wonders why they neglect her and do not answer.

Think of her carrying that pathetic burden in her old heart sixty-four years, and no human being ever suspecting it!

Yrs ever,

MARK.

We do not get the idea from this letter that those two long-ago sweethearts quarreled, but Mark Twain once spoke of them having done so, and there may have been a disagreement, assuming that there was a subsequent meeting. It does not matter, now. In speaking of it Mark Twain once said, "It is as pathetic a romance as any that has crossed the field of my personal experience in a long lifetime."[1]

Howells wrote:

After all, how poor and hackneyed all the inventions are compared with the simple and stately facts. Who could have imagined such a heartbreak as that? Yet it went along with the fulfilment of every-day duty, and made no more noise than a grave underfoot. I doubt if fiction will ever get the knack of such things.

Jane Clemens now lived with her son Orion and his wife in Keokuk, where she was more contented than elsewhere. In these later days her memory had become erratic, her realization of passing events uncertain, but there were times when she was quite her former self, remembering clearly and talking with her old-time gaiety of spirit. Mark Twain frequently sent her playful letters, to cheer her, letters full of such boyish gaiety as had amused her long

[1] When *Mark Twain: A Biography* was written this letter had not come to light, and the matter was stated there in accordance with Mark Twain's latest memory of it.

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years before. The one that follows is a fair example. It was written after a visit which Clemens and his family had paid to Keokuk.

To Jane Clemens, in Keokuk:

ELMIRA, *Aug. 7, '86.*

DEAR MA,—I heard that Molly and Orion and Pamela had been sick, but I see by your letter that they are much better now, or nearly well. When we visited you a month ago, it seemed to us that your Keokuk weather was pretty hot; Jean and Clara sat up in bed at Mrs. McElroy's and cried about it, and so did I; but I judge by your letter that it has cooled down, now, so that a person is comparatively comfortable with his skin off. Well it did need cooling; I remember that I burnt a hole in my shirt, there, with some ice-cream that fell on it; and Miss Jenkins told me they never used a stove, but cooked their meals on a marble-topped table in the drawing-room, just with the natural heat. If anybody else had told me, I would not have believed it. I was told by the Bishop of Keokuk that he did not allow crying at funerals, because it scalded the furniture. If Miss Jenkins had told me that, I would have believed it. This reminds me that you speak of Dr. Jenkins and his family as if they were strangers to me. Indeed they are not. Don't you suppose I remember gratefully how tender the doctor was with Jean when she hurt her arm, and how quickly he got the pain out of the hurt, whereas I supposed it was going to last at least an hour? No, I don't forget some things as easily as I do others.

Yes, it was pretty hot weather. Now here, when a person is going to die, he is always in a sweat about where he is going to; but in Keokuk of course they don't care, because they are fixed for anything. It has set me reflecting, it has taught me a lesson. By and by, when my health fails, I am going to put all my affairs in order, and bid good-bye to my friends here, and kill all the people I don't like, and go out to Keokuk and prepare for death.

They are all well in this family, and we all send love.

Affly Your Son
SAM.

The ways of city officials and corporations are often past understanding, and Mark Twain sometimes found it necessary to write picturesque letters of protest. The following to a Hartford lighting company is a fair example of these documents.

To a Gas & Electric Lighting Co., in Hartford:

GENTLEMEN,—There are but two places in our whole street where lights could be of any value, by any accident, and you have measured and appointed your intervals so ingeniously as to leave each of those places in the centre of a couple of hundred yards of solid darkness. When I noticed that you were setting one of your lights in such a way that I could almost see how to get into my gate at night, I suspected that it was a piece of carelessness on the part of the workmen, and would be corrected as soon as you should go around inspecting and find it out. My judgment was right; it is always right, where you are concerned. For fifteen years, in spite of my prayers and tears, you persistently kept a gas lamp exactly half-way between my gates, so that I couldn't find either of them after dark; and then furnished such execrable gas that I had to hang a danger signal on the lamp-post to keep teams from running into it, nights. Now I suppose your present idea is, to leave us a little more in the dark.

Don't mind us—out our way; we possess but one vote apiece, and no rights which you are in any way bound to respect. Please take our electric light and go to—but never mind, it is not for me to suggest; you will probably find the way; and anyway you can reasonably count on divine assistance if you lose your bearings.

S. L. CLEMENS.

Frequently Clemens did not send letters of this sort after they were written. Sometimes he realized the uselessness of such protest; sometimes the mere writing of them had furnished the necessary relief, and he put the letter away, or into the waste-basket, and wrote something more temperate, or nothing at all.

As an example, the manager of a traveling theatrical company wrote that he had taken the liberty of dramatizing *Tom Sawyer*, and would like also the use of the author's name—the idea being to convey to the public that it was a Mark Twain play. In return for this slight favor the manager invited Clemens to come and see the play—to be present at the opening night—as it were, at his (the manager's) expense. He added that if the play should be a "go" in the cities, there might be some "arrangement" of profits. Apparently these inducements did not appeal to Mark Twain. The long, unmailed reply is the more interesting, but probably

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the briefer one that follows it was quite effective.

UNMAILED ANSWER

HARTFORD, *Sept. 8, '87.*

DEAR SIR,—And so it has got around to you, at last; and you also have "taken the liberty." You are No. 1365. When 1364 sweeter and better people, including the author, have "tried" to dramatize *Tom Sawyer* and did not arrive, what sort of show do you suppose you stand? That is a book, dear sir, which cannot be dramatized. One might as well try to dramatize any other hymn. *Tom Sawyer* is simply a hymn, put into prose form to give it a worldly air.

Why the pale doubt that flitteth dim and nebulous athwart the forecastle of your third sentence? Have no fears. Your piece will be a Go. It will go out the back door the first night. They've all done it—the 1364. So will you—1365. Not one of us ever thought of the simple device of half-soling himself with a stove-lid. Ah, what suffering a little hindsight would have saved us. Treasure this hint.

How kind of you to invite me to the funeral. Go to; I have attended a thousand of them. I have seen *Tom Sawyer's* remains in all the different kinds of dramatic shrouds there are. You cannot start anything fresh. Are you serious when you propose to pay my expence—if that is the Susquehannian way of spelling it? And can you be aware that I charge a hundred dollars a mile when I travel for pleasure? Do you realize that it is 432 miles to Susquehanna? Would it be handy for you to send me the $43,200 first, so I could be counting it as I come along; because railroading is pretty dreary to a sensitive nature when there's nothing sordid to buck at for Zeitvertreib.

Now as I understand it, dear and magnanimous 1365, you are going to re-create *Tom Sawyer* dramatically, and then do me the compliment to put me in the bills as father of this shady offspring. Sir, do you know that that kind of a compliment has destroyed people before now? Listen.

Twenty-four years ago, I was strangely handsome. The remains of it are still visible through the rifts of time. I was so handsome that human activities ceased as if spellbound when I came in view, and even inanimate things stopped to look—like locomotives, and district messenger-boys and so on. In San Francisco, in the rainy season I was often mistaken for fair weather. Upon one occasion I was traveling in the Sonora region, and stopped for an hour's nooning, to rest my horse and myself. All the town came out to look. The tribes of Indians gathered to look. A Piute squaw named her baby for me,—a voluntary compliment which pleased me greatly. Other attentions were paid me. Last of all arrived the president and faculty of Sonora University and offered me the post of Professor of Moral Culture and the Dogmatic Humanities; which I accepted gratefully, and entered at once upon my duties. But my name had pleased the Indians, and in the deadly kindness of their hearts they went on naming their babies after me. I tried to stop it, but the Indians could not understand why I should object to so manifest a compliment. The thing grew and grew and spread and spread and became exceedingly embarrassing. The University stood it a couple of years; but then for the sake of the college they felt obliged to call a halt, although I had the sympathy of the whole faculty. The president himself said to me, "I am as sorry as I can be for you, and would still hold out if there were any hope ahead; but you see how it is: there are a hundred and thirty-two of them already, and fourteen precincts to hear from. The circumstance has brought your name into most wide and unfortunate renown. It causes much comment—I believe that that is not an over-statement. Some of this comment is palliative, but some of it—by patrons at a distance, who only know the statistics without the explanation,—is offensive, and in some cases even violent. Nine students have been called home. The trustees of the college have been growing more and more uneasy all these last months—steadily along with the implacable increase in your census—and I will not conceal from you that more than once they have touched upon the expediency of a change in the Professorship of Moral Culture. The coarsely sarcastic editorial in yesterday's *Alta*,—headed Give the Moral Acrobat a Rest—has brought things to a crisis, and I am charged with the unpleasant duty of receiving your resignation."

I know you only mean me a kindness, dear 1365, but it is a most deadly mistake. Please do not name your Injun for me.

Truly Yours.

MAILED ANSWER

NEW YORK, *Sept. 8, 1887.*

DEAR SIR,—Necessarily I cannot assent to so strange a proposition. And I think it but fair to warn you that if you put the piece on the stage, you must take the legal consequences.

Yours respectfully,
S. L. CLEMENS.

Mark Twain once remarked, "The symbol of the human race ought to be an ax; every human being has concealed somewhere about his person one which he wishes to grind." He declared that

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when a stranger called on him, or wrote to him, in nine cases out of ten he could distinguish almost immediately the gleam of the ax. The following letter was of a type sent not once, but many times, in some form adapted to the specific applicant. It does not matter to whom it was originally written, the name would not be recognized.

To Mrs. T. — Concerning unearned credentials, etc.:

HARTFORD, *1887*.

MY DEAR MADAM,—It is an idea which many people have had, but it is of no value. I have seen it tried many and many a time. I have seen a lady lecturer urged and urged upon the public in a lavishly complimentary document signed by Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and some others of supreme celebrity, but—there was nothing in her and she failed. If there had been any great merit in her she never would have needed those men's help and (at her rather mature age) would never have consented to ask for it.

There is an unwritten law about human successes, and your sister must bow to that law, she must submit to its requirements. In brief this law is:

1. No occupation without an apprenticeship.

2. No pay to the apprentice.

This law stands right in the way of the subaltern who wants to be a General before he has smelt powder; and it stands (and *should* stand) in everybody's way who applies for pay or position before he has served his apprenticeship and *proved* himself. Your sister's course is perfectly plain. Let her enclose this letter to Maj. J. B. Pond, and offer to lecture a year for $10 a week and her expenses, the contract to be annullable by him at any time, after a month's notice, but not annullable by her at all. The second year, he to have her services, if he wants them, at a trifle under the best price offered her by anybody else.

She can learn her trade in those two years, and then be entitled to remuneration—but she cannot learn it in any less time than that, unless she is a human miracle.

Try it, and do not be afraid. It is the fair and right thing. If she wins, she will win squarely and righteously, and never have to blush.

Truly yours,
S. L. CLEMENS.

Our next letter is an unmailed answer, but it does not belong with the foregoing, having been withheld for reasons of quite a different sort. Jeannette Gilder, then of the *Critic*, was one of Mark Twain's valued friends. In the comment which he made, when it was shown to him twenty-two years later, he tells us why he thinks this letter was not sent.

HARTFORD, *May 14, '87*.

MY DEAR MISS GILDER,—We shall spend the summer at the same old place—the remote farm called "Rest-and-be-Thankful," on top of the hills three miles from Elmira, N. Y. Your other question is harder to answer. It is my habit to keep four or five books in process of erection all the time, and every summer add a few courses of bricks to two or three of them; but I cannot forecast which of the two or three it is going to be. It takes seven years to complete a book by this method, but still it is a good method: gives the public a rest. I have been accused of "rushing into print" prematurely, moved thereto by greediness for money; but in truth I have never done that. Do you care for trifles of information? Well, then, *Tom Sawyer* and *The Prince and the Pauper* were each on the stocks two or three years, and *Old Times on the Mississippi* eight. One of my unfinished books has been on the stocks sixteen years; another seventeen. This latter book could have been finished in a day, at any time during the past five years. But as in the first of these two narratives all the action takes place in Noah's ark, and as in the other the action takes place in heaven, there seemed to be no hurry, and so I have not hurried. Tales of stirring adventure in those localities do not need to be rushed to publication lest they get stale by waiting. In twenty-one years, with all my time at my free disposal I have written and completed only eleven books, whereas with half the labor that a journalist does I could have written sixty in that time. I do not greatly mind being accused of a proclivity for rushing into print, but at the same time I don't believe that the charge is really well founded. Suppose I did write eleven books, have you nothing to be grateful for? Go to—remember the forty-nine which I didn't write.

Truly Yours
S. L. CLEMENS.

NOTES
(ADDED TWENTY-TWO YEARS LATER)

STORMFIELD, *April 30, 1909*.—It seems the letter was not sent. I probably feared she might print it, and I couldn't find a way to say so without running a risk of hurting her. No one would hurt Jeannette Gilder purposely, and no one would want to run the risk of doing it unintentionally. She is my neighbor, six miles away, now, and I must ask her about this ancient letter.

I note with pride and pleasure that I told no untruths in my unsent answer. I still

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have the habit of keeping unfinished books lying around years and years, waiting. I have four or five novels on hand at present in a half-finished condition, and it is more than three years since I have looked at any of them. I have no intention of finishing them. I could complete all of them in less than a year, if the impulse should come powerfully upon me. Long, long ago money-*necessity* furnished that impulse once (*Following the Equator*), but mere desire for money has never furnished it, so far as I remember. Not even money-necessity was able to overcome me on a couple of occasions when perhaps I ought to have allowed it to succeed. While I was a bankrupt and in debt two offers were made me for weekly literary contributions to continue during a year, and they would have made a debtless man of me, but I declined them, with my wife's full approval, for I had known of no instance where a man had pumped himself out once a week and failed to run "empty-ings" before the year was finished.

As to that "Noah's Ark" book, I began it in Edinburgh in 1873;[1] I don't know where the manuscript is, now. It was a Diary, which professed to be the work of Shem, but wasn't. I began it again several months ago, but only for recreation; I hadn't any intention of carrying it to a finish—or even to the end of the first chapter, in fact.

As to the book whose action "takes place in Heaven." That was a small thing (*Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*). It lay in my pigeon-holes 10 years, then I took it out and printed it in *Harper's Monthly* last year.

S. L. C.

Mark Twain had a constitutional tendency to absent-mindedness. He was always forgetting engagements, or getting them wrong. Once he hurried to an afternoon party and, finding the mistress of the house alone, sat down and talked to her comfortably for an hour or two, not remembering his errand at all. It was only when he reached home that he learned that the party had taken place the week before. It was always dangerous for him to make engagements, and he never seemed to profit by sorrowful experience. We, however, may profit now by one of his amusing apologies.

To Mrs. Grover Cleveland, in Washington:

HARTFORD, *Nov. 6, 1887.*

MY DEAR MADAM,—I do not know how it is in the White House, but in this house of ours whenever the minor half of the administration tries to run itself without the help of the major half it gets aground. Last night when I was offered the opportunity to assist you in the throwing open the Warner brothers' superb benefaction in Bridgeport to those fortunate women, I naturally appreciated the honor done me, and promptly seized my chance. I had an engagement, but the circumstances washed it out of my mind. If I had only laid the matter before the major half of the administration on the spot, there would have been no blunder; but I never thought of that. So when I did lay it before her, later, I realized once more that it will not do for the literary fraction of a combination to try to manage affairs which properly belong in the office of the business bulk of it. I suppose the President often acts just like that: goes and makes an impossible promise, and you never find it out until it is next to impossible to break it up and set things straight again. Well, that is just our way, exactly—one half of the administration always busy getting the family into trouble, and the other half busy getting it out again. And so we do seem to be all pretty much alike, after all. The fact is, I had forgotten that we were to have a dinner party on that Bridgeport date—I thought it was the next day: which is a good deal of an improvement for me, because I am more used to being behind a day or two than ahead. But that is just the difference between one end of this kind of an administration and the other end of it, as you have noticed, yourself—the other end does not forget these things. Just so with a funeral; if it is the man's funeral, he is most always there, of course—but that is no credit to him, he wouldn't be there if you depended on *him* to remember about it; whereas, if on the other hand—but I seem to have got off from my line of argument somehow; never mind about the funeral. Of course I am not meaning to say anything *against* funerals—that is, as occasions—mere occasions—for as diversions I don't think they amount to much. But as I was saying—if you are not busy I will look back and see what it was I was saying.

I don't seem to find the place; but anyway she was as sorry as ever anybody could be that I could not go to Bridgeport, but there was no help for it. And I, I have been not only sorry but very sincerely ashamed of having made an engagement to go without first making sure that I could keep it, and I do not know how to apologize enough for my heedless breach of good manners.

With the sincerest respect,

S. L. CLEMENS.

Clemens received his first college degree when he was made Master of Arts

[1] This is not quite correct. The "Noah's Ark" book was begun in Buffalo, in 1870.

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by Yale, in June, 1888. Editor of the *Courant*, Charles H. Clarke, was selected to notify him of his new title. Clarke was an old friend to whom Clemens could write familiarly.

To Charles H. Clarke, in Hartford:

ELMIRA, *July 2, '88.*

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Thanks for your thanks, and for your initiation intentions. I shall be ready for you. I feel mighty proud of that degree; in fact, I could squeeze the truth a little closer and say vain of it. And why shouldn't I be?—I am the only literary animal of my particular subspecies who has ever been given a degree by any College in any age of the world, as far as I know.

Sincerely Yours
S. A. CLEMENS, M.A.

Reply—Charles H. Clarke to S. L. Clemens:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You are "the only literary animal of your particular subspecies" in existence and you've no cause for humility in the fact. Yale has done herself at least as much credit as she has done you, and "Don't you forget it."

C. H. C.

Mark Twain that year (1888) was working pretty steadily on the *Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, a book which he had begun two years before. He had published nothing since the *Huck Finn* story, and his company was badly in need of a new book by an author of distinction. Also it was highly desirable to earn money for himself; wherefore he set to work to finish the *Yankee* story. He had worked pretty steadily that summer in his Elmira study, but on his return to Hartford he found a good deal of confusion in the house, so he went over to his friend "Joe" Twichell's, where carpentering was in progress. He seems to have worked there successfully, though what improvement of conditions he found in that numerous, lively household over those at home it would be difficult to say.

To Theodore W. Crane, at Quarry Farm, Elmira, N. Y.:

ELMIRA, N. Y.,
Friday, Oct. 5, '88.

DEAR THEO,—I am here in Twichell's house, at work, with the noise of the children and an army of carpenters to help. Of course they don't help, but neither do they hinder. It's like a boiler-factory for racket, and in nailing a wooden ceiling onto the room under me the hammering tickles my feet amazingly sometimes, and jars my table a good deal; but I never am conscious of the racket at all, and I move my feet into position of relief without knowing when I do it. I began here Monday morning, and have done eighty pages since. I was so tired last night that I thought I would lie abed and rest, to-day; but I couldn't resist. I mean to try to knock off to-morrow, but it's doubtful if I do. I want to finish the day the machine finishes, and a week ago the closest calculations for that indicated Oct. 22—but experience teaches me that their calculations will miss fire, as usual.

The other day the children were projecting a purchase, Livy and I to furnish the money—a dollar and a half. Jean discouraged the idea. She said: "We haven't got any money. Children, if you would think, you would remember the machine isn't done."

It's billiards to-night. I wish you were here.

With love to you both—

S. L. C.

P.S.—I got it all wrong. It wasn't the children, it was Marie. She wanted a box of blacking, for the children's shoes. Jean reproved her—and said:

"Why, Marie, you mustn't *ask* for things now. The machine isn't done."

S. L. C.

The "machine" was the Paige typesetter in which Clemens invested, and lost, a large fortune.

The *Yankee* story was finished in due time and ready for the printer. The book did not find a very hearty welcome in England. English readers did not fancy any burlesque of their Arthurian tales, or American strictures on their institutions. Mark Twain's publishers had feared this, and asked that the story be specially edited for the English edition. Clemens, however, would not hear to any suggestions of the sort.

To Messrs Chatto & Windus, London, Eng.:

GENTLEMEN,—Concerning the *Yankee*, I have already revised the story twice; and it has been read critically by W. D. Howells and Edmund Clarence Stedman, and my wife has caused me to strike out several passages that have been brought to her attention, and to soften others. Furthermore I

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have read chapters of the book in public where Englishmen were present and have profited by their suggestions.

Now, mind you, I have taken all this pains because I wanted to say a Yankee mechanic's say against monarchy and its several natural props, and yet make a book which you would be willing to print exactly as it comes to you, without altering a word.

We are spoken of (by Englishmen) as a thin-skinned people. It is you who are thin-skinned. An Englishman may write with the most brutal frankness about any man or institution among us and we re-publish him without dreaming of altering a line or a word. But England cannot stand that kind of a book written about herself. It is England that is thin-skinned. It causeth me to smile when I read the modifications of my language which have been made in my English editions to fit them for the sensitive English palate.

Now, as I say, I have taken laborious pains to so trim this book of offense that you'll not lack the nerve to print it just as it stands. I am going to get the proofs to you just as early as I can. I want you to read it carefully. If you can publish it without altering a single word, go ahead. Otherwise, please hand it to J. R. Osgood in time for him to have it published at my expense.

This is important, for the reason that the book was not written for America; it was written for England. So many Englishmen have done their sincerest best to teach us something for our betterment that it seems to me high time that some of us should substantially recognize the good intent by trying to pry up the English nation to a little higher level of manhood in turn.

Very truly yours,
S. L. CLEMENS.

The English nation, at least a considerable portion of it, did not wish to be pried up "to a higher level of manhood" by a Connecticut Yankee. The papers pretty generally denounced the book as coarse—in fact, a vulgar travesty. Some of the critics concluded that England, after all, had made a mistake in admiring Mark Twain. Clemens stood this for a time and then seems to have decided that something ought to be done. One of the foremost of English critics was his friend and admirer; he would state the case to him fully, and invite his assistance.

To Andrew Lang, in London, 1889:

[First page missing.]

The head tells you pretty promptly whether the food is satisfactory or not; and everybody hears, and thinks the whole man has spoken. It is a delusion. Only his taste and his smell have been heard from—important, both, in a way, but these do not build up the man, and preserve his life and fortify it.

The little child is permitted to label its drawings "This is a cow—this is a horse," and so on. This protects the child. It saves it from the sorrow and wrong of hearing its cows and horses criticized as kangaroos and work-benches. A man who is white-washing a fence is doing a useful thing, so also is the man who is adorning a rich man's house with costly frescoes; and all of us are sane enough to judge these performances by standards proper to each. Now, then, to be fair, an author ought to be allowed to put upon his book an explanatory line: "This is written for the Head;" "This is written for the Belly and the Members." And the critic ought to hold himself in honor bound to put away from him his ancient habit of judging all books by one standard, and thenceforth follow a fairer course.

The critic assumes, every time, that if a book doesn't meet the cultivated-class standard, it isn't valuable. Let us apply his law all around: for if it is sound in the case of novels, narratives, pictures, and such things, it is certainly sound and applicable to all the steps which lead up to culture and make culture possible. It condemns the spelling-book, for a spelling-book is of no use to a person of culture; it condemns all school-books and all schools which lie between the child's primer and Greek, and between the infant school and the university; it condemns all the rounds of art which lie between the cheap terra-cotta groups and the Venus de Medici, and between the chromo and the Transfiguration; it requires Whitcomb Riley to sing no more till he can sing like Shakespeare, and it forbids all amateur music and will grant its sanction to nothing below the "classic."

Is this an extravagant statement? No, it is a mere statement of fact. It is the fact itself that is extravagant and grotesque. And what is the result? This—and it is sufficiently curious: the critic has actually imposed upon the world the superstition that a painting by Raphael is more valuable to the civilizations of the earth than is a chromo; and the august opera than the hurdy-gurdy and the villagers' singing society; and Homer than the little everybody's poet whose rhymes are in all mouths to-day and will be in nobody's mouth next generation; and the Latin classics than Kipling's far-reaching bugle-note; and Jonathan Edwards than the Salvation Army; and the Venus de Medici

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than the plaster-cast peddler; the superstition, in a word, that the vast and awful comet that trails its cold lustre through the remote abysses of space once a century and interests and instructs a cultivated handful of astronomers is worth more to the world than the sun which warms and cheers all the nations every day and makes the crops to grow. If a critic should start a religion it would not have any object but to convert angels: and they wouldn't need it. The thin top crust of humanity—the cultivated—are worth pacifying, worth pleasing, worth coddling, worth nourishing and preserving with dainties and delicacies, it is true; but to be caterer to that little faction is no very dignified or valuable occupation, it seems to me; it is merely feeding the overfed, and there must be small satisfaction in that. It is not that little minority who are already saved that are best worth lifting up, I should think, but the mighty mass of the uncultivated who are underneath. That mass will never see the Old Masters—that sight is for the few; but the chromo-maker can lift them all one step upward toward appreciation of art; they cannot have the opera, but the hurdy-gurdy and the singing class lift them a little way toward that far light; they will never know Homer, but the passing rhymester of their day leaves them higher than he found them; they may never even hear of the Latin classics, but they will strike step with Kipling's drum-beat, and they will march; for all Jonathan Edwards's help they would die in their slums, but the Salvation Army will beguile some of them up to pure air and a cleaner life; they know no sculpture, the Venus is not even a name to them, but they are a grade higher in the scale of civilization by the ministrations of the plaster cast than they were before it took its place upon their mantel and made it beautiful to their unexpected eyes.

Indeed I have been misjudged, from the very first. I have never tried in even one single little instance, to help cultivate the cultivated classes. I was not equipped for it, either by native gifts or training. And I never had any ambition in that direction, but always hunted for bigger game—the masses. I have seldom deliberately tried to instruct them, but have done my best to entertain them. To simply amuse them would have satisfied my dearest ambition at any time; for they could get instruction elsewhere, and I had two chances to help to the teacher's one: for amusement is a good preparation for study and a good healer of fatigue after it. My audience is dumb, it has no voice in print, and so I cannot know whether I have won its approbation or only got its censure.

Yes, you see, I have always catered for the Belly and the Members, but have been served like the others—criticized from the culture-standard—to my sorrow and pain; because, honestly, I never cared what became of the cultured classes; they could go to the theatre and the opera, they had no use for me and the melodeon.

And now at last I arrive at my object and tender my petition, making supplication to this effect: that the critics adopt a rule recognizing the Belly and the Members, and formulate a standard whereby work done for them shall be judged. Help me, Mr. Lang; no voice can reach further than yours in a case of this kind, or carry greater weight of authority.

Lang's reply was an article in the *Illustrated London News* on "The Art of Mark Twain." Lang had no admiration to express for the *Yankee*, which he confessed he had not cared to read, but he glorified *Huck Finn* to the highest. "I can never forget nor be ungrateful for the exquisite pleasure with which I read *Huckleberry Finn* for the first time, years ago," he wrote. "I read it again last night, deserting *Kenilworth* for *Huck*. I never laid it down till I had finished it."

Lang closed his article by referring to the story of Huck as the "great American novel which had escaped the eyes of those who watched to see this new planet swim into their ken."

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

WHEN the desperate spring-time of the present year had at last made an end of itself, one of those philosophers, or psychologists, or plain sages who have been supposed to haunt about the Easy Chair in the hope of getting the better of it in an exchange of ideas, appeared in their wonted phantasmal fashion and said, "You remember how Liège resisted the German advance in the first days of the war in 1914, and held out nearly a week, so that we all believed the invasion of Belgium was permanently arrested?"

"Oh yes, we remember that perfectly; and how, when the Germans were halted by Joffre within twenty miles of Paris, we felt that it was merely a question of time, and a short time, till they should stop to rest in Berlin."

"And do you recall how we all believed that Antwerp was impregnable, and when the Germans began to attack it with their Krupp guns we simply laughed?"

"Oh yes, we were very simple in those days; almost anything except the destruction of Louvain and the bombardment of the Rheims cathedral made us laugh. But what are you driving at? Don't you know that we have wished to make this the place, and if need be the only place, where the gentle reader should be safe from any

> —"rumor of oppression or deceit,
> Of unsuccessful or successful war,

while the sight and sound of hostilities pervaded all other print, and the noncombatants made the world resound with their differences of opinion?"

"It was a bright dream," the sage (for we now perceived that he was a plain sage, and not distinctively a philosopher or psychologist) somewhat sardonically assented, "and you have kept it almost intact, up to the actual moment. Even now I don't propose to disturb it by talking about the war—"

"Then what are you proposing to talk about?" we demanded, rather harshly.

"I am proposing to talk about talking about the war."

"Oh! And is that different?"

"Quite. Talking about the war has proved entirely useless, but talking about the talk about it may be of the greatest utility. At any rate, it is the thing that remains to be tried; it will not directly infringe upon your high resolve to keep out of the talk about the war, and still maintain the neutrality which was once our national ideal. I am strictly Entente in my feeling, but I am going to be entirely historical, not to say prehistorical, for in the rush of events all the incidents of the war which we have talked about have been whirred into a past effectively as remote as the Stone Age which the Germans have tried to restore. Recall our speculation concerning the prodigious part which we first expected Russia to play in the war with her seven millions of mobilized men, who had merely to drop on the Germans and mash them into a formless pulp! I remember our once looking at a map of the Russian Empire, and talking awestrickenly of the part that immeasurable despotism would play in the reconstruction of Europe when Prussia was obliterated, as we then expected in a few weeks. What would that vast autocracy do in establishing the liberty, as well as the equality and fraternity, which England and France were fighting for? Should we be better off in exchanging the Russian for the German tyranny? Our hearts sank, but they have risen, now that we have a Russian democracy risen from the ashes of the empire and passing all that we ever expected of Russia."

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"Come, come!" we interposed. "Is this being prehistorical? Confine yourself to talking about the talk!"

"You are right," the sage senilely cackled. "We will talk about that talk of those hordes of Russians who came down by way of Archangel and were seen passing, whole trainloads of them, through England on their way to France. Isn't that rather prehistorical? How we talked of that nine days' wonder and felt that the war was won! We were almost as lighthearted as when we read how the First Hundred Thousand Englishmen went singing to their death through France 'It's a long way to Tipperary,' and we sang it with them here. How we laughed over the joke of the Tommies who were going to wipe out 'William the Weed,' as they called the Kaiser, whom they had got mixed up with William of Wied."

"Yes, we were glad to have anything that would lighten our talk with laughter," we said.

"There's been a curious disproportion in the interest of events. We talked a great deal of the German fighting in mass formation, and we believed that the outer dead held the inner living erect under the Allies' fire. The attack of the German ships on Newcastle made more talk than all the Zeppelin attacks on London; but why didn't we talk much of the Gallipoli expedition?"

"We fancy it was because we took it for granted that it would be a simple walkover," the Chair suggested. "When it failed so disastrously we were dumfounded."

"Perhaps. But the conquest of Serbia and Montenegro didn't move us to half as much comment as the shilly-shallying of Greece."

"That was more intensive because of our immemorial interest in everything Greek," we explained. "The alliance of Bulgaria with the Teutons was rather tremendous, but it didn't excite so much talk as the self-sacrifice of Rumania to the Allies. To be sure, there was something affecting in that."

"Perhaps too deep for talk," the sage sadly jested. "There were some things so surpassingly dramatic that there was nothing to do but try to forget them. Take the case of Kitchener. As long as he lived and worked at his tremendous job we talked of him first more and then less. Then, suddenly, in the climax of his loss at sea, we felt that there was really nothing to say. I think I went so far as to declare that the consummate quality of it was without parallel in history, unless it was that of Lincoln's assassination. He had done his work—Home had gone and ta'en his wages. Of course his work can't be compared to Lincoln's."

"Of course not. And Lincoln died in the hour of triumph; Kitchener while the issue hung doubtful. But do you think there has been talk enough about the part of Turkey in the war? Was justice ever done to her massacre of the Armenians?"

"Well," the sage responded, "the massacre of the Armenians was wanting in novelty, we must acknowledge that. The Turks had always been murdering those people, though there was something rather fresh in their having the countenance of so good a man as God's intimate friend the Kaiser. But the subject was peculiarly repulsive; the Turk in all his aspects is too loathsome even for comment; even when the British finally banged him out of Bagdad we were too sick of him to connect the event with the fables of the *Arabian Nights*. Perhaps the *Arabian Nights* is not so much read as formerly?"

"There may be something in that," we allowed, "but you might have dwelt more on the success of the British in keeping their hold on Egypt."

"Well, the English are so undramatic, you know. Sometimes they make you feel that much comment on their affairs is not in perfect taste. But the events of the last three years, as we look back at them, are so densely foreshortened that we can't distinguish between events, or their effect on our emotions. Perhaps we did talk adequately of things that we now seem to have passed with little or no emotion. The mutilation of the Belgian children by the Germans, though it was attested by the inquiries of such a man as Lord Bryce, may not have held the talk because it was too atrocious. To be sure women dwelt hysterically upon it; they couldn't talk before men of what had happened to their sex.

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It seems now as if there was more talk about the mission of Doctor Dernberg, and our dismissal of the Austrian Ambassador, and the resignation of Professor Münsterberg and his retraction of it, and the bold impudence of the German-Americans and their friends our pro-Germans. In the jumble that all such facts have fallen into, it is hard to sort out any one that we talked of enough. Then, after the first frightfulnesses in in battle, we did not much notice them. The German use of asphyxiating gas did not make much talk; the Allies protected themselves pretty successfully, and we left the task to them; and now the English launch shafts of flame at the Germans with little or no effect in general conversation; the submarines have kept on destroying the ships of the neutral nations, and we merely take tacit note of the number sunk yesterday as compared with the number sunk the day before."

We were silent, and after a sort of hopeless interval the sage resumed:

"I know what you are thinking of."

"There is only one thing that one can think of whenever the submarines are mentioned."

"The *Lusitania?*"

"What else could it be? Was there enough — was there anything — said about it?" we demanded.

"How could there be? We had to leave the thing; and we never can say it. We still can't even imagine it. But the execution of Edith Cavell—"

"Yes," we exclaimed, with a certain relief. "Poor woman! Poor women!"

"We didn't talk enough about the fate of the women in the countries that Germany has invaded, though we all knew what it was. How can any woman not German born wish well to the German oppression?"

"How can any woman," we returned, "even if German-born, wish well to an oppression that begins with her, that makes her whole life an insult? You've seen that commonest of street-sights in German cities—a woman and a dog harnessed together drawing the same cart? You might have talked about that."

"Oh, we've neglected a great many topics. We shrank from some because they were too offensive to human nature; and we were glad at all times to turn the talk on things that were of comic interest, like Von Papen the Impertinent. *He* was funny; and it *was* droll letting him alone indefinitely, to all appearances, and then suddenly shunting him. I wonder what he thinks of the "stupid Yankees" now; there is always time and space for a change of opinion. His end was something of the same bouffe effect as the deposition of the King of Greece. But for merriment the Kaiser is unrivalled when he speaks; and for pure burlesque he has done nothing better than his message to King Constantine, when he promises him that his hard luck shall be only temporary. 'The mailed fist of Germany, with the further aid from Almighty God, will restore you to your throne, of which no man by right can rob you. The armies of Germany will wreak vengeance on those who have dared so insolently to lay their criminal hands on you.' What a masterful people the Germans must be to keep their faces when their sovereign says such things! We have wondered what the Kaiser's God thinks of the caricatures of that impious Dutchman Raemaker."

We did not reply directly. "You must have been glad of any relief from the hideous topics which the war had lavished on you. But there's one thing," we added, "which is one of the greatest facts of the war, and is so beautiful in its nature that its beauty is almost beyond its horror." The sage looked at us inquiringly, and we said, "The aeroplane, or airplane, as the papers have begun to call it."

"Ah yes, you're right. But it's still so improbable, so impossible, so incredible, that talk can't really grapple with it. A generation from now men may do the wonder of it justice. I knew Langley, you know?"

"No! Well?"

"And I remember his saying to me one day, 'I've done it! I've invented a heavier-than-air flying-machine, and now anybody who has the money may take the idea and put it in effect.' He died too soon to see that done, too soon to find himself on the way to forgottenness in the fame of the ingenious Wright

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brothers, who practically realized his invention. But in all the great discoveries there has to be a Columbus to make the discovery, and then a Vespucius to ultimate it, and get the name of it."

"You mustn't minify the work of the Wright brothers," we said. "Without them Langley's genius might have stopped with the establishment of the principle."

"Oh, it was bound to come to actual flying, somehow. Ever since man was created he dreamed of flying, and it was merely a question of time when his dream should come true."

"Of time and of Langley," we half admitted. "Let us never forget Langley. But how the nations came together, like eagles, to watch the Wright brothers' experiment, and evolve death from the new means of life, to imagine how that supreme triumph of peace should be turned to the use of war! Do you suppose such a serene and beautiful genius as Langley, whose prime office was to study the stars in their courses, ever supposed that the first great use of his discovery would be in the destruction of men?"

"He must have supposed everything," the sage replied, "and when he dreamed of its practical application he must have imagined that this could come only by the national means that make war. Tennyson, you know, who prophesied aviation from the heart of the love-sick hero of Locksley Hall, not only

'Saw the heavens fill'd with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales,'

but he

'Heard the heavens fill'd with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm.'

"Magnificent!" we exclaimed. "Apocalyptic! But it lacks the mystical fascination of those lonely aviators climbing the clouds in chase of one another with machine-guns, amidst the secular silences that had never been broken since the creation of the heavens and the earth, except by the artillery of the lightnings."

"Yes, the fact outreaches the fancy in sublimity, we must own. But perhaps," the sage added, hopefully, "the fancy went it one better in its prescience of the time when

'the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber lapt in universal law.'

"It sounds rather socialistic," the sage thoughtfully added.

"Oh, socialism isn't so black—or red—as it used to be painted," we said. "The Kaiser himself has been willing to employ it on one of his underhand Russian missions. Socialism has quite passed the stage of democracy when that was held up to abhorrence and execration by the English aristocracy—who are now praising it as the only means of saving the world from despair. Perhaps socialism is becoming a little old-fashioned. We must invent a new bugaboo."

"Yes, no doubt," the sage admitted. "But we must remember Tennyson wrote those lines nearly seventy-five years ago when the Prussians themselves were dreaming of a republic—when there had been the barricades of a revolution in the streets of Berlin. That revolution, to be sure, went backward, but its heroes, who came to us in exile, must not be judged by their sons and heirs, who have preferred the despotism of the Fatherland to the freedomof our democracy. But they're not all so bad, even if they don't like our equality as compared with the inferiority which their kin enjoy in the old home. We must be reasonable; we must allow that the German-Americans have never been so recreant as the native American pro-Germans whom we used to talk about."

"Ah, there we are with you," we cheerfully assented. "You must have got a good deal of amusement out of *them* in your talks. Can't you fancy

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them singing the German Hymn of Hate at some service in worship of the Kaiser's fellow-deity—Dagon or Moloch, whichever he is?"

"That might be a touch beyond the Hymn itself, though it never occurred to me before that there could be anything equal to that for pure joke. What an inspiration it was—music for a nation dancing up and down in infantile fury! But how soon we forgot it! We've forgotten even the German peace propositions which were so sacred that they couldn't be put into words until they had been accepted. If it came to counting up our blessings as good people used to do in the old times, we'd find we had much to be thankful for. But good people always forget the sum of their blessings when they count them up; it's the total of the other things that they remember. We keep the tragedy of the war in mind and let the comedy go."

"Yes," we joined him in his reflective mood. "We remember the bitterness of our disappointment with Russia, but we don't always think of that purblind multitude of peasants and artisans who have felt their way to freedom with their hands, as it were; or with their feet, which found a path in the dark over wastes where their feet have never been before. However the way shall end, something of that freedom must remain; perhaps enough to keep the world from slavery. Does your talk turn much on that? By the way, who are your talkers, mostly?" we asked.

"All sorts of folk—men at clubs and in the cars, women at tea and lunch, both sexes when they meet in society and make the last news of the war a way to general conversation or personal gossip; it lends itself to almost anything. Curious, isn't it? And the strange thing is, we can't seem to talk out; we talk *in*, and we leave off with 'that sense of fullness' which soda-mints are good for, or digestive tablets; I've diagnosed our state as a vacuous plethora. Sometimes I've felt as if I were a dirigible balloon bobbing about in an intellectual vacuum."

"And all the time there were the men in the trenches with the tanks climbing across them, and the shrapnel bursting over them, and the guns in the rear dropping their curtain of fire, and the submarines sinking ships, and French women deported by their conquerors, and the English women and children blown to pieces by the bombs dropped from airplanes, and all the crimes against humanity in which history repeats itself with intensified and multiplied horror!"

"Oh yes. I think we always begin or end with something of that kind. But what is the use?"

"Then what was the use of talking about the war at all?"

"That's what I've been trying to say. There isn't any. We'd much better always talk about the weather."

"Yes," we consented. "Did you ever know a spring like that we've had this year?"

"Don't mention it. It *wasn't* any spring. It was a season that tried to get back into winter, and not forward into summer. I don't understand how the summer managed to follow it without an interval of nine months. But the worst thing of talking about the weather is that you can't do anything about it."

"And can you do anything about the war, or about the talk about it?" we asked.

"Nothing at all. That's what I've been saying to myself ever since we began it."

"Why *you* began it!" we exclaimed.

"Oh, did I?" he asked, dreamily, and was about to vanish.

"But, stop!" we interposed. "Don't say your talk about the war has done absolutely nothing!"

"Why," he pondered, "I don't say that exactly. It has got before us a semblance of the horribleness to the effect of a composite photograph. By printing the features of the war again and again upon each other in our civilian minds we can imagine its dreadful complexion—"

"Come!" we said. "That's something."

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

OF all modern languages the German is the most peculiar, as we should expect the speech of the most peculiar of all modern peoples to be.

The significance of this peculiarity—whether of the people or of the language, or of the one as associated with the other—escapes any casual judgment. We saw recently in a daily paper a letter from a Canadian, inquiring, "What ails the Germans?" and attributing to their language every manifestation of their *schrecklichkeit* during the current war. "The more a man uses the German language the more brutal and vulgar he becomes."

Such an indictment of a language is as unreasonable as the "indictment of a whole people." There is nothing in his speech to bedevil a German or to excuse his bedevilment.

It is in contrast with the languages of Italy, France, and England that that of Germany seems so unique. When we compare it with the Slavonic and other languages of Northern, Central, and Eastern Europe, we are not so much surprised by the peculiarity itself of the German language as by the fact that Germany has preserved it intact in a civilization which has advanced so far beyond that of these other countries.

The distinctive singularity of the *Deutsche Sprache* is that, from first to last, it is simply *Deutsche*, owing almost nothing to the Classic or the Romance languages, to which the English, French, Spanish and, of course, the Italian owe so much. It is as if English had remained what it was in the writings of King Alfred, instead of becoming a language which, while in structure it is still Anglo-Saxon, is in its content more than half made up of foreign elements, mainly derivative from Latin, either directly or through Romance modification.

The isolation of the Continental Germans, so much more complete than that of the closely allied Anglo-Saxon insular people, and tending to a slow and backward development, enabled them to conserve their peculiar characteristics of race, language, and customs, undisturbed by alien influences and impacts, so significant to the Northmen, to the ancient Phœnicians, to the Ionian Greeks, and to the coasts they invaded, colonized, or traded with. Islands have always been, if not the sources of progressive culture, at least the stepping-stones of its traditions.

The limitations imposed upon Germany by her largely inland situation affected not only the development of her language, but of her whole popular life, which, because of the confinement, became so distinctively "popular," so independent and self-sufficing—as we see it to have been when Tacitus described it in its still pagan habit. The term *Deutsche* means "after the manner of the people"—a most democratic self-designation. "Social Democracy" is but its modern recrudescence. Natively having the forest rather than the sea habit, the German was for centuries confined to germane contacts, sequestered from the intimate and abiding influences of any outside culture.

The singular integrity of the German language which has been maintained for literary purposes since the sixteenth century, when Luther's translation of the Scriptures fixed it in its mature, High-German form, would easily mislead us if we inferred from it a like homogeneity of the various peoples now united in the German Empire, including also its Austrian ally, or if we were led to ignore the previous dialectic variations in the language as spoken by these peoples—variations that have not yet entirely disappeared. The integrity of the language

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as manifest during three centuries of German literature is, therefore, the more remarkable.

It is wholly in keeping with what we have said of the German repellence to the intimate adoption of foreign elements that this people should have become the foremost champion of the Reformation—a movement which has so largely affected its own destiny. We have alluded to the impress which, in connection with this movement, Luther put upon the language and, through that, upon the literature of his countrymen, thus giving it something beyond a religious significance, as confirming the protestant disposition of the German people in its attitude toward the whole non-German world, leading up to its assumption, in our day, of being the Lord's chosen people in as peculiar a sense as the Hebrew people claimed to be: only, in the German case, it is the ultimate manifestation of a long nourished military ambition in a special class and encouraged by a specious school of prophecy, whereas, in the Hebrew, it dated from that meekest of men, the Prophet Moses and was nourished by quite a different school of prophecy as a spiritual aspiration that found its highest expression in Isaiah.

To attempt further to pursue the comparison of the German of to-day with the ancient Hebrew would be farcical. But the earlier German—before he had reached his present stage of industrial and military efficiency and of conscious supremacy, or had conceived the idea of his peculiar world destiny—does suggest some likeness to that most singular of all human races. The Hebrew had a more complete inland isolation than the German, though, unlike the German, he seemed to have an actual dread of the sea and never came to resent his confinement, or to react against it. Both peoples spontaneously developed only the lyrical and musical arts. But, as would be expected in the comparison of an Indo-European with a Semitic race, the unlikenesses are far more striking than the resemblances. Every institution the Hebrew ever had he readily adopted from other nations he came in contact with, even those who held him in subjection or temporary captivity. On the contrary, the German held to his own, very backwardly yielding to external influences, as in the adoption of Christianity, feudalism, and the Renaissance.

Whatever progress Germany made, as in the general European enlightenment of the eighteenth century, when she was eagerly receptive to French and English culture, her language remained the same, developing only along the lines which it had followed from the beginning. The attempt to translate into it the finest productions of the English and French poets seemed inevitably to result in disappointment. Frederick the Great repudiated it, as a language "fit only for boors," and adopted the French. Nevertheless, the German writers of his own and of the next generation developed possibilities of the language which would have surprised the Prussian king, and in the past the Minnesängers and Hans Sachs had shown what these possibilities were in the field of folk-song.

The *Volk* note is indeed the genuine and natural key of German development, as reflected in the radical constitution of the German language, which rejects all alien roots and, therewith, the complexity and diversity of tone and color that enrich the speech of the great nationalities of Western Europe. Germany has acquired other cultures, holding them alongside her own without intimate assimilation of them. Hence the peculiarity of her own *Kultur*, which during the last two generations has received the stamp of an imperial autocracy and a perversely singular determination.

As, after the devastation of the country by the Thirty-Years' War, Frederick the Great's military leadership seemed to Germany a benefaction, so when, later, she awoke to a full sense of her disadvantage in the international competition for wealth and power, the Empire seemed a promise of triumph; and the military class has made the most of this leverage, transmuting popular resentment into an arrogant and aggressive ambition for world-dominion. The world, embattled to resist the haughty claim, has accepted the challenge. The only hope of peace is in Germany's reversion to her natural lines of popular development. That way her *Deutsche Sprache* leads.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Curse of the Antique

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

MY friends the Van Buzzens have millions to spare;
They live to the northward of Washington Square;
Their chastely magnificent, sumptuous home
(Or, rather, their mansion)—from cellar to dome
Is filled to repletion
With things that are Grecian
And Early Venetian
(Or seemingly so),
And Late Jacobean
And Middle Pompeian
And Aramathean
For all that I know.

The panels, the ceilings, the elegant doors,
Are Louis—some Louis,—oh, Seize or Quartorze;
And down in the kitchen the skillets and pans
Are some other Louis,—conceivably, Quinze;
While tables on gate-legs
(Those movable eight-legs),
Or highly ornate legs
That martyr your knees,



THE HEIRESS OF ALL THE AGES OF ART

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NOW HERE IS AN OBJECT EXCEEDINGLY CHOICE

And chairs upon scroll-legs
Or neat cabri*ole*-legs
(The French word for "bowlegs")
Are thicker than peas.

Miranda Van Buzzen, a Priestess apart,
The Heiress of All of the Ages of Art,
Is proud of old tapestries hanging in shreds,
Of highboys and lowboys and canopied beds,
Of caddies and kettles
In various metals,
Of dressers and settles
And benches and thrones,
Of boxes for laces,
Of porcelain vases,
And coffers and cases
By Inigo Jones.

But Abel Van Buzzen is sick unto death,
He lately confided, though under his breath,
Of "all this nonsensical 'Period' bluff—
The Chippendale-Heppelwhite-Sheraton stuff!"
"I'll furnish my study
As snug as a cuddy,
With no fuddy-duddy
Of gimcracks!" said he;
"And nothing that's 'Classic'
Or Upper Jurassic
Or utter jack-assic!—
Plain comfort for me!"

He went to a dealer in Crotchets and Whims,
Impressive in glasses with tortoise-shell rims,
And told him, "I want a Responsible Chair;
It needn't be something seductively rare

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By any old masters
On fluted pilasters,
But Comfort on Casters—
A cushioned retreat;
And I want a table,
Whatever the label,
Sufficiently stable
To hold up my feet!"

The Expert replied in a delicate voice,
"Now, here is an Object exceedingly choice—
A chair with a wheel-back and single-curve arms;
The spatulate feet are the least of its charms.
We bought it from Madam
McAdam of Haddam—
A Genuine Adam!—
Oh, don't be misled!
The marks that you term 'holes'
Are Guaranteed Worm-holes!"—
"I think they are germ-holes!"
Quoth Abel, and fled.

The next Connoisseur whom he happened to seek
Was strong for the Gothic with touches of Greek,
For chairs that were stiffer than pokers and starch
And built like cathedrals with pillar and arch.
"Observe the acanthus,
The drooping ailanthus,
The rich polyanthus
And tendril design
With nothing aborted!"
The Person exhorted.
But Abel retorted,
"Not any in mine!"

Another remarkably talented man
Was all for the colorful mode of Queen Anne—
For marquetry tables and armchairs with wings;
Another, for ormolu Empire things.



WITH CHAIRS YOU CAN PROSE IN

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Still others orated
On chairs that were mated
With feet that were plated
Or turned like a cup
And legs that were twisted;
While many insisted
On styles that existed
When Rome was a pup.

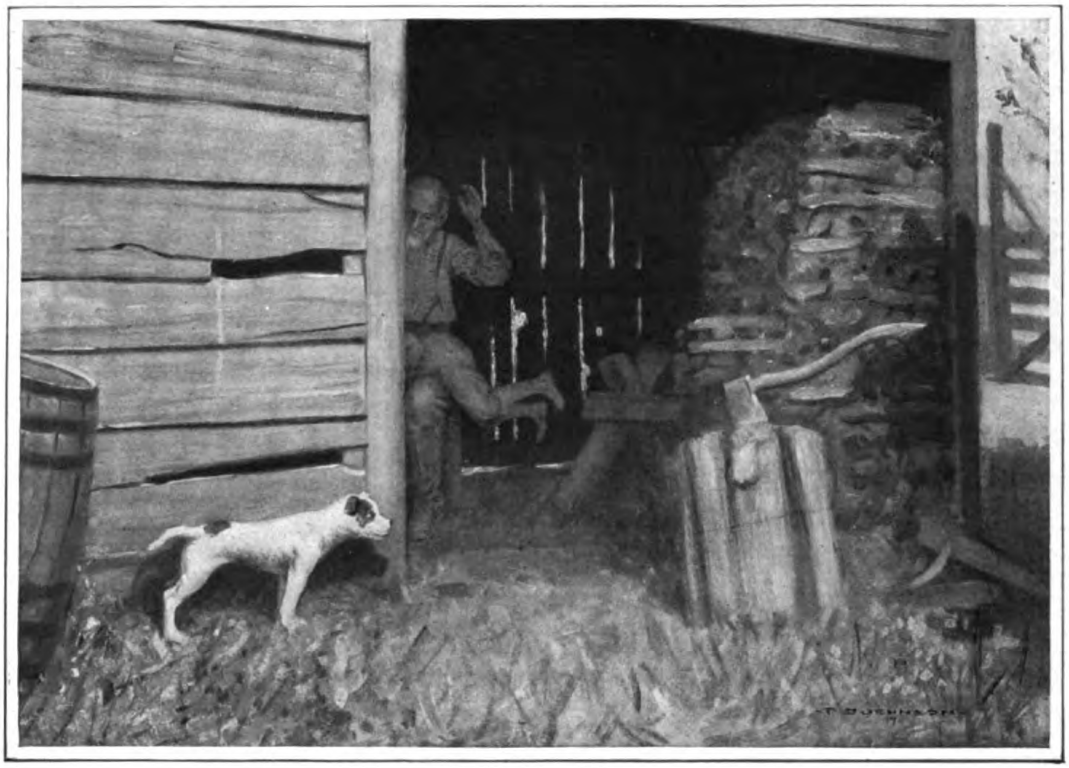
They gabbled of Flemish, Byzantine, Grotesque,
Hogarthian, Tudor, Baroque, Arabesque,
Of cedar and ebony artfully wrought,
Of Indian teak, and mahogany brought
From far Orinoco
And carved in rococo.
They drove him quite *loco*,
Or nearly to drink,
With talk of mosaic—
Not wholly archaic,
But done in Passaic,
New Jersey, I think.

Completely bewildered and ready to drop,
He staggered away to a Furniture Shop;
And what should he see in that wonderful place
But tables of dignity, substance and grace,
And arm-chairs, by gracious!
Invitingly spacious,
Superbly capacious
And, Heaven be praised!
Divinely upholstered,
Becushioned and bolstered!
His buffeted soul stirred
With joy as he gazed.

"Magician of Furniture!" Abel exclaimed,
"What date are these marvels, and how are they named?"
The Artist replied, with a blush on his cheek,
"They haven't been christened; we made 'em last week.
We dare not assign 'em
A place, nor define 'em;
We only design 'em
The best that we can."
"Oh, send me four dozen,
Mike Angelo's cousin!"
Cried Abel Van Buzzen,
"And hurry the van!"

The House of Van Buzzen is splendidly cold
And crammed with rare treasures that ought to be sold;
Its satinwood sideboards are guiltless of dust;
Its stately perfections deserve to be mussed.
But up in the attic,
A place democratic,
Is Abel's ecstatic
Resort of the blest,
With chairs you can prose in
And smoke and repose in
And dreamily doze in,—
Oases of Rest!

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"His Master's Voice"

Their Vengeance

DOWN South it is a habit to poke fun at the slowness of the railway trains in certain sections.

An Atlanta man said to a friend, "That was a terrible vengeance inflicted upon one of their members by a band of robbers in Mississippi."

"What did they do? Shoot him?"

"No; they tied him upon the railway tracks."

"Awful! And he was ground to pieces, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the sort. The poor fellow starved to death waiting for the next train."

A Possible Reason

"BEANBOROUGH always looks on the bright side of things."

"Why?"

"Well, the other day I went with him to buy a pair of shoes. He didn't try them on at the store, and when he got home he found that a nail was sticking right up through the heel of one."

"Did he take them back?"

"Not much. He said that he supposed the nail was put there intentionally to keep the foot from sliding forward in the shoe."

He Won

WHILE driving to the city one morning a short time ago Cy Petlow met a neighboring farmer and they paused to talk over their crops, each striving with patriotic fervor to outdo the other. Presently their conversation turned into another channel, whereupon Cy asked:

"Are you in the market for a good horse, Eb?"

"You know me, Cy. Always ready to dicker."

"Well, here's the critter. She's sound and gentle; any woman can drive her. She's yours at rock-bottom price."

Eb gathered up his lines preparatory to starting, at the same time replying:

"Well, Cy, I'd buy her this mornin', but I hate to bust a dollar."

Presence of Mind

IN the midst of the confusion, as the train robbers, with revolvers held in readiness, moved down the aisle in a hold-up near Reno, Nevada, a drummer excitedly dug into his pocket, pulled out a roll of bills and handed them to his companion across the aisle, saying, hoarsely:

"Johnson, here's that fifty dollars I owe you!"

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MOTHER: "*Little boy, have you seen anything of my Perceval Clarence?*"
"*Yes'm— Hey, General Joffre, yer mother wants yer!*"

Involuntary

MR. SAXTON is a very portly gentleman. Every evening after supper his four-year-old son delights to climb upon his lap and recline at ease against his father's ample periphery.

One evening, when the boy had clambered up as usual, his father, smiling indulgently, asked:

"Herbert, why do you like so well to sit upon my lap?"

"Oh, pa, you're so soft!" replied Herbert.

The old gentleman laughed heartily, and Herbert contributed further to the general merriment by exclaiming:

"Stop, please. You're pushing me off!"

Who Knows?

A LAD in a Chicago school refused to learn to sew, evidently deeming it beneath the dignity of a ten-year-old man.

"George Washington sewed," said the instructor, "he took it for granted that a soldier must. Do you consider yourself better than George Washington?"

"I don't know," said the boy, seriously; "time will tell."

Left-Over Competition

A WRITER of popular stories was one day being shown through a book-shop in New York. A small table was devoted to the new books, and all the rest of the space was taken up with gorgeous editions of Stevenson, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Fielding, etc.—fine leather-bound volumes at very modest prices.

The writer indicated with a sweep of his arm this collection of books and observed:

"Literature would pay better if there were not so many dead men in the business."

A Friend Indeed

ANDY FOSTER, a well-known character in his native city, had recently shuffled off this mortal coil in destitute circumstances, although in his earlier days he enjoyed financial prosperity.

A prominent merchant, an old friend of the family, attended the funeral and was visibly affected as he gazed for the last time on his old friend and associate.

The mourners were conspicuously few in number and some attention was attracted by the sorrowing merchant. "The old gentleman was very dear to you?" ventured one of the bearers after the funeral was over.

"Indeed he was," answered the mourner. "Andy was one true friend. He never asked me to lend him a cent, though I knew that he was practically starving to death."

His Place

A REVIVAL meeting was in progress in a Southern town and Sister Smith was called upon for testimony. Being meek and humble, she said:

"I do not feel as though I should stand here and give testimony. I have been a transgressor for a good many years and have only recently seen the light. I believe that my place is in a dark corner behind the door."

Brother Jones was next called upon for his testimony and, following the example set by Sister Smith, he said:

"I, too, have been a sinner for more than forty years, and I do not think it would be fitting for me to stand before this assembly as a model. I think my place is behind the door, in a dark corner, with Sister Smith."

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A Hindrance

AN army officer who served in the Spanish War tells of a New York regiment, many of whose members were recruited on the East Side. They were spoiling for a fight, and it became necessary to post guards to preserve order.

A big, husky Bowery recruit, of pugilistic proportions, was put on duty outside and given special orders to see that quiet reigned, and, above all things, if trouble came his way, not to lose possession of his rifle.

Soon a general row began, growing in proportions as the minutes passed. The soldier walked his post nervously, without interrupting, until the corporal of the guard appeared on the scene with reinforcements.

"Why didn't you stop this row?" demanded the corporal.

The sentry, balancing his rifle on his shoulder, raised his arms to the correct boxing position, and replied:

"Shure, phwat could I do wid dis gun in me hands'"

Casual Acquaintances

A SOCIETY matron was just leaving her house one afternoon when she met the nursemaid bringing home from a walk the four children of the household.

"Dear me, Clarice!" exclaimed the mother, as she surveyed her offspring, "how changed the children look since I last saw them! Are you quite sure they are the right ones?"

No Waste For Him

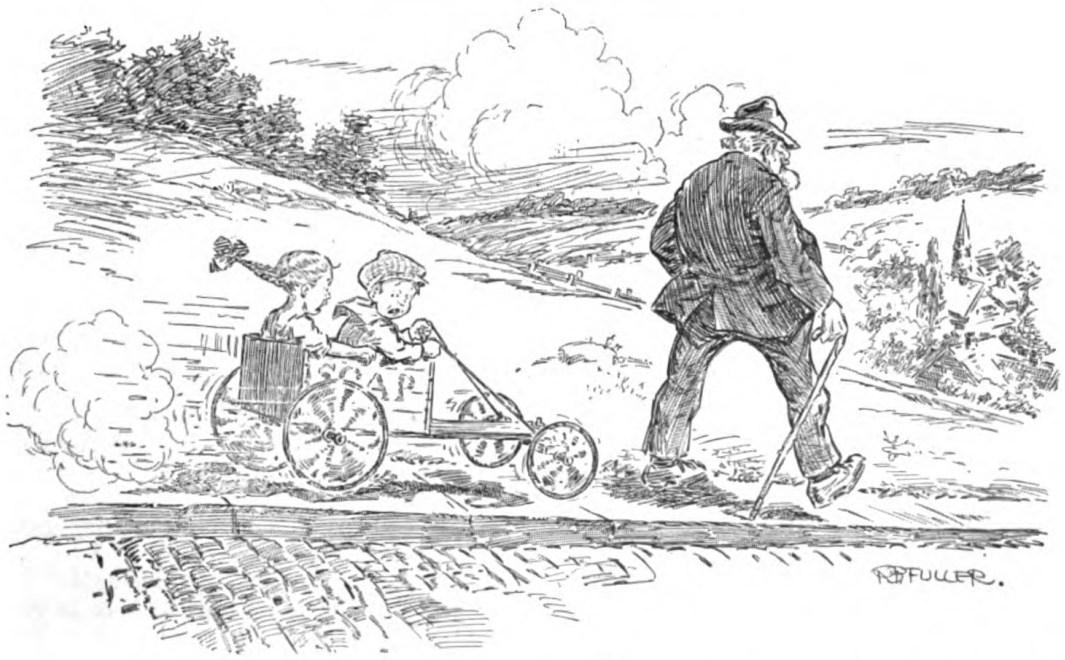
MR. SHIRLEY is one hundred per cent. efficient in all of his undertakings. He is not only an influential citizen, but an enthusiatically patriotic one as well, and in entire sympathy with all of the present war-time slogans.

"William," said he, somewhat peeved by his chauffeur's persistent habit of whistling while at his work in the garage, "you should remember that our Government is asking every one of us to eliminate every form of waste. Not only that, but you should also remember that the greatest fortunes are made from the by-products of waste. Hereafter when you whistle, whistle in the tires and save me the expense of a pump."

Brother Wilkins's Hope

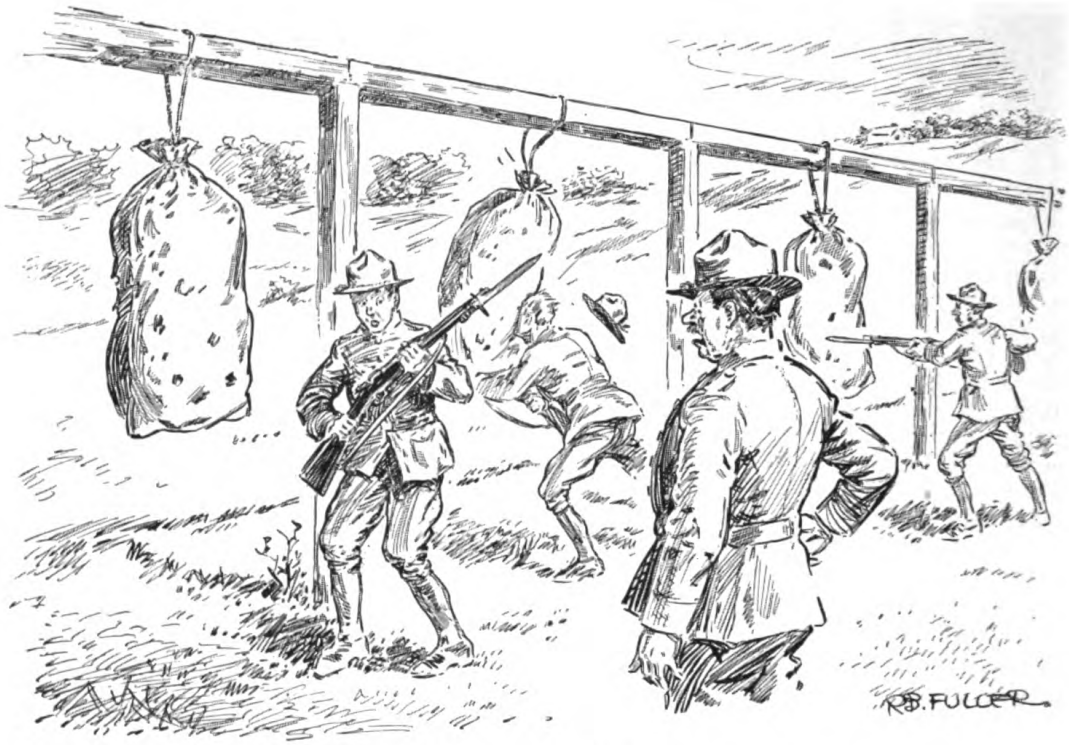
ALTHOUGH deacons in the same church, Brother Johnson and Brother Wilkins, residents of a town in Alabama, were avowed enemies. Brother Johnson died, and the other deacons told Brother Wilkins he must say something good about the deceased on Sunday night. At first Wilkins declined, but in the end he consented. When the appointed time came he rose slowly and delivered himself as follows:

"Brethren and sisters, I promised to say somethin' to-night about Deacon Johnson, and I will say dat we all hopes he's gone whar we knows he ain't."



CHAUFFEUR:" *Low bridge, Lizzie, I don't think we can make it, but there's nothin' like tryin'!*"

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PRIVATE BINKS: "*Now tell me this—after I stab three or four Germans, how do I get 'em off my bayonet?*"

Half Mourning

MISS ANNETTE BENTON, on returning from a visit, brought a gift to each of her mother's colored servants. It was the "day out" for Lily, the housemaid, so Annette distributed her gifts, reserving for Lily a scarlet-silk blouse.

"That won't do," said Mrs. Benton. "Lily's in mourning."

"Mourning?"

"Yes, for her nusband; he died in jail, and Lily's wearing a long crêpe veil."

When Lily returned, her young mistress expressed regret. "I'll give the blouse to Lizzie," she said, "and get you something else."

Lily looked at the blouse, then she swallowed. "Don't you go give that blouse to no Lizzie, Miss Annette, cos' nex' mont' I'se gwine outa mournin' from the waist up."

Diverting Attention

ONE morning a Washington woman's attention was attracted by a strange spectacle coming up the street. At a distance she could not quite make it out; it appeared to be some sort of animal with a headlight fastened to its forehead. As it came nearer it resolved itself into the shape of a human being—perhaps some sheik with a red fez. But in another moment the woman recognized Mary Ellen Brown, the seventeen-year-old colored girl who came every Monday for the laundry. Mary Ellen had a flaming red ribbon four inches wide 'round her head; it was tied in front at the roots of her kinky hair into a huge bow, the wings of which stood out four inches beyond her forehead.

The woman was surprised, for, although she had noticed some of the signs of pride of dress in Mary Ellen, the girl had more than the ordinary amount of good taste.

"What on earth are you wearing that bow for?" she asked.

A slow grin widened the girl's mouth, and she relaxed into that sagging droop which in a colored person indicates a readiness for conversation:

"To attract attention, missy."

"To attract attention? Why do you want to attract attention?"

"I don't, missy."

"Then why are you wearing that awful bow on your forehead?"

"So folkses will look at mah haid."

"Why do you want them to look at your head?"

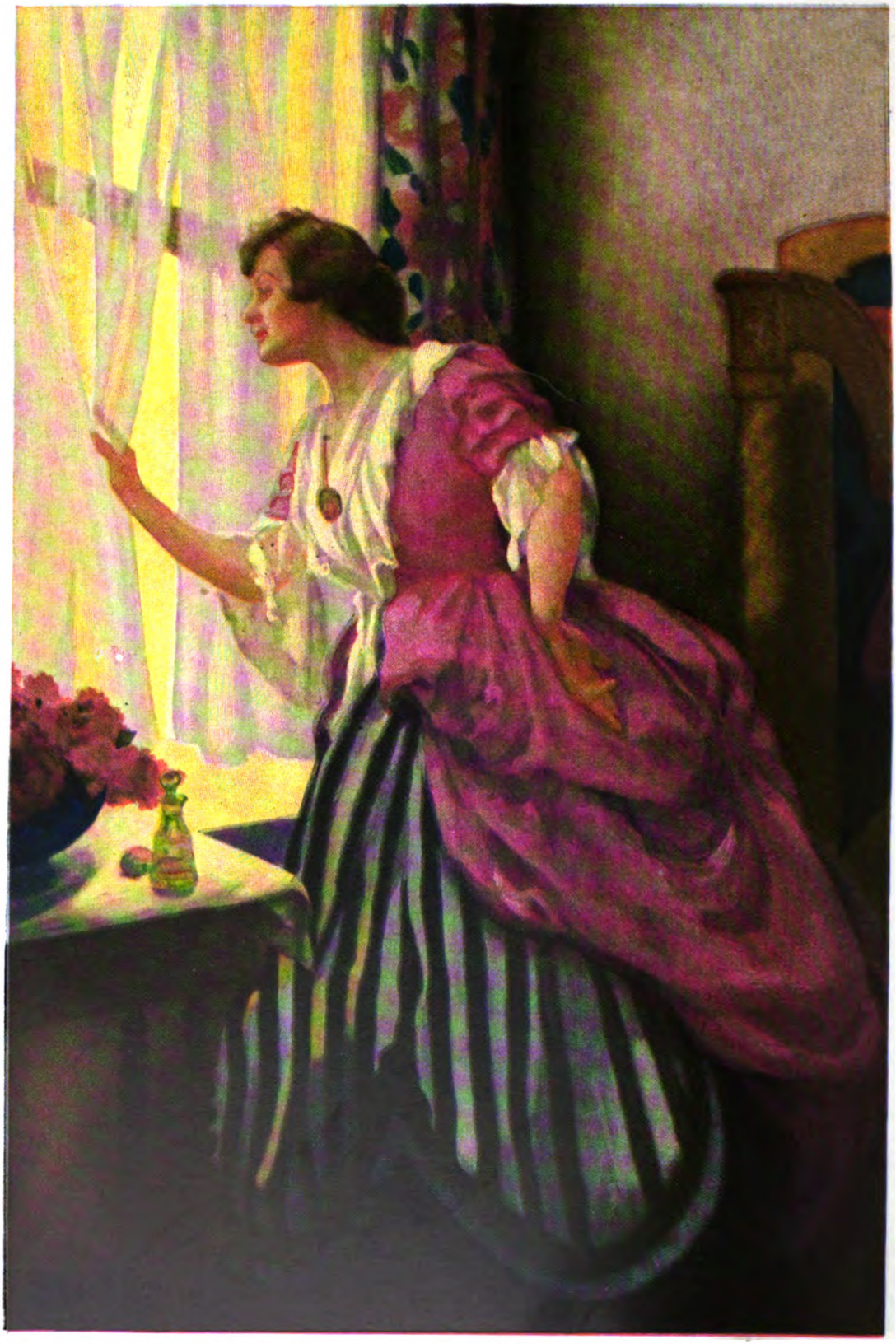
"So they won't look at mah feet—I got holes in mah shoes."

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"HEART ON HER LIPS, AND SOUL WITHIN HER EYES"—Byron

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXV OCTOBER, 1917 No. DCCCIX

How Battles Are Fought To-Day

NEW CONDITIONS OF OFFENSIVE WARFARE

BY GENERAL MALLETERRE

Of the French Army

Governor of the Invalides and Military Critic of the Paris "Temps"

Put into English by HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

ON their very first morning in Paris, General Pershing and the members of his staff came to the Invalides. When they were looking at the sarcophagus of Napoleon I noticed that there were tears in the eyes of the Americans. This was not altogether Anglo-Saxon, perhaps, but we who saw their emotion felt our hearts leap with joy. The corner-stone of the Franco-American alliance must be sympathetic understanding. The Americans are very practical people, and we French know that they will bring to our aid a wealth of common sense and executive ability and applied science. But they bring us more than that. The affection they are not ashamed or reluctant to show means more to us than material aid. Here was the token of it. Instead of hurrying out to General Headquarters, the Americans came first to the Invalides to pay their respects to the memory of Napoleon.

I like to interpret American admiration for Napoleon in the practical way also. General Pershing and his staff are soldiers by profession, and Napoleon means to them the great soldier rather than the Emperor of the French. They appreciate and understand Napoleon because they have the offensive mentality. Europeans, transplanted in new worlds, possess universally and to an unlimited degree the offensive mentality. The way the Canadians and Australians have fought shows that. We need the offensive mentality very sorely. The Germans do not possess the offensive mentality more than ourselves and our allies; but unity of command, as well as superior preparation, enabled them to keep the offensive in their hands during the first critical stages of the war. The map of Europe to-day shows what an advantage this has been to them. During the past year the superiority both in effectives and material has passed from the Germans to us. But we have not yet been able to profit in any large measure from this fact. Why? Because we have not yet fully grasped the significance of the remarkable revolution this war has wrought in the methods and necessities of carrying on an offensive.

I am very glad to be asked by *Harper's Magazine* to write for the American public a non-technical article upon the new problems of the offensive. For here we have the only hope of an affirmative answer to our great question—how are we going to carry the war to a successful conclusion?

During the first fifteen years of the twentieth century Europe was alive to the probability of a general war. In almost every country military service

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was obligatory and universal, and the number of young men under arms increased yearly. More men were following the profession of arms as a career than at any time in the history of the world. The problems of military strategy and tactics and of military preparation commanded the best brains of the nations now at war. On sea as well as on land, these problems were being examined from every possible angle, and the evolution of industry and transportation was kept constantly in mind. Military and naval experts seized upon new inventions, and studied them from the standpoint of their possible effect upon the conditions of carrying on war. As far as we could see, nothing was neglected. We had the benefit, too, of being able to study in actual practice the modifications necessitated by new inventions and the remarkable development of industry and methods of transportation and communication. There were the Spanish-American War, the Boer War, the Russo-Japanese War, the Turko-Italian War, and the two Balkan wars. It would take a lifetime to read what has been written about war in the period from 1898 to 1914.



MAP OF THE VILLAGE OF AILLES

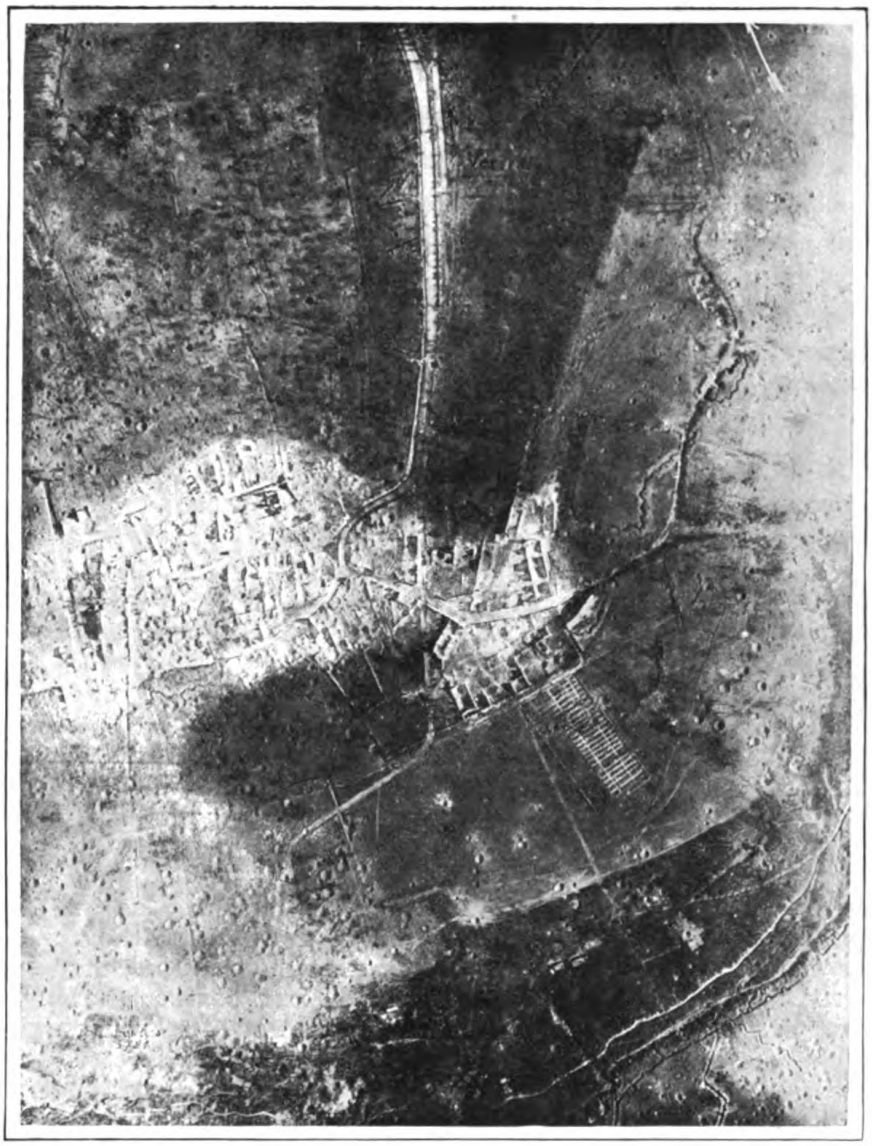
The section corresponds to that shown in the following photograph

And yet in all the mass of published material -I might even go further, and say in the archives of the war departments of Europe and America—what was there to indicate that critics and General Staffs were prophets? Did any belligerent nation have the knowledge and vision to prepare for the kind of war we are waging to-day? One can say categorically—no! Otherwise there would have been victors and vanquished long before now.

We who took part in the Battle of the Marne felt instinctively that France was saved in the second week of September, 1914. But—we can confess it frankly now—our instinct would not have proved right had Germany been much better prepared to wage offensive warfare under the new conditions than we were. Fortunately for us, Germany's vision was as limited as ours. Although she had been preparing her *coup* for a whole generation, Germany failed to crush us. Her preparation was stupendous—but she had not prepared in the right way. Nor had we or any other belligerent. The Germans could not break through the intrenched positions from Arras to the sea, that barred their way to Calais. Nor, by the same token, could we follow up our victory of the Marne, and drive the Germans out of their intrenched positions on the Aisne. The Battle of the Marne was the end of an epoch in military history, and the Battle of the Yser was the beginning of a new epoch. Germany's failure to win the war was not demonstrated by the Marne alone. The handwriting on the wall was visible only after Germany's lack of success in the Battle of the Yser, the first offensive of the new epoch. Since then the war on the western front has been practically a stalemate.

From November, 1914, to June, 1917,

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PHOTOGRAPH OF THE VILLAGE OF AILLES TAKEN FROM AN ARMY AEROPLANE

we have passed through a drastic revolution in methods of offensive warfare. Our offensives and the enemy offensives have up to now had the same result—a few kilometers gained, a few prisoners taken, at the price of appalling losses. Flanders, Champagne, Soissons, Verdun, the Somme, Hindenburg's "genial" retreat, and even the joint Anglo-French offensive of April, 1917, on which we placed so many hopes and for which we made what we thought was adequate preparation — not one of these movements brought either side within sight of a decisive victory.

The experience has been bitter, and it has been very costly—far too costly, alas! It would be foolish to try to make out that we have not paid for our experience as dearly as the Germans. Why should we belittle the sacrifice, why should we refuse to appreciate the glorious effort, of those who fell in the various offensives that we have undertaken?

The American army, taking a place beside us on the western front, will have the benefit of our dearly purchased experience. How many men, how much useless effort, will be spared them! We, after three years, are just beginning to realize what not to do. When the British sent over their large army they

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TRANSPORTING AMMUNITION FOR 75'S FROM THEIR SHELTER TO THE BATTERY

were able to profit by what we had learned in the first year. Now the Americans will profit by what the British and ourselves have learned in the Somme and second Champagne offensives.

I cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that the British General Staff and our own General Staff, and the officers in the field, have built up entirely new methods of offensive warfare. We have had to find our way slowly, and what progress we have made in the knowledge of how to cope most effectively with the conditions that confront us has not been made without periods of discouragement and perplexity. Our enemies have had to travel the same road. They have learned much from us and we have learned much from them. I think there has been in this war a greater willingness and a greater opportunity to profit by the successes and failures of opponents than in any war in history.

The opposing forces have dug themselves into intrenched positions all along the battle front, and they are expending all their ingenuity as well as all their energy in defending their lines. In considering the offensive, there is no longer question of beating the enemy in the open field or of surrounding his armies or laying siege to his strong places. He has to be driven from one trench after another, always back, back, until he has lost so heavily in men and cannon that he will have to sue for peace. Since the Germans hold a portion of northern France and almost all of Belgium, to the liberation of which our honor is pledged, the task of taking and keeping the offensive is imposed upon us. In spite of all our disappointments and disillusionments, we have a well-founded belief in the possibility of accomplishing this task and of bringing Germany to her knees by our military measures, for we now possess the advantages that were hers at the beginning of the war—larger armies and superior armaments. Since the United States has joined the Entente coalition, our financial backing, our resources, our reserves of men, are unlimited. On the other hand, Germany,

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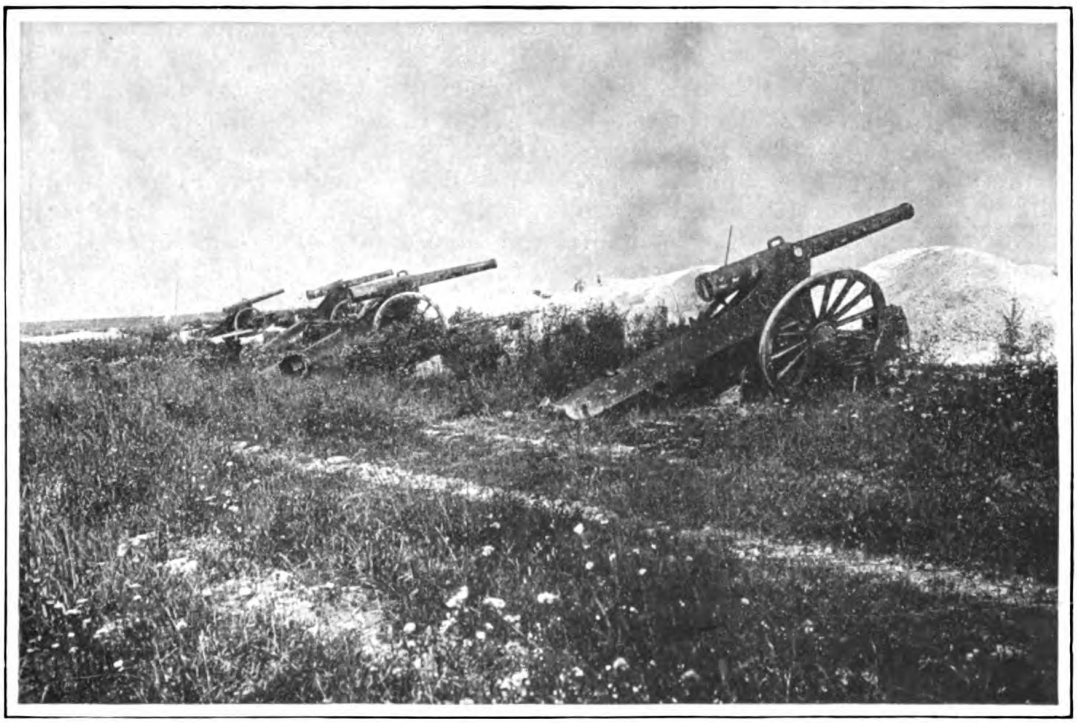
cut off from the material and moral support of the outside world, is gradually being brought to exhaustion.

But confidence in our ability to accomplish the task will not win the war. We must realize the magnitude of the task, and assemble and put into action the means for carrying it to a successful end. What is more (and here I speak particularly for France, which has suffered most), we cannot afford to throw our men any longer like straw into the furnace—nor can we afford to squander resources just because we have the ability to call them into play. For we have to think of the future and not destroy ourselves in destroying our enemies.

THE RÔLE OF THE INFANTRY

I speak first of the infantry because, in spite of the revolution that has been wrought by modern science, the chief rôle in everything that is done in this world is played by men working together. The forces that we have created by our brains are not a substitute for our own efforts, individually and collectively. They enable us only to do more than we would otherwise have done. They are not substitutes; they are accessories. They would be substitutes in warfare only if one side alone employed them. Employed by both sides, they neutralize each other, and we fall back upon man power as the final and decisive element.

Those who are not actually engaged in the new warfare think that it consists in long periods of stagnation, with an occasional local action here and there, and a rare offensive movement on a large scale. The daily bulletins issued by the armies lend color to this impression. It is, however, wholly wrong. Trench warfare is a continuous battle that will not end until the armistice is signed. On the front there is always firing, there is always fighting. The artillery has no rest night or day; the infantry, never ceasing its vigil, exposed all the time to shell fire and sniping, plies the shovel and the pick, with arms at hand to repel or attack. This has taught us to make the unit battalions instead of divisions or regiments, and to exert every effort to avoid daily losses from needless and thoughtless exposure, and to get the day's work accomplished



DUMMY WOODEN CANNON INTENDED TO DECEIVE SCOUTING AEROPLANES OF THE ENEMY

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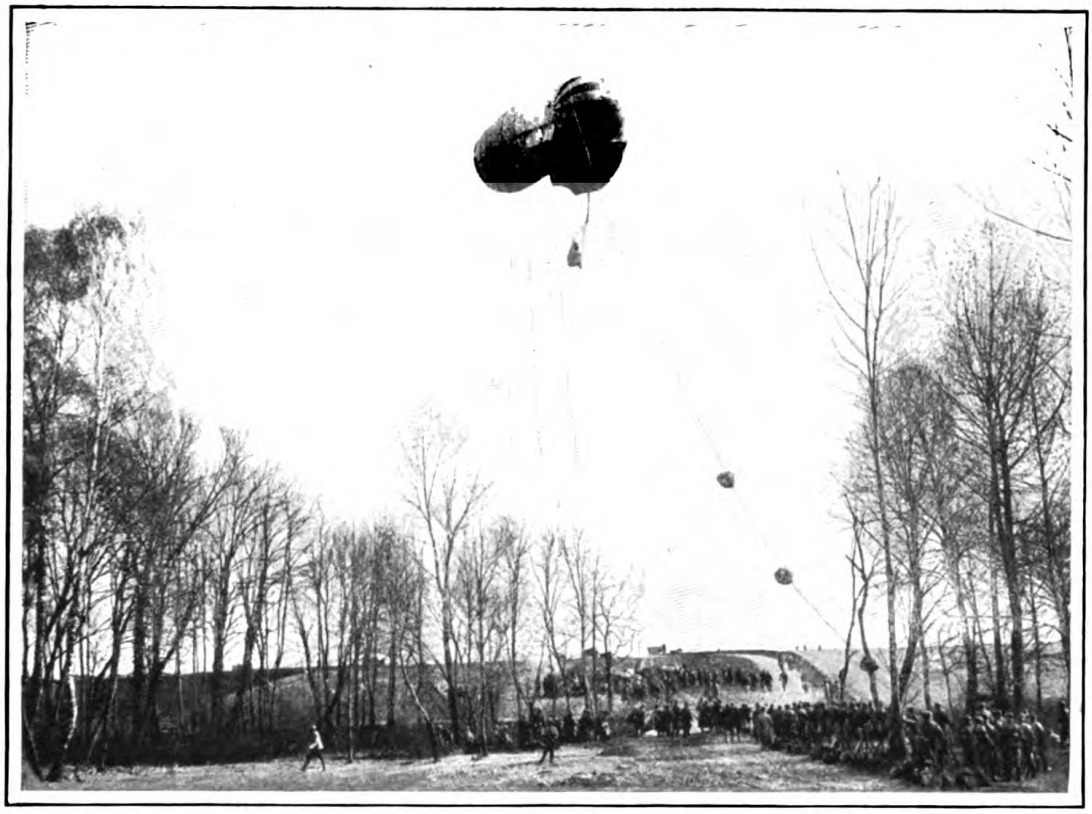
by division of labor that will keep the men in condition for the test that may come at any moment.

It is by battalion that sectors are occupied, by battalion that offensive movements are carried on, by battalion that small operations are organized. The officer who commands a battalion does not have to think about tactical and strategic problems, but he is the chief reliance of the General Staff in the execution of an offensive movement. If we want to understand how an offensive is prepared and carried out—in a word, how war is being fought in the autumn of 1917, the rôle of the infantry must be treated from the standpoint of the battalion. A sector is that portion of the front lines occupied by a battalion. The battalions are the units. When a battalion moves up to relieve another battalion the problem of the organization of the sector confronts the commanding officer of the battalion. From the moment the order is given to move forward to occupy a sector until the battalion is brought back for rest, the responsibilities and duties of the commanding officer are as great and as onerous as those of his superiors. He is like the foreman in industrial life—constantly at it, responsible for what the men under him are doing, responsible to them as well as to the men higher up. He has to think of everything, carry a dozen different things at one time in his head, and be ready for any emergency. He must keep his men in good moral and physical condition by a just division of labor and by looking after their food and their safety. Psychologist, pathologist, carpenter, builder, engineer, cook, physician, scout, judge, father—get all these professions together, none of which are learned at St.-Cyr, and you have a good *chef de bataillon*.

The organization of a sector consists of: (*a*) accessory defenses (*élements de tranchée*) which are made to arrest and retard the enemy advancing under fire of the defense; (*b*) first line of surveillance, occupied by very few men, from which all ground in front can be well seen; (*c*) line of resistance, occupied very strongly, which must be defended, in principle, whatever happens; (*d*) lines of support, which contain here and there strongly organized centers that can be defended while lines in the rear are being organized. These successive lines are connected by communication trenches (*boyaux*). The *boyaux* serve primarily for protecting the soldiers going forward or coming from the front lines, the transmission of ammunition and food, the evacuation of wounded, and the passage of officers on their rounds. But at the moment of an attack, if the enemy has broken through one or more lines, the *boyaux* can be used also as defensive trenches, and are extremely useful in subjecting the enemy to a flanking fire. All the lines of trenches, as well as the centers of resistance on the line of support and the *boyaux*, are now protected by a prodigality of barbed-wire englements. The parallel trenches, as far as is possible, are dug in zigzag form, following the old principle of fortification, not only in order to subject the attackers to cross fire, but also to enable the defenders to hold a portion of the trench more readily, if the enemy breaks through at any point. Just before a general offensive movement steps are dug in the wall of the trench nearest the enemy, to facilitate the climbing out of the attacking forces, and the *boyaux* are widened so that reinforcements and munitions can pass rapidly.

The accessory defenses depend entirely upon the nature of the ground that lies in front of the first line of surveillance, and this consideration dictates also how strongly it is advisable to occupy *élements de tranchée*. The first line of surveillance cannot always be a continuous line. Sometimes it means only a little post here and there. Watchers (*guetteurs*) must be on the *qui vive* in the first line night and day. With adequate artillery preparation, it is always possible for the enemy to occupy the *élements de tranchée* and the *premiére ligne*. When one reads in the bulletins of the capture of these two advanced lines, the same or a following bulletin generally states that a counter attack has driven out the invaders. An offensive movement can be considered as serious only when the line of resistance, where the defenders are well dug in, has been carried. This line, too, can be smothered by heavy artillery. As

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BY MEANS OF OBSERVATION BALLOONS THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES ARE KEPT UNDER CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE

we fight to-day, a big offensive is launched only after the line of resistance is supposed to be wholly destroyed, and the line of support subjected to a demoralizing shelling, which continues during the offensive. The line of support, occupied by entire companies, to whom reinforcements can be sent without delay, is where the attacking forces, if the artillery preparation has been sufficient, begin to suffer their first serious losses. The centers of resistance, villages and concrete forts, where existing buildings cannot be utilized, pour a deadly machine-gun fire upon the attackers.

Under these conditions one might think that the infantry, constantly exposed to annihilation, has to play a passive rôle—at least in the first three lines. What can be done against a crushing artillery fire? Nothing can be done in the sector or sectors upon which the enemy concentrates his fire. But we must remember that there never will be enough cannon and enough ammunition to batter down the first and second positions, and keep shelling during the attack the lines of support, for more than a few kilometers at a time. Even within the few kilometers chosen for a concentration of fire, we have learned that millions of shells do not create everywhere equally great ravages and equally favorable openings for the attackers. Consequently, while some sectors are doomed to destruction, others remain to take the enemy on the flank as he pours through the holes his artillery has made. This is true of offensives on a large scale as well as of local operations. Hence it is of a prime importance for each sector to keep in contact with the neighboring sectors, to be ready at any moment to go to the aid of a threatened sector, or to help surround enemy forces that have advanced too far. The battalion commanders are in touch with their neighbors on both sides and with the higher command in the rear. If this contact be never lost, it is always possible for the commanders of groups of

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units, on up to General Headquarters, to know what is happening, and to direct operations in the *ensemble*.

At this point one may ask why I have started in to describe an offensive movement by talking about defensive rganization. This is easily understood if one realizes that offensive warfare means now—unfortunately!—no more than the moving of a few sectors forward a few kilometers. The success of this limited biting into the enemy lines depends upon the rapid organization of the ground taken. The battalion commanders can tolerate no moment of repose, no matter how exhausted their soldiers may be. Hesitation, bungling, slowness, are fatal. For very soon new enemy batteries will enter into action, and violent counter-attacks to gain the lost ground must be expected. So every offensive implies a defensive. If the officers and men who attack are not able to organize without delay the ground they have won, not only will they be subjected to a heavy bombardment before they have dug themselves in, but they will be forced to defend themselves in positions inferior to ones they have left. With artillery conditions such as they are, the infantry is able to conquer ground with slight losses; but, by the same token, holding the ground won necessitates sacrifices.

For taking the offensive, then, the first training for officers and men is in organizing defensively a sector, and in learning how to keep in touch with the sectors on both sides and with the higher command in the rear. The use of pick and shovel is as important as that of rifle and bayonet and grenade. Learning how to avoid needless exposure, how to go back and forth in the *boyaux* at night, and how to bring up supplies, must be followed by instruction in the study of the enemy ground in front. Space forbids me even to mention the numerous signs of enemy activity that a good watcher can detect. Surprises are now practically impossible, and some of the best help given to the artillery in warding off enemy attacks and in preparing the ground for offensives has come from information of simple soldiers, telephoned back by *chefs de bataillon* who kept "on the job" with their men twenty-four hours in the day.

Then follows the preparation of the soldiers, morally and technically, for an offensive movement. At the beginning of the war, raw soldiers who had never faced shell fire were thrown into action without the slightest preparation. We had to do it, although it was unfair to the men, for there was no other way to save France. Since the war has become a *guerre de tranchée*, it is possible to consider the psychology of the soldier. No matter how courageous and resourceful a man may be, he needs a progressive training to face death and to know how to think and act under fire. In the excitement of the actual forward movement, when men are fighting side by side, all may go well enough. But individual effort is required of the soldier after mass effort has won the ground. There comes the moment when men are separated in little groups, or find themselves alone. That is the critical moment in which the fruit of victory has to be reaped. Soldiers must be trained in such a way that they will be able to take full advantage of that moment.

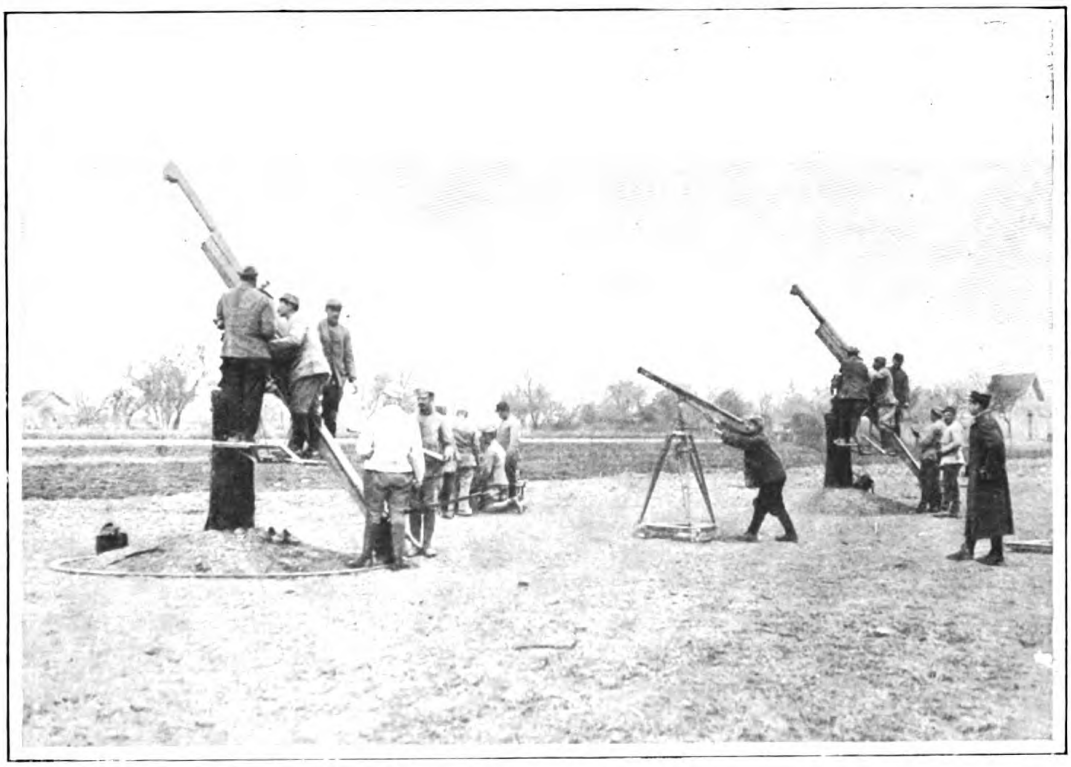
This training is gained by the progressive use of the soldiers of the battalion in minor operations immediately in front of their sector. Under the pretext of carrying messages, they are sent in couples from one point to another in front lines. They learn how to use the *boyaux*, how to pass from shelter to shelter in exposed places, how to find their way in the dark, and become familiar with the system of organization of advanced defenses. Then, if there is a "no man's land" between their sector and the enemy trenches, they can be sent out into the open to build *élements de tranchée* and listening-posts, to put up and repair barbed wire, and—singly now—to act as sentinels to protect others who are working thus in front of the sector. Next they go out in small groups for patrol and reconnoitering duty. This familiarizes them with the kind of country through which they must pass when the offensive is ordered, and they become expert in seizing upon everything that affords shelter and protection. The final step in training for the offensive is participation in raids (*coups de main*). Raids are not made upon the initiative of the *chef de batail-*

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lon. They are ordered from headquarters, but the carrying out of the operation is left to the commanders of the sectors. Raids always have in view the general objects of making the enemy nervous, putting him off the scent, and causing him uselessly to expend his ammunition. Often there is a particular object of spoiling some plan the enemy is suspected of being about to carry out, reconnoitering to see if he has a plan on foot, or capturing and destroying a *minenwerfer*, a machine-gun position, an annoying *élement de tranchée*, or an advantageous observation post. Raids are welcomed by the *chef de bataillon*. They keep up the fighting spirit of his men, and, above all, they give him the opportunity to choose for the work men who need the final training for the offensive — acquaintance with hand-to-hand fighting with bayonet or knife or revolver, handling and facing grenades, machine-guns, liquid fires, and gases, passing into and across barbed wire, enemy trenches, and other obstacles, looking out and warding off sudden flanking fire attacks, and undergoing artillery bombardment in the open.

Preparation for the offensive never ends. It is not our American friends alone, coming fresh to the battle-fields of Europe, who have to go through this training. New men are being constantly brought to the front in the French and British armies. From the depots in the rear recruits are being received, and conditions change so rapidly in a few months that men who have been evacuated sick or wounded, when they return to their old regiments, have to go through a new period of training. They have forgotten much, and there are new tricks to learn. They need also to get hardened once more to pick and shovel, and to pass again progressively through the ordeal of being shelled.

The four stages of the offensive are: (1) when the artillery bombardment is deemed sufficient, the troops for the assault are brought up into the sectors opposite their objective; (2) the artillery concentrates its fire upon the first enemy line—at a moment that has been



A BATTERY OF 75'S DIRECTED AGAINST AEROPLANES. THE CENTRAL FIGURE IS DETERMINING THE RANGE BY TELESCOPE

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fixed the infantry advances from its trenches in successive lines and marches forward; (3) at that same moment the artillery fire moves forward equally—it is an advancing wall of steel, followed immediately by the infantry who enter into the enemy lines right behind shells; (4) when the objectives have been attained, or when farther advance becomes impossible, the organization against the enemy's counter-fire and counter-attack begins immediately. For the first and fourth stages the experience gained in the sectors ought to enable the battalions to do what is required of them without a hitch.

The second and third stages, which constitute the execution of the attack, will pass off smoothly if three conditions have been fulfilled: the men must be told what they are expected to accomplish and become familiar with the ground over which they will pass; the artillery must be able to live up to its program, both as regards the preliminary bombardment of objectives and the progressive advancement of the curtain of fire on schedule time after the attack has started; and the infantry must keep right along behind the artillery fire.

Before the attack the ground between the sector and the objective is carefully studied by means of maps and by personal observation, not only by the officers, but also by the men of the battalions. The artillery fire, directed by aeroplanes, may have been concentrated upon the front to be stormed for several days. The aeroplanes and the advance posts note, as closely as they possibly can, the effect of the artillery fire. The changes wrought by the bombardment are wirelessed and telephoned back to Divisional Headquarters, where cartographers change every few hours the maps of the enemy lines according to the indications thus given them. At the moment of the attack the troops of assault have seen maps and photographs only a few hours old. Added to this information from headquarters, they have their own knowledge, from long study and constant observation, of just what obstacles are to be met on their particular route toward the objective. So thoroughly do the men know the ground to be traversed, each trench and center of resistance, each machine-gun emplacement, that they can go ahead in the dark with confidence. They have been informed also, as far as is humanly possible, just where the artillery may not have destroyed barbed wire and where machine-gun centers are supposed to remain intact. The officers of the sector have in their hands a time-table, which is rigidly adhered to, stating exactly when the artillery will advance its fire. So they know how fast to go to follow directly upon the heels of the shells. This is of prime importance, for if the march is not regulated in such a way as to follow from seventy-five to a hundred yards behind the artillery fire, the enemy will have time to come out of his dugouts, rig up *mitrailleuses*, and defend his line of support and centers of resistance. Trenches must be entered and centers of resistance surrounded immediately after the artillery fire has passed on—or there is no hope of success.

The formation for the assault is a series of waves (*vagues*) which leave the trenches successively from fifty to one hundred and fifty yards apart. Where there is reason to believe that the artillery cannot have completely demolished the first two enemy lines of trenches, it is frequently deemed advisable to send expert riflemen, either separately a few feet apart, or in groups, as the first line of assault. These have a better chance, at less risk, than solid lines, to silence what resistance may be encountered in the first trenches. But as the artillery can now be counted upon to do its work thoroughly, the waves of assault are generally formed from the start of men who march elbow to elbow. In each line there is a mixture of specialists—lassoers, bomb-throwers, machine-gun and trench-cannon crews.

We have spoken of the artillery preparation, under the present conditions, as assuring the possibility of the advance of the infantry without great loss, and a very recent offensive, which won the Wyschaete-Messines salient, has demonstrated the possibility of complete success in this. However, it must be always borne in mind that everything cannot be expected to go well everywhere, and that not only machine-

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RAILROAD TRACKS SCREENED FROM AEROPLANE OBSERVATION

A typical example of camouflage. The rails are here being uncovered to permit the passage of an artillery train

gun nests, but also concealed batteries may in places escape destruction and enter into action before the objective of the assault is reached. There is always danger, unless it is a salient that is being stormed, of flanking fire and attacks. We have not yet come to the point of overwhelming superiority in artillery and aeroplanes where we can assure our troops of assault protection until the moment of counter-fire and counter-attack. Hence the necessity still remains, during the second and third stages of the offensive, of keeping the lines moving, no matter what unexpected resistance may develop, and of assuring adequate reinforcements.

THE RÔLE OF THE ARTILLERY

The artillery prepares for the offensive by: (1) tearing up the enemy's barbed wire; (2) destroying his advanced and first-line trenches; (3) putting out of action his batteries; (4) destroying his machine-gun emplacements. The use of 75-mm. shells has proved effective for (1). Although it is impossible to uproot all the barbed wire, sufficiently large passages can be cut through and the enemy can be prevented from repairing them. In the most recent offensives complete success has been obtained in (2) and (3). (4) presents the greatest difficulties. For weeks before the offensive is decided upon, the portion of the enemy lines to be stormed is under special and constant surveillance of aeroplanes, captive balloons, and watchers of the sectors. As soon as machine-gun emplacements are discovered or suspected they are indicated on the maps. In the days immediately before the heavy bombardment begins raids are multiplied to induce the enemy to use his machine-guns. Often the most cleverly concealed posts are disclosed in this way. The artillery must wait until a few hours before the attack to concentrate upon machine-guns; if too long a time is allowed to elapse between their destruction and the attack the enemy can replace them and create new positions. It is by machine-guns that the heaviest losses are inflicted during the progress of the offensive.

The enemy, of course, soon realizes

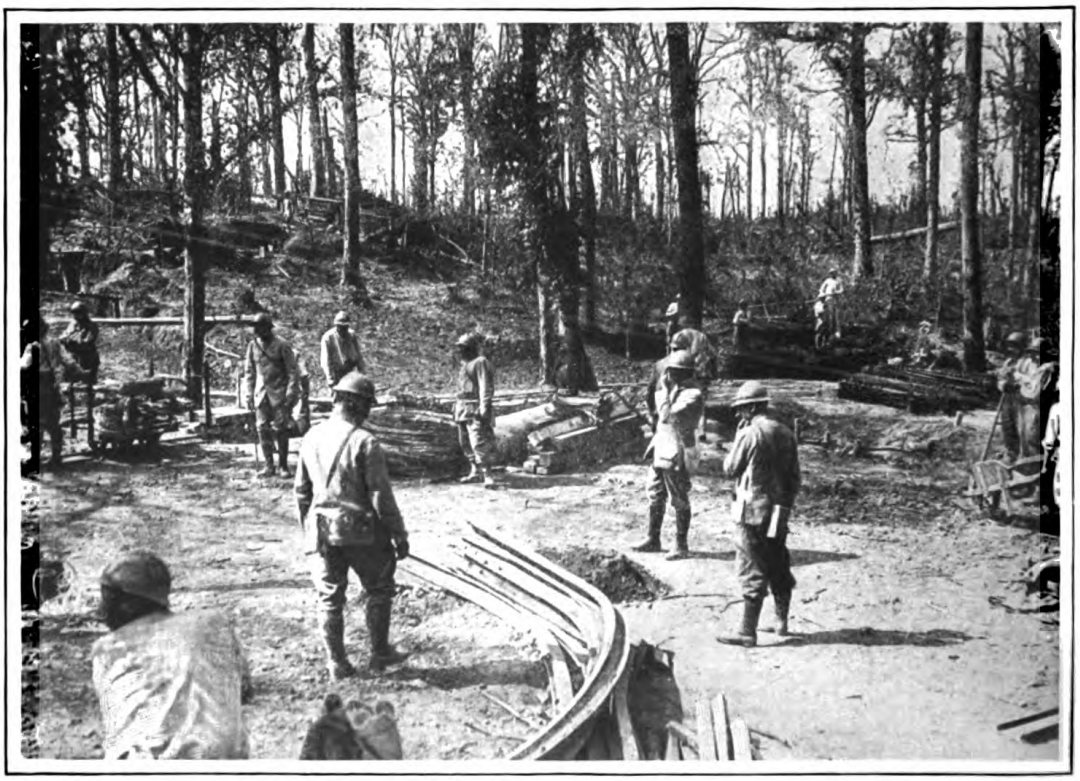
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what is in store for him, for the preparation unfortunately takes so long a time that no offensive can be a surprise. Hence, another duty is imposed upon the artillery which requires a continuous effort and an expenditure of ammunition and the result of which is not as mathematically certain as that of the preparation of the ground to be stormed. By a liberal shelling of his rear that cannot afford to stop a single minute, the enemy must be prevented from bringing up reserves and replacing destroyed batteries.

As we have seen above, when the offensive starts, infantry and artillery act in unison according to a schedule prepared beforehand. The curtain-fire precedes the attackers right up to their objectives. By this means alone can the defenders of the lines of trenches that are too deeply dug to be destroyed be prevented from mounting the parapets and directing a fire upon the attackers. If the artillery does what is expected of it, the fighting begins only when the attackers have entered the enemy trenches, and centers of resistance can be surrounded by troops designated beforehand for that purpose, while the others pass on to farther objectives.

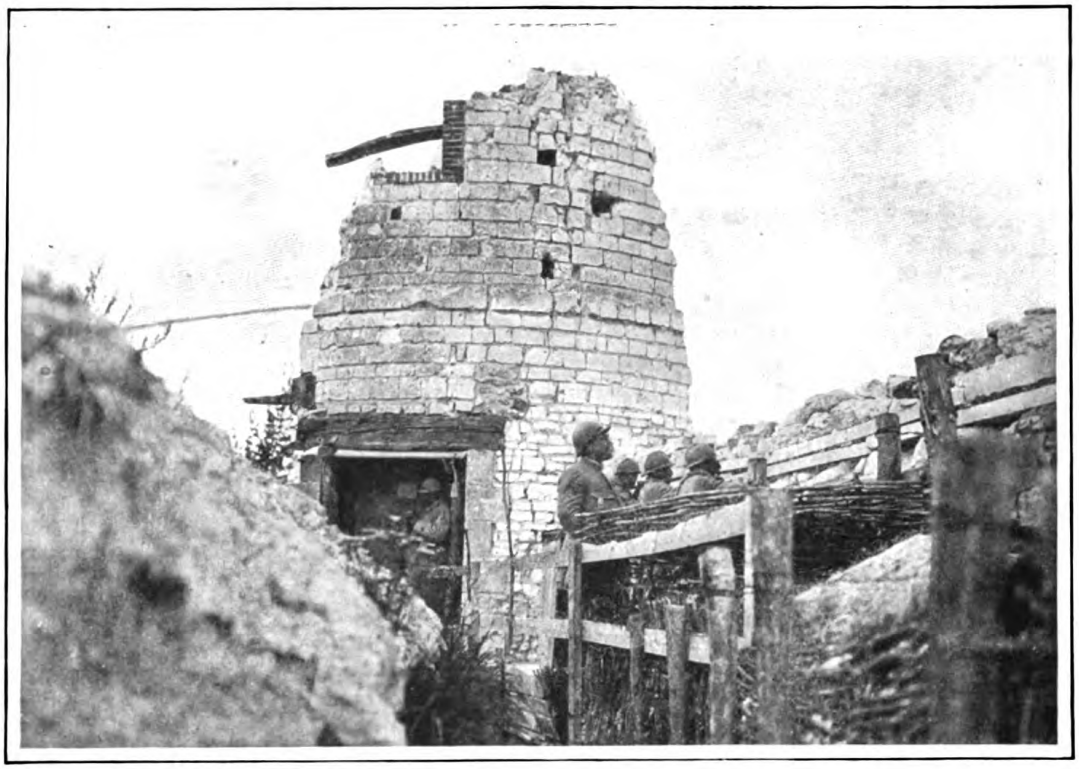
Now comes the moment for the artillery to move forward to new positions in order that it may be able to co-operate with the infantry in repelling counter-attacks by a new curtain-fire, and to concentrate upon the enemy batteries as soon as they open fire upon those who are organizing the ground won.

The artillery must also have in mind the probability of enemy flank attacks and flank bombardments against the advancing troops. This means that the artillery of the divisions on both sides of the attacking sectors must be prepared to enter into action at any minute in accordance with an emergency plan. We have learned in this war to respect the ingenuity of our enemies. We have adopted the formula, "With your knowledge of what you are about to do, think hard of every possible measure that could be taken by the enemy to hinder its execution, and be sure that the Germans will do that thing."



AN OUTDOOR SUPPLY DEPOT, THE SOMME

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AN OBSERVATION POST IN A SHELL-TORN TOWER

We are hearing much about precision of aim, and it is not uncommon to find intelligent men who believe that the perfection of modern artillery, in instrument as well as in method, has made possible the hitting of the objective every time. Unfortunately, it does not work out that way. Our mathematical calculation makes possible exactitude, but we have to reckon with the shells and the cannon. No two projectiles are alike in shape and weight; the centers of gravity are never the same; the weight of powder and its constituency change with time, humidity, temperature, and according to materials, no matter how exact the formula. There are differences in the coat of paint, and scratches occur in handling shells. It is impossible to point twice successively the cannon in an identical manner. The cannon-bore changes with heat, and gas remains in the bore. Scratches are also possible in the bore. Even when the cannon is not affected by rapid firing, sudden changes of atmosphere will affect it, and wind, rising in a moment, alters the trajectory of the shell. Soldiers believe that no shell falls twice in the same place. Only the law of chance is against them in this belief!

I have mentioned the imprecision of artillery, which cannot be overcome, in order to emphasize the necessity of having an unlimited number of cannon as well as an unlimited number of shells. We can be sure of success in paralyzing the enemy only if we can keep up a smothering fire by giving double, triple —even quadruple—for good measure. The infantry demands that enemy reaction be made impossible. Since it is a matter of shells against human lives, the infantry has a right to demand that.

THE RÔLE OF AEROPLANES

There are four operations in military aviation—exploration, observation, bombardment, combat. Just as the aeroplane to-day is totally different from that of three years ago, so we have come to envisage the rôle of the aeroplane in ways of which we had no conception when the war started. It is because of the trench warfare, and the new methods of offensive that are im-

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posed upon us, that we have come to rely more and more upon aviation as an indispensible factor in military operations.

We have seen how both the infantry and artillery depend in their co-operation for the offensive upon maps which indicate the state of the ground, the obstacles to be met and overcome (especially machine-guns), and which are corrected up to the very eve of the offensive. These maps would be impossible were it not for the daily scouting work of aeroplanes. New photographs are taken, new observations are made, every hour of the day. Only by this means can the artillery be sure of its objectives and of its success, and can the infantry be sure that it is not going forward into the unknown.

During the bombardment that precedes the offensive, observation aeroplanes, whose mobility makes them distinctly superior to captive balloons, indicate the objectives and regulate the fire by wireless telegraphy. They keep up this work during the offensive, wirelessing to headquarters as well as to the batteries. The success of the artillery and the knowledge headquarters has of how things are going are enhanced a thousandfold by aeroplane observation.

Division of labor arises in the development of every form of activity. Therefore we now have aeroplanes whose sole duty is fighting. Their part in the offensive is fully as important as the part of the exploration and observation aeroplanes. For neither exploration nor observation can be carried on unless those that are doing it are protected from hostile aeroplanes. Scouting aeroplanes have to fly pretty close to the ground. They are exposed, of course, to the fire of anti-aircraft guns. But firing from the ground is not very effective, for it necessitates determining the distance, angle, speed, of the machine, these three factors constantly changing. The great danger to exploration and observation comes from enemy aeroplanes suddenly swooping down from above. Unless fighting aeroplanes are constantly on duty over the enemy lines, exploring and observing are impossible on a large scale. Fighting aeroplanes have another task to perform in preparing for the offensive. They must prevent enemy aeroplanes from flying over their own lines. If they do not do this the enemy will get wind of the preparations, which have to begin weeks beforehand, as they did before Hindenburg's retreat. Since the preparation for the offensive necessitates bringing up and storing huge quantities of ammunition, the fighting aeroplanes must prevent the enemy from dropping bombs upon munition depots and railway lines. The danger of an attempt of this kind is always greatest during the few days immediately preceding an offensive. If successful, it could easily paralyze an offensive movement.

The escadrille for bombardment are coming to play a more and more indispensable part in preparing for the offensive. During the week before the attack starts, they are sent as often as possible to drop bombs upon the enemy's munition depots and railway lines that feed the sectors whose capture is planned. During the last two days, when the artillery is hammering the enemy lines, if aeroplanes can drop bombs upon the enemy's encampments, it is possible to demoralize the reserves at the moment when they need their nerve the most.

The army is blind indeed that does not have the mastery of the air, and we can never hope for a really successful offensive until the mastery is ours.

The rôles of all the other branches of army service are as essential to the success of an offensive as those of the infantry, the artillery, and the aeroplanes. An army is a machine, and, like a machine, it is useless unless every part is working. Since this is the case, is not every part dependent upon every other part? And who can speak of one part being more important or more essential than another part? An offensive can be successful, then, only by the cooperation with equal spirit, determination, energy, and ability of all the branches of the army. Unfortunately, there is space only to mention the work of sappers, who by tunneling are often able, as at Messines, to destroy strong enemy trenches more effectively than the artillery could do; of telegraphers and telephonists, who assure the com-

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munications, without which nothing could be accomplished; of balloonists, who make observations when aeroplanes cannot go up; of automobilists and railway men and teamsters, who feed infantry and artillery; of engineers and surveyors and cartographers, who decide upon and make possible and show the way from the rear to the front, and from the front into the enemy's lines; of the territorials, who keep the roads in order —it was they who saved Verdun; of the medical corps; of the General Staff; of the quartermaster's department; of miners and factory-workers in the rear; of those who sail the seas and make the seas safe in order that materials for carrying on the offensive may reach France; of the nations behind the armies —it is the House-that-Jack-Built.

I may have satisfied ill the curiosity of the American reader to know just how an offensive is made, because what I have written is incomplete—things picked out here and there. But is it not enough to stimulate in my readers, whose influence I know is very great, to see to it that the United States accomplishes what she has in mind—to serve most effectively the common cause? And has it not occurred to the reader that most of the instruments with which we fight have been either invented or perfected by American ingenuity? How much the science of war owes to America for the steamship, the gunboat, the submarine, the torpedo, the telegraph, the telephone, the microphone, barbed wire, the revolver, magazine-rifle, the machine-gun, and the aeroplane!

You will not be called upon, in the new form of offensive, to sacrifice American lives as we have sacrificed French lives. But you alone can make possible a complete victory with little further sacrifice of life. You alone can hasten the end. When the Germans realize that we have the material to make defense of their present or any other lines impossible, they will have to give in. How can we force that realization upon them? By cannon and shells without limit, and the means to transport them to our battle-front; and by aeroplanes without limit. We welcome the American flag on our front, but the success of our offensive is more dependent upon American factories and shipyards.

Bois-Étoilé

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

WHAT legend of a star that fell
In falchion flight from heavenly flame
Brought to some poet-peasant's mind
The haunting sweetness of thy name?

War marked thee in thy sylvan sleep—
A spoil too pure for Hell to spare—
Seamed earth, stark, splintered trunks, proclaim
That Bois-Étoilé once was fair.

O wrecked and ravaged Wood of Stars!
The lights that named thee have not set!
In lovelier groves than even thine
France forges victory from them yet!

O green place on a glorious earth,
Thine, too, the martyr's meed shall be;
With Rheims and Ypres, there shall be found
A space on History's page for thee.

Nor shalt thou lose thine olden trick—
The winds of Peace thy leaves shall stir;
(Unbudded Aprils yearn, a-dream,
To keep dead springtides' trysts with her!).

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The Colonel Volunteers

BY PHILIP CURTISS

RUFE MAITLAND, the hardware dealer, drew his glasses down over his nose and studied earnestly the printed word which his clerk's blackened finger-nail pointed out to him.

"E-l-a-n," he spelled, then shook his head. "It may be a place," he suggested.

Charlie Munger, the clerk, who, in spite of his jaunty name, was a man as old and as gray-bearded as his employer, took back the paper and smoothed it out preparatory to reading. He had skipped the difficult word when he heard a step, and, looking up, his eye brightened.

"The Colonel will tell us," he said, in sudden confidence, and both men shuffled forward to meet the new-comer.

"Colonel," said Maitland, "we've got a puzzle right in your line. Let's have it, Charlie."

The old clerk fussed like a nervous school-boy. "It's this," he said, finding his place—"Eelan. What's an Eelan?"

The Colonel looked mildly perplexed. "A what?"

"Eelan," repeated Munger. "It says here, 'At Hill 406 the German élan was utterly checked."

The Colonel laughed with condescending knowledge. "Uhlan," he corrected, artlessly. "That's a heavy cavalryman." As if such childish questions were trifles in his day's work he turned to Maitland. "Have those lettuce plants come?"

"They came this morning. Mis' Weatherbee took them up in the car. They're as fine a lot of plants as I ever see. They'll head up strong. The russets ain't as big as the others, but then you didn't expect them to be."

"No," said the Colonel, somewhat absently. He seemed on the point of saying more, but merely stood hesitating. "Things are pretty lively in town," he ventured at last, but the words were obviously a poor substitute for what he had been tempted to say.

"I've heard," ventured Maitland, "they're going to call out the milishy."

The Colonel started, and his tone assumed almost a martial gruffness. "Where did you hear that?"

Maitland was cowed. He answered apologetically. "They probably wa'n't nothing in it. Lyme Rodgers told me."

The Colonel's erect figure poised uncertainly. "Well," he answered, at last, "I was in communication with the Governor himself at two o'clock and at that time they had not been called."

No better authority than that could have been desired and Maitland's mind was at rest.

"I expected that spray for the apple-trees the fore part of the week, but it hasn't come yet. And it's going to cost. Prices is awful."

Neither fact seemed to interest the Colonel, usually highly alert on all agricultural matters.

"Let me know when you get it," he replied, without interest. He seemed on the point of turning away, but he paused a second and in that second the clerk found the chance for which he had waited.

"Colonel," he asked, "if they's war, will you have to go?"

A deeper flush spread over the Colonel's already well-flushed cheek.

"That depends," he replied, in the measured tones into which he always unconsciously fell when talking on military matters. "I am on the retired list and retired officers are always subject to call." With this enigmatic answer he seemed about to leave the whole matter. Then, seeing the two wrinkled faces drinking in the gospel which fell from his lips, he added, in gentler tone, "I guess we're all ready to go when we're needed."

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"COLONEL, WE'VE GOT A PUZZLE RIGHT IN YOUR LINE"

"That's right, Colonel, that's right," answered Maitland, from the spirit of '61, but the clerk was not satisfied with such generalizations.

"The Colonel knows more than he lets on," he said, in shrewd admiration as the visitor's straight back disappeared under the awning of the doorway.

In the village street Colonel Weatherbee's coachman had found his bay cob too restless to stand, and was letting the animal use up its spirits by making slow turns as far as the post-office in one direction and the arms of the grade crossing in the other. He was at one end of his circuit when his master came from the store and the Colonel awaited him motionless, his eyes fixed on the street.

It was a scene which in normal times would have filled him with utter content. The brick stores and offices of the little suburban village basked in the slanting sunlight of the late afternoon with an air of self-respecting good taste and prosperity. The trees were still bare, but over the dust of the roadway a sprinkling-cart had laid a blanket of black, moist drops which gave forth the earthy smell of full midsummer. A postman touched his cap as he passed.

"Good evening, Colonel," he said, respectfully.

"Good evening, Martin," replied the Colonel in his deep, commanding-officer tones, but his reply was mechanical. His spirit was far from matching the peace of the street. Charlie Munger had guessed perfectly right. The Colonel knew more than he had told. It was true that at two o'clock the troops had not been called, but what was to happen later, what the Governor had told him in strictest confidence, the Colonel had not seen fit to mention.

The bay cob stepped cleanly up to the curb, and the Colonel climbed, somewhat heavily, into his runabout. It was his custom to review all the affairs of the stables and the garden with his old coachman during those dearly beloved drives from the village out to "The

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Spruces," his own handsome place, but this evening only once did he break the silence. As they crossed the flats where a neat little brook, lined with willows, flowed peacefully across the green meadows a sudden, sharp chorus as loud as sleigh-bells came to their ears. Both of the old men stiffened.

"The frogs!" they exclaimed in chorus, and both sat thrilled, for to all country folk there is one sign which spells the great resurrection, one sound which comes as an annual jubilee. That is the moment on which, for the first time after a long winter's silence, the frogs and peepers break into their evening chorus. This was that moment. This was the instant for which Colonel Weatherbee lived from year to year, but now its elation formed only a bittersweet which intensified his real melancholy.

It is a pathetic cruelty of this life that things we enjoy become only hateful when they form a background to sorrow. We think, with extra bitterness, "Oh, how we would be enjoying this if it weren't for—!" So now the lawns and meadows, the hedges and hillsides which for twenty years had been to the Colonel his daily pride and inspiration seemed mocking in bitterness for the load which lay on his heart.

Two hundred yards from the Colonel's house was a wooden bridge on which the bay cob's hoofs pounded spiritedly *clap, clap, clap*. It was always just the same rhythm, *clap, clap, clap*, and for twenty years it had been a joyous tocsin. It had been the herald for which the Colonel's slim little wife had waited in the house at the top of the hill and which had sent her scurrying to the door to meet the man whom, like every one else, she called "The Colonel." For the Colonel himself it had been the signal to sit just a little more erect and Colonel-like, to twist the ends of his great mustache and look just a little more than usual the lord of the manor. To-day, however, like every other familiar sight and familiar sound, it added lead to his heart. Its joyousness contrasted so with his struggle.

True to the tocsin, the slender figure emerged from the door of "The Spruces," and as the runabout stopped at the square brick pillars of the garden gate the Colonel's wife stood smiling between them.

"Good evening, Colonel!" she cried, in added joyousness. Then, unable to restrain her great news of the day, she added, "The lettuce plants are here and they're beauties."

The Colonel lowered himself carefully over the cramped wheel. "I will not need you again, Mulligan," he said to the coachman. Climbing ponderously up the three stone steps which led to the gateway, he kissed his wife tenderly, then forced his lips into a smile. "The lettuce plants here?" he asked, in the humoring tone which he might have used to a child. "Well, well, well, we must go out and see them."

"The hotbeds are filled and the garden beds are raked off," added the smiling little wife, further. "I could have set them out myself, but I wanted to wait so we could do it together. You must see them right now." The wife took her husband's arm and started to lead the way up the path when she saw his face and stood off in alarm. "Why, Colonel!" she cried. "What is it? Deary, tell me. What is it?"

The Colonel paused a long time before he replied. "I saw the Governor," he answered at last. For a minute more he debated within himself as to whether he would tell the whole truth or hope against hope for a day or two that the inevitable would not happen. But not in forty years had he kept a secret from that little woman at his side and he blurted it out at last. "Margaret, the troops are to be called out."

His wife looked up in that sudden expression of horror and fear which women's faces had known the world over in that month and the months that had gone before it. Prepared as he had been for that expression, the Colonel had far underestimated its dreadful intensity, and he almost regretted that he had spoken at all.

"But—but—" gasped his wife, fearing to utter her own thought—"you won't have to go?"

For want of a better answer the Colonel gave that which he had given to Maitland: "I am on the reserve list and all reserve officers are subject to call."

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That sounded too brutal, and, dropping his professional tone, the Colonel tried to belittle the news. "As a matter of fact," he added, with studied carelessness, "I don't think that there is a chance that I would have to go on the first call. The active officers will naturally have to go first, and it may be months—a year—before even they see active service. Let's go into the house."

He tried to make it plausibly vague, but the harm had been done and, as they went arm in arm up the steps, the face of the little woman was drawn and frightened. The ideas of women concerning military science are incurably primitive. They wot not of examinations and preliminaries. They wot not of muster-rolls and quartermaster corps. They wot not of months of camping and life as peaceful as that of a business office. For them there is no interval between the words "I will go" and death at the cannon's mouth.

The little woman sat her husband in his big arm-chair and then sat down on the arm, her fingers over his shoulder. Softly she began to cry, and the Colonel soothed her roughly.

"There, there, deary," he said. "I may never have to move from here at all." But she answered him in a voice which trembled with rage at all kings and potentates, at all governments and armaments.

"Oh, it makes me sick!" cried the little old gentlewoman in a tone as viperish as that of a washerwoman. "I wish the Kaiser could be tied to a cannon and blown to pieces. Why can't they take all those loafers and criminals and send them off? The world would be glad to get rid of them!"

Even in that troubled moment the sentiment appalled alike the Colonel's military training and his instincts of aristocracy. "That is just the point, deary," he argued, gently. "That is the penalty and the privilege of the men of brains and position. It is the price that we pay for our wealth and our



"I DON'T THINK I WOULD HAVE TO GO ON THE FIRST CALL"

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honors that we must lead the others at times like this."

For just such sentiments had the Colonel's wife worshiped him for forty years, but in this near crisis she would have none of them. In the tumult of her own love and terror she leaped fearlessly to a fact which, a day before, could not have been dragged from her lips.

"But you are sixty-four years old," she cried, without mercy. "They can't need you. You—you couldn't stand it."

Under the brutal accusation the proud old Colonel winced, but he knew and his wife knew that behind that fact alone he could never take shelter. He swept it aside without even a look of reproach for its bitter truth.

"That's not the point, darling," he said, gently. "The point is that we are an unmilitary nation. The one great need is trained officers, and I am a trained officer."

His wife said no more, but sat looking tearfully at the unlighted fireplace. The Colonel tried coaxingly to arouse her with affected gaiety.

"I heard the frogs to-day," he exclaimed, suddenly, but his wife was not deceived.

"I heard them, too," she answered, absently.

The Colonel felt the moment intolerable. He arose slowly. "You said the hotbeds were ready, little farmer. We must go right out and see them."

He looked toward his wife hopefully, expecting her to smile, but her thoughts were far away. He turned suggestively toward the doorway but, instead of responding, his wife came up to him and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Charles," she said, suddenly, "do you *want* to go to war?"

A hot flush went through the Colonel's whole body. He almost trembled and, without replying, he allowed the hands on his shoulders to draw him back to his chair.

"Charles, do you *want* to go to war?"

The question had been repeated, but still the Colonel sat in a feverish silence, unable to reply, for with merciless, unpolitic woman's instinct his wife had touched exactly on the point which had burdened his soul all that day. The minutes clicked on until his very silence seemed to answer the question, until his wife thought that his silence *had* answered it. She looked at the fine old features in suddenly dawning idealism and then gave the answer for which forty years of life with the Colonel had fitted her.

"Charles," she said, slowly, her face close to his, "you know if you *want* to go I will not say another word." She stood up. "Let us look at the hotbeds."

His arm around her waist, the Colonel walked through the doorway of the morning-room and out to the kitchen-garden where the sight of the work which his wife had lovingly superintended that day brought a glow to his heart in spite of the load which lay on it. With a smell of fresh earth the beds had been spaded and raked to smooth, loamy powder. Beyond them the sashes of the hotbeds stood uplifted and expectant, the wood whitely painted as paneling, the glass fresh as window-panes. Between the main beds the paths had been trimmed. Pegs and carpenter's twine, still in place, designated those perfect, straight borders so dear to the gardener's heart.

For a moment the old couple stood there, in peace, their arms encircling each other's waists, when a voice called over the hedge:

"'Evening, Colonel."

Over the boxwood was grinning a face which might have been taken from a caricature of New England types. It was the face of old man Gilet, who lived up the road but worked on the Sherburne estate. Ever since the Weatherbees could remember, from March to December, he had passed that spot every day at exactly that time, and if the Colonel had been in sight he had always shouted that same greeting. He had the arrogance and the tactlessness of the old Yankee workman.

"Well, Colonel," he asked, "be we goin' to lose you?"

The Colonel knew perfectly well what he meant, but he made his voice casual. "No telling, Gilet; no telling."

"No," agreed Gilet, "I suppose they ain't. Your garden looks fine."

"It 'll come along now," answered the Colonel, deprecatingly, but his heart was no longer in it.

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After dinner that night the Colonel was restless. The library-table was piled with seed catalogues and a new book on drainage that promised well, but some unseen power seemed to forbid that he touch them, and he wandered back and forth among the rooms until he could stand it no longer.

"I think I'll run down to Judge Townley's," he said. "There are business matters we want to look over."

His wife knew perfectly well that there were no business matters, and the Colonel knew that she knew it. It was merely that gloved diplomacy which reaches into the bosoms of families and avoids crude statements of facts.

"I think it 'll do you good," agreed his wife. "Will you want the car?"

"No," said the Colonel, briefly. "I'll be glad of the walk."

In the open air he felt relieved. He felt as if he had come from an atmosphere of double dealing into the simplicity of honest thinking, and as he stepped out on the turnpike he took up his fight more squarely. Like one who has locked himself in a room to look at secret documents, he plunged straight into his mental problem and brought it down to its purest terms. For his wife had touched absolutely on his real problem, although she had guessed the wrong answer. The question was not whether he would be called on to go to war, but whether he *wanted* to go. And in the secret depths of his chivalric old heart there had dawned on the Colonel that day the black, awful truth that he did not want to go. It was not that he feared death or hardships. The Colonel gave no thought to that. At his age he knew that active service would probably mean nothing more than a desk appointment. It was merely that he had basked in ease for so many years that, when the chance had come, he found that he could not bear to leave his fireside and gardens. He found that the thought of all that pomp and officialdom which had once been so dear to him had now come merely to bore him. He shrank from titles and forms. He wanted only his farm and the sound of the frogs. Yet if he should stay with his farm and the frogs he knew that he would find no happiness among them. To the end of his days he would have on his conscience the stain of having been deaf to the call. If ever a man went into the night to wrestle with his soul the Colonel was doing it now.

And back of the heartbreak which this struggle had caused in the house on the hill, back of the battle which the honest old Colonel was fighting within himself, lay a truth cruelly, pathetically ridiculous. The truth was that there was no more chance that the Colonel would be actually ordered for duty than that old man Gilet would be—or Mulligan the coachman. In other words, there was no chance at all. This truth the Colonel knew, but had not dared tell to his wife. His old soldier's pride had kept him from telling her as it had kept him from telling Rufe Maitland and Charlie Munger. And yet his fight was a real one, for his was a curious case.

The Colonel was a relic of the old militia. It was perfectly true, as he had said, that he was an officer on the retired list. There was a State law that officers on the retired list were always subject to call, but so also was there a law against dueling. There were over four hundred names on that same list. Half the prominent business men in the nearby city were on it without even knowing it. Long ago they had forgotten that they had ever been captains or majors. The Colonel had never forgotten that he had been a colonel nor had any one else forgotten it. That was just the difference. There lay his problem. He was a man with a reputation.

Colonel Weatherbee, in short, was one of those men whose lives are made, whose very character is formed, by a title. He had never done anything else than be a colonel. He had inherited wealth. Business had never been a necessity, and politics had never attracted him. As a young man, with no special thought of martial honors, he had enlisted in a crack militia company about as he might have joined a good club, but once in the service he had found himself in his element. The drills and the uniforms had appealed to his sense of the picturesque, the titles and etiquette to his natural baronial make-up, and, most of all, in the semi-military, semi-social organization of the old-time

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militia he had found an outlet for energies which had had no other outlet whatever. Being the only one of his company with no other calls on his time he had advanced naturally to the captaincy. After that, being a man of wealth, good nature, and impressive figure, he had advanced more rapidly still, until he had held command of the regiment.

Judged even by the standards of those times, Colonel Weatherbee had never been much of a soldier, and at that time he had never considered himself as such. He cut red tape with easy good nature, and, while his parades were impressive, his discipline was, at the best, rather sketchy. In the summer camps his quarters resembled the fabled Southern mansion for hospitality. During his whole career as a colonel his greatest tactical exploit had been to take his entire regiment to the Chicago Exposition, largely at his own expense. The men who served under him during that period advanced very little in military science, but they remembered him as the prince of good fellows. He retired in a blaze of glory and acclaim of affection with a notable banquet and a sword presented by his loving subordinates.

Curiously enough, it was not until he had ceased active duty that any one thought of him as a great soldier or that he thought of himself as such, but hardly had he laid down his command when traditions began to spring up about him. There formed a Weatherbee myth. Officers who remembered his kindly tact and his generous heart were forever telling stories about him for the edification of younger officers. In the eyes of enlisted men who had made the Chicago trip his figure mounted in memory from that of a colonel to that of a prince. The days of "Colonel Weatherbee's regiment" became a standard of comparison for all subsequent days. As time idealized him, the mental pictures of the men who had served under him elevated him from a grand good fellow to a great tactician. The idea spread to the city, to the State, and as it grew it was hardly strange that the Colonel himself began to partake of it. He became the permanent president of the regimental veteran association. He was always the speaker of honor at regimental and company dinners, and as he heard himself constantly introduced as "that finest of soldiers" he began to believe it himself.

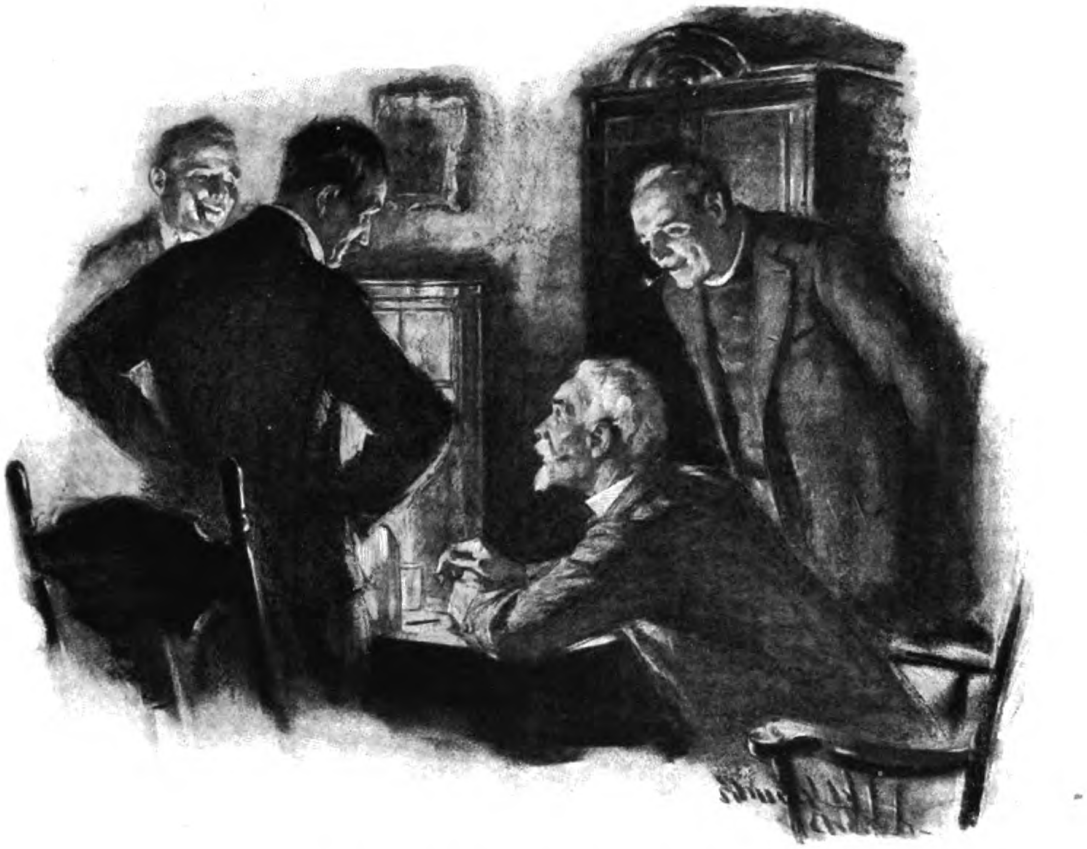
As far as his not very nimble mind would allow him to do it, as he walked the fields of his country estate, he came to picture himself as a Cincinnatus in retirement. The thought began to color his whole existence. He read the lives of Sherman and Grant. His figure straightened, his tones became gruffer, he began to give orders to servants "in a few crisp words." He subscribed to service papers, he joined the Army and Navy Club, and belonged to all the military and patriotic societies.

The Spanish War found him at the height of his reputation, and it seemed as if his chance had come. He was the most prominent military man of his State and by all odds the most popular. Newspapers turned to him as an authority. He was quoted daily. Plans were made to raise a brigade which he should command as a general officer. His old regiment promised to enlist *en masse*. He fairly lived at the capitol. He appointed staff officers. He looked forward fervently to a life of excitement and a career of glory, but it never came. The war ended with one lone colored regiment from that State in active service. His brigade existed only on paper.

If Colonel Weatherbee had let go then he would have ended his days with the reputation of a great soldier, but, with all the pathetic fatuity of such careers, he could not bear to let go. His military associations had furnished him with all the activity and all the glory which he had ever known and he found that he could not live without them. He began to look forward to all the militia dinners, which he attended religiously. He attended them so religiously that he became an old story. The men who had known and loved him drifted away and the younger men found him mildly amusing. He always began his speeches "Gentlemen, I am not an orator; I am only an old soldier," so that when he arose at a banquet a smile swept around the table.

For years after he had retired he attended the summer camps where he sat his horse like a Wellington. Once or

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"NOW HERE IS THE GERMAN LINE—"

twice he served on the Governor's staff, and he never visited the city without dropping in at the Adjutant-General's office. He was always telling the same old stories of the old days and always talking with feigned reluctance of "going into the service again." In short, he became one of those chronic old bores which no college, no club, no regiment was ever without.

For Colonel Weatherbee never did go into the service again. Times changed. The old militia was reorganized into the National Guard. Uniforms changed, regulations changed, the very slang of the service became different. The Colonel found it growing beyond him. The old political officers of the Adjutant-General's office were done away with, and a smart young business man sat at the Adjutant-General's desk. Regular Army officers appeared for duty and replaced as idols the majors and colonels of "the old days."

For a while Colonel Weatherbee struggled manfully to keep abreast of the times, but when pleasant memories and obvious facts began to clash he did what one generally does in such case. He kept away from the obvious facts and let memory flourish unassaulted. He ceased to call at the Adjutant-General's office. He ceased to attend the summer camps. In fact, he ceased to do much of anything except to attend to his own little garden, to watch his green lawns and pastures and to live in the glow of old days. The balm worked its cure. His old dreams came back. No matter what the practical young soldiers of the day might think, the tradition of Colonel Weatherbee, as a stalwart soldier and a great leader still existed in three places—in his own village, in his own home, and in the office of the Governor.

For that was what made his struggle important, that was what made it tragedy instead of tragi-comedy. At the head of the State forces was Governor Wetmore, and Governor Wetmore was

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the lifelong friend of Colonel Weatherbee. He, too, had been an officer in that old regiment. He had gone through grade after grade at Colonel Weatherbee's heels. He had tasted the mellow fellowship of those summer camps; he had dined and wined through that notable Chicago trip; he had headed the movement which had brought Colonel Weatherbee his presentation sword. As to his own talents as an officer he had no illusions, but with the golden brush of memory he still painted Colonel Weatherbee as the peerless commander. As the younger school-boy always remembers the older, so did the Governor always remember Colonel Weatherbee.

That was what made this situation poignant. In the ordinary course of events even Colonel Weatherbee might have doubted that he would ever be called for duty, but with his old subordinate in the governor's chair he knew that he had only to say the word and he would be named for any post that he asked.

That was why Colonel Weatherbee had told his wife only half the truth. *That* was the reason for all of his inward struggle. If he wanted to stay with his garden and frogs he had only to keep silent. It is easy to wait stoically for duty to call and then do simply as duty directs. Colonel Weatherbee knew that duty would never call him unless he tapped at her elbow. His soldierly instinct told him to give her that tap. His sixty-four years and his fireside whispered to leave her alone.

In such frame of mind the Colonel arrived at Judge Townley's house. Judge Townley was a bachelor, and the business which he and the Colonel had to transact was simple. It consisted of a bottle of Old Tom, a box of perfectos, and the attendance of Doctor Grimes and Father Shaughnessy.

"The Army, the Church, and the learned professions!" exclaimed the host as he lifted his glass.

He said that at every assembly, but to-night, for the Colonel, it had a chilling significance.

"Now, Colonel," said Father Shaughnessy, as the Colonel seated himself, "just tell us, straight, what's the inside of this situation?"

The Colonel leaned back in fine mystery and smiled suggestively. "Of course, Father," he began, "you mustn't ask me to tell things that military discipline will not allow me to tell, but I was in conference with the Governor this afternoon—"

The three other men leaned forward and listened tensely. Under spur of his audience the Colonel told them rather more than he had told Maitland that afternoon. In fact, before he got through, he told them all that he knew. It was really news, and the three old men breathed audibly. As soon as he finished the judge tiptoed out and came back with a fresh siphon.

"Now, Colonel," he said, "just how do you size up the situation on the western front?"

The Colonel deliberated, then took two pens and a pencil from the desk at his elbow. He laid them in a line, with a sharp angle in it, on the table. He began:

"Now here is the German line—"

It was nearly twelve when the party broke up, but the Colonel stepped briskly home. In that little conference his head had cleared. His duty was plain. After all, he was first of all a soldier. He wondered why he had ever debated. He not merely ought to go; he wanted to go.

"The old war-horse, the old war-horse," he said to himself as he strode along.

But when he reached home and his trim little gate his depression came back. As he tiptoed into his dressing-room and saw his soft bath-robe over the easy-chair before the glowing grate, his depression increased. His wife was in bed but still wide-awake.

"Oh, Charles," she cried, in child-like eagerness, "I have an idea. I've read in the paper that some one in Washington says it is more important for us to raise food than it is to fight. Don't you think that you would be doing your duty if you planted the whole farm to wheat?"

The Colonel laughed her aside in curt, soldierly way, but after he was in bed he began to think: "There might be something in that. There might be something in that."

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SWIFTLY HE EXAMINED THE COLONEL'S HEART AND PULSE, AND MEASURED HIS CHEST

So, day after day, his fight ebbed and flowed as such mental fights always do ebb and flow, sweeping madly to one extreme and then just as madly to the other, each side utterly plausible. He would stay on his farm for days and there in the peace and quiet it would seem preposterous fantasy that he had ever dreamed of going to war. Then again some martial symbol would send his fancy racing to the other extreme. He would see a soldier in uniform, would get an echo from the mobilization, and duty would paint itself in huge, stern letters before his eyes.

For the State troops had been mobilized the very morning after the Colonel had said they would be. The news of the mobilization itself reached the village no sooner than did the news that Colonel Weatherbee had prophesied it and, from being a military expert, the Colonel became a military oracle. He could not walk into the village without gathering a respectful audience with every variety of question on warfare from the Hindenburg line to the new dependency law. It was after these talks that his heart was heaviest, for, although not a word had been spoken since the tactless jest of old man Gilet, more and more did the Colonel sense a vague wondering in the village that his "orders had not come." Doctor Grimes himself had been on duty as an examiner of recruits and still the Colonel remained a civilian.

And during all this time the Colonel's wife said not a word. She felt the depression that reigned in the house. She knew the struggle. She felt the Colonel cringe whenever military affairs were mentioned. She tried to shut off the suggestions, but of direct references she made not one.

The struggle went on for weeks un-

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spoken in the depths of the Colonel's own heart. It did not end in melodramatic event. It ended as, from the first, it had been bound to end. For, although the arguments had been evenly balanced as the tides of influence flowed back and forth, on one side had pulled, every time, the dead weight of conscience.

The morning came when, after a sleepless night, the Colonel said, quietly: "Margaret, I have fought this thing out. I am going to the city to offer my services to the Governor."

He had been prepared for the worst. He braced himself for the outbreak, but no outbreak came. Exactly as she had done on that earlier day, his wife put her hands on his shoulders.

"Colonel," she said, "I am glad. I knew that you wouldn't be happy until you had done it."

Tears struggled to her eyes, but she forced them back until the car had taken him out of sight at the foot of the hill. Then she locked herself in her room and gave way.

Two hours later the Governor's secretary came into the Adjutant-General's office at the State capitol. The secretary was a spruce and clever young man and a diplomat. Some day he might be governor himself. He waited a moment, grinning, at the Adjutant-General's desk, then spoke:

"General, I've got some news that will please you. The Governor wants Colonel Weatherbee appointed assistant chief quartermaster."

The Adjutant-General leaned back in his chair and his hands dropped to his sides. For a moment the two men looked at each other—the eyes of one mock despair, the eyes of the other twinkling maliciousness. The Inspector-General came into the room and the General turned to him.

"What do you know about this? The Governor wants to appoint Colonel Weatherbee assistant chief quartermaster."

The Inspector-General threw up his hands. "Good *night!*" he exclaimed. "Is that old fool still at large?" Then a glint of amusement came into his eye. "He's got to be examined first."

A few minutes later, under the escort of the Inspector-General, Colonel Weatherbee was shown into a room where, in an atmosphere like that of a Turkish bath, three surgeons, stripped to their shirts, were examining a line of naked recruits. One with a tape-measure, one with a stethoscope, and one with a vision-card, tested each man and shouted numbers over their shoulders like tailors measuring for clothes. The atmosphere of the room made the Colonel feel faint, and he hardly breathed until, after a whispered conference with the Inspector, the chief surgeon left his work and conducted him into a private office. The Colonel made a motion as if to undress, but the surgeon held up his hand.

"That won't be necessary, Colonel. If you'll just open your coat."

Swiftly he examined the Colonel's heart and pulse, and measured his chest. He asked his age, height, and weight.

"I'll have to send my figures to the Adjutant-General," he said at the end, courteously. "He will notify you."

He hurried back into the Turkish bath and the Colonel, his heart beating rapidly, walked gratefully into the cool corridor, then into the Governor's office. The Governor had gone out and for half an hour he waited—an hour. At last he got up and went back to the Adjutant-General, whom he found wading frantically through a mass of reports.

"General," he said, "the Governor is out, and if possible I'd like to get the afternoon train. Have you—have you heard the results of my examination?"

The Adjutant-General started guiltily. "Colonel, I beg your pardon. I've been so busy here." He touched a bell and said to a clerk, "Ask Major Casey to step in a moment."

A few minutes later the chief surgeon entered, and at sight of the Colonel he, too, started guiltily.

"Major," asked the Adjutant-General, briskly, "have you the report of Colonel Weatherbee's examination?"

He looked the surgeon very sternly in the eye as he said it and, with a sheepish expression, the surgeon fumbled through the pockets of his blouse. He drew out a long, narrow paper, handed it to the General and left the room. The Adjutant-General sat staring at the long,

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"I OFFERED MY SERVICES," REPLIED THE COLONEL, MODESTLY

narrow paper for minutes. He laid it down, hesitated, then said, in the kindliest voice he could muster:

"Colonel, I am sorry to have to tell you that you haven't quite passed."

The Colonel's face flushed, and the Adjutant-General hastened to add:

"There is nothing serious, you understand, absolutely nothing to worry about. In general you are in perfect health, but the Army requirements are absolutely rigid. It is only a little matter of weight and eyesight."

For a minute the two men sat in uncomfortable silence, then heavily the Colonel arose.

"I'm sorry, General," he said, huskily. "I had my mind all made up to it. You know I'm ready when you want me."

"I know you are, Colonel." The Adjutant-General stood up and shook hands with the older man. He tried to say more, but he saw things now he had not seen before and he couldn't say anything. "Good-by, Colonel," was all he could do.

Three hours later, at sunset, the Colonel, his wife beside him, was again in his little garden, but this time his coat was off and his arms were grimed with dirt to his elbows. There had been no need to tell the village what he had done. The same train which had brought him home had brought the evening papers. The reporters around the capitol, thirsting for military news, had snapped up the story of his presence; the city editors, recalling the flame of his ancient glory, had expanded it.

"VETERAN VOLUNTEERS
WITH THE STRIPLINGS"

had cried the headlines of one paper. The Colonel's wife had that paper now underneath her arm while the Colonel walked happily back and forth between the hotbeds and the main garden.

"'Evening, Colonel!" came a voice

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over the hedge, the voice of old man Gilet.

The Colonel straightened up, a lettuce plant in his hand. He smiled, the comfortable smile of a man at peace with the world and himself.

"Good evening, Gilet," he answered, in spite of his shirt-sleeves the lord of the manor.

"Well, Colonel," said Gilet, "I see they couldn't keep you at home."

"I offered my services," replied the Colonel, modestly. Then, as if the subject had ceased to interest him, he held up the lettuce in his hand. "Ever see a finer plant than that? It's as firmly headed as a cabbage."

At almost the same moment, down in the city, the chief surgeon came into the Adjutant-General's office. "We can't possibly finish to-day," he said, wearily, "unless we work all night."

"Then work all night," replied the Adjutant-General, sharply. As he spoke, a slip of paper caught his eye. "By the way, Major," he said, holding it out, "here's your report of Colonel Weatherbee's examination. You may need it for future reference."

The surgeon took the extended paper and looked at it listlessly, but neither man smiled. At the top was inscribed:

Doctor M. J. Casey
in account with
THE TROY LAUNDRY

"Do you know," said the surgeon, at last, "I feel like an utter cad."

"So do I," said the Adjutant-General.

The Shell

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THE city is a monstrous shell
  Forever at my ear;
Deep voluntary, clanging bell
  And thundering grief I hear.

Can all the sounds within it be
  Far echoes of the past?
Then from what unremembered sea
  Was this great shell upcast?

Is some old sorrow singing yet,
  Some pain of Greece or Rome?
Some theme that Time may not forget,
  As shells still sing of home?

O lonely City! Who can tell
  What anguish you have known,
When on this coast, a shattered shell,
  Your tragic tale is blown?

And we who whisper in your heart,
  And weep our scalding tears,
May be but echoes from the start
  Of the world's sounding years!

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Where Glaciers Feed the Apple Roots

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

WHERE the milky green water of the Columbia River rolls steadily or churns into impatient rapids southwestward in mid-Washington, looking for an opening in the great Cascade Range that it may break through to the Pacific, lies a land not many years ago a desert, but now producing magnificent apples, apricots, and cherries from its seemingly hopeless soil. It is a narrow land between high, basaltic cliffs and jagged mountain walls, into which the river has cut still deeper, a land of naked rock, of gray volcanic dust and green sage-brush, an arid land for all the water surging by, water almost the exact color of the sage. Before man came, the landscape was forbidding, dismal, a thing of rock nakedness, of sage green and dusty gray. Only the eternal sweep of that great river and the occasional glimpses of the far blue mountains whitened with snow redeemed it from the sense of some primal curse. Then man arrived, to build irrigation basins up in the hills where the winter snows lay late, to run pipe-lines down to the flats of gray volcanic ash—and the desert was no more. Acre after acre blossomed and bore fruit, towns sprang up, the smoke of homes ascended from the midst of each ten-acre square of green trees and alfalfa which now covered the floor of the valley like a vast checkerboard. There, where the oldest orchard boasts but a scant thirty years, its trees, so far as age is concerned, but mere striplings beside the orchards of New England—though in actual growth the disparity is hardly apparent, thanks to the tremendous fertility of volcanic ash and humus—is now a new industry, a new community of agricultural pioneers who have made the apple a work of art.

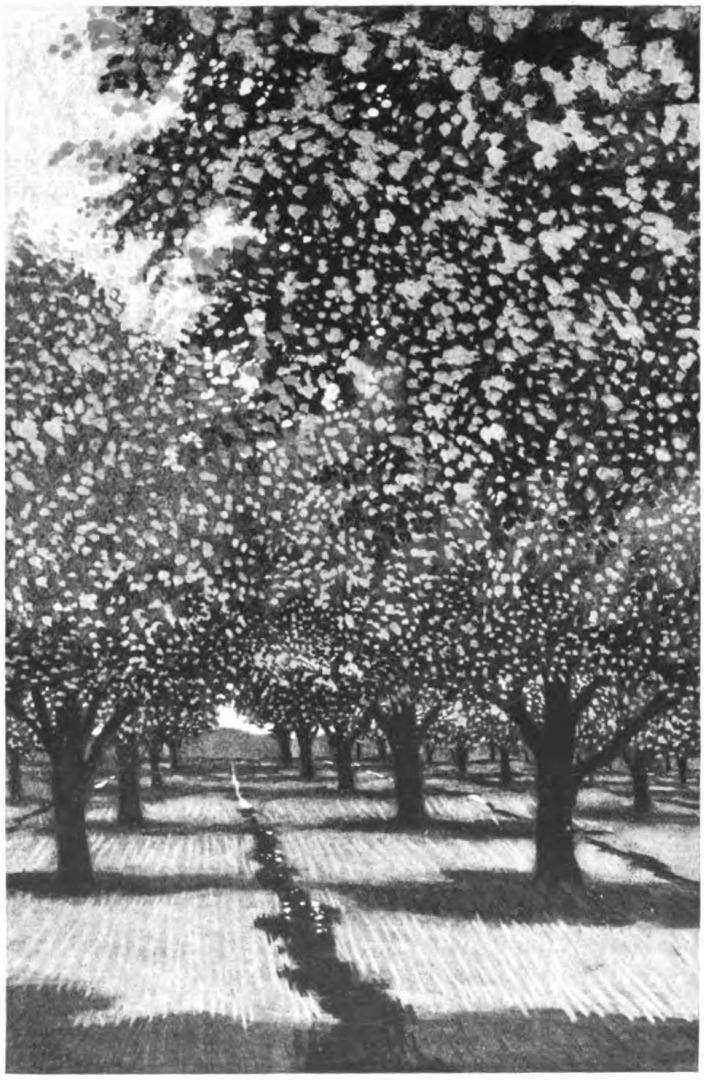
They have done it with the aid of the mountain snows, with the aid of the mountain barrier which keeps off the killing winds of winter, which guards from frost, which seems to concentrate the long summer sunshine; above all, with the aid of the volcanic ash once belched from Baker and Rainier, from Glacier Peak and Adams, no doubt from the vast mountain which, ages long ago, towered twenty thousand feet over the hole which now holds Crater Lake in Oregon. It is no wonder that the pioneers of Wenatchee and the Columbia River fruit bottoms lift up their eyes unto the hills and look with affection on the blue and white pyramids against the west.

Their towns are not yet beautiful; they are rawly new, and it takes some time to span a street with arching foliage, even when you are blest with five per cent. of potash in your soil; it takes some time also to build macadam roads across miles of dusty sage-brush, especially when your own two hands have more than they can do in your personal patch of orchard. Yet so much has been accomplished in so brief a span, the bustle of energy is so infectious, there are so few indications anywhere of effort abandoned, that the visitor from the East feels himself in a new world. Where he came from the orchards are often more beautiful, with the beauty of age, not infrequently of neglect. The old New England apple-tree, with its jungle of suckers, its trunk gnarled and sprawling, and standing with its fellows over the gray stone wall, knee deep in grass and buttercups, is a beautiful patriarch, telling tales of other days and generations passed away. It matches the mouse-gray barn and the shabby but dignified farm-house close by, the rolling fields beyond, the languid haze of the summer day. But the apples of

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Wenatchee grow on thick, upstanding trees that speak in every line of ceaseless care and lateral pruning; between the rows flow the tiny irrigation ditches, and under them flourishes the rich alfalfa. They are the very antithesis of neglect, as they surround the plain, practical, well-painted farm-house, usurping even the dooryard. Here is no languid haze on a summer day; heat, perhaps, but not haze. The eye goes out between the rows to the hollow where the mighty river runs, or down the valley to the far blue rampart of the Cascade Range, shining with snow, or up to the ragged basaltic cliffs above the cañon. It matters not what picture the vista frames, the light is glittering clear, every detail of a cliff wall five miles away is as sharp as through a field-glass, the air is vibrant with its own purity. In such an orchard, in such an atmosphere, the mind turns toward the future, never the past. This is the land of what-is-to-be.

But a great river does not roll onward mile after mile chafing to get through a mountain rampart, biting an ever deeper cañon into the basalt rock and disclosing at its junction with confluent streams vistas into wild gorges or glimpses of lofty summits, snow-mantled, whence these tributaries come, without luring the traveler to climb the ragged walls and go exploring, to leave the river for the hills. So we were lured, and so we found Lake Chelan, said by some to be the most beautiful lake on the North American continent. I have not seen all the lakes on the North American continent, so I make no comparisons myself, content to state that it is the most beautiful lake I ever saw, awake or in my dreams.

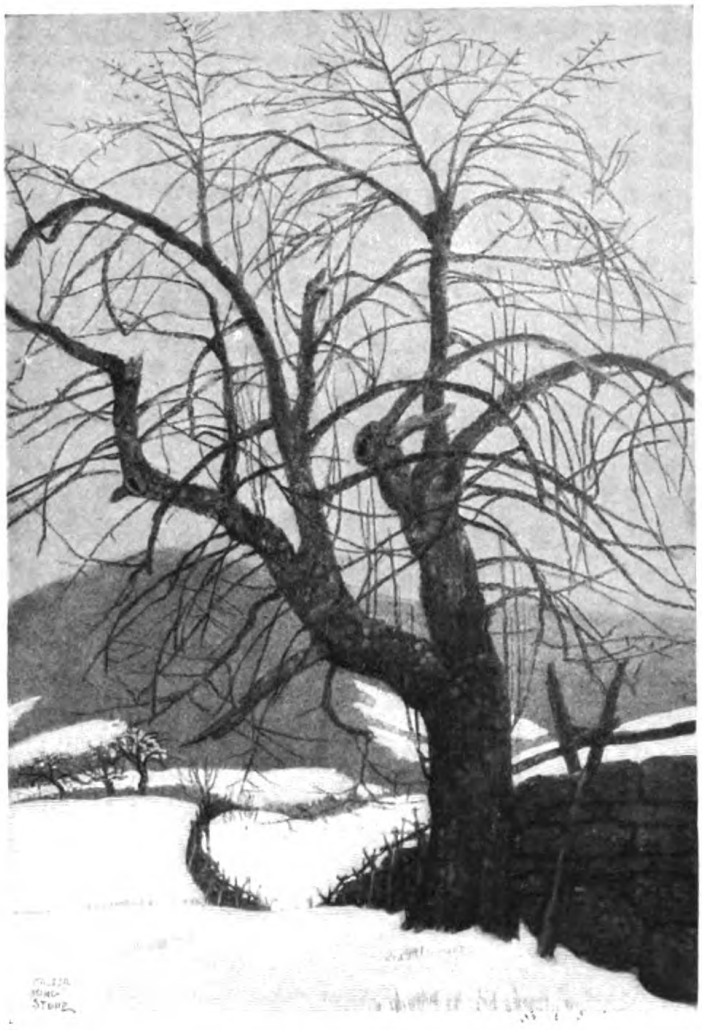


MAGNIFICENT APPLES FROM A SEEMINGLY HOPELESS SOIL

We had gone northward from Wenatchee up the cañon of the Columbia, the walls narrowing in upon us, the orchards on the bank growing fewer and smaller. We alighted at a station called Chelan Falls, and the train went on, leaving us apparently the sole occupants of the river gorge. The sage-green Columbia, just across the track, was gently hissing, with that peculiar noise a powerful stream makes when it is flowing very rapidly but not quite over rapids. In front of us the rocky cliff, with no verdure upon it except the inevitable sage-brush, rose almost precipitous; but we could see the scar of a road, unfenced, which descended from the top

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in a series of switchbacks, dug out of the wall. Down the road a motor was coming, closely followed by a cloud of dust. A few moments later it pulled up at the platform, dust and all. There was a woman at the wheel, a woman who should have been the heroine of some Western romance—her hands tanned, her shoulders square, her eyes alert, her face extraordinarily good to look upon. But, alas, her grammar was impeccable; she was mistress of the graces of sophisticated society, no less than of the clutches of her car! With her brown hands on the wheel, we crawled up the cliff side to a comparatively level plain, covered with gray dust and sage-brush, and stretching a few miles westward to rolling hills. Over this plain we sped, and came to a little town on the shore of a lake, a village brand new and busy, like all the others in this forward-looking land. Neither was the lake remarkable, save for its exquisite green color. It stretched out between hilly shores, and appeared to vanish around a headland. The bounding hills, the height perhaps of those hemming Lake George, but much less precipitous, were partially timbered, partially cleared to young orchards which came down to the water's edge. It was a gentle, somewhat pastoral scene.



THE OLD NEW ENGLAND APPLE-TREE, GNARLED AND SPRAWLING

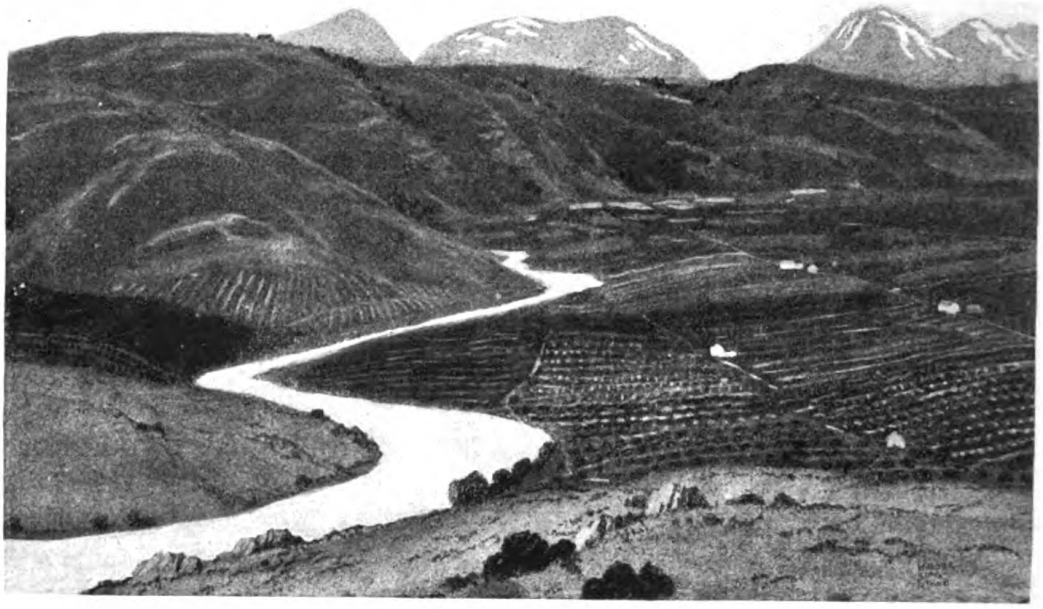
"This," said our fair driver, "is Lake Chelan—or a little of it."

"Is there more?" I asked.

She smiled. "In the West," she said, "there is always more."

We abandoned the purr of the automobile for the unmuffled cough of a large motor-boat, and *put-put-putted* out over the green water, a much more vivid green than the waters of the Columbia River, holding something of the blue of the sky in suffusion. We had no knowledge of our destination, no conception of what we were to see; adventurers on unknown waters, we left the dock and the crude, busy little town behind, sailing in a summer sun toward the gateway of hills where the lake disappeared northwestward. But we were aware of a cool, fresh wind in our faces, and the smell of pure water. We could not fail to note the extraordinary clarity of the atmosphere, in which we could easily detect a "rancher" working with a hoe in his newly planted orchard of young trees no taller than he, though the shore at that point was at least a mile away. We could even see the sparkle of the water in the ditch as his hoe led it down between the rows. We

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ORCHARDS COVERING THE FLOOR OF THE VALLEY LIKE A VAST CHECKERBOARD

crowded on the forward deck, and set our faces to the wind.

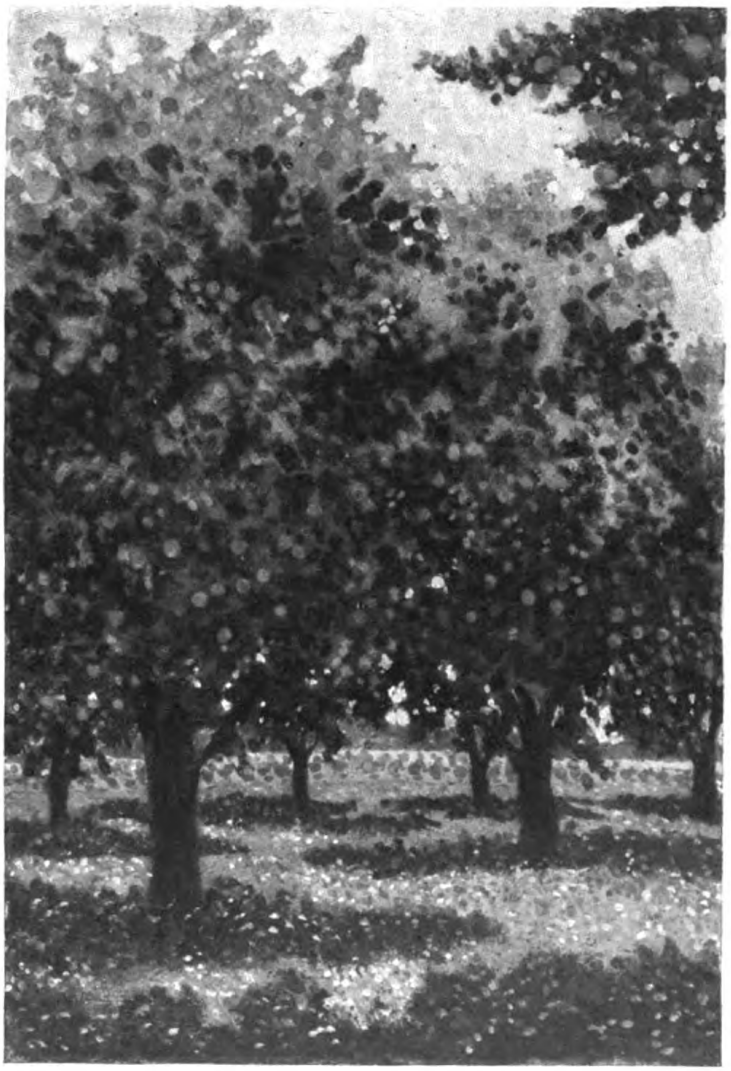
The lake did not increase in breadth; it remained seemingly about as wide as the Hudson River at Tarrytown. But no sooner had we passed around the first headland than we saw it stretching onward for many miles, till it once more disappeared around a still loftier wooded point. It may have been ten miles from the foot of the lake that we put in at a small bay where a new town was springing up, the result of a new irrigation project. The hills had already become higher, their sides more abrupt; They were crowding this new, shining little village down close to the water's edge, and the orchards, as yet only squares of brown earth with polka-dots of frail green upon them where the young trees flourished, were pushing bravely up the slopes into the fir timber, clinging to every sheltering shelf. There was something heroic about this orchard town on the very outskirts of cultivation. These orchards were the first-line trenches in man's battle with the soil. Just beyond the town the boundaries of the Chelan National Forest began, the hills arose still more abruptly; there was no foothold for the orchardist. He had pressed forward as far as he could go, and the Swiss peasant's herd bells tinkling on the meadows under snow-line, so celebrated in song and story, are no more romantic than these last orchards clinging to the mountain-side above the green water of Lake Chelan.

When our boat rounded the next headland, we saw the lake still stretching northwestward, but no longer a jewel in a pastoral setting. A few last orchards, the ultimate outposts, still clung to the precipitous shores, but for the most part these shores rose too abruptly from the water to give any foothold, and bare ledges of rock began to crop out, crowned with spired firs. The wind, drawing down the lake, was churning the surface into a considerable sea. Ahead of us loomed a superb portal to still farther unseen reaches of the lake, a natural gateway like that to the Highlands of the Hudson between Storm King and the Point, but with each precipitous mountain forest-clad and devoid of any human habitation, and rising nearly five thousand feet sharp out of the water. Between these splendid

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headlands, sentinels of the major range beyond, Lake Chelan stretched its dancing green pathway, foam-flecked and sky-tinted, whispering of magic splendors yet to come.

Once you have entered through this majestic portal, you have left the lowland world behind, the world of orchards and of men, of roads and barns, of strife and barter. You are afloat on an inverted sky in the heart of the primal wilderness, in the depths of the tumbled mountains. The lake grows no wider; if anything, it narrows. But it stretches onward for another forty miles between two unbroken walls of naked precipice and fir-clad slopes rising to castellated summits of progressively greater height till the snowfields begin to glitter far above your head and white streams begin to flash in the forest and leap out over the rocks. The depth of a lake, as a rule, adds little to pictorial impressiveness. But the case is otherwise here. Lake Chelan is sixteen hundred feet deep, which means that its bottom is six hundred feet below sea-level. As you look upon the abrupt plunge of the mountain walls into its green depths and realize that they continue their descent below the surface for more than a thousand feet, the imagination is staggered with the slit in the earth crust this Chelan cañon must have been before it was partially filled with water. For nearly forty miles, it was once from one to almost three thousand feet deeper than the Grand Cañon of the Colorado—and still is, could we see to the bottom of this green mid-surface on which we float. At any point on the shore the *Mauretania* could throw a gang-plank to the cliffs and never graze her keel. Putting in close, our launch took us under the spray of waterfalls and beneath hanging rock gardens of lupine and paint-brush, foxglove and goat's-beard, while on many a craggy headland some storm-scarred fir flung long branches southward in the lee of the twisted trunk, its northward limbs shaved off by wind and sleet.



ACRE AFTER ACRE BLOSSOMED—AND THE DESERT WAS NO MORE

But the full glory of Chelan lies not in its depths of green water, nor in its up-leaping banks which slope back at a thousand feet above water level and carry mantles of fir up to the seven-

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thousand-foot timber-line. Its full glory is the revelation of the main Cascade Range at the head of the vista, a procession of pyramidal peaks glittering with ice and snow, which come out of the north, pass across the range of vision, and disappear to the south. The green lane of the lake makes directly for them; they grow nearer, putting off their blue to don the grays and pinks and purples of naked rock, the different textures of glacier ice and temporary snow-field becoming more and more distinct. At the last, the spur peaks which bound the lake are as high as the summits of the Cascade Divide, and they, too, are capped with the eternal snows. The lake ends against a cliff wall adorned with Indian pictures and the initials of the inevitable American vandals, and in a little sedgy meadow beside the cliff, through which the Stehekin River pours in its milky waters direct from the high glaciers. Here is journey's end, and here, the last bulwark of the lake, Castle Rock, springs up against the west, rearing its fairy battlements eight thousand feet aloft and taking the sunset in rose and gold long after the twilight shadows have dusked the lapping water and the evening lamps are lit.

Again, while the morning mists are still hovering wraiths over the lake or clinging like veils to the Douglas firs on the lower slopes, these fairy towers catch the rising sun, and send its welcome down to those below—

> Full many a glorious morning have I seen
> Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye. . . .

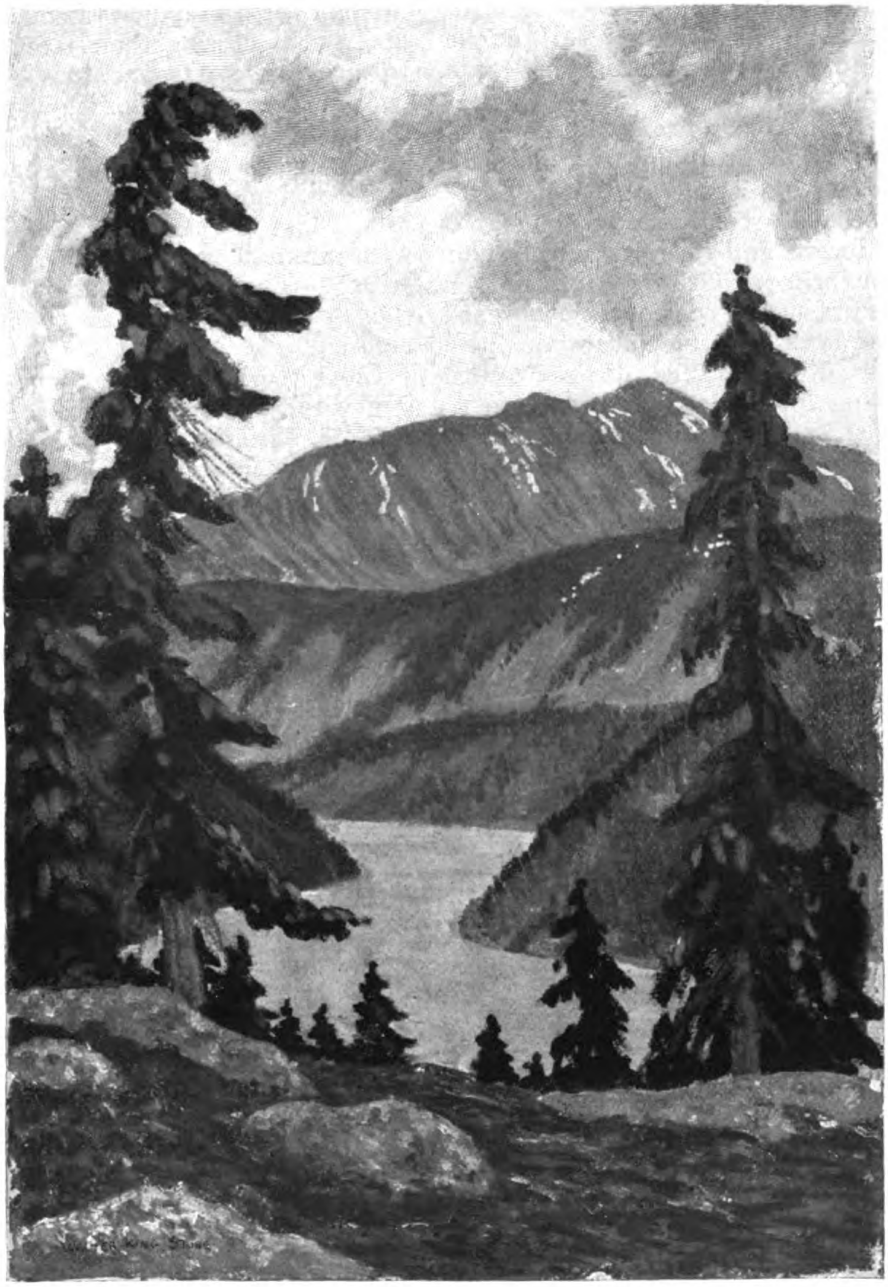
Inevitably those words occur to you as the sky-borne rocks blush and burn with salmon, rose, and gold, while the green lake beneath is a dim, quiet mirror, as if the breath of night were still clouding it. If, on the little hills of England, Shakespeare could find immortal imagery, what heights of splendor would he not have scaled could he have seen the sun rise over Lake Chelan! Or would he have been dumb, and gone a-fishing? Sometimes it is not the largest prospect, nor indeed the largest event, which evokes the magic utterance.

The entire upper water-shed of Lake Chelan, including so much of the main Cascade Range as feeds



STORM-SCARRED FIRS ON CRAGGY HEADLANDS

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THE HILLS ROSE ABRUPTLY, WITH NO FOOTHOLD FOR THE ORCHARDIST

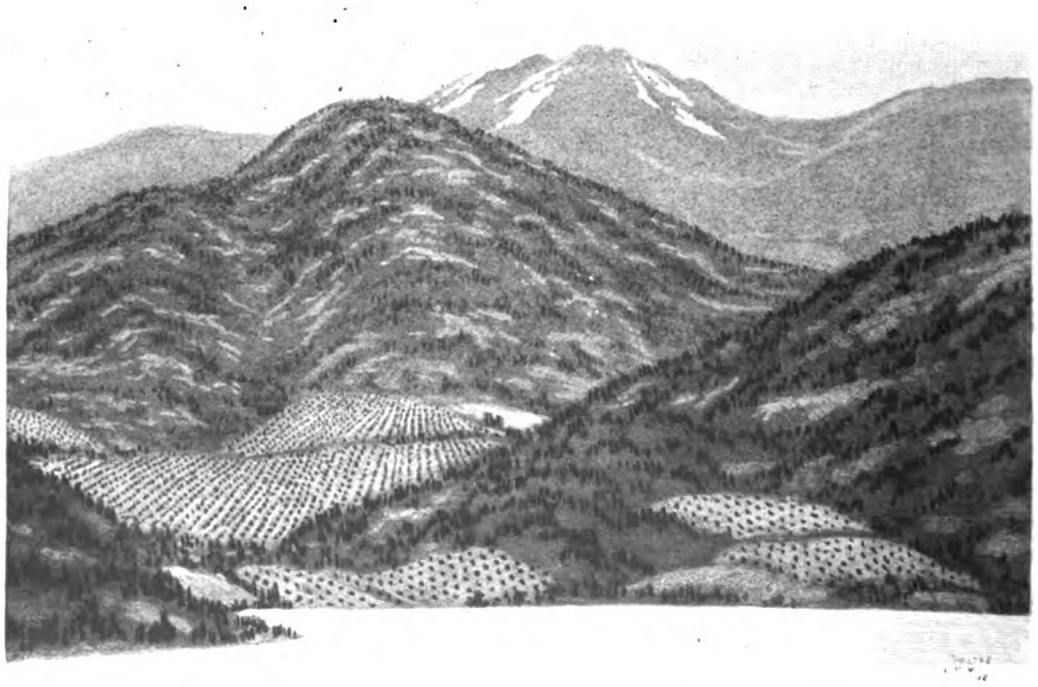
the Stehekin River, to the summit of the Divide, is a national forest, which means that the region is threaded with rangers' trails practical for horses. The name of War Creek Pass appealed to me. It was a person deluded by love who asked, "What's in a name?" There is everything in a name. Agnes Falls, which the map showed me descending over a close maze of contour intervals, left me quite cold for all the promised drop. *David Copperfield* spoiled the name Agnes for me many years ago. But War Creek Pass! That suggested something rugged and difficult, that breathed the romance of the ancient days when the Indians went over the range by this route to attack their enemies to the north. My feet should climb where their moccasins had found the way, and I would look down upon the same world they looked down upon, for man as yet has made no

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scar on this tumbled wilderness of peak and glacier. The horses were brought forth, and we strung out in single file for War Creek Pass.

The trail for several miles leads sharply upward through the peculiar Cascade forest—peculiar, to an Easterner, because it is at once meadow, garden, forest, and rock precipice. The trees, for the most part great upstanding Douglas firs, with a considerable admixture of cedar and some hardwoods, on this side of the range do not grow thickly together like a stand of Eastern pine or hemlock. The forest energy seems to have concentrated into single specimens, often a hundred feet apart, which rear brown trunks for fifty or seventy-five feet without a limb. In our Eastern woods a tree so isolated would throw lateral branches, and we develop no such shaggy columnar trunks rising from steep lawns of grass, their feet set firm in beds of wild flowers. Almost the first garden we came upon, close to the water's edge, was a great bed of foxgloves, on either side of a tiny brook. Every year in my garden I sow these queenly biennials, transplanting and retransplanting the young plants, nursing them tenderly through the winter, and deploring their later tendency to throw back to magenta. Yet, in this wild garden beside the ice-water brook, self-sown and self-protected, the gorgeous spikes were growing almost six feet tall, and not a magenta one in the lot! Most of them were white, flecked with pink. Their stalks were thick and strong. They were alike the envy and the despair of at least one Eastern amateur.

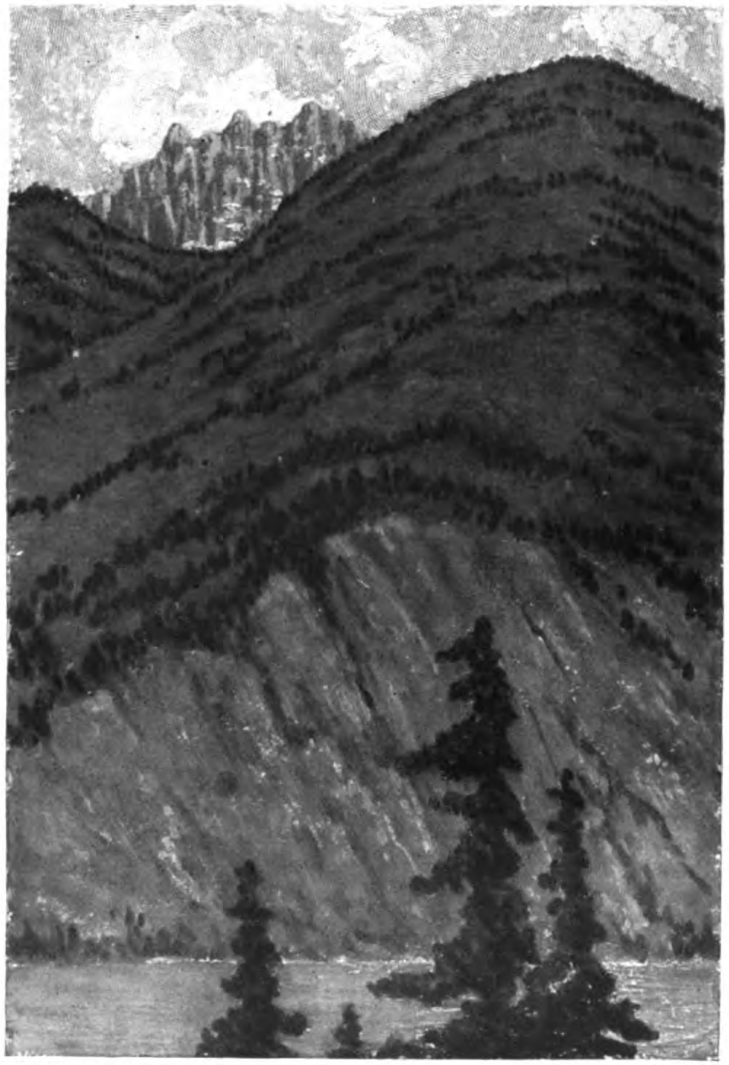
Close to the foxgloves, and companioning the trail for a long distance, were several varieties of flowering shrubs, now (early in July) in full bloom. The capberry was perhaps the most conspicuous, a large shrub with numerous blossoms not unlike small white wild roses in appearance. But the showy goat's-beard was scarcely less frequent, a bush covered with white bloom closely resembling spiræa. As the trail ascended more and more sharply, coming out now and then on a dizzy ledge far over the water, and again climbing a steep bank of the powdered, volcanic soil by a series of switchbacks, the shrubs began to drop behind and the lower wild flowers became predominant, purple lupine,



VAST GREEN-STUDDED FLOORS STRETCH FROM HILL TO HILL

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sky-blue larkspur, and the flaming orange-red paint-brush being the most conspicuous. Both the lupine and larkspur are known as annuals in our Eastern gardens, but they do not reach the brilliance of color they achieve in this volcanic ash, nor do we find them spread like bits of sky in every forest glade. Above all, we do not plant them — we cannot plant them—in happy conjunction with bright orange paint-brush around the feet of great brown fir-tree columns, with a glimpse two thousand feet below of the green water of Lake Chelan and a vista across the cañon hole of the towering walls of Castle Rock and a dazzling snow-field! In such a grove and such a garden we let our horses rest, and looked upon the scene. The bluish purple lupines and the flaming paint-brush, varying in color from orange to almost pure scarlet, grew in luxurious profusion on a carpet of grass and moss. The columnar trunks were shaggy brown. Between them we looked down into a vast hole and saw the iceberg-green lake at the bottom. A cloud ship was trailing its shadow anchor over the mountain wall across the lake. Down the side it came, dusking the forest. It swept out over the water, and where this shadow lay the water changed to amethyst.



FOREST-CLAD, AND DEVOID OF HUMAN HABITATION

We lunched at six thousand feet, on the edge of the first snow-field which was rapidly melting under a hot July sun. The snow had receded several feet in the past few days, leaving the ground bare, and through the gray scum which you always find under the accumulated winter's snow the earliest spring wild flowers were pushing up, especially dog-tooth violets, which six feet out from the present snow-line were shaking their golden bells in the breeze. We were not above timber, however. In the White Mountains of New Hampshire timber-line is at 4,500 feet. In the Alps it is at 6,400. The highest timber-line that I have ever seen recorded is 13,800 feet on Mount Orizaba, in Mexico. In Colorado and the California Sierras it is between 11,000 and 12,000 feet. Above Lake Chelan, it appears to average something under 8,000. At 6,000 feet on War

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Creek Pass we found the Douglas firs still of considerable girth and height, but they began rapidly to dwarf above that level, and the trail entered a belt of hardwoods, thin, close-growing, and rather naked trees, many of them winter killed and leaning against their upstanding brothers, or fallen like barricades across the path. The Pass itself is merely the lowest point on the summit ridge, a col between two rock pyramids. It was not till we were almost cresting this col, at considerably over seven thousand feet, that the wild, tortured, low-growing outpost trees of the true timber-line appeared, and the true Alpine flowers in the sheltered crannies. The tortured trees of timber-line! Nothing in nature, perhaps, is wilder and more thrilling. I have cut a mountain fir no higher than my knee which numbered fifty summers. I have walked on a trunk half as large as my body, which rose two feet from under the shelter of a rock, met the stinging storm blasts, and bent out flat parallel to the ground and grew thus for fifty feet, as though some giant steam-roller had passed over it. You climb through thinning and dwarfing forests, with an ever larger prospect opening out below you; you reach the heroic outposts of the trees; you inhale a colder, clearer air; you feel the breath of the snow; you see at last above you only the final heave of naked rock and the vast dome of the sky! You feel yourself a brother of these knotted and half-naked warriors, the stunted pines of timber-line!

And here at last, where the forest gave up the fight as it caught the full strength of the shearing wind, we looked into the forest world beyond the Pass, the goal of the Indians who first made the trail. We looked across the forest into the tumbled gorges of the Cascade Range, advancing like a sea of white-capped billows in a vast wave-line against the western sky. Far to the northwest rose the blue-and-white cone of Mount Baker. To the southwest, across the hole which held in its depths the green jewel of Lake Chelan, and seemingly but just beyond the opposite wall of that hole, lay the white-crowned ridge of Glacier Peak, 10,435 feet, the glaciers sprawling down its summit like some monstrous octopus of ice. All between was a world of upheaved magnificence, of deep ravine and sun-washed pinnacle, of naked precipices and dazzling snow-fields, of dark timbered slopes and the glimpse of flashing water. Down those six thousand feet below you lay the lake, the green pathway to this pageant of the peaks. Lake and pinnacle, forest and glacier, are dedicated to the nation; they are our own forever. Yet they are but a relatively small section of the unending range, set apart because of its perfection. A young poet of the Hood River Valley, homesick in New York, not long ago put his longing into verse. He spoke of the call of the West, and then he said:

But mightier still than its clarion call
Is the walloping bigness of it all,
And you live the days when your eye swept clear
From the slopes of Hood to old Rainier:
Cañon on cañon—rock-ribbed piles
Rolling away for a hundred miles—
And the gold of the sunset on leaf and branch
Crowding your soul like an avalanche.

As I stood on the wind-swept col of War Creek Pass and faced the advancing wave-line of the Cascade Range, I knew exactly what he meant. I knew the pride that was in his heart, the hunger for this lofty spaciousness. Then my thoughts descended into the hole where the green lake lay, and went back down its jeweled pathway to the orchards at its lower end, fighting their way up as close as they could get to the fir-clad cliffs and the eternal snows. There was no pity in my thoughts for these pioneers of the apple, nor admiration, either. There was only envy. They dwell by one of America's noblest lakes, the great hills are their guardians, beauty their priceless heritage. The pure sap of the glaciers is in their perfect fruit. Is it not possible, is it not likely, that something of this beauty and this spaciousness will go into the generations yet to be, into the men and women, too?

I stumbled down from War Creek Pass, leading my horse till the gathering shadows made me prefer to trust his feet rather than my own—a humbler and, I trust, a better American.

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None So Blind

BY MARY SYNON

WE were listening to Leila Burton's music—her husband, and Dick Allport, and I—with the throb of London beating under us like the surge of an ocean in anger, when there rose above the smooth harmonies of the piano and the pulsing roar of the night a sound more poignant than them both, the quavering melody of a street girl's song.

Through the purpling twilight of that St. John's Eve I had been drifting in dreams while Leila had gone from golden splendors of chords which reflected the glow on westward-fronting windows into somber symphonies which had seemed to make vocal the turbulent soul of the city—for Dick Allport and I were topping the structure of that house of life that was to shelter the love we had long been cherishing. With Leila playing in that art which had dowered her with fame I was visioning the glory of such love as she and Standish Burton gave each other while I watched Dick, sensing rather than seeing the dearness of him as he gave to the mounting climaxes the tense interest he always tendered to Leila's music.

I had known, before I came to love Dick Allport, other loves and other lovers. Because I had followed will-o'-the-wisps of fancy through marshes of sentiment I could appreciate the more the truth of that flame which he and I had lighted for our guidance on the road. A moody boy he had been when I first met him, full of a boy's high chivalry and of a boy's dark despairs. A moody man he had become in the years that had denied him the material success toward which he had striven; but something in the patience of his efforts, something in the fineness of his struggle had endeared him to me as no triumph could have done. Because he needed me, because I had come to believe that I meant to him belief in the ultimate good of living, as well as belief in womanhood, I cherished in my soul that love of him which yearned over him even as it longed for him.

Watching him in the dusk while he lounged in that concentrated quiet of attention, I went on piling the bricks of that wide house of happiness we should enter together; and, although I could see him but dimly, so well did I know every line of his face that I could fancy the little smile that quivered around his lips and that shone from the depths of his eyes as Leila played the measures we both loved. I must have been smiling in answer when the song of the girl outside rose high.

Not until that alien sound struck athwart the power and beauty of the spell did I come to know how high I had builded my castles; but the knocking at the gate toppled down the dreams as Leila swept a discord over the keyboard and crossed to the open window.

In the dusk, as she flung back the heavy curtains, I could see the bulk of Brompton Oratory set behind the houses like the looming back-drop of a painted scene. Nearer, in front of a tall house across the way, stood the singer, a thin girl whose shadowy presence seemed animated by a curious bravery. In a nasal, plaintive voice she was singing the words of a ballad of love and of loving that London, as only London can, had made curiously its own that season. The insistence of her plea—for she sang as if she cried out her life's longing, sang as if she called on the passing crowd not for alms, but for understanding—made her for the moment, before she faded back into oblivion, an artist, voicing the heartache and the heartbreak of womankind; and the artist in Leila Burton responded to the thrill.

Until the ending of the song she stood silent in front of the window, unconscious of the fact that she, and not the

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scene beyond her, held the center of the stage. Not for her beauty, although at times Leila Burton gave the impression of being exquisitely lovely, was she remarkable, but rather for that receptive attitude that made her an inspired listener. In me, who had known her for but a little while, she awakened my deepest and drowsiest ambition, the desire to express in pictures the light and the shade of the London I knew. With her I could feel the power, and the glory, and the fear, and the terror of the city as I never did at other times. It was not alone that she was all things to all men; it was that she led the men and women who knew her to the summits of their aspirations.

Even Standish Burton, big, sullen man that he was, immersed in his engineering problems, responded to his wife's spiritual charm with a readiness that always aroused in Dick and myself an admiration for him that our other knowledge of him did not justify. He was, aside from his relationship to Leila, a man whose hardness suggested a bitter knowledge of dark ways of life. Now, crouched down in the depths of his chair, he kept watching Leila with a gaze of smoldering adoration, revealing that love for her which had been strong enough to break down those barriers which she had erected in the years while he had worked for her in a Jacob's bondage. In her he seemed to be discovering, all over again, the vestal to tend the fires of his faith.

Dick Allport, too, bending forward over the table on which his hands fell clenched, was studying Leila with an inscrutable stare that seemed to be of query. I was wondering what it meant, wondering the more because my failure to understand its meaning hung another veil between my vision and my shrine of belief in the fullness of love, when the song outside came to an end and Leila turned back to us.

Her look, winging its way to Standish, lighted her face even beyond the glow from the lamps which she switched on. For an instant his heavy countenance flared into brightness. Dick Allport sighed almost imperceptibly as he turned to me. I had a feeling that such a fire as the Burtons kindled for each other should have sprung up in the moment between Dick and me, for we had fought and labored and struggled for our love as Standish and Leila had never needed to battle. Because of our constancy I expected something better than the serene affectionateness that shone in Dick's smile. I wanted such stormy passion of devotion as Burton gave to Leila, such love as I, remembering a night of years ago, knew that Dick could give. It was the old desire of earth, spoken in the street girl's song, that surged in me until I could have cried out in my longing for the soul of the sacrament whose substance I had been given; but the knowledge that we were, the four of us, conventional people in a conventional setting locked my heart as it locked my lips until I could mirror the ease with which Leila bore herself.

"I have been thinking," she said, lightly, "that I should like to be a street singer for a night. If only a piano were not so cumbersome, I should go out and play into the ears of the city the thing that girl put into her song."

"Why not?" I asked her. "It would be an adventure, and life has too few adventures."

"It might have too many," Dick said.

"Not for Leila," Standish declared. "Life's for her a quest of joy."

"That's it," Dick interposed. "Her adventures have all been joyous."

"But they haven't," Leila insisted. "I'm no spoiled darling of the gods. I've been poor, poor as that girl out there. I've had heartaches, and disappointments, and misfortunes."

"Not vital ones," Dick declared. "You've never had a knock-out blow."

"She doesn't know what one is," Standish laughed, but there sounded a ruefulness in his laughter that told of the kind of blow he must once have suffered to bring that note in his voice. Standish Burton took life lightly, except where Leila was concerned. His manner now indicated, almost mysteriously, that something threatened his harbor of peace, but the regard Leila gave to him proved that the threat of impending danger had not come to her.

"Oh, but I do know," she persisted.

"Vicariously," I suggested. "All artists do."

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

UNTIL THE ENDING OF THE SONG SHE STOOD SILENT

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"No, actually," she said.

"You're wrong," said Standish. "You're the sort of woman whom the world saves from its own cruelties."

There was something so essentially true in his appraisal of his wife that the certainty covered the banality of his statement and kept Dick and myself in agreement with him. Leila Burton, exquisitely remote from all things commonplace, was unquestionably a woman to be protected. Without envy—since my own way had its compensations in full measure—I admitted it.

"I think that you must have forgotten, if you ever knew," she said, "how I struggled here in London for the little recognition I have won."

"Oh, that!" Dick Allport deprecated. "That isn't what Stan means. Every one in the world worth talking about goes through that sort of struggle. He means the flinging down from a high mountain after you've seen the glories, not of this world, but of another, the casting out from paradise after you've learned what paradise may mean." He spoke with an odd timbre of emotion in his voice, a quality that puzzled me for the moment.

"That's it," said Standish, gratefully. "Those are the knock-out blows."

"Well, then, I don't know them"—Leila admitted her defeat—"and I hope that I shall not."

Softly she began to play the music of an accompaniment. There was a familiar hauntingness in its strains that puzzled me until I associated them with the song that Burton used to whistle so often in the times when Leila was in Paris and he had turned for companionship to Dick and to me.

"I've heard Stan murder that often enough to be able to try it myself," I told her.

"I didn't know he knew it," she said. "I heard it for the first time the other day. A girl—I didn't hear her name—sang it for an encore at the concert of the Musicians' Club. She sang it well, too. She was a queer girl," Leila laughed, "a little bit of a thing, with all the air of a tragedy queen. And you should have heard how she sang that! You know the words?"—she asked me over her shoulder:

"And because I, too, am a lover,
And my love is far from me,
I hated the two on the sands there,
And the moon, and the sands, and the sea."

"And the moon, and the sands, and the sea," Dick repeated. He rose, going to the window where Leila had stood, and looking outward. When he faced us again he must have seen the worry in my eyes, for he smiled at me with the old, endearing fondness and touched my hair lightly as he passed.

"What was she like—the girl?" Standish asked, lighting another cigarette.

"Oh, just ordinary and rather pretty. Big brown eyes that seemed to be forever asking a question that no one could answer, and a little pointed chin that she flung up when she sang." Dick Allport looked quickly across at Burton, but Stan gave him no answering glance. He was staring at Leila as she went on: "I don't believe I should have noticed her at all if she hadn't come to me as I was leaving the hall. 'Are you Mrs. Standish Burton?' she asked me. When I told her that I was, she stared me full in the face, then walked off without another word. I wish that I could describe to you, though, the scorn and contempt that blazed in her eyes. If I had been a singer who had robbed her of her chance at Covent Garden I could have understood. But I'd never seen her before, and my singing wouldn't rouse the envy of a crow!" She laughed light-heartedly over the recollection, then her face clouded. "Do you know," she mused, "that I thought just now, when the girl was singing on the street, that I should like to know that other girl? There was something about her that I can't forget. She was the sort that tries, and fails, and sinks. Some day, I'm afraid, she'll be singing on the streets, and, if I ever hear her, I shall have a terrible thought that I might have saved her from it, if only I had tried!"

"Better let her sort alone," Burton said, shortly. He struck a match and relit his cigarette with a gesture of savage annoyance. Leila looked at him in amazement, and Dick gave him a glance that seemed to counsel silence. There was a hostility about the mood

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into which Standish relapsed that seemed to bring in upon us some of the urgent sorrows of the city outside, as if he had drawn aside a curtain to show us a world alien to the place of beauty and of the making of beauty through which Leila moved. Even she must have felt the import of his mood, for she let her hands fall on the keys while Dick and I stared at each other before the shock of this crackle that seemed to threaten the perfection of their happiness.

From Brompton came the boom of the bell for evensong. Down Piccadilly ran the roar of the night traffic, wending a blithesome way to places of pleasure. It was the hour when London was wont to awaken to the thrill of its greatness, its power, its vastness, its strength, and its glory, and to send down luminous lanes its carnival crowd of men and women. It was the time when weltering misery shrank shrouded into merciful gloom; when the East End lay far from our hearts; when poverty and sin and shame went skulking into byways where we need never follow; when painted women held back in the shadows; when the pall of night rested like a velvet carpet over the spaces of that floor that, by daylight, gave glimpses into loathsome cellars of humanity. It was, as it had been so often of late, an hour of serene beauty, that first hour of darkness in a June night with the season coming to an end, an hour of dusk to be remembered in exile or in age.

There should have come to us then the strains of an orchestra floating in with the fragrance of gardenias from a vender's basket, symbols of life's call to us, luring us out beneath stars of joy. But, instead, the bell of Brompton pealed out warningly over our souls, and, when its clanging died, there drifted in the sound of a preaching voice.

Only phrases clattering across tne darkness were the words from beyond—resonant through the open windows: "The Cross is always ready, and everywhere awaiteth thee. . . . Turn thyself upward, or turn thyself downward; turn thyself inward, or turn thyself outward; everywhere thou shalt find the Cross; . . . if thou fling away one Cross thou wilt find another, and perhaps a heavier."

Like sibylline prophecy the voice of the unseen preacher struck down on us. We moved uneasily, the four of us, as he cried out challenge to the passing world, before his voice went down before the surge of a hymn. Then, just as the gay whirl of cars and omnibuses beat once more upon the pavements, and London swung joyously into our hearts again, the bell of the telephone in the hall rang out with a quivering jangle that brought Leila to her feet even as Standish jumped to answer its summons.

She stood beside the piano as he gave answer to the call, watching him as if she expected evil news. Dick, who had moved back into the shadow from a lamp on the table, was staring with that same searching gaze he had bestowed on her when she had lingered beside the window. I was looking at him, when a queer cry from Standish whirled me around.

In the dim light of the hall he was standing with the instrument in his hands, clutching it with the stupidity of a man who has been struck by an unexpected and unexplainable missile. His face had gone to a grayish white, and his hands trembled as he set the receiver on the hook. His eyes were bulging from emotion and he kept wetting his lips as he stood in the doorway.

"What is it?" Leila cried. "What's happened, Stan? Can't you tell me? What is it?"

Not to her, but to Dick Allport, he made answer. "Bessie Lowe is dead!"

I saw Dick Allport's thunderstruck surprise before he arose. I saw his glance go from Standish to Leila with a questioning that overrode all other possible emotion in him. Then I saw him look at Burton as if he doubted his sanity. His voice, level as ever, rang sharply across the other man's distraction.

"When did she die?" he asked him.

"Just now." He ran his hand over his hair, gazing at Dick as if Leila and I were not there. "She—she killed herself down in the Hotel Meynard."

"Why?" Leila's voice, hard with terror, snapped off the word.

"She—she— I don't know." He stared at his wife as if he had just become conscious of her presence. The grayness

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in his face deepened, and his lips grew livid. Like a man condemned to death, he stared at the world he was losing.

"Who is Bessie Lowe?" Leila questioned. "And why have they called you to tell of her?" Her eyes blazed with a fire that seemed about to singe pretense from his soul.

His hand went to his throat, and I saw Leila whiten. Her hand, resting on the piano, trembled, but her face held immobile, although I knew that all the happiness of the rest of her life hung upon his answer. On what Standish Burton would tell her depended the years to come. In that moment I knew that she loved him even as I loved Dick, even as women have always loved and will always love the men whom fate had marked for their caring; and in a sudden flash of vision I knew, too, that Burton, no matter what Bessie Lowe or any other girl had ever been to him, worshiped his wife with an intensity of devotion that would make all his days one long reparation for whatever wrong he might have done her. I knew, though, that, if he had done the wrong, she would never again be able to give him the eager love he desired, and I, too, an unwilling spectator, waited on his words for his future and Leila's; but his voice did not make answer. It was Dick Allport who spoke.

"Bessie Lowe is a girl I used to care for," he said. "She is the girl who sang at the Musicians' Club, the girl who spoke to you. She heard that I was going to be married. She wanted me to come back to her. I refused."

He was standing in the shadow, looking neither at Leila nor at me, but at Standish Burton. Burton turned to him.

"Yes," he muttered, thickly, "they told me to tell you. They knew you'd be here."

"I see," said Leila. She looked at Standish and then at Dick Allport, and there came into her eyes a queer, glazed stare that filmed their brightness. "I am sorry that I asked questions, Mr. Allport, about something that was nothing to me. Will you forgive me?"

"There is nothing to be forgiven," he said. He turned to her and smiled a little. She tried to answer his smile, but a gasp came from her instead.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said, "so sorry for her!"

It was Standish's gaze that brought to me sudden realization that I, too, had a part in the drama. Until I found his steady stare on me I had felt apart from the play that he and Dick and Leila were going through, but with his urgent glare I awoke into knowledge that the message he had taken for Dick held for me the same significance that Leila had thought it bore for her. Like a stab from a knife came the thought that this girl—whoever she was—had, in her dying, done what she had not done in life, taken Dick Allport from me. There went over me numbing waves of a great sense of loss, bearing me out on an ocean of oblivion. Against these I fought desperately to hold myself somewhere near the shore of sensibility. As if I were beholding him from a great distance, I could see Dick standing in the lamplight in front of Leila Burton. Understanding of how dear he was to me, of how vitally part of me he had grown in the years through which I had loved him — sometimes lightly, sometimes stormily, but always faithfully— beaconed me inshore; and the plank of faith in him, faith that held in itself something of forgiving charity, floated out to succor my drowning soul. I moved across the room while Standish Burton kept his unwinking gaze upon me, and Leila never looked up from the piano. I had come beside Dick before he heard me.

He looked at me as if he had only just then remembered that I was there. Into his eyes flashed a look of poignant remorse. He shrank back from me a little as I touched his hand, and I turned to Leila, who had not stirred from the place where she had listened to Standish's cry when he took the fateful message. "We are going," I said, "to do what we can—for her."

She moved then to look at me, and I saw that her eyes held not the compassion I had feared, but a strange speculativeness, as if she questioned what I knew rather than what I felt. Their contemplating quiet somehow disturbed me more than had her husband's flash-lighting scrutiny, and with eyes suddenly blinded and throat drawn

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tight with terror I took my way beside Dick Allport out from the soft lights of the Burtons' house into the darkness of the night.

Outside we paused a moment, waiting for a cab. For the first time since he had told Leila of Bessie Lowe, Dick spoke to me. "I think," he said, "that it would be just as well if you didn't come."

"I must," I told him. "It isn't curiosity. You understand that, don't you? It is simply that this is the time for me to stand by you, if ever I shall do it, Dick."

"I don't deserve it." There was a break in his voice. "But I shall try to, my dear. I can't promise you much, but I can promise you that."

Down the brightness of Piccadilly into the fuller glow of Regent Street we rode without speech. Somewhere below the Circus we turned aside and went through dim cañons of houses that opened a way past the Museum and let us into Bloomsbury. There in a wilderness of cheap hotels and lodging-houses we found the Meynard.

A gas lamp was flaring in the hall when the porter admitted us. At a desk set under the stairway a pale-faced clerk awaited us with staring insolence that shifted to annoyance when Dick asked him if we might go to Bessie Lowe's room. "No," he said, abruptly. "The officers won't let any one in there. They've taken her to the undertaker's."

He gave us the location of the place with a scorn that sent us out in haste. I, at least, felt a sense of relief that I did not have to go up to the place where this unknown girl had thrown away the greatest gift. As we walked through the poorly lighted streets toward the Tottenham Court Road I felt for the first time a surge of that emotion that Leila Burton had voiced, a pity for the dead girl. And yet, stealing a look at Dick as he walked onward quietly, sadly, but with a dignity that lifted him above the sordidness of the circumstances, I felt that I could not blame him as I should. It was London, I thought, and life that had tightened the rope on the girl.

Strangely I felt a lightness of relief in the realization that the catastrophe, having come, was not really as terrible as it had seemed back there in Leila's room. It was an old story that many women had conned, and since, after all, Dick Allport was yet young, and my own, I condoned the sin for the sake of the sinner; and yet, even as I held the thought close to my aching heart, I felt that I was somehow letting slip from my shoulders the cross that had been laid upon them, the cross that I should have borne, the burden of shame and sorrow for the wrong that the man I loved had done to the girl who had died for love of him.

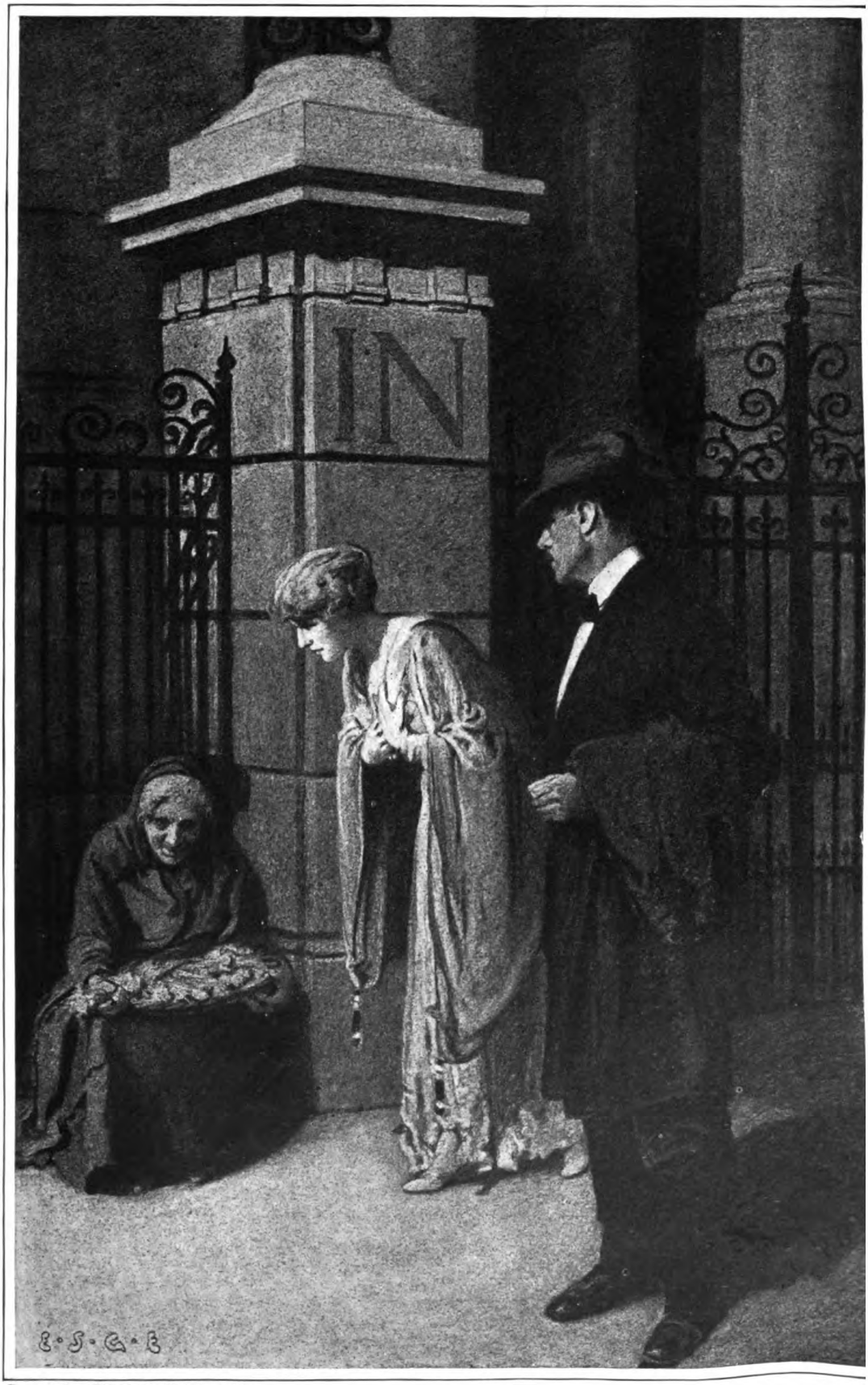
The place where she lay, a gruesome establishment set in behind that highway of reeking cheapness, the Tottenham Court Road, was very quiet when we entered. A black-garbed man came to meet us from a room in which we saw two tall candles burning. Dick spoke to him sharply, asking if any one had come to look after the dead girl.

"No one with authority," the man whined—"just a girl as lived with her off and on."

He stood, rubbing his hands together as Dick went into hurried details with him, and I went past them into the room where the candles burned. For an instant, as I stood at the door, I had the desire to run away from it all, but I pulled myself together and went over to the place where lay the girl they had called Bessie Lowe.

I had drawn back the sheet and was standing looking down at the white face when I heard a sob in the room. I replaced the covering and turned to see in the corner the shadowy form of a woman whose eyes blazed at me out of the dark. While I hesitated, wondering if this were the girl who had lived occasionally with Bessie Lowe, she came closer, staring at me with scornful hate. Miserably thin, wretchedly nervous as she was, she had donned for the nonce a mantle of dignity that she seemed to be trailing as she approached, glaring at me with furious resentment. "So you thought as how you'd come here," she demanded of me, her crimsoned face close to my own, "to see what she was like, to see what sort of a girl had him before you took him away from her? Well, I'll tell you

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"IT MEANS THE END OF THE SEASON, WHEN THE LAVENDER COMES TO LONDON"

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something, and you can forget it or remember it, as you like. Bessie Lowe was a good girl until she ran into him, and she'd have stayed good, I tell you, if he'd let her alone. She was a fool, though, and she thought that he'd marry her some day—and all the time he was only waiting until you'd take him! You never think of our kind, do you, when you're living out your lives, wondering if you care enough to marry the men who're worshiping you while they're playing with us? Well, perhaps it won't be anything to you, but, all the same, there's some kind of a God, and if He's just He'll punish you when He punishes Standish Burton!"

"But I—" I gasped. "Did you think that I—?"

"Aren't you his wife?" She came near to me, peering at me in the flickering candle-light. "Aren't you Standish Burton's wife?"

"No," I said.

"Oh, well"—she shrugged—"you're her sort, and it 'll come to the same thing in the end."

She slouched back to the corner, all anger gone from her. Outside I heard Dick's voice, low, decisive. Swiftly I followed the girl. "You must tell me," I pleaded with her, "if she did it because of Standish Burton."

"I thought everybody knew that," she said, "even his wife. What's it to you, if you're not that?"

"Nothing," I replied, but I knew, as I stood where she kept vigil with Bessie Lowe, that I lied. For I saw the truth in a lightning-flash; and I knew, as I had not known when Dick perjured himself in Leila's music-room, that I had come to the place of ultimate understanding, for I realized that not a dead girl, but a living woman, had come between us. Not Bessie Lowe, but Leila Burton, lifted the sword at the gateway of my paradise.

With the poignancy of a poisoned arrow reality came to me. Because Dick had loved Leila Burton he had laid his bond with me on the altar of his chivalry. For her sake he had sacrificed me to the hurt to which Standish would not sacrifice her. And the joke of it—the pity of it was that she hadn't believed them! But because she was Burton's wife, because it was too late for facing of the truth, she had pretended to believe Dick; and she had known, she must have known, that he had lied to her because he loved her.

The humiliation of that knowledge beat down on me, battering me with such blows as I had not felt in my belief that Dick had not been true to me in his affair with this poor girl. Her rivalry, living or dead, I could have endured and overcome—for no Bessie Lowe could ever have won from Dick, as she could never have given to him, that thing which was mine. But against Leila Burton I could not stand, for she was of my world, of my own people, and the crown a man would give to her was the one he must take from me.

There in that snabby place I buried my idols. Not I, but a power beyond me, held the stone on which was written commandment for me. By the light of the candles above Bessie Lowe I knew that I should not marry Dick Allport.

I found him waiting for me at the doorway. I think that he knew then that the light of our guiding lantern had flickered out, but he said nothing. We crossed the garishly bright road and went in silence through quiet streets. Like children afraid of the dark we went through the strange ways of the city, two lonely stragglers from the procession of love, who, with our own dreams ended, saw clearer the world's wild pursuit of the fleeing vision.

We had wandered back into our own land when, in front of the darkened Oratory and almost under the shadow of Leila Burton's home, there came to us through the soft darkness the ominous plea that heralds summer into town. Out of the shadows an old woman, bent and shriveled, leaned toward us. "Get yer lavender to-night," she pleaded. "'Tis the first of the crop, m'lidy."

"That means—" Dick Allport began as I paused to buy.

I fastened the sprigs at my belt, then looked up at the distant stars, since I could not yet bear to look at him. "It means the end of the season," I said, "when the lavender comes to London."

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Mark Twain's Letters

Arranged, with Comment, by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

THE beginning of the year 1894 found Mark Twain sailing buoyantly on a tide of optimism. The great Standard Oil magnate, H. H. Rogers, had become his business adviser; with such a a financial pilot Clemens believed he could weather safely any storm or stress. He could consider his business affairs with interest and amusement, instead of with haggard anxiety. He ran over to Hartford to see an amateur play; to Boston to give a charity reading; to Fair Haven to open the library which Mr. Rogers had established there; he attended gay dinners, receptions, and late studio parties, acquiring the name of the "Belle of New York."

In the following letter to Mrs. Clemens, who had remained with the daughters abroad, we get Mark Twain's estimate of the man who was so cheerfully willing to undertake the solving of an author's financial problems.

To Mrs. Clemens, in Paris:

THE PLAYERS,
Feb. 15, '94. 11.30 P.M.

Livy darling, yesterday I talked all my various matters over with Mr. Rogers & we decided that it would be safe for me to leave here the 7th of March in the *New York*. So his private secretary, Miss Harrison, wrote & ordered a berth for me & then I lost no time in cabling you that I should reach Southampton March 14, & Paris the 15th. Land, but it made my pulses leap, to think I was going to see you again!

One thing at a time. I never fully laid Webster's disastrous condition before Mr. Rogers until to-night after billiards. I did hate to burden his good heart and overworked head with it, but he took hold with avidity & said it was no burden to work for his friends, but a pleasure. We discussed it from various standpoints, & found it a sufficiently difficult problem to solve; but he thinks that after he has slept upon it & thought it over he will know what to suggest.

You must not think that I am ever rude with Mr. Rogers, I am not. He is not common clay, but fine—fine & delicate—& that sort do not call out the coarsenesses that are in my sort. I am never afraid of wounding him; I do not need to watch myself in that matter. The sight of him is peace.

He wants to go to Japan—it is his dream; wants to go with me—which means, the two families—& hear no more about business for a while, & have a rest. And he needs it. But it is all the dreams of all busy men—fated to remain dreams.

You perceive that he is a pleasant text for me. It is easy to write about him. When I arrived in September, lord how black the prospect was—how desperate, how incurably desperate! Webster & Co had to have a small sum of money or go under at once. I flew to Hartford—to my friends—but they were not moved, not strongly interested, & I was ashamed that I went. It was from Mr. Rogers, a stranger, that I got the money & was by it saved. And then—while still a stranger—he set himself the task of saving my financial life without putting upon me (in his native delicacy) any sense that I was the recipient of a charity, a benevolence—& he has accomplished that task; accomplished it at cost of three months of wearing & difficult labor. He gave that time to me—time which could not be bought by any man at a hundred thousand dollars a month—no, nor for three times the money.

Well, in the midst of that great fight, that long & admirable fight, W—— came to me & said—

"There is a splendid chance open to you. I know a man—a prominent man—who has written a book that will go like wildfire; a book that arraigns the Standard Oil fiends, & gives them unmitigated hell, individual by individual. It is the very book for you to publish; there is a fortune in it, & I can put you in communication with the author."

I *wanted* to say—

"The only man *I* care for in the world; the only man I would give a *damn* for; the only man who is lavishing his sweat and blood to save me & mine from starvation & shame, is a Standard Oil fiend. If you know me, you know whether I want the book or not."

But I didn't say that. I said I didn't want *any* book; I wanted to get out of the publishing business & out of *all* business, &

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was here for that purpose & would accomplish it if I could.

But there's enough. I shall be asleep by 3, & I don't need much sleep, because I am never drowsy or tired these days. Dear, dear Susy!—my strength reproaches me when I think of her & you, my darling.

SAML

But even so able a man as Henry Rogers could not accomplish the impossible. The affairs of the Webster Company were hopeless; the business was not worth saving. By Mr. Rogers's advice an assignment was made April 18, 1894. After its early spectacular success, less than ten years had brought failure. The publication of the Grant *Memoirs* had been its only great achievement.

Clemens sailed for Europe as soon as his affairs would permit him to go. He must get settled where he could work comfortably. Typesetter prospects seemed promising, but meantime there was need of funds.

He began writing on the ship, as was his habit, and had completed an article on Fenimore Cooper by the time he reached London. In August we find him writing to Mr. Rogers from Étretat, a little Norman watering-place.

Clemens had written the first half of his *Joan of Arc* book at the Villa Viviani, in Florence, nearly two years before. He had closed the manuscript then with the taking of Orleans, and was by no means sure that he would continue the story beyond that point. Now, however, he was determined to reach the tale's tragic conclusion.

To H. H. Rogers, in New York:

ÉTRETAT (Normandie)
(Chalet des Abris),
Aug. 25, '94.

DEAR MR. ROGERS,—I find the Madam ever so much better in health and strength. The air is superb and soothing and wholesome, and the Chalet is remote from noise and people, and just the place to write in. I shall begin work this afternoon.

Mrs. Clemens is in great spirits on account of the benefit which she has received from the electrical treatment in Paris and is bound to take it up again and continue it all the winter, and of course I am perfectly willing. She requires me to drop the lecture platform out of my mind and go straight ahead with *Joan* until the book is finished. If I should have to go home for even a week she means to go with me—won't consent to be separated again—but she hopes I won't need to go. I tell her all right, "I won't go unless you send, and then I *must*."

She keeps the accounts; and as she ciphers it we can't get crowded for money for eight months yet. I didn't know that. But I don't know much anyway.

Sincerely yours,
S. L. CLEMENS.

Rouen, where Joan met her martyrdom, was only a short distance away, and they halted there *en route* to Paris where they had arranged to spend the winter. The health of Susy Clemens was not good, and they lingered in Rouen while Clemens explored the old city and incidentally did some writing of another sort. In a note to Mr. Rogers he said:

To put in my odd time I am writing some articles about Paul Bourget and his *Outre-Mer* chapters—laughing at them and at some of our oracular owls who find them important. What the hell makes them important, I should like to know!"

He was still at Rouen two weeks later and had received encouraging news from Rogers concerning the typesetter which had been placed for trial in the office of the Chicago *Herald*. Clemens wrote:

I can hardly keep from sending a hurrah by cable. I would certainly do it if I wasn't so superstitious.

His restraint, however, was wasted—the end was near. The machine did not stand the test of hard daily service. The report came of its complete breakdown.

To H. H. Rogers, in New York:

169 RUE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ,
PARIS, *Dec. 22, '94.*

DEAR MR. ROGERS,—I *seemed* to be entirely expecting your letter, and also prepared and resigned; but Lord, it shows how little we know ourselves and how easily we can deceive ourselves. It hit me like a thunder-clap. It knocked every rag of sense out of my head, and I went flying here and there and yonder, not knowing what I was doing, and only one clearly defined thought standing up visible and substantial out of the crazy storm-drift—that my dream of ten years was in desperate peril, and out of the 60,000 or 70,000 projects for its rescue that came flocking through my skull, not one would hold still long enough for me to examine it and size it up. Have you ever been like that? Not so much so, I reckon.

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There was another clearly defined idea—I must be there and see it die. That is, if it must die; and maybe if I were there we might hatch up some next-to-impossible way to make it take up its bed and take a walk.

So, at the end of four hours I started, still whirling, and walked over to the rue Scribe —4 P.M.—and asked a question or two and was told I should be running a big risk if I took the 9 P.M. train for London and Southampton; "better come right along at 6.52 per Havre special and step aboard the *New York* all easy and comfortable." Very! and I about two miles from home, with no packing done.

Then it occurred to me that none of these salvation-notions that were whirl-winding through my head could be examined or made available unless at least a month's time could be secured. So I cabled you, and said to myself that I would take the French steamer to-morrow (which will be Sunday).

By bedtime Mrs. Clemens had reasoned me into a fairly rational and contented state of mind; but of course it didn't last long. So I went on thinking—mixing it with a smoke in the dressing room once an hour—until dawn this morning. Result—a sane resolution; no matter what your answer to my cable might be, I would hold still and not sail until I should get an answer to this present letter which I am now writing or a cable answer from you saying "Come" or "Remain."

Yours sincerely,
S. L. CLEMENS.

Page managed to get some Chicago men to try and go on with the machine, and a new company was formed, but as Rogers had dropped the matter it had no further interest for Clemens. His chief concern was for those who had put money into the enterprise.

To H. H. Rogers, in New York:

169 RUE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ,
PARIS, *Jan. 29, '95.*

DEAR MR. ROGERS,—Your felicitous and delightful letter of the 15th arrived three days ago and brought great pleasure into the house.

There is one thing that weighs heavily on Mrs. Clemens and me. That is Brusnahan's money. If he is satisfied to have it invested in the Chicago enterprise, well and good; if not, we would like to have the money paid back to him. I will give him as many months to decide in as he pleases—let him name 6 or 10 or 12—and we will let the money stay where it is in your hands till the time is up. Will Miss Harrison tell him so? I mean if you approve. I would like him to have a good investment, but would meantime prefer to protect him against loss.

At 6 minutes past 7 yesterday evening Joan of Arc was burned at the stake.

With the long strain gone, I am in a sort of physical collapse to-day, but it will be gone to-morrow. I judged that this end of the book would be hard work, and it turned out so.

Possibly the book may not sell, but that is nothing—it was written for love.

There—I'm called to see company. The family seldom require this of me, but they know I am not working today.

Yours sincerely,
S. L. CLEMENS.

"Brusnahan," of the foregoing letter, was an employee of the New York *Herald*—superintendent of the press-room—who had invested some of his savings in the typesetter.

In February Clemens returned to New York to look after matters connected with his failure, and to close arrangements for a reading tour around the world. He was nearly sixty years old, and time had not lessened his loathing for the platform. More than once, however, in earlier years, he had turned to it as a debt payer, and never yet had his burden been so great as now. He concluded arrangements with Major Pond, to take him as far as the Pacific coast, and with R. S. Smythe of Australia, for the rest of the tour. In April we find him once more back in Paris preparing to bring the family to America. He had returned by way of London and stopped a day or two to visit Henry M. Stanley an old friend.

To H. H. Rogers, in New York:

169 RUE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ,
Apr. 7, '95.

DEAR MR. ROGERS,—Stanley is magnificently housed in London, in a grand mansion in the midst of the official world right off Downing Street and Whitehall. He had an extraordinary assemblage of brains and fame there to meet me—thirty or forty (both sexes) at dinner, and more than a hundred came in after dinner. Kept it up till after midnight. There were cabinet ministers, ambassadors, admirals, generals, canons, Oxford professors, novelists, playwrights, poets and a number of people equipped with rank *and* brains. I told some yarns and made some speeches. I promised to call on all those people next time I come to London, and show them the wife and the daughters.

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If I were younger and very strong I would dearly love to spend a season in London—provided I had no work on hand, or no work more exacting than lecturing. I think I will lecture there a month or two when I return from Australia.

There were many delightful ladies in that company. One was the wife of His Excellency Admiral Bridge, Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Station, and she said her husband was able to throw wide all doors to me in that part of the world and would be glad to do it, and would yacht me and my party around, and excursion us in his flagship and make us have a great time; and she said she would write him we were coming, and we would find him ready. I have a letter from her this morning enclosing a letter of introduction to the Admiral. I already know the Admiral commanding in the China Seas and have promised to look in on him out there. He sleeps with my books under his pillow. P'raps it is the only way he *can* sleep.

According to Mrs. Clemens's present plans—subject to modification, of course—we sail in May; stay one day, or two days in New York, spend June, July and August in Elmira and prepare my lectures; then lecture in San Francisco and thereabouts during September and sail for Australia before the middle of October and open the show there about the middle of November. We don't take the girls along; it would be too expensive and they are quite willing to remain behind anyway.

Mrs. C. is feeling so well that she is not going to try the New York doctor till we have gone around the world and robbed it and made the finances a little easier.

With a power of love to you all,

S. L. CLEMENS.

There would come moments of depression, of course, and a week later he wrote:

I am tired to death all the time, and my head is tired and clogged too, and the mill refuses to go. It comes of depression of spirits, I think caused by the impending horror of the platform.

To a man of less vitality, less vigor of mind and body, it is easy to believe that under such circumstances this condition would have become permanent. But perhaps, after all, it was his comic outlook on things in general that was his chief life-saver.

To H. H. Rogers, in New York:

169 RUE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ.
April 25, '95.

DEAR MR. ROGERS,—I have been hidden an hour or two, reading proof of *Joan* and now I think I am a lost child. I can't find anybody on the place. The baggage has all disappeared, including the family. I reckon that in the hurry and bustle of moving to the hotel they forgot me. But it is no matter. It is peacefuller now than I have known it for days and days and days.

In these *Joan* proofs which I have been reading for the September *Harper* I find a couple of tip-top platform readings—and I mean to read them on our trip, if the authorship is known by then; and if it isn't, I will reveal it. The fact is, there is more good platform stuff in *Joan* than in any previous book of mine, by a long sight.

Yes, every danged member of the tribe has gone to the hotel and left me lost. I wonder how they can be so careless with property. I have got to try to get there by myself now.

All the trunks are going over as luggage; then I've got to find somebody on the dock who will agree to ship 6 of them to the Hartford Custom House. If it is difficult I will dump them into the river. It is very careless of Mrs. Clemens to trust trunks and things to me.

Sincerely yours,
S. L. CLEMENS.

By the latter part of May they were in America, at Quarry Farm, and Clemens, laid up there with a carbuncle, was preparing for his long tour. The outlook was not a pleasant one. To Mr. Rogers he wrote:

I sha'n't be able to stand on the platform before we start west. I sha'n't get a single chance to practice my reading; but will have to appear in Cleveland without the essential preparation. Nothing in this world can save it from being a shabby poor disgusting performance. I've got to *stand*; I can't *sit* and talk to a house, and how in the nation am I going to do it? Land of Goshen, it's *this night week!* Pray for me."

The opening at Cleveland, July 15th, appears not to have been much of a success, though from another reason, one that doubtless seemed amusing to him later.

To H. H. Rogers, in New York:

(Forenoon)
CLEVELAND, *July 16, '94.*

DEAR MR. ROGERS,—Had a roaring success at the Elmira reformatory Sunday night. But here, last night, I suffered defeat. There were a couple of hundred little boys behind me on the stage, on a lofty tier of benches which made them the most conspicuous object in the house. And there was nobody to

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watch them or keep them quiet. Why, with their scufflings and horse-play and noise, it was just a menagerie. Besides, a concert of amateurs had been smuggled into the program (to *precede* me), and their families and friends (say ten percent of the audience) kept encoring them and they always responded. So it was 20 minutes to 9 before I got on the platform in front of those 2,600 people who had paid a dollar apiece for a chance to go to hell in this fashion.

I got started magnificently, but inside of half an hour the scuffling boys had the audience's maddened attention and I saw it was a gone case; so I skipped a third of my program and quit. The newspapers are kind, but between you and me it was a defeat. There ain't going to be any more concerts at *my* lectures. I care nothing for this defeat, because it was not my fault. My first half hour showed that I had the house, and I could have *kept* it if I hadn't been so handicapped.

Yours sincerely,
S. L. CLEMENS.

Monday.

P. S.—Had a satisfactory time at Petoskey. Crammed the house and turned away a crowd. We had $548 in the house, which was $300 more than it had ever had in it before. I believe I don't care to have a talk go off better than that one did.

Mark Twain on his long tour was accompanied by his wife and his daughter Clara, Susy and Jean Clemens remaining with their aunt at Quarry Farm. The tour was a financial success from the start. By the time they were ready to sail from Vancouver five thousand dollars had been remitted to Mr. Rogers against that day of settlement when the debts of the Webster Company were to be paid. Perhaps it should be stated here that a legal basis of settlement had been arranged of fifty cents on the dollar, but neither Clemens nor his wife consented to this as final. They would pay in full.

They sailed from Vancouver, August 23, 1895.

Clemens, platforming in Australia, was too busy to write letters. Everywhere he was welcomed by great audiences, and everywhere lavishly entertained. He was beset by other carbuncles, but would seem not to have been seriously delayed by them. A letter to his old friend Twichell carries the story.

To Rev. Jos. H. Twichell, in Hartford:

FRANK MOELLER'S MASONIC HOTEL,
NAPIER.

NEW ZEALAND, *November 29, '95.*

DEAR JOE,—Your welcome letter of two months & five days ago has just arrived, & finds me in bed with another carbuncle. It is No. 3. Not a serious one this time. I lectured last night without great inconvenience, but the doctors thought best to forbid to-night's lecture. My second one kept me in bed a week in Melbourne.

. . . We are all glad it is you who is to write the article, it delights us all through.

I think it was a good stroke of luck that knocked me on my back here at Napier, instead of some hotel in the center of a noisy city. Here we have the smooth & placidly-complaining sea at our door, with nothing between us & it but 20 yards of shingle—& hardly a suggestion of life in that space to mar it or make a noise. Away down here fifty-five degrees south of the Equator this sea seems to murmur in an unfamiliar tongue—a foreign tongue—a tongue bred among the ice-fields of the Antarctic—a murmur with a note of melancholy in it proper to the vast unvisited solitudes it has come from. It was very delicious & solacing to wake in the night & find it still pulsing there. I wish you were here—land, but it would be fine!

Livy & Clara enjoy this nomadic life pretty well; certainly better than one could have expected they would. They have some tough experiences, in the way of food & beds & frantic little ships, but they put up with the worst that befals with heroic endurance that resembles contentment.

No doubt I shall be on the platform next Monday. A week later we shall reach Wellington; talk there 3 nights, then sail back to Australia. We sailed *for* New Zealand October 30.

Day before yesterday was Livy's birthday (under world time), & tomorrow will be mine. I shall be 60—no thanks for it.

I & the others send worlds & worlds of love to all you dear ones.

MARK.

The article mentioned in the foregoing letter was one in which Twichell had been engaged by *Harper's Magazine* to write concerning the home life and characteristics of Mark Twain. By the time the Clemens party had completed their tour of India—a splendid, triumphant tour, too full of work and recreation for letter-writing—and had reached South Africa the article had appeared, a satisfactory one if we may judge by Mark Twain's next.

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This letter, however, has a special interest in the account it gives of Mark Twain's visit to the Jameson raiders, then imprisoned at Pretoria.

To Rev. Jos. H. Twichell, in Hartford:

PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC,
The Queen's Birthday, '96.
(May 24.)

DEAR OLD JOE,—*Harper* for May was given to me yesterday in Johannisburg by an American lady who lives there, & I read your article on me while coming up in the train with her & an old friend & fellow-Missourian of mine, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, the handsome & spirited wife of the chief of the 4 Reformers, who lies in prison here under a 15-year sentence, along with 50 minor Reformers who are in for 1 and 5-year terms. Thank you a thousand times, Joe, you have praised me away above my deserts, but I am not the man to quarrel with you for *that;* & as for Livy, she will take your very hardiest statements at par, & be grateful to you to the bottom of her heart. Between you & Punch & Brander Matthews, I am like to have my opinion of myself raised sufficiently high; & I guess the children will be after you, for it is the study of their lives to keep my self-appreciation down somewhere within bounds.

I had a note from Mrs. Rev. Gray (*née* Tyler) yesterday, & called on her to-day. She is well.

Yesterday I was allowed to enter the prison with Mrs. Hammond. A Boer guard was at my elbow all the time, but was courteous & polite, only he barred the way in the compound (quadrangle or big open court) & wouldn't let me cross a white mark that was on the ground—the "death-line" one of the prisoners called it. Not in earnest, though, I think. I found that I had met Hammond once when he was a Yale senior & a guest of Gen. Franklin's. I also found that I had known Capt. Mein intimately 32 years ago. One of the English prisoners had heard me lecture in London 23 years ago. After being introduced in turn to all the prisoners, I was allowed to see some of the cells & examine their food, beds, etc. I was told in Johannisburg that Hammond's salary of $150,000 a year is not stopped, & that the salaries of some of the others are still continued. Hammond was looking very well indeed, & I can say the same of all the others. When the trouble first fell upon them it hit some of them very hard; several fell sick (Hammond among them), two or three had to be removed to the hospital, & one of the favorites lost his mind & killed himself, poor fellow, last week. His funeral, with a sorrowing following of 10,000, took the place of the public demonstration the Americans were getting up for me.

These prisoners are strong men, prominent men, & I believe they are all educated men. They are well off; some of them are wealthy. They have a lot of books to read, they play games & smoke, & for a while they will be able to bear up in their captivity; but not for long, not for very long, I take it. I am told they have times of deadly brooding & depression. I made them a speech—sitting down. It just happened so. I don't prefer that attitude. Still, it has one advantage—it is only a *talk*, it doesn't take the form of a speech. I have tried it once before on this trip. However, if a body wants to make sure of having "liberty," & feeling at home, he had better stand up, of course. I advised them at considerable length to stay where they were—they would get used to it & like it presently; if they got out they would only get in again somewhere else, by the look of their countenances; & I promised to go & see the President & do what I could to get him to double their jail-terms.

We had a very good sociable time till the permitted time was up & a little over, & we outsiders had to go. I went again to-day, but the Rev. Mr. Gray had just arrived, & the warden, a genial, elderly Boer named Du Plessis explained that his orders wouldn't allow him to admit saint & sinner at the same time, particularly on a Sunday. Du Plessis —descended from the Huguenot fugitives, you see, of 200 years ago—but he hasn't any French left in him now—all Dutch.

It gravels me to think what a goose I was to make Livy & Clara remain in Durban; but I wanted to save them the 30-hour railway trip to Johannisburg. And Durban & its climate & opulent foliage were so lovely, & the friends there were so choice & so hearty that I sacrificed myself in their interest, as I thought. It is just the beginning of winter, & although the days are hot, the nights are cool. But it's lovely weather in these regions, too; & the friends are as lovely as the weather, & Johannisburg & Pretoria are brimming with interest. I talk here twice more, then return to Johannisburg next Wednesday for a fifth talk there; then to the Orange Free State capital, then to some towns on the way to Port Elizabeth, where the two will join us by sea from Durban; then the gang will go to Kimberly & presently to the Cape—& so, in the course of time, we shall get through & sail for England & then we will hunt up a quiet village & I will write & Livy edit, for a few months; while Clara & Susy & Jean study music & things in London.

We have had noble good times everywhere & every day, from Cleveland, July 15 to

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Pretoria May 24, & never a dull day either on sea or land, notwithstanding the carbuncles & things. Even when I was laid up 10 days at Jeypore in India we had the charmingest times with English friends. All over India the English—well, you will never know how good & fine they are till you see them.

Midnight & after! & I must do many things to-day, & lecture to-night.

A world of thanks to you, Joe dear, & a world of love to all of you.

MARK.

The Clemens party sailed from South Africa the middle of July, 1896, and on the last day of the month reached England. They had not planned to return to America, but to spend the winter in or near London, in some quiet place where Clemens could write the book of his travels.

The two daughters in America (Susy and Jean) were expected to arrive August 12, but on that day there came, instead, a letter saying that Susy Clemens was not well enough to sail. A cable inquiry was immediately sent, but the reply when it came was not satisfactory, and Mrs. Clemens and Clara sailed for America without further delay. This was on August 15th. Three days later, in the old home at Hartford, Susy Clemens died of cerebral fever. She had been visiting Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner, but by the physicians' advice had been removed to the comfort and quiet of her own home, only a few steps away.

Mark Twain, returning from his triumphant tour of the world in the hope that soon, now, he might be free from debt, with his family happily gathered about him, had to face alone this cruel blow. There was no purpose in his going to America. Susy would be buried long before his arrival. He awaited in England the return of his broken family. They lived that winter in a quiet corner of Chelsea, No. 23 Tedwith Square.

To Rev. Jos. H. Twichell, in Hartford:

Permanent address:
CARE OF CHATTO & WINDUS,
111 ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, *Sept. 27, '96.*

Through Livy & Katy I have learned, dear old Joe, how loyally you stood poor Susy's friend, & mine, & Livy's: how you came all the way down, twice, from your summer refuge on your merciful errands to bring the peace & comfort of your beloved presence, first to that poor child, and again to the broken heart of her poor desolate mother. It was like you; like your good great heart, like your matchless & unmatchable self. It was no surprise to me to learn that you stayed by Susy long hours, careless of fatigue & heat, it was no surprise to me to learn that you could still the storms that swept her spirit when no other could; for she loved you, revered you, trusted you, & "Uncle Joe" was no empty phrase upon her lips! I am grateful to you, Joe, grateful to the bottom of my heart, which has always been filled with love for you, and respect & admiration; & I would have chosen you out of all the world to take my place at Susy's side & Livy's in those black hours.

Susy was a rare creature; the rarest that has been reared in Hartford in this generation. And Livy knew it, & you knew it, & Charley Warner & George, & Harmony, & the Hillyers & the Dunhams & the Cheneys, & Susy Warner & Lilly, and the Bunces, & Henry Robinson & Dick Burton, & perhaps others. And I also was of the number, but not in the same degree—for she was above my duller comprehension. I merely knew that she was my superior in fineness of mind, in the delicacy & subtlety of her intellect, but to fully measure her I was not competent. I know her better now; for I have read her private writings & sounded the deeps of her mind; & I know better, now, the treasure that was mine than I knew it when I had it. But I have this consolation: that dull as I was, I always knew enough to be proud when she commended me or my work—as proud as if Livy had done it herself—& I took it as the accolade from the hand of genius. I see now—as Livy always saw—that she had greatness in her; & that she herself was dimly conscious of it.

And now she is dead—& I can never tell her.

God bless you Joe—& all your house.

S. L. C.

The life at Tedworth Square that winter was one of almost complete privacy. Of the hundreds of friends whom Mark Twain had in London scarcely half a dozen knew his address. He worked steadily on his book of travels, *Following the Equator*, and wrote few letters beyond business communications to Mr. Rogers. In one of these he said:

I am appalled! here I am trying to load you up with work again after you have been dray-horsing over the same tiresome ground for a year. It's too bad; and I am ashamed of it.

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But late in November he sent a letter of a different sort—one that was to have an important bearing on the life of a girl, to-day of unique and world-wide distinction.

To Mrs. H. H. Rogers, in New York:

For & in behalf
of Helen Keller
Stone blind & deaf, &
formerly dumb.

DEAR MRS. ROGERS,—Experience has convinced me that when one wishes to set a hard-worked man at something which he mightn't prefer to be bothered with, it is best to move upon him behind his wife. If she can't convince him it isn't worth while for other people to try.

Mr. Rogers will remember our visit with that astonishing girl at Laurence Hutton's house when she was fourteen years old. Last July, in Boston, when she was 16 she underwent the Harvard examination for admission to Radcliffe College. She passed without a single condition. She was allowed only the same amount of time that is granted to other applicants, & this was shortened in her case by the fact that the question-papers had to be *read* to her. Yet she scored an average of 90 as against an average of 78 on the part of the other applicants.

It won't *do* for America to allow this marvelous child to retire from her studies because of poverty. If she can go on with them she will make a fame that will endure in history for centuries. Along her special lines she is the most extraordinary product of all the ages.

There is danger that she must retire from the struggle for a College degree for lack of support for herself & for Miss Sullivan, (the teacher who has been with her from the start—Mr. Rogers will remember her). Mrs. Hutton writes to ask me to interest rich Englishmen in her case, & I would gladly try, but my secluded life will not permit it. I see *nobody*. Nobody knows my address. Nothing but the strictest hiding can enable me to write my long book in time.

So I thought of this scheme: Beg you to lay siege to your husband & get him to interest himself and Mess. John D. & William Rockefeller & the other Standard Oil chiefs in Helen's case; get them to subscribe an annual aggregate of six or seven hundred or a thousand dollars—& agree to continue this for three or four years, until she has completed her college course. I'm not trying to *limit* their generosity—indeed no, they may pile that Standard Oil Helen Keller College Fund as high as they please, they have *my* consent.

Mrs. Hutton's idea is to raise a permanent fund the interest upon which shall support Helen & her teacher & put them out of the fear of want. I sha'n't say a word against it, but she will find it a difficult and disheartening job, & meanwhile what is to become of that miraculous girl?

No, for immediate and sound effectiveness, the thing is for you to plead with Mr. Rogers for this hampered wonder of your sex, & send him clothed with plenary powers to plead with the other chiefs—they have spent mountains of money upon the worthiest benevolences, & I think that the same spirit which moved them to put their hands down through their hearts into their pockets in those cases will answer "Here!" when its name is called in this one.

There—I don't need to apologize to you or to H. H. for this appeal that I am making; I know you too well for that.

Good-bye with love to all of you—

S. L. CLEMENS.

Laurence Hutton is on the staff of *Harper's Monthly*—close by, and handy when wanted.

The plea was not made in vain. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers interested themselves most liberally in Helen Keller's fortune, and certainly no one can say that any of those who contributed to her success ever had reason for disappointment.

To Mrs. H. H. Rogers, in New York:

LONDON, *Nov. 26, '96.*

DEAR MRS. ROGERS,—It is superb! And I am beyond measure grateful to you both. I knew you would be interested in that wonderful girl, & that Mr. Rogers was already interested in her & touched by her; & I was sure that if nobody else helped her you two *would;* but you have gone far & away beyond the sum I expected—may your lines fall in pleasant places here & Hereafter for it!

The Huttons are as glad & grateful as they can be, & I am glad for their sakes as well as for Helen's.

Ever sincerely yours,

S. L. CLEMENS.

The travel book on which he was at work did not finish easily, and more than once when he thought it completed he found it necessary to cut and add and change. The final chapters were not sent to the printer until the middle of May, and in a letter to Mr. Rogers he commented, "A successful book is not made of what is *in* it, but of what is left *out* of it." Clemens was at the time contemplating a uniform edition of his

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books, and in one of his letters to Mr. Rogers on the matter he wrote whimsically: "Now *I* was proposing to make a thousand sets at a hundred dollars a set and do the whole canvassing *myself*. . . . I would load up every important jail and saloon in America with De Luxe edition of my books. But Mrs. Clemens and the children object to this, I do not know why." And in a moment of depression: "You see the lightning refuses to strike me—there is where the defect is. We have to do our own striking as Barney Bernato did. But nobody ever gets the courage until he goes crazy."

They went to Switzerland for the summer to the village of Wegis on Lake Lucerne, "The charmingest place we ever lived in," he declared, "for repose, and restfulness, and superb scenery." It was here that he began work on a new story of Tom and Huck, and at least upon one other manuscript. From a brief note to Mr. Rogers we learn something of his employments and economies.

Clemens declared he would as soon spend his life in Wegis "as anywhere else in the geography," but October found them in Vienna for the winter at the hotel Metropole. The Austrian capital was just then in a political turmoil. The trouble between the Hungarian and German legislative bodies presently became violent. Clemens found himself intensely interested, and was present in one of the galleries when it was cleared by the police. All sorts of stories were circulated as to what happened to him, one of which was cabled to America. A letter to Twichell sets forth what really happened.

To Rev. Jos. H. Twichell, in Hartford:

HOTEL METROPOLE,
VIENNA, *Dec. 10, '97.*

DEAR JOE,—Pond sends me a Cleveland paper with a cablegram from here in it which says that when the police invaded the parliament and expelled the 11 members I waved my handkerchief and shouted *Hoch die Deutchen!* and got hustled out. Oh dear, what a pity it is that one's adventures never happen! When the Ordner (sergeant-at-arms) came up to our gallery and was hurrying the people out, a friend tried to get leave for me to stay, by saying, "But this gentleman is a foreigner—you don't need to turn him out—he won't do any harm."

"Oh, I know him very well—I recognize him by his pictures; and I should be very glad to let him stay, but I haven't any choice, because of the strictness of the orders."

And so we all went out, and no one was hustled. Below, I ran across the London *Times* correspondent, and he showed me the way into the first gallery and I lost none of the show. The first gallery had not misbehaved, and was not disturbed.

. . . We cannot persuade Livy to go out in society yet, but all the lovely people come to see her; and Clara and I go to dinner parties, and around here and there, and we all have a most hospitable good time. Jean's wood-carving flourishes, and her other studies.

Good-bye Joe—and we all love all of you.

MARK.

Clemens made an article of the Austrian troubles, one of the best things he ever wrote and certainly one of the clearest elucidations of the Austrian-Hungarian confusion. It was published in *Harper's Magazine* and is now included in his complete works.

Thus far none of the Webster Company debts had been paid—at least, none of importance. The money had been accumulating in Mr. Rogers's hands, but Clemens was beginning to be depressed by his heavy burden. He wrote, asking for relief.

Part of a letter to H. H. Rogers, in New York:

DEAR MR. ROGERS,—I throw up the sponge. I pull down the flag. Let us begin on the debts. I cannot bear the weight any longer. It totally unfits me for work. I have lost three entire months now. In that time I have begun twenty magazine articles and books—and flung every one of them aside in turn. The debts interfered every time, and took the *spirit out of my work*. And yet I have worked like a bond slave and wasted no time and spared no effort— . . .

Mr. Rogers wrote proposing a plan for beginning immediately upon the debts. Clemens replied enthusiastically, and during the next few weeks wrote every few days, expressing his delight in liquidation.

Extracts from letters to H. H. Rogers, in New York:

. . . We all delighted with your plan.

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Only don't leave B—— out. Apparently that claim has been inherited by some women —daughters, no doubt. We don't want to see them lose anything. B—— is an ass, and disgruntled, but I don't care for that. I am responsible for the money and must do the best I can to pay it. . . . I am writing hard —writing for the creditors.

Dec. 29.

Land, we are glad to see those debts diminishing. For the first time in my life I am getting more pleasure out of paying money out than pulling it in.

Jan. 2.

Since we have begun to pay off the debts I have abundant peace of mind again—no sense of burden. Work is become a pleasure again—it is not labor any longer.

March 7.

Mrs. Clemens has been reading the creditors letters over and over again and thanks you deeply for sending them, and says it is the only really happy day she has had since Susy died.

The end of January saw the payment of the last of Mark Twain's debts. Once more he stood free before the world—a world that sounded his praises. The latter fact rather amused him. "Honest men must be pretty scarce," he said, "when they make so much fuss over even a defective specimen." When the end was in sight, Clemens wrote the news to Howells in a letter as full of sadness as of triumph.

To W. D. Howells, in New York:

HOTEL METROPOLE,
VIENNA, *Jan. 22, '98.*

DEAR HOWELLS,—Look at those ghastly figures. I used to write it "Hartford, *1871*." There was no Susy then—there is no Susy now. And how much lies between—one long lovely stretch of scented fields, and meadows, and shady woodlands; and suddenly Sahara! You speak of the glorious days of that old time—and they were. It is my quarrel—that traps like that are set. Susy and Winnie given us, in miserable sport, and then taken away.

About the last time I saw you I described to you the culminating disaster in a book I was going to write (and will yet, when the stroke is further away)—a man's dead daughter brought to him when he had been through all other possible misfortunes—and I said it couldn't be done as it ought to be done except by a man who had lived it—it must be written with the blood out of a man's heart. I couldn't know, then, how soon I was to be made competent. I have thought of it many times since. If you were here I think we could cry down each other's necks, as in your dream. For we *are* a pair of old derelicts drifting around, now, with some of our passengers gone and the sunniness of the others in eclipse.

I couldn't get along without work now. I bury myself in it up to the ears. Long hours—8 and 9 on a stretch, sometimes. And all the days, Sundays included. It isn't all for print, by any means, for much of it fails to suit me; 50,000 words of it in the past year. It was because of the deadness which invaded me when Susy died. But I have made a change lately—into dramatic work—and I find it absorbingly entertaining. I don't know that I can write a play that will play: but no matter, I'll write half a dozen that won't, anyway. Dear me, I didn't know there was such fun in it. I'll write twenty that won't play. I get into immense spirits as soon as my day is fairly started. Of course a good deal of this friskiness comes of my being in sight of land—on the Webster & Co. debts, I mean. (Private.) We've lived close to the bone and saved every cent we could, and there's no undisputed claim, now, that we can't cash. I have marked this "private" because it is for the friends who are attending to the matter for us in New York to reveal it when they want to and if they want to. There are only two claims which I dispute and which I mean to look into personally before I pay them. But they are small. Both together they amount to only $12,500. I hope you will never get the like of the load saddled onto you that was saddled onto me 3 years ago. And yet there is such a solid pleasure in *paying* the things that I reckon maybe it is worth while to get into that kind of a hobble, after all. Mrs. Clemens gets millions of delight out of it; and the children have never uttered one complaint about the scrimping, from the beginning.

We all send you and all of you our love.

MARK.

Howells wrote:

I wish you could understand how unshaken you are, you old tower, in every way; your foundations are struck so deep that you will catch the sunshine of immortal years, and bask in the same light as Cervantes and Shakespeare.

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The Camel From Home

BY WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

I RUBBED my eyes. I have never barraked two-humped Bactrians in Tibet nor one-humped Bisharins in Mesopotamia; neither have I ridden a tick-bitten hagheen through the Wady-el-Mek from Abu Goos to Khalifa in the western Sudan. But I know camels. A Nomanieh dromedary in the Sand Hills of Nebraska! I should not have been more surprised at meeting a Kilimanjaro giraffe.

But if I was surprised at seeing the aristocrat of Egypt on the north road out of Welton, Nebraska, U.S.A., I was distinctly startled when I looked at his rider. Perched upon the summit of the single dromedarian hump, his feet crossed in front of him over the front pommel of a white jujube saddle, was Sam Blaine, foreman of Brule's cattle-ranch on Cherry Creek. Sam, who rode a horse like a king, seemed to shrivel to zero under the questions in my eyes. I had known him for fifteen years in all kinds of moral weather, but never before had I seen him looking actually shame-stricken. It was as if I had caught him riding a rocking-horse.

"K-r-r-r-r-r, k-r-r-r-r-r!" said Sam.

This I knew was colloquial for the Arabian *nukh*, the command to kneel. Colloquial Arabian in the mouth of Nebraska Sam! However, the camel seemed to understand, and promptly barraked in the sand of the road, folding up first his front legs and then his hind ones in the best dromedarian manner; whereupon his rider sheepishly climbed down from his perch.

"Glad to see you," he lied, boldly.

"And I you," I said. "Who's your friend?"

"You mean this ostrich-headed mule?"

"I didn't ask you *what* it was, but *who*. *Esmuh, eh?*"

But Sam hadn't gone beyond Arabian camel talk, and I translated my question into the English, "What's its name?"

"Simon Brule calls him Sirdar. Devil would be nearer at that."

"But, great guns, Sam! Where did you get a camel? What's he doing out here? This is America. Who owns him? You?"

Sam seemed genuinely grieved. "Simon Brule owns him. He bought him—that's where he got him. I'm only riding him to town for Simon."

"Simon Brule wasted his money on a camel? The closest man in the Sand Hills?"

"He wasted it for a purpose," said Sam. "He's been trying to buy out Nick Simmons, on our north. He bought the camel to beat down the price."

I didn't see the connection, and said so. The Sand Hills are sandy—yes. But what of it? They are not the Sahara Desert. Besides, the beast must have cost him six or seven hundred dollars.

"Tell me about it," I suggested.

We thereupon seated ourselves on the bank beside the road and he told me about the dromedary. I shall not attempt to follow his language.

The story begins in Omaha. Simon Brule had just sold a shipment of feeders for thirty-nine thousand dollars, and with his pockets stuffed with money was walking down Farnum Street. Sam spoke of him as in an open-minded mood. By this he did not mean that he was spending the money. Even in the city Simon is close with his money. Nor did he mean that he was looking for anything in particular. He was merely interested in the world as it runs. He was open-minded with respect to the sights and sounds of the city.

As the two men sauntered along they noticed a little gathering of idlers and small boys at the next corner, watching what might have been a caravan out of

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"A DOLLAR! MAKE IT TWO. A DOLLAR! MAKE IT TWO!"

the desert, except that the animals were not loaded.

"What in thunder is that?" asked Simon.

There were four of the beasts—three Bactrians and a Nomanieh dromedary. Sam did not speak of the Bactrians by that name, but described them. Bactrians are camels with two humps and dromedaries camels with one. Bactrians are mere freighters. Dromedaries are swifter and finer grained.

"It's the snapper end of some circus," said Sam.

"What say we might have a look-in on this circus," observed Simon. "We can set in the quarter seats."

"Sure. We can trail along behind and find it. We got time."

The two men thereupon increased their pace slightly and followed the camels down Thirteenth Street, "like ants down a cornstalk," as Sam put it.

But when they arrived at the roots they found that it was no circus, after all. It had been a circus, but the ticket-office had been drawn into a boycott against the income tax and now the creditors were in charge. The place was an old barn in a hollow "ten or fifteen miles out." Most of the caged animals were inside; the horses and elephants and performing bears stood around outside, and to these were added the four camels when they arrived.

"A funny-looking circus," Sam remarked.

"This ain't no circus," replied Simon; "this is an auction."

"We might ask the rajah there," said Sam, disappointed.

A florid man with a big cigar in his

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mouth looked them over out of the corner of his eye. He may have had the city sense for the money in Simon's pockets. At any rate, he was not unfriendly.

"Animals?" he asked at last.

"A few," replied Simon, thinking of his cows and his five dogs.

"You'll never get a better chance," suggested the auctioneer.

"Anybody can show me anything," said Simon.

"Stick around and watch the prices."

The auctioneer pulled up a box in front of the cage of raccoons, glanced at his watch, and began the sale. Two raccoons. Two rare, tree-climbing raccoons. He looked at his list. They were worth eight dollars, easy, he said, putting his finger on the place, and what was he offered? Seven dollars? Did he hear seven dollars? He didn't hear anything like that. A fat man—Sam spoke of him as equipped with purplish wattles—offered him a dollar.

"A dollar! Make it two. A dollar! Make it two."

Simon nudged his foreman with his elbow—at the time Sam did not suspect him of entertaining delicate intentions beyond his words.

"They'd make good pets," he said, loudly. "I'm going to buy them."

The fat man shook his wattles with displeasure, but said nothing.

"Better find out first what they eat and whether Nick Simmons can haul it," objected Sam. "You don't know. Them raccoons may live on gulls' eggs or something."

"Two dollars," said Simon.

"Two dollars offered! Two dollars! Two dollars!"

"Three dollars!" called the purple wattles.

"Four dollars," said Simon.

"Five dollars!"

"Six dollars," said Simon.

"Seven dollars!"

"Seven dollars! Make it eight. Seven dollars! Make it eight."

But Simon didn't make it eight, and the wattles took the raccoons at seven dollars, nearly what they were worth new.

The next animal put up was a Russian wolf that was worth, according to the auctioneer, twenty-five dollars just as he stood. Wattles bid two dollars for him.

"Two dollars, and he can growl in Russian! Two dollars! Two dollars!"

"Three dollars," said Simon.

"Four dollars!" called Wattles, a little ill-tempered.

They had it backward and forward again until the bid was eighteen dollars.

"I'd make it nineteen," said Simon, behind his hand, "only he looks like eighteen was his limit."

"For the love of Mike!" protested Sam, still blind to Simon's strategy. "What do we want of a Russian wolf?"

"Eighteen! Make it nineteen. Eighteen! Make it nineteen."

But Simon shook his head, and Wattles took the wolf at eighteen dollars—only seven dollars under list. He looked as if he wished Simon had raised him, at that.

"The next animals," began the auctioneer, moving his box to another cage deeper in the barn—"the next animals—"

But Simon had seized his foreman's arm and walked him across the barn to where the late purchaser was standing in front of his Russian wolf.

"Look here, brother," he began. "You and me is cutting each other's throats. That's no way to do at an auction. You and me has got to get together. I'll tell you what animals I want and you tell me what animals you want. Then where we don't agree we'll toss a nickel for it. That way we'll buy in our animals at fair prices, without having our bids raised by each other. How about it?"

Wattles looked at him a moment, considering. "What animals you bidding on?" he asked, finally.

"I just come," said Simon. "Let me and my head man run down the line and look."

The other assented, and the two cowmen proceeded down the row of cages and then on outside. The auctioneer had to stop because no one else was bidding.

"Well?"

"Me, I'll pick that big, one-humped camel," announced Simon.

"That dromedary? What else?"

"Just the dromedary. I've got all the

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elephants and tigers and snakes I need, already."

"All right," said Wattles "The dromedary is yours."

"What do we want of a dromedary?" asked Sam.

But Simon only grunted, and Sam had to wait until later for an explanation.

Simon's agreement in restraint of trade resulted in keeping down the prices during the remainder of the sale. The creditors made no great attempt to protect themselves. Armadillos, worth six dollars apiece, sold for fifty cents. Three rhesu monkeys, worth fifteen dollars apiece wild, went for two. A python snake twenty-two feet long and worth five hundred dollars brought only thirty-five. A seven-year-old African lion snared in a pit north of Doornfontein sold for fifty dollars instead of eight hundred—what he was worth. So with the rest of the animals. A black bear brought ten dollars, a jaguar twenty-five dollars, a pair of storks eight dollars apiece; and when it came to the dromedary, worth from five to eight hundred dollars, f.o.b. Omaha, Simon's bid of thirty dollars took beast and saddle.

"You can ride him home and save on the freight," Simon suggested, pleasantly.

"That's the worst guess you've made to-day. I ain't no camel man."

"You're foreman of my ranch, and nachully my foreman has to know how to handle my animals."

"Not your camels. Not this foreman."

Nor would he yield an inch. As Simon was equally stubborn, and, besides, determined to get the camel to his ranch as cheaply as possible, he shipped Sam home by train and himself remained behind and took lessons in camel management from a greasy Arab. The Arab showed Simon how to barrak the camel by saying "K-r-r-r-r-r"; how to make the pedal mount by setting one foot on his neck and vaulting; how to make him rise by slackening the rope and nudging him on the shoulders with his toe—"and every little thing." Simon stayed in Omaha for a week, and when he had learned all he could from the



THE ARAB SHOWED SIMON HOW TO MAKE THE PEDAL MOUNT

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Arab he put his knowledge into practice by riding the camel to the ranch.

He began by naming his new camel Sirdar.

All camels are ugly. The Sirdar was seven feet three inches high, measured to the top of his hump. His front feet were twice as large as his hind ones. He was a Nomanieh; he held his nose in the air at a different angle from that of a vulgar bagheen. And he never forgot his pose. It was as though he carried a carpenter's level inside his brain, somehow, and when he vulgarly tipped his head the bubble of air pressed on his social center.

Like other camels, the Sirdar spent most of his time in chewing his cud. He had never cared much for American table manners, but would grind with his lower jaw from left to right and then grind backward from right to left, Arabian fashion, and keep up the movement all day.

"He got on my nerves," said Sam—"his gum-chewing, and that thing of a straight-up-and-down neck with an elbow in it below. Simon says he can reach himself easier built that way. But I've watched him. Once in a while he does use his lower front teeth on himself, but not much. He's either a cud fiend or else he don't mind fleas as much as me. I'll say this: if I had a dog that didn't have gumption enough to dig for a flea I'd shoot him. That's how I feel about fleas."

Simon rode the dromedary from Omaha to his ranch in the Sand Hills, sticking to the main roads mostly, but with his hat pulled down over his eyes so that nobody would know him. He started sixteen runaways that he counted. Sam gravely informed me that horses hate camels. I got even by telling him of the defeat of Crœsus at Sardis by Cyrus, 557 B.C., when the appearance of a Persian camel corps created such a panic among the horses of the Lydian cavalry that they became uncontrollable.

The morning after his arrival Simon had his men ride down the creek a few miles with him and the Sirdar to harden the ranch horses to the camel. The creek road followed the north fence for two miles, then crossed Nick Simmons's claim where it jutted south in a peninsula, then again followed the north fence. A widow named Lillie owned the land north of the fence.

Now Mrs. Lillie, a few months back, had purchased a very fine Arabian horse which she called Abdullah. She kept him in her south lot. Abdullah was far and away the swiftest, the handsomest, the toughest, the most intelligent and the most spirited horse in the Sand Hills. None of Simon's cowponies could touch him, any distance. Simon, who loved horses, had tried to buy Abdullah, but Mrs. Lillie's price was too high. He was a close buyer. He intended to own the horse, but preferred to wait and try and make a good trade.

They were down past Nick's place, and the broncos were beginning to be reconciled to their strange brother of the saddle. The road at this point was not far from the fence. To the north lay Mrs. Lillie's south lot.

Sam said that he saw Abdullah while he was yet off in the hills, a full half-mile from the fence.

"That horse has good sense," he called to Simon. "He's curious to see the camel."

But it was less curiosity than it was something else. Abdullah approached on a dead run. When he drew closer he slowed up, stopped, sniffed, and whinnied. Then he trotted up to the fence and whinnied again. Then he began running back and forth along the fence opposite the camel as if he wanted to be nearer.

"Looks as if the horse was glad to see a high-class dromedary," said Simon.

But the camel wasn't glad to see a high-class horse. He paid no more attention to the horse than if he had been a paper of hair-pins.

"I thought horses hated camels," remarked one of the men.

Sam noticed that Simon had a look in his face "such as you see in a man sometimes when kids are around"—far-off, tender, and wistful. He went on to explain about Abdullah.

"It's this way," he said. "Horses do hate camels. They hate 'em just like I hate coyotes. But if I was living off in

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London and saw a coyote in a Wild West show I'd be so tickled I'd want to buy him a quarter of mutton. When you're off in a strange town you'll talk to people you wouldn't sniff at back home. Horses is just the same."

"What's that got to do with camels?"

"Why, Abdullah is an Arabian horse and brought up with camels. Don't you see? At home he would despise a camel, because he is a horse. But here he is in Nebraska, U.S.A., and hasn't seen a camel for years, and along comes a dromedary. He's plain tickled to death to see him. It's seeing somebody from home. That horse is homesick."



OLIE QUIT. HE DIDN'T INTEND TO RISK DRIVING A CAMEL

As he spoke he looked down at the Sirdar with contempt, as if he despised him because he was not as tickled to see a horse from home as the horse was to see him. But if the Sirdar had been tickled he wouldn't have been a camel.

Simon didn't say much on the way back, but after the camel was fed he gave orders to throw a three-wire fence around the corner forty beyond Nick's where they had seen Abdullah.

"That will be the camel lot," he said. "Do it first. Two sides is fenced already. And run an extra wire along the tops of the posts separating it from Mrs. Lillie's."

Simon was close with men, but he loved horses, and because he loved them he was going to give Abdullah a view of the camel from home as much as he could.

The fence took no time at all to set. After that Abdullah would hang around that north fence, looking over the wires at the dromedary, or else grazing not far away, as if the camel were his best friend, and all the while the camel never even let on he knew he was there. People are like that sometimes. They fall in love with somebody or something not because of what the thing is, but because of what it means to them.

The time was two weeks later. Simon had quit riding the Sirdar after the first day or two and no one else had paid much attention to the beast. He hadn't hinted to Sam even yet why he had bought him. Then one day he had the camel brought up and put in a stall in the barn and rubbed down.

"Sam," he said, "I want you to hire a camel-driver for that camel of yours."

"Of mine?"

"Ain't you foreman no more?"

"Not of wild animals I ain't."

"What do you mean, wild animals?"

"I mean wild camels special. This camel you're talking about maybe was tame when he was a baby, but he is sure vicious now. He killed Tanner last night."

Tanner was one of Simon's setters. He'd got a little excited over the new boarder, and the first thing he knew the boarder had him by the neck. A camel bites much like a bulldog or a Gila lizard. He takes hold and hangs on. He bites to kill. That's his way of fighting.

"You mean—killed a dog?"

"That's it."

"Why did he do that, now?"

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"Ask him. We found the dog this morning."

Simon dropped the subject and went on to explain about training a driver for the Sirdar.

"That's what I bought him for—to ride. Camels is the finest travelers in the world for a sand country like this. Didn't you know that? A good dromedary can make from fifty to ninety miles a day from now till he dies."

"So can I," said Sam. "So can anybody—till he dies."

"He can go six days without water."

"What's the use in this country, with more lakes than you can drink?"

"He'll eat anything—brush or bread, or anything."

"I owned a mustang once that liked barbed wire," said Sam, "but he had such an appetite I had to sell him."

"Dromedaries is the best mail-carriers going."

Sam said he looked at Simon sharply. Nick Simmons was a mail-carrier. Simon had tried on several occasions to buy Nick's claim for ten cents and a peck of potatoes, but Nick was able to hold out for his price because his mail contract paid him a living. The claim projected into the ranch half a mile. Even if it had not done so it was worth more than Nick asked for it. Simon's remark about mail-carriers threw a great light on his purchase of the camel.

"The best going? Is that so? I thought Nick Simmons was."

"*Was* is right. I said *is*."

"How about bargain-drivers? Is dromedaries the keenest land-buyers going?"

Simon saw that Sam understood the Sirdar better now and laughed. "Wait and see, Sam."

Although it wasn't necessary, now that Sam understood, he went on to explain that he had put in a bid for carrying the Whitefield mail. The idea had come to him in Omaha. By using a dromedary he would save Nick's wagon and four mules. The Sirdar could make the forty-two miles each way in five or six hours and have all the rest of the twenty-four for recreation. He only cost thirty dollars. Nick's wagon and mules were worth six or seven hundred. The Sirdar could live on tar-weed and cattails, where the mules would cost sixty dollars a month just for feed.

"Nick can't touch my price," he said, "and I'll make a good profit to boot. Maybe by this time next year he'll jump at my offer."

It looked as though he might. His land was chiefly good for growing hay, and a man can't live on hay.

The new camel-driver was a Swede named Olson. Olie had light hair, which was a help. It would have been like picking sand out of molasses to try and train a regular Nebraska cowman to lift his hat to an aristocratic Nomanieh dromedary. The Sirdar didn't mind the color of Olie's hair. Camels that have traveled as much as he had are used to white-heads.

Simon had to train Olie himself because no one else knew anything about camels. First he taught him how to make the Sirdar kneel by saying, "K-r-r-r-r-r, k-r-r-r-r-r!" Then he taught him how to mount.

"Halter-strap in the left hand, left foot on his neck, rear pommel in the right hand so, and rise and turn. After you're in the saddle cross your legs around the front pommel, right leg underneath."

He followed that lesson by giving Olie a talk about taking care of camels. He mustn't overfeed a camel while he's working or he'll get the megrims. He must be careful about watering. Camels won't drink in the morning until the sun is high enough to warm the water; they won't drink when the wind is blowing; and even when the water is warm and the wind isn't blowing they need from fifteen minutes to half an hour for drinking to let the water soak into their blood.

"Don't never try to pet a camel," he told him. "A camel is wrapped up in himself entirely. He never learns to like anybody at all. He's always bad-tempered. Getting angry is the only kind of emotion he knows. Once in a long while you'll find people that is that way, but all camels is that way. It's because a camel is a lower animal, like a spider or a hornet."

Olie was half scared before he had looked at the camel six times, and yet all that Simon had told him was true.

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SIMON BEGAN YELLING AT THE CAMEL AND SNATCHING AT THE MAIL

The dromedary proved to be a good mail-carrier. He was so fast through the sand that he didn't have to leave Byrne, the southern terminus, until the middle of the forenoon instead of at seven o'clock. And he didn't have to work in relays, but made the entire trip himself, so that it looked as if Simon Brule drove a good bargain when he bought a Nomanieh dromedary to carry the United States mail into the Sand Hills. The Sirdar did the work of four mules and a wagon, and his up-keep cost was less than that of a goat.

However, Olie had his troubles. One of them was the gates. On the road between Whitefield and Byrne there is a fence every mile or two. Every time he came to a gate he had to barrak the camel so that he could climb down and open it; then he had to make him rise so as to get him through; then he had to barrak him again on the other side so that he could be mounted. Call it only thirty gates—that made sixty times the Sirdar had to kneel and sixty times he had to rise, load and all. Gates are very hard on a camel's temper.

Then there were the horses. Every time the dromedary trotted into Whitefield six horses would make a break for the open. The town horses soon learned that his camel smell wouldn't hurt them any and after a while paid no more attention to him than if he had been a four-cylinder three-by-thirty. But the country horses were as nervous as blue cranes. You couldn't make them believe he burned regular gasolene. Olie had to be ready to duck the camel into an alley any minute.

The Swede stood it for a month. Then one noon, while he was taking a nap, the Sirdar got to a sack of corn-meal and overate and the moment he reached the ranch went loco with the megrims.

Simon brought the beast around, but Olie quit right there. Nothing would move him. He didn't intend to risk his Scandinavian heritage again driving a dromedary camel, not for just wages. He went back to the bunk-house and gathered his goods into a roll and started for Yardley. Sam invited him to stay for supper and he stayed, but the minute he ate his pie he was off.

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"You've got the megrims yourself," Sam told him.

"I tank so, maybe. I tank ve all got tham."

Simon liked to ride through the camel lot in the morning and chum for a moment with Mrs. Lillie's Arabian horse. Abdullah would come over to the fence to be near the camel from home, and Simon would feed him sugar. Sometimes a horse strikes a man that way. On his side, Simon was a man horses liked, so they became good friends. If Simon had ever seen one of Mrs. Lillie's men abusing that horse he would have knocked him down on the spot.

But he never so much as spoke to the Sirdar. Since the camel killed his dog Tanner he had had no use for him.

Simon did the only thing left for him to do after Olie quit. It had turned freezing cold. His horses were all saddle-horses; he had no light wagon; none of his men could ride a dromedary fifteen feet; he had given his bond to carry the mail. Besides, he didn't wish to be laughed at. That dromedary mail service was his own idea. The next morning he strapped on the saddle-bags and himself started out on the camel route. Simon was no shirk. But before leaving he arranged to have Sam follow him upon a horse, ostensibly to look for another camel-driver in Whitefield.

He told him that night that he had had no trouble of any kind and had made the same time that Olie made.

"Mrs. Lillie and her man Connors is here," he continued.

"Is that so?" said Sam.

"I passed them at the Billings place. That horse of hers was as happy as a small boy to see the camel. I took him out some sugar from the supper-table."

Sam was in a sarcastic mood. He hated the camel, hated Simon for using him against Nick Simmons, hated his present errand of looking for a rider. "Is that so?"

"Camels is faster, but they ain't horses. If I could buy Abdullah, I'd buy him in a minute."

"You mean at your price?"

"Sure; at a bargain."

"Why don't you trade the Sirdar for him?" suggested Sam, still sarcastic.

"Because I can't is why."

"Show him off before Mrs. Lillie. Brag him up. Make her want him. Anybody can own a horse, but a dromedary is different. Women like to own things that other people haven't. Ask her. You never can tell."

Sam didn't know he was right about women, but he knew that Simon didn't know, either.

Simon, who was sometimes literal-minded, took the suggestion seriously. The next morning he gave a stable-hand half a dollar to shine the Sirdar's shoes and rub down his overcoat. And he started off his foreman an hour earlier than usual.

"Maybe Mrs. Lillie and Connors will pick you up," he said. "Don't ride too fast. See what you can do. Then I'll try and overtake you out in the south hills somewhere."

What he was intending was that Sam should join Mrs. Lillie as if by accident and praise up the camel to her.

The outcome for a time promised to be most happy. Mrs. Lillie and her man Connors overtook Sam about fifteen miles out, and Simon on his dromedary overtook the three of them about twenty miles farther.

"Sam Blaine has been telling us about your camel," began Mrs. Lillie.

"He's a racing camel," said Simon, bragging a little. "A full-blooded Nomanieh, if you was to ask an Arab. The Nomaniehs is the most aristocratic camels there is. They correspond to the Hohenzollerns in people. I don't know of another Nomanieh outside of Egypt. I went to a good deal of trouble to get him."

All of which was true—in a sense.

"I can see by the way he holds his head he's aristocratic," said Mrs. Lillie. "Besides, my horse whinnied at him, and Abdullah is a thoroughbred animal."

"He's very fast. As for sandy roads, he eats them up. Sand don't hold him back none at all. Nick Simmons used to start in his stage from Whitefield at seven o'clock. I didn't start to-day until half past ten, and I'll get into Byrne an hour earlier than Nick ever did."

He meant that he would if nothing happened.

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"I didn't know you ever rode him yourself."

"I rode him to the ranch from Omaha."

"I meant to Whitefield."

"I don't often, but to-day I had some shopping to do."

It sounded well to put it so—but he had bought a quarter's worth of ammonia at the drug-store to take the smell out of some clothes that had been worn too near a skunk. Shopping to do!

"You must feel very queer, riding away up there."

"Want to try it?"

"Could a woman ride one?"

"More women ride camels than ride horses."

"It's like sleeping in an upper berth in a Pullman—you need a ladder and a porter."

"Not at all. Watch me."

He stopped the dromedary by pulling on his head rope, and then said, "K-r-r-r-r-r, k-r-r-r-r-r!" The Sirdar groaned and barraked on his celluloid knees in the cold sand, as obedient as a cow-driver after higher pay. Then at another signal he rose to his feet again—first his hind feet, then his front, with Simon balancing gracefully in the jujube saddle.

"A woman wouldn't have no trouble at all," he told her.

"But a woman's skirts—"

"Camels ain't like horses. Camels don't mind skirts at all. In Egypt, where they raise camels, the men Arabs all wear skirts."



HE TRIED TO PERSUADE THE FORMER CARRIER TO BE REASONABLE

"I'd rather like to own one. Where do you buy your camels?"

"I don't know of another camel for sale anywhere," said Simon. "I did know of two or three common Bactrians, but they was snapped up almost the minute they was offered. I really don't know of a one."

"If you hear of one—"

"If I hear of one—I'll let you know."

"But what a funny sound you have to make!" said Mrs. Lillie. "K-r-r-r-r-r, camel! K-r-r-r-r-r!"

Mrs. Lillie intended no mischief—at least not that first time. She was merely imitating an interesting sound to see how near she could come to it. But

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camels are not good mind-readers, nor, in spite of their domestic history, do they understand women. Small minds are always literal minds. The camel heard what he understood to be a command and groaned out of force of habit and sank down on his knees. Simon couldn't stop him. He doubled up his huge front feet underneath his chest, and then his hind feet; and there he was in the road again, as legless as a sack of oats.

"How perfectly ridiculous!"

She laughed until the tears stood in her eyes. Even a White House picket might have laughed to see a groaning Nomanieh dromedary fold himself up like that on the open road and no reason.

Simon took the thing in good part. "He has high ideas about ladies," he said. "He obeys them just the same as if they was men."

"Now make him rise."

Simon gave him the rising signal. The Sirdar groaned and again began untangling his legs—first his hind legs and then his front. But aside from his groans he showed no sign of irritation. How was Simon to know that he was losing his temper? Camels are like that—they never do make any signs until they act.

Mrs. Lillie was feeling prankish and wished to see what would happen if she continued talking. The camel had no more than got himself on his legs that second time when she repeated her Arab command.

"K-r-r-r-r-r, k-r-r-r-r-r!" she said.

And because camels know no other way but just to barrak when they hear the barrak signal the Sirdar kneeled the third time. And because Simon had no other thought than to show him off to Mrs. Lillie he gave him the rising sign, and for the third time he lurched to his feet.

Mrs. Lillie was not through with the camel even now. "K-r-r-r-r-r, k-r-r-r-r-r!" she commanded; and he kneeled, groaning, for the fourth time.

"That's all, camel," she said then. "You're a well-trained camel. If I had a lump of sugar I'd give it to you."

Fortunately for her she didn't have, for the Sirdar might have bitten her arm off. To his way of thinking the joke was all on him. But he made no sign and when Simon, who had already arranged several trades in his mind, gave him the signal, he lurched for the fourth time to his feet, ready for further insults. A few minutes later Simon started off up the road, "balancing himself gracefully, like a cat on a cow's head," as Sam described it. He knew Mrs. Lillie was watching him from behind. But he didn't know how he looked, and in another minute or two he was out of sight behind a hill.

Up to this time the water along the road had not bothered the Sirdar much, for he had been following Mrs. Lillie's party of horsemen, who had broken the ice for him; but even so he had been obliged to wade knee-deep through several shallow ponds. Camels hate cold water. On top of that he had had to barrak twice at every gate, and then four times more just for a joke when he overtook Mrs. Lillie.

But worse was to come. There was now no one ahead of them to break the ice on the ponds. Simon and the Sirdar had hardly gone a half-mile when they came to a pond across the road the ice upon which had not been broken. Simon managed to get the camel halfway through; but the beast didn't know how to handle his leg stems, and the edges of the ice hurt his crazy-bone.

That was the final injury. When he reached the middle where the water was deepest he stopped, and not another step would he go.

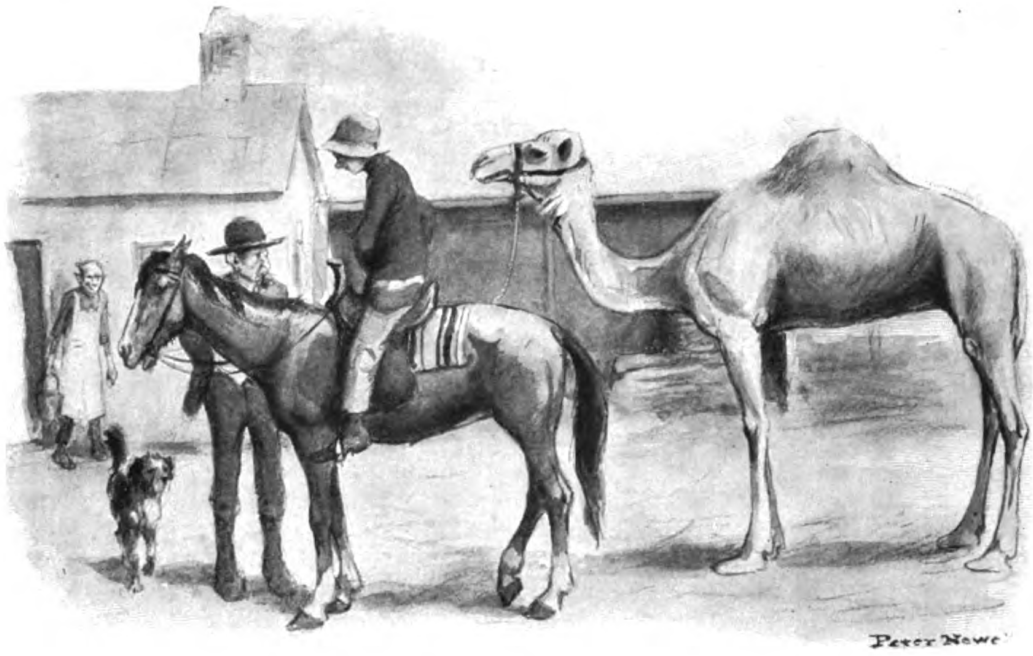
Mrs. Lillie's party found them so—Simon upon his island peak, and the Sirdar planted immovably in the midst of the flood as if carved out of everlasting granite.

"Oh, hello!" said Mrs. Lillie.

At that point Simon made his greatest mistake. He did not know camels very well; and, besides, he was thinking more about Mrs. Lillie's prejudices than about the camel's. All Arabs know that sometimes when you whip a camel he will become sulky and balk. No matter where he is, he will kneel down right there.

Simon began whipping the Sirdar to get him out of that pond. The next moment the owner of the only camel in the Sand Hills found himself sitting on

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BROUGHT BACK THE NEXT DAY AT A COST OF FIVE DOLLARS

a high but wave-washed saddle, surrounded by floating saddle-bags and broken pieces of ice.

"I didn't tell him to do that," said Mrs. Lillie.

Simon began yelling at the camel and snatching at the mail. According to Sam, both he and Connors lashed their horses into the water, trying to help him, but without success. The horses couldn't be made to approach within fifteen feet of the camel—not even Sam's horse, which was supposed to be camel-broke. Perhaps they knew more about camels than their riders did.

"Such riding!" cried Mrs. Lillie, when she saw their failure. "If I couldn't ride a horse into three feet of water I'd try dry farming!"

With that she headed Abdullah into the pond; and because Abdullah was sentimental about the Sirdar, and was used to seeing camels at home, he waded right up beside him.

"Give me the mail," said Mrs. Lillie.

"Look out for your horse!" cried Simon, coming to his senses.

But she didn't understand, and held out her hand for the mail-sacks.

The thing happened more quickly than can be described. Abdullah had waded out beside the camel, Mrs. Lillie had asked for the mail-sacks, Simon had warned her off. The Sirdar was lying barraked in the water, his nose in the air. Abdullah, under his rider's guidance, then drew forward a foot or two in order to permit Simon to throw the mail-sacks over his back behind the saddle. The next moment the camel had struck out, snake-fashion, with his head and seized the horse by the neck.

Abdullah gave one surprised scream and tried to break loose. But a bear-trap would not have held him tighter. The Sirdar hung on like a snapping-turtle. Then he began grinding with his teeth like a dog at a bone.

It took Simon perhaps five seconds to fling himself from the saddle and rush to the rescue, and the other two men were there almost as soon. But there was no easing the grip of the brute. Simon would have broken the bones of his jaw with a hammer if he had possessed one; or, if he had carried a pistol, he would have shot him.

"Hold the horse!" cried Connors. "Hold him still!"

Simon, who was nearest, sprang to Abdullah's head and began soothing him. "There, there!" he said to the

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horse. Then, when he saw his agony, "Hasn't anybody a pistol or a knife?" He began feeling in his pockets with his left hand as one will do, even when he knows that he does not possess the article required. Then he felt the bottle from the drug-store. "I have it!" he cried. "Easy, now! I don't know what he'll do after he lets go. Get back out of his reach!"

"What you going to do?" asked Connors.

"Ammonia!" he said.

He uncorked the bottle and poured its contents upon his handkerchief until it was dripping wet, all the time soothing the horse with affectionate words. Then he held the reeking handkerchief against the Sirdar's nose.

Camels are well trained in Egypt, but no teacher knows everything. One of the things they do not learn is how to act when they are surprised with ammonia fumes breathed up their nose.

The Sirdar let go as if his jaw had been melted off. He instantly lost all interest in Abdullah. Bullies are apt to experience a change of heart like that when their bluff is called. Then he began coughing and spitting as if he would choke. His conscience was perhaps hurting him. Or perhaps he had learned to love his enemies. At any rate, he sneezed and roared and grunted and groaned and thrashed his hot nose around as if it had been a pennant and he a football patriot. He ended by plunging his muzzle down under an ice cake in front of him as if he loved cold ice-water better than any other kind, and only drank warm water in the summertime. And in between bubbles he was wishing he could go for six days without breathing, like a whale.

Simon paid no further attention to him, but led Abdullah on through the pond, stroking his nose with his hand and soothing him with gentle words. The horse made no disturbance; all he did was to snuzzle Simon with his nose. He acted as if he were taking all the blame to himself. He had been brought up with camels and should have known better.

"Never mind, old man," said Simon. "Come around to my house and I'll give you a barrel of sugar."

The horse didn't know how much sugar was in a barrel; all he knew was that Simon was his friend. He let him examine the wound almost with the faith of a child. The bite proved to be neither deep nor torn. A camel is something like a cow in that his teeth are mostly in the lower jaw. The Sirdar had attacked Abdullah from the wrong side and his ugly lower teeth had bitten into the horse's mane. That is doubtless what manes were originally for; they were useful in camel countries.

The strike was broken right there. Simon waded back into the water and ordered the Sirdar to rise; and when the beast was slow in responding he drew his handkerchief from his pocket and made as if to apply it. The Sirdar thereupon changed his mind about the filibuster and hastily rose. And he gave no further trouble.

That night, tired as he was, Simon rode over to Nick Simmons's place—on a horse—and made him a proposition with respect to the mail contract. If Nick would relieve him of his contract he would pay him the difference between the Government price and that which Nick would have had if Simon had not underbid him. He was there until after eleven, trying to persuade the former carrier to be reasonable. But Nick was nobody's fool. He knew that Simon was not offering him that contract out of love. The bonus that he finally consented to accept was the amount suggested plus two hundred dollars cash and the purchase of his claim at the price he had previously asked.

"The best bargain I ever made," Simon told Sam that night. "I wouldn't have rode that camel to town again if I had had to forfeit my bond."

Simon used his spare time all winter selling camels. He sold a camel to every mail route in the Sand Hills. He sold a camel to all of the big cattlemen. Then he tried the cities. He sold a camel to Lincoln Park and Bronx Park and Vilas Park. When he was through and had sold all the camels he could, he still had one camel left. So he tried to get the town of Whitefield to buy the Sirdar and start a zoo with him.

But by this time all the people in

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Whitefield had seen the camel for nothing. Why should they buy him after they had seen him? Besides, Whitefield had no one to keep a zoo. If the town bought a camel the mayor would have to house it in his garage and board it himself. He had all he could do taking care of his new furnace.

"Try some other town," said the mayor's wife.

When Simon couldn't sell the Sirdar, he tried to lose him. He sent a man with him down into the Cedar Creek country one night and turned him loose. One of Dave Entler's boys brought him back the next day at a cost of five dollars. Then he himself rode him over into the heart of the Cherry County dunes, sixty or seventy miles west, with a led horse, and returned alone in a roundabout way. Two weeks later he received a bill for damages for forty dollars. "I know he's your camel," wrote the Kincaider, "because of the way he holds his head when he thinks."

"When he thinks!" groaned Simon. "When he thinks!"

But he paid the bill and sent for the camel. According to Sam, the Kincaider had once been a newspaper reporter and knew every camel in the Sand Hills. Even a close man like Simon will pay a bill for damages when he is cornered. I expressed satisfaction at the thought that Simon had been made to pay for his meanness. But I hadn't heard the rest of it.

It seems that the Kincaider had written an article about the Sirdar for an Omaha Sunday paper. On the Friday following Simon received a letter from a man named King, who said he owned a circus. He'd read in the papers about Simon's dromedary, and was writing to inquire. Was the dromedary a Nomanieh? Did he have a high-domed forehead? Were his eyes clear and prominent? Was his back short, soft, solid, strong, free from wounds? Was his hump erect, or did it incline to one side? Did his feet splay either inward or out? Did he have any firing marks on his throat or anywhere except perhaps a cross on his shoulders in front that the Arabs put there to make him trot smoothly? And was he for sale?

He added that he was willing to pay what he was worth for the *djemel* if he answered to the points specified. He didn't know whether Simon would care to send his dromedary down, but the circus would be in Welton on Tuesday.

"Take that letter out to the *djemel* lot, quick," said Simon, who had learned the word from his Arab teacher in Omaha, "and fix up the Sirdar so that he will answer to them points. And I give you till Tuesday to learn to ride him well enough to get him to Welton."

"And here I am," said Sam. "Simon is following by stage in order to do the selling himself."

Sam mounted his camel after a little and rode on. I didn't get to see Simon Brule when the stage arrived. That evening, however, I made a point of visiting the circus. Sure enough, the Sirdar had been acquired. There was no mistaking his sin-scarred face.

A little later I ran across Sam.

"Yes," he said, "Simon sold his dromedary all right."

"Did he get his price?" I asked.

He looked at me and grinned. "Happen to notice the man in the wagon when you bought your ticket?"

"A fat man? I saw him."

"He's the man with the purple wattles," said Sam. "He's the man Simon dickered with at the auction in Omaha. He's the owner. He knew what that camel cost."

"How much did Simon get?"

Sam laughed outright at the recollection. "Twenty-five dollars for camel and saddle. Wattles charged off five dollars for depreciation."

So that Simon got his deserts, after all.

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Portugal's Object-Lesson to the United States

HOW A SMALL COUNTRY RAISED A POWERFUL ARMY IN ONE YEAR

BY A FRENCH DIPLOMAT

[This article is by a French diplomat who was in Portugal at the time of which he writes, who observed on the spot the recruiting and training of the Portuguese army now at the French front, and who heard daily the comments of the Franco-English Commission which reported favorably concerning that army.—EDITOR.]

EARLY in the summer of 1916 the Portuguese representatives at Paris and London took simultaneously, on the Quai d'Orsay and in Downing Street, a step which will be regarded as marking a historic date in the annals of Portugal. They proposed to M. Briand and to Mr. Asquith the actual participation of the Portuguese army in the war against Germany. They asked that an expeditionary force should be sent from Lisbon not only to East Africa—where a Portuguese brigade was already co-operating with the South-African army and the Belgian army—but to France.

The Quai d'Orsay and the Foreign Office received the suggestion with gratitude, but did not at once reply to it. At first they saw in this proffer simply one of those manifestations of sympathy to which Portugal had accustomed them ever since the outbreak of the war. Bound to England by an alliance centuries old, and to France by a political friendship which has impelled her to adopt the laws and the very formulæ of the French Constitution, Portugal found every year some way of binding her cause more closely to that of the Allies. In August, 1914, first among the neutral countries, she had protested against the invasion of Belgium. In December, 1914, she turned over to the Belgian army—a touching example of brotherhood among small nations—a hundred or more entirely new 75-mm. guns, made at Creusot, which constituted two-thirds of her field artillery. In 1915, in order to free herself altogether from German influence, she did not shrink from the prospect of revolution. This revolution, which was more bloody than the one that overthrew the monarchy, placed the supreme power in the hands of a democratic party, whose first care was to declare war on Germany, to drive across the border into Spain the numerous Germans who were trying to revive the royalist party in Lisbon, and to seize the sixty-two German vessels in Portuguese harbors. The offer of Portuguese contingents at the very moment when Germany was about to resume at Verdun her irruption into France, was a fresh proof, and the greatest of all, of her desire to serve the cause of the Allies; but the Allies, because of its very importance, hesitated.

They hesitated because they had some doubt as to the usefulness of the Portuguese army. They knew that the Portuguese soldier is highly valued as a soldier. He is brave—he proved his mettle in the old days under Wellington. He has great staying power, and he is the only European soldier who can go about bareheaded, at noonday, under the Equator. The Portuguese, whose resolute, sallow face one remarked now and then in the grand manœuvers of the French or German forces, is supposed to have inherited the penchant of his ancestors for adventures and danger. At Timor and in Angola, they had given proof of great energy.

But modern war demands not military qualities alone; it demands full

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military preparation. It is as hazardous to place an untrained brigade in the midst of an army as to put on a football team a young man who, although agile and fearless, has never played football. There was nothing to justify the belief that Portugal was prepared. Nor was it thought that she could supply a contingent of sufficient value to justify the employment, in transporting it, of those priceless things, ships—for Spain could not permit the Portuguese to pass over her territory. The reports of 1913—the last which the military attachés had been able to make concerning the Portuguese army, were far from encouraging. They set forth that it comprised barely twenty thousand men, most of whom were on leave; that the departure of the royalists had materially decreased the value of the officers. They emphasized also the pacifist spirit of Portugal, her unsanguinary temperament, which led her, centuries ago, to abolish the death penalty, even for animals, since the bull-fights, although very numerous in Portugal, are never brought to an end by a death blow.

Great Britain especially was inclined to give a dilatory reply, with an expression of gratitude, for she knew better than any other nation the difficulty of creating a force of all arms, or even a single division, a single regiment. But the Portuguese government persisted, and at the instance of France as well, who deemed it impossible to deny to any nation, even a small one, the right to shed her blood in the cause of small nations, it was agreed that an Anglo-French military commission should be sent to Portugal, to inspect the Portuguese army.

The commission started from Paris in the latter part of August. It was composed of three British and three French officers. The chief of the British group was General Barnardiston; of the French, Colonel Paris. The instructions given them were very precise—if the Portuguese effectives were too insufficient as to numbers, if their training was not completed, or not far advanced, then, despite every desire to accept the gallant offer, it would be necessary to abandon the idea of inviting them to take part in the European war.

The commission inspected the barracks and the arsenals; traveled all over the country; visited Oporto, Thomar, Coimbra, and their garrisons; directed manœuvers on the very spots where the Portuguese troops in alliance with Wellington's had fought the French in 1809; and sent in its report at the end of September. On the 15th of October the offer to send a Portuguese army was accepted with much cordiality by England and France. On January 1, 1917, a full division, preceding a second division—practically the equivalent of General Pershing's force—landed at a French port.

Never, in any European country, has the problem of the army and democracy—the same problem which the United States has to solve to-day—been propounded more clearly and in a more theoretical guise than in Portugal. No nation had in like degree every reason to set aside military burdens and obligations. Portugal has neither external nor internal enemies to fear. The republic is very firmly established; the royalist factions have definitively abandoned the struggle. The war itself seemed to encourage them to devote themselves to toil, since they could not at the outset claim to play a military rôle. The Allies urged them to specialize in the production of wine, steel, meats, and dried vegetables. They asked them, not for troops, but for a detachment of workmen (for the Portuguese workman is diligent and of a compliant temper, as is well known in the United States, where one of the best foreign colonies is that of the Portuguese in Massachusetts); and France received some thousands of them, whom she distributed among the factories in the Center.

But, at the very moment when participation in the conflict seemed certain to be most costly, hazardous, and formidable; at the moment when Portugal was beginning to earn a little money in her capacity of purveyor; at the moment when a more democratic government came into power—Portugal announced that her chief ambition was to create an army and send it to France.

It was in June, 1915. The first offensive of the Allies, in Artois, did not yield

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the hoped-for results. The Dardanelles expedition already appeared dubious. The Russian retreat abandoned Poland to the foe, and the possibility of a separate peace between Russia and Germany was already looming large. It was the period when all the small nations neighboring to Germany became more fearful than ever, and to beguile their terrors, gave themselves up to the passion for commerce and profit. Everything seemed to counsel the abandonment of military reorganization in a country which could not expect, by its assistance, to improve the fortunes of the Allies. Great Britain refused to make any loans, and the chargé at Lisbon became every day more ill-disposed to the republic. Germany, on the other hand, made all possible advances to the politicians; the German minister, an ardent collector of furniture, and the Austrian minister, an ardent collector of porcelains, deserted the second-hand dealers for the deputies, and promised especially favorable treatment at the hands of the Central Powers.

But the leaders of the revolution did not palter with them. Under the direction of Alfonso Costa, Minister of Finance, they declared to the Congress that Portugal could not be content with mere passive sympathy for the Allies. "Conscription is the fairest method, not only for individuals among themselves, but for nations among themselves. Portugal must make her service effective. The small nations, if they allow the great nations to fight for them, would become slaves of liberty."

From the three cruisers which guarded Lisbon, Leote da Rego, the revolutionary commander of the fleet, directed the Francophile propaganda with an unfailing vigor. The officer-deputies and senators—for the Portuguese law gives officers the vote and makes them eligible to the Chambers—were the first to vote for the reorganization, and it was from their number that the new Minister of War was chosen—Norton de Matos, formerly governor of Angola, and a passionate supporter of the war. "I give you full powers," said the president of the Council to him when he took charge of the department. Thus it is that logically the most revolutionary and unmilitary government that Portugal has ever known has supplied her with the armed force which militarism had never succeeded in giving her.

I was so fortunate as to meet lately Lieutenant Giraudoux, who has been acting as one of the French instructors in the Harvard regiment and was a member of the French mission in Portugal. Lieutenant Giraudoux gave me a very detailed account of the reform of which he was a spectator—an account that confirmed the observations I made personally on the spot, and also the information I drew from French and English members of the Anglo-French Commission. The problem that the Portuguese Government had to solve, in Lieutenant Giraudoux's opinion, was threefold:

First, it was necessary to create a national army by new laws.

Second, it was necessary to create officers for this army; the number of former officers was insufficient, and, besides, many royalists had withdrawn from service.

Lastly, when the army and its *cadres* were once formed, it was necessary to transform that democratic institution into an instrument of war, and to give it the instruction and equipment which present-day battles demand.

Lieutenant Giraudoux insisted on the fact that these three reforms had to be achieved with absurdly small credits, as the financial situation was not especially encouraging, and the war budget could only count upon something less than ten million dollars—that is to say, half of the cost of a single battle-ship.

In the colonnaded department building, which overlooks the Tagus and the spot from which the great Portuguese conquerors of old set sail for the southern seas, the preparations for the crusade to the north were begun with feverish haste. As in the United States, the first step was conscription. In the days of the monarchy the army, comprising some thirty thousand men, had been recruited in large part by voluntary enlistment. The republic established genuine, obligatory military service. Every Portuguese citizen, whatever his station—student, lawyer, or gentleman

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of leisure—was held to service between the ages of twenty and forty-five years. No man who was eligible and declared to be a proper subject for the army was at liberty to leave Portugal while the war lasted.

On the anniversary of the Portuguese revolution, October 5th, Lieutenant Giraudoux noted with surprise, in the rear of the marching Portuguese troops, thousands of boys from fifteen to eigh teen years old; they were the school and college pupils, who were obliged henceforth, beginning at fifteen years, to attend every Sunday a course of military gymnastics and instruction. Fed by this threefold supply, and especially by the prohibition of emigration, which had taken from Portugal more than ninety thousand of her people in 1914, the mobilizable contingent of that little country of barely four million people rose at a bound from fifty thousand to three hundred thousand men. Her slender financial resources made it impossible for Portugal to keep so large a force under arms. Naturally she was led to adopt the method which recreated the Prussian army in 1810, and which is the basic principle of the Russian army today—the principle of a militia. Jaurès's book on the modern army—a socialist book if there ever was one—became the breviary of some Portuguese generals. Like Jaurès, the reorganizers at Lisbon declared false the age-old theory that it requires years to train a soldier; the thirty regiments of the republic ceased to be garrisons with fixed effectives, famous chiefly for their musicians with their red stuffed shoulders and their parade, but became *cadres* of instructors in which the new recruits, summoned in turn, succeeded one another without intermission. The *cadres* of sergeants and corporals were made up of old soldiers or of volunteers on high pay. The course of instruction of infantry was fifteen weeks in length; of cavalry, twenty weeks; and of artillery, thirty weeks. After this short term the men seem sufficiently trained, and when I inquired of a Portuguese officer if they were fit for a campaign in France, I got the answer—"Without doubt, if they only can get lemons in France."

Every year there were to be manœuvers which would bring together in divisions and brigades the men who were under instruction and take them into the country for two months of genuine drilling.

Eight divisions were organized thus. Only one corps, the Republican Guard of about six thousand men, was kept in reserve, being more particularly intended as a guard for the government and to maintain public order in the two largest cities, Lisbon and Oporto. This *corps d'elite*, which was very proud of its green *képi*, would form an excellent reservoir of future non-commissioned officers for the militia.

Thus the supply of men was assured. The recruiting of officers seemed a more difficult matter. In democratic countries the inadequacy of the officers' pay is not made up by the prestige of the uniform. The number of Portuguese officers had been decreased by the retirement, voluntary or forced, of the royalists, and in that young republic, as in the United States or France, the younger men were more attracted to the liberal or industrial professions.

The initial reform was aimed at a better distribution of the officers on the active list; they reduced the staff and and the number of officers on detached service. Whereas the Spanish staff included, at Madrid alone, more officers than were included in the staffs of Paris and Berlin combined, there were left at Lisbon only a score of staff officers.

The second reform created a corps of reserve officers; every student, deputies, mayors, Government officials, even to important Government functionaries, were required to obtain a lieutenant's commission. All doctors were subject to be called upon. Lastly, in order to fill up the *cadres* every year, the School of Cadets was reorganized. This military school, which led a placid life in one of the ancient pink-and-white palaces in Lisbon, found the number of its pupils increased tenfold. A whole series of new wooden buildings—like those which are springing up in Paris about the École de Guerre—were erected and filled. More than five hundred young men attended lectures delivered, not by officers alone, but by professors of the university, on tactics, administration,

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history, horsemanship, physics, and chemistry. Lieutenant Giraudoux remarked that the dormitories and dining-rooms installed in this school reminded him of the Freshman buildings at Harvard.

The cadet's costume, which is not unlike an American uniform—blue-gray trousers with red stripes, and black dolman— became the essential adornment of every young Portuguese; and from their upper windows the lovely and melancholy Portuguese damsels manifested so decided a preference for them as to make straw hats and billy-cocks more infrequent than ever. The army became popular in a country where it had been looked upon merely as a police force or as the escort of a haughty petty monarch.

In this way the problem of recruiting was solved. The solution achieved was, however, simply a democratic reform. The problem of national defense was settled, but for peace-time, and, unluckily, they were at war. It was no longer merely a matter of giving all Portuguese an excellent physical education, of turning the barracks into a school for the numerous illiterates in the country, of imposing obligatory camp duty upon the young lawyers of the Chiado; it was a matter of building up an efficient army with all these raw recruits. A new question arose, the question which confronts every new ally of the Entente, which confronts the United States, namely—Was it better to send troops to France to receive their education in warfare, or to train them in Portugal?

Neither France nor England were in a position at this time to offer camps to the future Portuguese troops, and there could be no thought of sending them out of the country at once. On the other hand, the Portuguese staff realized that the officers could not by themselves complete the education of their regiments for actual war. They knew that not only the principles of warfare, but the weapons as well, are no longer what they were. In a French or British company the rifle is now only a secondary weapon. Of a hundred and fifty men, barely forty carry it as their principal weapon. All the rest carry either hand-grenades or rifle-grenades, machine-guns or automatic rifles, or are special telephonists or trench-sweepers. Portugal saw plainly that she could not supply this education for special tasks except with the aid of France and England. But there remained the primary education, the general instruction of the soldier, training, discipline, target-practice—all the things which are done round and about the rifle, the spinal column of the warrior. Rather than train poor grenadiers and poor machine-gunners, she preferred simply to prepare sturdy, active, and physically fit recruits, being assured that the Allies would then, and gratefully, give them access to their specialties.

Three brigades were called at once. For a month the new recruits were taught the drill of the private, platoon drill. Then, in the spring of 1916, they were taken to an immense camp—the camp of Tancos. The idea of these immense camps for the militia was also suggested by Jaurès's book. Tancos is a picturesque little white town on the Tagus, a town which contained nothing of war-like suggestion save an old Arab castle planted before it, in the middle of the stream, whose name now personifies for every Portuguese the Portuguese army itself. It was in this camp that the efforts of the leaders were put forth, and it was there, too, that they had their first reward, the review of July, 1916, when they were able to exhibit to the amazed spectators their first army.

Bought at a figure which seemed high, the cost was actually covered by the sale of the wood that stood on the land—the only profitable operation, the Minister of War boasted to me, ever achieved by the purchasing department of any army on earth! The camp-ground was perfectly adapted to its purpose. Enormous barracks were built, not by contractors, but by the peasants of the region, for the Minister of War proposed that the laboring and agricultural classes alone should profit by all the expenditures made for the army. In the barracks I remarked many ingenious details of installation which might well be adopted by other armies, among them a kind of hammock invented by Captain de Castro. A reservoir of water was con-

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structed, large enough to supply twenty thousand men. A vast terrain was set aside for the infantry, who were encamped at different points, and who every day executed a genuine march to attack under genuine artillery fire. A bridge four hundred meters in length was thrown over the Tagus and served as a school for the *pontonniers*. The ravines were reserved for the cavalry—the Portuguese cavalry, which beats even the Italian cavalry in reckless daring.

The first three brigades were followed by a second division, and the camp became a sort of city constantly occupied by new-comers, where all arms were mingled, for an aviation-field was shortly added to it.

While the soldiers were being trained the staff was not idle. Three commissions were sent abroad — one of combatant officers, who went to England and France to study the instruction camps; a second one, of fifty doctors and quartermasters, who visited the whole base of supplies of the French lines; and lastly, one charged with the duty of purchasing material, which was sent to America.

Meanwhile, in order that the war might catch no one unprepared, they were already making ready for the departure of the troops, although it was still uncertain. All the women were mobilized for work with the needle; workshops of footwear and equipment were installed in the abandoned palaces and churches of Lisbon, and official factories of munitions and supplies were set up. Whatever had any other object in view than the war was put aside; dress uniforms, with their gold epaulets, gave way to a blue-gray uniform, much like the French blue; the pointed helmet disappeared before an English cap. From England came the vehicles required for the ambulance service of three divisions; from America a large number of motor-trucks.

In the complicated and serious question of munitions the Portuguese Government also showed true discernment. One of the first conditions of a reserve supply of munitions is that it must be homogeneous; that the bullets must fit all rifles, the shells all cannon, and that troops must not be compelled—as happened only too often at the beginning of the war—to remain inactive beside great heaps of ammunition which did not fit their weapons. Instead of speeding up the manufacture of Portuguese shells and rifles, the Government decreased it. It impressed upon the factory-managers that the general interest required them to sacrifice their stocks and their usual profits. Abandoning the manufacture of the national product, they willingly agreed, under the direction of a French engineer and a Belgian captain, to make nothing but shells for the French 75's and 155's. The fine old bronze guns which dated back to Albuquerque, emerged from the courtyards of museums, were melted, and, having long ago hurled stone cannon-balls at Indian savages, were themselves duly hurled at the Germans four centuries later.

In this wise did the Minister very skilfully develop his army to the point where it did not acquire different customs or create for itself different needs from those of the other Allied armies. And here I cannot do better than quote as accurately as possible what was the impression the War Minister's policy just alluded to made upon the Franco-English Commission.

"It was this," said Lieutenant Giraudoux, "that caused most surprise to the Commission on its tour of inspection. Instead of saying, as other small armies had said: 'Look at our rifle—it is perfect. Look at our guns—they are the best type. Look at these grenades—they are home-made,' the Portuguese staff introduced its army in words like these: 'It is not for ourselves that we are fighting; it is not to make money for our engineers and our manufacturers. We offer you an army—small, it is true, but with no fixed routine which will interfere with making good use of it. You will remember that you refused to accept our ships because it would have been necessary to change the boilers. There is nothing to be changed in our little war-machine. Our men know how to handle the bayonet, they know how to shoot, and it matters little to them if they are given a new sort of rifle; in a week they will know how to handle it. They are sober fel-

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lows; we have accustomed them to live on the ration used by the French army, and they will not annoy your commissary department. We do not ask for interpreters, all our officers know French. We do not ask for ships to transport troops; we have confiscated German bottoms for that job. Do you accept us?'

"Their offer," concluded Lieutenant Giraudoux, "was accepted with deep and cordial gratefulness."

In this world every effort is apt to be judged, not by the purpose behind it, but by the results. What are the results of the Portuguese effort?

First of all, a Portuguese division has been in France since the beginning of 1917. Led by two vigorous officers, General Tamagnine y Abren and his chief of staff, Major Battista, it is at the disposal of the British army. A second division, commanded by General Texeira d'Eza, has followed; and a third is ready —and all this without having abandoned the colonial war. *This country of five million inhabitants has therefore, in less than a year, prepared for the Entente more than seventy-five thousand men. It has more than one hundred thousand in reserve, trained.*

The transportation of the troops was performed largely by Portuguese vessels and German ships that had been seized, convoyed by Portuguese cruisers. Lemons by the thousand, be it said, awaited them on the wharf—the gift of the French Government.

But there is another more important and far reaching result—the change in the Portuguese people since this training for war. In two years the Portuguese soldier, the Portuguese student, who used to be rather slender and often round-shouldered, have developed. Obligatory military service, which has contributed so largely to the physical regeneration of the French, is already showing splendid results in Portugal.

But the moral change is infinitely more appreciable, and the traveler from Paris to Lisbon is thunderstruck by it. One alights at Madrid in a city where the hotels are full to overflowing, where commerce and gold are piling up; but the eye is offended every instant by an unexpected spectacle—soldiers decked out in extravagant uniforms, whom the crowd disdains as playthings; newspapers in which nothing is said of anything but bull-fights; and, above all, one is conscious everywhere—in café, theater, or hotel—of the prevalence of a keen discomfort, in the heart of every Spaniard. The war, instead of being simple and clear, has become for Spain a sort of Dreyfus affair.

But if from Madrid one goes on into Portugal, the scene changes. One finds again, with delight, the loyalty and faithful toil of a people who, in such a crisis, are not thinking solely of enriching themselves. One finds Government departments full of life and cheerfulness, soldiers in practical uniforms, an eager populace which cheers its flag and its cadets; one is in a country which is no longer content to be glorious but decaying, and which is shaking itself free of sloth and mere idling in the sunshine. To such a degree is this true that, since Portugal has made ready to fight beside the Allies, she has acquired a sort of moral ascendency in the Peninsula. The Spaniards no longer display the same confidence in themselves, and an exalted Spanish personage did not conceal from us his fear that, in case of a conflict, Spain might not be victorious. An unnecessary fear, for Portugal has never thought of threatening her neighbor. Assured of the possession of her rich colonial domain, assured of her democratic régime, she is now the object of the sympathetic advances of the Liberals of Spain. Conscription has restored the future to a people who had almost ceased to dwell upon anything but their past.

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Millward

BY FLETA CAMPBELL

WE had left Millward an hour before, sitting there in his invalid-chair, wrapped in his vivid blanket, and reaching, almost before we had gone, surreptitiously under its folds for the papers he had so obviously concealed in the moment of our entrance—blue-covered, legal-looking documents whose nature we had all such good reason to know. His hasty, awkward movement as we came into the room had deceived no one. We all knew. And we were all, except Millward himself, painfully embarrassed.

The fact of his trying to hide them from us, who had seen, if not those same papers, ones precisely similar to them, so often, was for us all the final and indubitable proof against him.

Not that we had been looking for proof. We had tried, Heaven knows, long enough *not* to see; had pretended, even to the point of making ourselves ridiculous, to believe nothing was wrong; indulged in all manner of childish deceptions to show one another how unshaken our faith was in Millward.

And when finally that same afternoon we did come to talk of it openly—when we had, so to speak, drugged what we felt to be our loyalty sufficiently to tell what we knew—we all seemed to agree that what we spoke of inconsistently as his "psychological change" could be attributed only to one of those mysterious physical reactions which no one—not even the physicians—could fathom or foretell, and for which poor Millward himself could not possibly be to blame.

You see, we had known Millward so well before the accident. He was one of us—one, I mean, in the sense of filling so completely his particular niche in the circle of friendship that now, even after what had happened, talking about him was like accusing some one who was present, but for some reason unable to defend himself. His personality had so permeated and colored our attitudes toward one another that looking into one another's eyes as we talked became somehow as embarrassing as if we had been looking into the eyes of Millward himself.

Even after we began "giving in the evidence" against him—after the whole thing had gained its momentum, and we knew it was better to have it all come out, so that as his friends we could do something to save him—even then we were, I am sure, suppressing little details—little subtleties of chicanery—that we could not bring ourselves to repeat.

For they were the kind of thing one does not like to say of a sick man. Our separate arguments were like so many futile little circles, beginning and ending with what we knew Millward to have been before. And the old, imperious Millward of years ago seemed to be there invisible among us, listening, and managing somehow to maintain through it all an inscrutable and puzzling air of disdain for us and what we were saying. It was as if he were too much annoyed at our stupidity to feel any grievance. The truth seemed, even at that early stage of our understanding, to be trying to detach itself and make itself known.

Over and over again we came back to the same exclamation: "But Millward was always so *straight!*" Going away from it for a few moments and returning to it each time as if that statement were the only thing to which we might hold in the sea of unreality threatening to engulf poor Millward.

And that had been the word most characteristic of the old Millward—straight. He had plunged into life, into business, as a diver leaps into the sea; not afraid of deep waters, and scorning all manner of legitimate trickery as a strong swimmer scorns water-wings. One would have been for him as ridiculous as the other. Even Millward's health had

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never been the passive well-being of most men; his was an active, positive force—a special attribute—an individual gift which flaunted itself from his clear eyes, from his cheeks, his bristling, light-brown hair, and made him cross a city street with the swinging, free gait of a mountaineer. Slantwise across his chin was one of those well-healed scars which only accentuated the perfect condition of the man who could withstand such a hurt, acquired, I think he said, in some college sport years before.

People invariably spoke of Millward as a man "with a big future"; and he seemed actually to embody that prophecy within himself. His own tremendous gusto for the future made it impossible to think of Millward in connection with the past. He went at to-morrow with no more useless retrospection than a rough-and-tumble boy of fourteen. He had, too, a boy's shyness toward sentiment—with a boy's awkward and bombastic demonstration of affection, and sudden accesses of absurd generosity, and painful self-revelation. And it was for those clumsy and endearing qualities in Millward's nature that we loved him most.

We must have known that he had no people, that he was entirely without family connections of any sort, yet it had never occurred to any one to think of Millward as being what people call "alone in the world." Never, that is, until the day when his Fate overtook him in the guise of a railway accident that left him paralyzed from the waist down, "settled for life," as he said, in an invalid's chair—wrapped permanently in his brilliant-hued blanket, like some bizarre new ceremonial robe donned in honor of his invalidism, making always the same spot of color by the side of his library-table as one entered the room.

From the first we were surprised at the way Millward took his illness. He seemed to be making an effort to treat the whole matter casually, as if it were merely an incident, and didn't really count at all. Yet the best physicians in New York had told him there was no chance of his ever being able to walk again. And, though he made no mention of his business affairs to us, we knew from sundry small curtailments in the keeping up of his quarters that his income was neither so sure nor so large as to cause him no concern. Surely one might have expected him to show strain, to fret and chafe under the inaction—to rail at least a little against fate. His acceptance of it was nothing short of pathetic. The women, particularly, seemed to feel that, and outside, on the steps, after a visit to Millward, they would say, as if their hearts were melting with pity for the man inside, "Poor old Mill—poor old fellow," shaking their heads and walking along for a block, or perhaps two, without saying a word.

There was something we all felt, and which good old Bert Perryman one day put into words: "If it had been any one of us except Millward, it wouldn't have seemed so hard. We could have gone on putting our bright little paints on canvas, and writing our serious little books, without needing to move out of an invalid-chair; in fact, we'd probably have got more accomplished than we do now—might have kept us at something, not being able to run away from work whenever we felt like it. Anyway, we'd have got enough sensation—enough psychological reaction—out of it, to pay for the inconvenience. But Millward! There can't be any compensation in it for a man like Millward. No amount of introspective twaddle could repay him for what he's lost. He's just—done for." And that feeling, coupled with our love for Millward, seemed to endow us with a kind of tragic responsibility.

Almost immediately, and so naturally that we were scarcely aware of it ourselves, we constituted ourselves his "family." Every day we went to see him; we made of ourselves a barrier for him against the world. We wanted to bring him to feel that we were there, by his side, if he should need us—and there was never the least tincture of duty about our fidelity. We went because it would not for a moment have occurred to us *not* to go.

At first he asked an amazing number of questions about what was going on outside; of course he had his papers, and knew as well as we the news of the day. Yet a very natural delicacy kept us from discussing too robustly our plans and activities in the world which was to have

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been the arena of Millward's own future, and which had closed forever upon him. But when he displayed an interest, brought up a question of his own accord, we talked freely, until Millward—who could give you a stiff argument about anything—would get up such an excitement that some one, becoming suddenly conscious of what we were doing, would send a little admonitory glance around, and we would realize anew how unescapable was the disaster that had come upon Millward.

We bent every effort toward making him feel that he was still one of us—that he had lost none of our comradeship. We detailed all the small happenings in which he would have had a share had things been otherwise, withholding only such portions as might have increased for the moment the poignancy of his situation.

He had made, just at first, several awkward attempts to express something of his appreciation of what he called our "standing by" him, and those attempts were such complete and eloquent failures that there could be no mistake about the sincerity of his gratitude. Gratitude, did I say? How such words, slipping out unconsciously, do illumine the whole matter—for it was words like that which were to come later to have such special significance in the affair.

We went over every phase of it on that culminating afternoon, and found, looking critically back over those long months, no great reason for self-reproach; unless, as Mary McDonald said, the fact that we enjoyed the time we spent at Millward's was a matter for reproach. To be sure, there came into our minds all sorts of little omissions—small things we had thought of and hadn't done; yet not one *he* would have noticed. That is, the old Millward. But this inexplicable new Millward, whose furtive eyes had not that very day been able to meet squarely those of his friends; this Millward seemed entirely beyond our conjecture.

The metamorphosis had seemed to come upon him slowly—little by little—so that only that day when we had admitted it to one another, had the change become absolute. Yet in the moment of that admission there sprang up among us the disquieting possibility of there having been no metamorphosis at all—of the "new Millward" having been all along the real Millward. I remember the question shaping itself in my mind—and I could almost vouch for its presence in some form in the consciousness of each one of us there present—the question of whether Millward's fate had not been a just fate, forcing him by one terrible blow to his own self-revelation. Nothing could have persuaded us to give voice to any such suspicion—but there are thoughts one cannot keep out of the mind. Moreover, all that we had to go on was the fact that we had become only gradually aware of a change.

We had seen, for several weeks, a growing irascibility in Millward's temper, chafing, we thought, at last, and rebelling a little, and only naturally bitter. He seemed waiting for an opportunity to contradict some one; disagreed on the least provocation and the most irrelevant matters, and went at random against what we knew to be old-established opinions of his own, expressed often and vigorously enough in the past.

"Well, I've changed my mind. I can do *that*, can't I?" he would say, when one of us had been surprised into some such reminder, and there the matter would drop. We knew that his cynicism, his querulousness, was not to be taken seriously. It was all the perfectly natural reaction of his illness, and by common consent we leagued ourselves together to ignore such remarks as might otherwise have led to argument. We even smiled a little—behind his back, so that he shouldn't see—which was the nearest we ever came to any discussion of it. And we redoubled our efforts to make him feel that he had lost nothing in our estimation—as in reality he hadn't—he had, indeed, grown steadily in our affection—and any one of us would have made any sacrifice to save him a pang in those days.

And then came that week during which we each, one by one, alone with Millward, heard our first of "Merrystone" and made our acquaintance with those blue-covered, legal-looking documents which were to come so soon to be the too-tangible evidence of his guilt.

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How he managed to see us all separately, and with what subtle element of secrecy he contrived to imbue the transaction, remain to this day mysteries compatible with nothing save a certain indestructible quality in Millward's nature which would, if his destiny had been fulfilled, have brought many men to do his unspoken will—the quality which had caused others to see in him a man "with a big future."

At any rate, prompted by whatever admixture of sentiment and hope of gain possessed us at the time, by the end of the week we had, every one, paid or arranged to pay into Millward's hands, if not more than we could afford, at least more than any other conceivable investment could have charmed from us, as first payments on "Merrystone" lots; and the astonishing thing about it was that not one of us had given so much as a hint to any other one of the occurrence. And for many weeks thereafter no sign or word passed between us to indicate that we had ever heard of "Merrystone."

He had, it seemed, approached every one of us in precisely the same way. And, if we had known, this uniformity was part of a context by which we might have spelled out the truth; but it was not until long after, when the need for context was past, that it revealed to us any meaning whatever. Until then it remained in our minds what Dick Kirchner had persisted in calling it on the afternoon we discovered the similarity of our experiences—Millward's "system."

He had begun in each case by saying that he wanted our opinion about something. He put it upon the basis, each time, of asking the advice of a friend upon whose discretion he could perfectly rely, and giving invariably the impression of its being the first time he had spoken of it to any one. He had gone on then to tell how Wetherby, of Gage & Wetherby, had come a few days before to see him with the suggestion that he might, without moving out of his chair—just using the telephone and by mail—sell a few lots in an exclusive residence tract they were opening up in Westchester. They were calling it "Merrystone," and already the lots were going at an amazing rate; there were so very few tracts available these days for subdivision, near New York City, like this; they were keeping a big office force busy with the contracts. And here he had got out the pamphlets and blue-prints to show us, as he said, "the whole thing"; and it was at this point, when we had seen his eyes begin to shine and heard his voice gain vigor and life, just at the prospect of some occupation for his long days, that we had each been seized with the realization of how utterly impossible it would be, no matter what we thought of the scheme, to hint of doubt to him. The talk of business, the blue-prints, and the legal-looking blank contracts were like meat and drink to Millward. The name "Merrystone" was in evidence everywhere, very attractive and shipshape; but it was the blue-print plats of the tract, with their cryptic figures and notations, that Millward unfolded as if they were the most precious things in the world. He began to explain, with an extraordinary amount of repression, the exact location and the peculiar excellence of the position of the land, trying to keep the enthusiasm out of his voice, trying to make it commonplace. And when he had finished showing us the last booklet, when he had traced with his pencil the last paved and parked boulevard, we had fallen under the spell of "Merrystone," had forgotten that Millward had only asked our advice, and had ourselves broached the subject of making a little investment.

Remember that the "system" never varied; that he never by a single word suggested that *we* go into it. We went into it with our eyes open, but a bit dazzled, perhaps, by the beauties and possibilities of "Merrystone"—and blurred, too, by a mist of sympathy, almost of pity, for Millward; so that we could have gone even straighter with our eyes shut. And then, when we had of our own accord committed ourselves, and never till then, did Millward remark, in the most casual way, that Kirchner, or Miss Pitman, or Brooks, had taken lot so-and-so, in block so-and-so, the day before. It had struck every one of us as a little queer that he had not, in going over the blue-print—when it would have been

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so apropos, so naturally suggested to his mind—mentioned the others then. And we all testified to a pause in the conversation here—a brief interval on Millward's part which had the effect (Charlotte Pitman found the phrase) of three or four dots in the middle of a sentence, to be interpreted according to the understanding of the reader. And we had interpreted it variously, at the moment, but with the feeling, confessed by us all, that we had failed to grasp a meaning which should, by our long acquaintance with Millward, have been immediately discernible.

He did not dwell upon the fact of the others having taken lots in "Merrystone," but merely mentioned it in passing, as if to say that we were not alone in our judgment of "Merrystone," but not in the least a fact intended to influence our decision. His only other allusion to it was to say, a little later, that so-and-so had gone into it, of course, merely as a speculation—putting the whole of whatever sum he intended to invest into the initial payment, merely to secure the lots long enough for an immediate turn—which was, Millward said, exactly the thing, if he could get hold of some money, he would do himself. In this information, too, there seemed to be no ulterior motive. But far more remarkable than Millward's system was the uniformity with which we adhered to *our* system—for, without exception, Millward had no sooner vouchsafed this information than it became apparent that it was the very method which we, too, should pursue. Millward did say, with an effort at lightness, that of course the more lots we took the better it made it for him, since his percentages came out of the original payments. What bearing this may have had upon the extent of our investments I cannot say; but it is pretty certain that it added a great deal to our satisfaction in the new venture. And it is equally certain that we put into it more money than we, who lived a sort of hand-to-mouth existence, holding to-day of more worth than to-morrow, could afford.

Even sturdy, practical Mary McDonald took out of the bank the seven hundred dollars she called her "old age fund," and, with a sort of ingrowing Scotch abandon, without consulting a soul, fairly dumped it into a block of "Merrystone." Not one of us left anything for future instalments, though, of course, the contracts were plain as to our getting no title to the property until the final payments were made. And then Millward had led us definitely to believe that the re-sales would begin at once—that week, or perhaps within a few days. There had been nothing halfway about his assurance in that connection, nor about the substantiality of the profit to us in the transaction.

During the weeks that immediately followed we should have been warned by our own unreasonable silence. For weeks began to go by, and no re-sales were made. Millward was waiting for just the right moment, just the right offer, he said. And here, too, he pursued toward us all the same policy, managing still to maintain with each an innocent air of not wanting it talked about.

At first he would telephone most enthusiastically—he had a prospective buyer who would look at the property on Sunday—he had ready money; just the man he had been looking for. And then, late Saturday afternoon, he would telephone again that he had heard certain things—that he had a feeling about his man—that he wasn't playing exactly fair—though in just what way the man was in a position to be unfair, before he had entered into any negotiations, was more or less obscure.

There were details of the transaction which we took for granted were one way, and then we would discover that we had misunderstood, and some feeling of delicacy would prevent us from speaking, from saying what we *had* understood. And all these things were done with such an air of utter reliance upon us and our faith in him, that it was only their coherence, their consistent repetition, that made of them after a while the enormity they became. Oh, we were fools—but fools of no new sort—gullible in the old, familiar way.

Not until the second month had come and gone—not until Millward had ceased telephoning us, and had dropped, except where it would have been too flagrant an avoidance, all mention of Merrystone—did suspicion come into our

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minds, and even then it did not come unchallenged. We denied it the right to enter, and went so far, some of us, as taking another lot or two, just to prove to ourselves that we knew what we were about, and to show Millward that we were not mean enough to regret going into it just because it hadn't turned out so immediately as he had expected.

Then things occurred—small things, but like signals flashed in the dark; things of this kind: One morning I called Millward's number on the telephone. After a moment I heard the click of some one taking down the receiver, but for some little time there was no answer, so that I called "Hello!" again, and then Millward's voice answered, very faintly, almost in a whisper, with a sort of tentative, unreal sound, entirely unlike his usual hearty "Hello." I waited a little myself, taking it in before I said, "Hello! that you, Millward?" There had been something secretive, something peculiar, about the way he had answered. There was another wait, after which he repeated his faint "Hello" with exactly the same inflection as before. But this time—and it struck me with peculiar force—there was deception in it, a quality intended clearly to convey some idea which I did not on the instant grasp. But in a second I knew. He intended it to sound very far away—as if the connection had been a poor one, and he had not heard *my* "Hello" at all. But at the other end of the wire I could almost hear him breathing, so perfect was our connection.

"Millward?" I said again, out very loud, and directly into the mouthpiece. I could actually feel him keeping silent, pretending to listen, and there seemed to come to me over that sensitive wire the very vibration of his deception. Then I heard him work the receiver hook up and down two or three times, experimentally, not impatiently, as he would naturally have done. "Hello!" he said again. I answered as before; he waited again, then called, still in that far-away voice, "Hello, hello!" without any show of annoyance; yet the telephone was always Millward's particular abomination.

This happened twice, but separating the two occasions was another telephone call which was answered at once by Millward's housekeeper, Mrs. Harkness. I asked for Millward, and she left the telephone and stayed away an unusual length of time. Finally she came back to say that Mr. Millward was so very busy just then, and would I mind calling up again, later. Mrs. Harkness seemed to have no difficulty in hearing me.

It was astonishing, during those days, to see the success with which Millward actually *avoided* us, though we went as regularly to see him, and he had no means of escaping our presence. And we managed, somehow, to avoid one another as well; the atmosphere, charged with doubt, with suspicion, separated and estranged us, so that the outsiders who had begun to come, apparently on business, seemed closer to Millward than we who had known and loved him so long. Our old, happy gatherings dissolved imperceptibly in the constantly growing stream of strangers. One met them there more and more often, and, though we thought at once that they were "Merrystone" buyers, they seemed in a remarkably short space of time to feel themselves personal friends. But, in the nature of things, it would have been difficult to maintain a strictly business relationship with a man in Millward's situation. And we judged from their faces that Millward was all that was to be desired in the way of an agent. And because we knew what we knew, we responded almost extravagantly to Millward's assumption of our complete faith in his judgment. I despised myself for the thought that Millward might be making a little stock of our loyalty—before those others, the clients.

So it went, and, at the end of five months, clinging desperately to our faith in Millward, not one of us had got a single penny in return for our investment in "Merrystone." We had got nothing but the thinnest excuses, and gradually no excuses at all. The few who could had paid the monthly instalments, and those who couldn't manage it had simply let the lots go by default, had received the notice from the company, and had received in turn Millward's amazing assurance that he would do what he could toward getting the time extended until it was convenient for them to pay

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up the instalments; a statement he made with the utmost simplicity, as if he wished them to know how thoroughly, even to the point of interposing his personal influence, he was willing to look after their interests.

The whole thing came to be at last like a bomb filled with high explosives and ready to go off at a touch, so that on the afternoon when we saw Millward surreptitiously concealing his blue-covered "Merrystone" contracts the inevitable happened. And we all felt the shock of the explosion. We had, I believe, from the very unusualness of the situation, a sort of superstition about it, as if we half expected to be struck down for it. Something outside our understanding made itself felt, and as the evidence grew, each one of us acquired unconsciously the attitude of protecting Millward against the thoughts of the others—against their accusations.

It was Dick Kirchner, who hadn't been as hard hit as most of us, and felt, I suppose, for that reason more freedom to speak, after listening, with a growing frown on his usually good-natured face, who came out with the first positive opinion that something ought to be done.

"Why," he said, striking the arm of his chair with abrupt finality, "it's nothing more or less than obtaining money under false pretenses."

A silence came over us, a silence in which a sort of horror mingled with Kirchner's realization of having said the wrong thing, as wrong, somehow, as if it hadn't been true—and of its having been most of all in bad taste. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, in the way of a definite statement that wouldn't have seemed bad taste. Only our final decision, our plan of action, came out in the end clearly and well defined. It was to the effect that we must now, more than ever before, stand by Millward. He was to be protected against himself. Some mysterious physiological reaction had taken place in Millward to produce the change we had seen. We must take the matter in hand, and, by the force of our will-power and love, bring Millward back into our confidence, and restore the old standard of friendship. I don't know just how much we did at the moment rely upon the effect of our continued loyalty, and our continued silence. But we agreed not to speak to Millward again of "Merrystone." We were to relieve him of that necessity for deception. We even, in some vague, shadowy way, foresaw the happy outcome of the "Merrystone" investments.

All of which only goes to show, of course, how far from practical we were. For Millward made it plain that he saw what we offered, and equally plain that he refused it. He seemed literally to throw it back in our faces. He withdrew himself more completely from us, as if determined to escape our kind offices. On the day of our very first visit made all together, by appointment, and on which we had resolved to take the castle by assault, tear down the flag of the usurper, and restore the "old Millward" to his throne again, he had what Kirchner called "the amazing front" to remark, when we had been there a very little while, that he didn't like to hurry us away, but that he had some "important people" coming. It had the effect of a peremptory dismissal, and we went, dismayed and disheartened. But we were true to our colors, or, rather, to Millward's colors, and determined that no temporary rout should deter us. So we went on dropping in, as if by chance, in the old way, taking special pains not to interfere with any business appointments he spoke of before us; the women displayed more genius than ever before in discovering things Millward specially liked, and turning up with them as if they had been guesswork.

But Millward seemed almost to go out of his way to throw out suspicious hints about "Merrystone"; to arrange the setting so as to make, when we entered the room, a sort of "situation" in the dramatic sense—a situation in which "Merrystone" seemed invariably the crux. He was, we thought, a little puzzled by our silence, and trying by that means to test us—to see how far our silence would go.

And then he began to indulge in entirely unnecessary extravagances—an expensive piece of furniture replaced an old but adequate piece; a richly colored table rug appeared under the light of his study-lamp. And he made no comment upon these things, yet took no

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pains to conceal them. But we carried our naturalness to the point of admiring the new acquisitions, though not, as we would otherwise have done, asking how he had come by them.

And then, one day, I received a call from a Mrs. Reynolds, an old friend of my mother's, and whom I had, on an occasion long ago which she recalled to me, introduced to Millward. It was about him she had come to see me. He had, she said, called her up on the telephone about a week before, had used my name to remind her of their meeting, and had told her that he wanted very much to talk with her about a matter in which I was interested, and she, remembering then to have heard of his disaster, had herself suggested that she might drop in to see him on her way downtown that afternoon, since she was going down, anyway, to do some shopping. Whereupon, Millward had been very grateful and charming, and had said that nothing could have suited him better.

She had thought him, she told me, the most pathetic sight in the world, sitting there in his invalid-chair, and talking so bravely about business, as if there were nothing the matter. For, of course, it was "Merrystone" he had wanted to see her about.

"So I just ran in," she said, "to thank you for suggesting me."

"Oh," I said, staggered, "then he told you I'd suggested you?"

"Well, I can't be sure that he told me in so many words—but of course I got the *idea*. Why? Didn't you want him to tell?"

I don't know what idiotic scruple she thought me prey to, standing there speechless before I managed to say that since he *had* told her, it didn't particularly matter. I could easily imagine by what subtleties of innuendo he had given her the "idea."

"I don't see," Mrs. Reynolds went on, "why you shouldn't want me to know. It was really awfully nice of you; one doesn't often get a chance like that."

"You took it, then?" I asked, knowing of course that she had.

"Certainly, I took it," she said, "a profit like that on a week's investment! I couldn't resist it."

"When is the re-sale to go through?" I asked, feeling like a criminal for my duplicity, but determined to know how far he had dared to go.

"Oh, on Wednesday—I thought you knew." She seemed a little surprised.

"I didn't know, you see, what lot you would take."

"Was there more than one?" Again she seemed surprised, and I realized that I was getting into deeper water than I had intended. I felt as if I were both accuser and accused in some queer kind of third-degree inquisition, and that I should, in another moment, catch myself in a lie.

"Was there?" she asked again, and then went on, without waiting for her answer: "He only spoke of one—the corner I took—and I got the impression that there weren't any others. That is, others that had been spoken for—that he had, you know, arranged for the re-sale on."

And here I felt that, without any fear of misstating the facts, I could answer her question.

"No, oh no," I said, "there weren't any others arranged for re-sale, I'm sure."

She looked at me then with a quick, puzzled air, as if wondering what my lukewarmness meant, but discovering in her own enthusiasm the reason, which came out in her next remark.

"It's too bad," she said, rising to go, "that you couldn't have taken it yourself. But then, from what Mr. Millward said, you've had your share out of 'Merrystone.' He told me it had been going at a tremendous rate, and that you had got in on the very first of it."

She had reached the door, and I stood still where I was.

"Thanks again," she said, "for thinking of me. I'm going along now."

And I let her go; let her go without a word of warning, because I could think of nothing for which I was sure I should not later be sorry. Something, I knew, had now to be done, but I felt myself incapable of any decision. So I got my hat and went in search of Perryman. He had a level head, and would make some sane suggestion.

I found him alone at his rooms. As I came in he greeted me with, "I was just wishing you'd come."

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"Why?" I said; and then he told me. He had had, that morning, a visit from a man named Barker, whom he had once introduced to Millward. And this man had come to Perryman on precisely the same mission that Mrs. Reynolds had come to me—to thank him for "suggesting" his name to Millward.

Well, the upshot of it was that within the next four days Kirchner had had his visitor, Mary McDonald hers, and Charlotte Pitman had been called on the telephone.

And their stories were as exactly similar as ours had been. Millward had, in each case, if not definitely promised, at least led them to believe that he had, through an unusual combination of circumstances, already arranged for the resale of the particular lot; that he had the buyer, with the money in his pocket, and that the deal would go through on a certain day the following week, a day which each one of them named without hesitation.

It was time then, we saw, to act. This last defiance of friendship, which, in the very nature of things, he must have known we would discover, showed us that there was no time to lose if we were to save him the ignominy of public disgrace. For we still clung desperately to our belief in Millward, sustaining our theory by the headlong recklessness of his downfall. So we delegated Bert Perryman to go and say what had to be said.

We waited at Charlotte Pitman's studio, and at the end of an hour Perryman was back, looking as if he had been wrestling with immaterial devils, and it was plain on his face that they had been too vaporous for his material hands to grapple—that the devils had come off victorious.

He came in and swung out of his overcoat before he let us have the benefit of his expression. Then he compressed his lips, shrugged his shoulders, sat down on the edge of a divan, dug into his pocket for a cigarette, and tapped it thoughtfully on the palm of his other hand before he looked up unexpectedly and spoke.

"He's beyond me," he said. He struck a match and held the flame to his cigarette before he went on.

"He—pretended to be surprised."

"*Surprised?*" We echoed it like a chorus.

"Yes, surprised. Or at least I *think* that's what he was pretending. He simply slipped through my fingers. You couldn't understand just how unless you'd been there. It wasn't a conversation you could repeat. Nothing *to* repeat. He acted exactly as if he hadn't done it—as he would have acted, you understand, if I had been accusing him out of the blue, of something that had never entered his mind. But it was acting; it was over-acting. He kept saying that 'Merrystone' *was* good; that surely we didn't doubt that. I kept putting it plainer and plainer, and when I tried to show him the position he had put us in when he had used our names to get other people to buy, he said: 'But I thought, from the way you've been acting, that the rest of you didn't want any more 'Merrystone'! 'The way we've been acting?' I said; and he came back with, 'Yes, you never speak of it, seem to be trying to avoid the subject, and you cut me off every time I bring it up.' 'You know, Millward,' I said, 'why we stopped talking about "Merrystone"; you know it was to give you a chance.' 'Chance?' he repeated after me, with the exasperating stolidity of a Chinese idol. It was the kind of thing I'd never stand in a well man, and, by heavens, I'm not so sure I could go through with it again from Millward. As it was, I told him as bluntly as words could tell it, that he was laying himself liable, that he could be held legally to answer, and in exactly the same way he repeated after me again: 'Liable?' I begged him, for God's sake, not to act as if he didn't know; that he knew he had made promises to every one of us he hadn't kept, and that he had made no effort to keep; that he knew he had made the very same promises within the last few days to Mrs. Reynolds and to the man Barker, and to the others, when if he had a buyer for any property at all, he would in all reason have sold *ours*, and he interrupted what I was saying to remark in the calmest possible way that 'the buyer wanted the lots he wanted; he didn't want any of our lots.' 'Oh, then you *have* a buyer?' I said. He looked at me for a moment as if I had said something puz-

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zling; then, 'What do you mean?' he asked. Well, I didn't want to lose my temper if I was to do any good, so I simply said that I meant he really *had* a buyer; and he said, 'Didn't I *tell* them I had?' I couldn't see, with him in that humor, what I could gain by saying the obvious thing, and I wanted to get away; so I merely threw out as a parting admonition that we, his friends, couldn't be responsible for what outsiders would do in case they should feel a grievance; that it was not like dealing with us; and he flew off the handle at that. Said he'd done *his* best; that he supposed we knew more about business than to imagine property could be manipulated in *no* time; that we all knew how he had worked at 'Merrystone'—how he'd given it his time; he actually gave the impression of complaining that if it hadn't been for his looking so strenuously after *our* investments he wouldn't, all these months, have needed to slave as he had. . . . Well," Perryman looked about at us, "that's all. . . . Here I am."

And there, too, were we. There was a long silence, while every one waited for some one else to speak.

"I suppose," said Mary McDonald, at last, "that we ought to wait and see whether he *has* a buyer next week."

"It seems about all, under the circumstances, there is left to do," Dick Kirchner said, voicing the relief we all felt in any small respite. For it went against us, even after Bert Perryman's interview, to believe Millward guilty of deliberate trickery. We wanted to put off even talking about it. It seemed like a one day's truth, and to-morrow we would wake to find it not so.

We parted with no more definite plan in view than that: to wait and see what the next week would bring.

But the next week brought exactly what we had dreaded to foresee—nothing. On Wednesday, Millward called up Mrs. Reynolds to tell her that his buyer had "disappointed him," that he was terribly upset about it, and would go right to work on some one else. On Thursday he telephoned to Mr. Barker that his man had "gone back on his bargain," but that he had some one else in mind, and Mr. Barker was to feel perfectly easy about it, as "Merrystone" property never went begging two weeks at a time. And on their days, the others received information of how the buyer had disappointed Millward, and the assurance of his most urgent efforts in their behalf.

Kirchner was openly furious, and was for drastic and immediate action; said we had been a lot of weak-kneed, sentimental fools, and just because a man happened to be run over in a railroad wreck was no reason to think he was a saint; and just because he happened to be an acquaintance of ours was no reason to stand by and see perfectly innocent people swindled; and he, for one, didn't believe in easy methods in a case like this; and he ended by announcing his opinion that if there was any self-respect left in the man, it was our duty to "wake it up"—and the way to do that was to "shock" him into his senses.

"What would you propose?" Bert Perryman asked, meekly enough, in the face of such a high-handed seizure of the reins.

"What do I propose? I propose that we make a legal complaint, bring suit against him! Bring suit for obtaining money under false pretenses!"

We remained for a moment speechless before this proposal, a little awed by Kirchner's commanding vigor, and then, because we had none of us a plan or an argument against it, we began to see it as the only thing to do. It was logic. And it involved, at least, the chance of doing some good. It couldn't, we knew, make matters worse.

Two days later, at half-past ten in the morning, Dick Kirchner and I, as an official committee, were on our way to see Millward, armed with a typewritten complaint, properly drawn and signed, wherein Albert D. Perryman, Mary R. McDonald, Thomas Brooks, *et al.*, complained of one John Thomas Millward concerning sundry and certain transactions therein set forth in full.

We had heard, the day before, further details of the last piece of business, which had swept away the last shred of our tolerance, and the thought of Millward's condition served only to aggravate our sense of the outrageousness of his conduct.

Instinctively we rang the bell, instead

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of the old, familiar tattoo we were accustomed to give.

Millward's voice called "Come in!" and we opened the door and stepped inside, Kirchner first. A sort of anger flared up in both of us at sight of Millward sitting there so calmly, wrapped in his bright-colored blanket as safely as he had thought himself wrapped in his affliction. And we both mustered no more than a curt nod and a short "Millward," as one man passes another on the street.

Millward raised his head, then paused without speaking. He would have been blind not to see that something was wrong.

"Come in," he said again, and watched our faces with growing tensity.

"Sit down," he said, and I saw the blood begin to recede from his face, though he kept his casual tone.

We remained standing, and Kirchner, by prearrangement, was first to speak.

"We've come on business, Millward," he said.

Millward's eyes regarded us steadily. Then, in the tone which must have so exasperated Perryman that other day, he repeated the word: "Business?"

"I have here the copy of a complaint which is to be filed in the courts tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, charging you, Millward"— Kirchner spoke the words slowly—"with obtaining money under false pretenses."

A curious, an incomprehensible, change seemed to take place in Millward, not alone in the expression of his face, but sweeping his whole body. Without the movement of an eyelash or a shift in his position the change had taken place, and Millward had cried out: "No! You can't mean that you've—"

Kirchner broke in, relentlessly: "I mean that you've swindled your best friends out of every cent you could get, and I mean that you're a liar and a cheat—and a scoundrel!" Kirchner ended, his head thrust forward, determined upon the full voltage of shock. But it was suddenly as if something had gone wrong with the current, and we, ourselves, had received the shock. For Kirchner's last accusation had scarcely hurled itself forth, when Millward, flinging up his arms, cried wildly, in a strange and shaken voice:

"*Thank God! Thank God! At last!*" His shoulders moved, and the strong, reliant chin began to quiver. "I've made you *hate* me at last!"

We leaped to his side, clutching his shoulder. "Millward!" we cried, "Millward!" But he flung us off with a powerful sweep of his arm. His eyes blazed at us through a veil of moisture.

"Don't you see," he cried, "that I *had* to do it to save myself!"

"To save yourself?"

"To gain back my self-respect and my manhood!"

And we, standing speechless, like two struck suddenly dumb, seemed dimly to perceive something monstrous and vague—something for which we, ourselves, were to blame.

"Do you mean that *we*—" I began.

"I mean," said Millward, "that today, for the first time in more than a year, you've spoken to me as an equal—you've treated me as a man! But I had to beat you, and cheat you, and force you to do it!"

The flood-gates were open, and Millward's words rushed like a torrent unloosed.

"I didn't whimper—I didn't ask you for pity! But you couldn't resist—good friends as you were—you couldn't resist treating me like a child! You brought me only the things I liked; you talked about only the things I knew; and you never once spoke of things you thought might hurt me—and they were the things—the things I had lost—that I wanted most to hear. You were my very best friends—and yet not one of you could bear even to watch me suffer; at the first hint of *sharing*, you fled—oh, you were all pitifully afraid! I was sorry for you more times than one. If you had been anywhere the night before, you told me about it next morning, in detail, in words of one syllable, leaving nothing to my imagination, as if you thought, because I was chained to this chair, that I couldn't understand things like a normal man, just hearing them talked about. And there were times—times enough—when I didn't give a hang *where* you'd been or *what* you'd done! Why, you even spoke more distinctly, more slow-

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ly, as if you thought I'd gone *deaf!* And the women! Great heavens, the women! I was no more than a baby to them! One of them brought me a picture one day—a snapshot some one had taken—and she actually pointed *herself* out to me, and you two, and Mary McDonald—as if I couldn't recognize people I *knew* in a *picture!* You can't imagine what you were doing to me. I felt as if I were being pushed back into infancy—into impotence. I wanted some one to come in at that door, as you did just now, and speak to me as a *man*—just 'Millward,' without a smile. But you all came in carefully, and said 'Hello, Mill, old man'—as if I had need of that kind of bravado.

"Well—I thought I saw my way out with 'Merrystone.' When Wetherby came to me with the offer, I jumped at it, because I thought I could prove to myself I could *do* something yet, I could win back my self-respect. And then—I wanted to tell some one—and I told Perryman, because I thought he knew more about business than the rest of you, and I asked his advice. . . . And Perryman showed me my place. . . . He offered me charity! Offered to buy a lot himself! I was not to be dealt with fairly like other men. . . . I was no longer a man; I was only an object of pity! . . . Well, I sold him his lot; and I made up my mind that if there was one of you who had the courage to tell me the truth, I should find him. And every one of you offered me money, offered me—alms. . . . And then I knew that I should have to make you *hate* me, . . . that that was the only way in which I could hope to be treated humanly again. I had to do something to save myself. So I made my plan. I took your money, and I made you give more and more. And I let you believe I was low enough to trade on the pity of friends. I made promises to you I never intended to keep. And I had an agreement with Wetherby that when you had stopped paying, I should go on with the payments myself; and I let you think you had lost the lots, and that I had made no effort to save you. And all the time I could have done what I promised, ten times over. Prices were going up and up, and I wouldn't sell. Look!" he flung open the drawer at his elbow, and scattered upon the table a little sheaf of letters, "offers, standing offers, from a dozen different men, to buy your lots for twice, or three times, as much as you paid! 'Merrystone' *was* good, you see, and I knew there was no way to lose—I only wanted to make you *believe* you had lost, to make you believe I had *used* you. I made myself contemptible in your eyes, but your contempt was not strong enough to kill your pity—nothing but hate could do that. . . . It was then I made friends with new people, because I had to be myself with some one—and they—they would have been the same as you, but I didn't give them the chance; you thought they came to buy 'Merrystone' lots, and when I saw, I let you go on thinking that. I did everything I could do to rouse you! And still you treated me as if I were a child, and didn't know what I was doing! Well, when I saw it was to have no effect, I struck at you through your friends—those last ones—and it was like tonic to me when I saw you beginning to hate me! And *now*—" his voice rose—"*Now—to-day—I'm a man again!*"

His voice stopped, and now, for the first time, we perceived what neither Kirchner nor I had been aware of before.

Millward was standing—upright and alone—three steps away from his chair.

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THE SHADOWS OF THE PALM-BOLES AND THE WHISPER OF THE CARIBBEAN

At the Ocean Cross-roads

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

WE went to the mountains in a ship. There is no other way of gaining the upland parishes of this chain of the Antilles which binds the coast of Florida to the Orinoco, blown in a singing arc *against* the wind; the valleys are full of water.

These mountains are very high, some of them. Our western Rockies could be stowed away tidily under the blue ripples of their ravines. In a gully to the north of the peak we know as Porto Rico there is said to be upward of five miles of this water to drop a penny through.

The green, West-Indian crags are peopled by Africans, and also by Hindoos, Mohammedans, Malays, Afghans, Chinese, Spaniards, Portuguese, and little handfuls of Creole whites. Spain has colored the big islands to the north and west; the Windward Islands to the southeast have been touched by France and England.

I say "touched," and it is scarcely more than that in some places. Standing at night, say, beneath the fronded roof of the "Plantation" in St. Kitts, the little thatched dream-huts of the blacks crowded about one, the tower of the Anglican cathedral obliterated by darkness and time and space, a mountain full of monkeys and mist hanging somewhere overhead, and shapeless shadows crooning among the palm-boles, the whisper of the Caribbean beaches fades out of the mind, and one seems to hear instead the veritable black waters of Mother Congo eating the jungles near at hand.

Precisely in the break between these two halves, at the juncture of the Greater and the Lesser Antilles, lies the cluster of mountain-tops known as the

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Virgins, and among them the islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix, still known officially, while I write, as the Danish West Indies.

They are afraid. Just as in the other little islands hereabouts one cannot escape the sense of an abiding and circumambient despair, here one feels a deeper helplessness in the face of the future, a spiritual prostration dimly repulsive.

They do not know where they stand, and no one will tell them. The flag of Denmark floats over the Government House at Christiansted; a Danish man-of-war lies at anchor in the harbor of Charlotte Amalia, and their king and parliament sit in Copenhagen. But they are not Danish. Denmark has washed her hands of them, quite clean, with twenty-five million pieces of gold. They have no king. They have a President instead, and a Congress, sitting in a diaphanous Washington. And yet they are not American, for the Americans have not come to get them. Who is taking care of them, they ask, and no one answers. It is not a matter of sentiment, of political patriotism; it is a matter of bread; and it is a measure of their character which will endure as long as the islands stand.

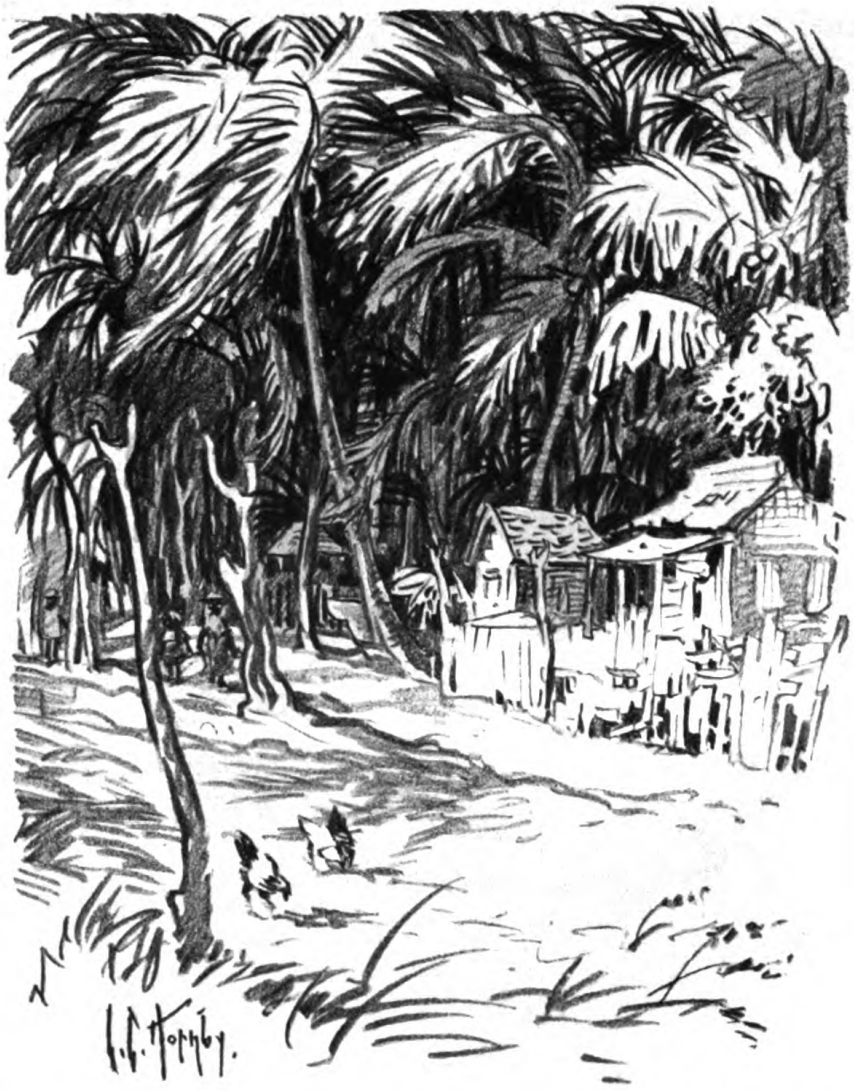


IN THE EVENING GLOW OF THE TROPICS

There is hope, of course, where there is despair. The boatman who ferried us ashore at St. Thomas asked us with a searching wistfulness if we knew when the Americans were "coming."

"I have been living fifty-four years, sirs," he said, poising his oars in the blinding sun. A tall, powerfully built negro, with a grizzled mustache and shining muscles, he possessed a perfection of English which would put a college man to shame. "Fifty-four years," he repeated, "*in bondage, sirs!* Can you tell me, sirs, when the Americans are coming?"

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THE LITTLE THATCHED DREAM-HUTS OF THE BLACKS CROWDED ABOUT ONE

I felt sober. I murmured something vague about "ninety days"—perhaps I said "more or less." My companion for the moment, a New Bedford whaler who had dealt with West-Indian crews, remained singularly untouched. He even showed his teeth in glee.

"Wait!" he apostrophized the boatman. "Wait till the Americans *do* come. Why, George, my son, you don't know what this bondage stuff means! Why, goll-ding-it! George—you might have to go to work, even!"

The fellow bent to his oars again.

We had been hunting the Virgin Islands for seven days at sea, down across the Gulf Stream and the Tropic, half that time under the shadow of a gale and the other half bathed in light, and when we found them at last it was like something utterly unexpected.

The headlands of St. Thomas received us while we slept, and when we came on deck that eighth morning all of us staggered a bit, I think, with the first odd drunkenness of the tropics. I know I did when I looked over the steamer's rail and saw a painted town lifting her hills beyond a strip of water the color of April turf. So I shall always remember Charlotte Amalia, a painted woman of a town, standing at the ocean cross-roads, lovely and light-hearted and desperate

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COCOANUT-PALMS STRETCHING THEIR FINGERS TO THE WEST

with her knowledge that if people cease for a moment to come and go along the blue streets, then she is done and may lie down on her three hills and die.

I remember sitting on one of those hills of a white-hot noon, in the shadow of an old broken tower. A woman near us fed a pair of two weeks' kids from an infant's nursing-bottle. She was dark and rather handsome in a lean, long-limbed way. And as she struggled with the soft, brown, baby creatures she talked to us in an accent which made English of a sudden an alien and alluring tongue, miraculously comprehended. Her sister came. She, too, was dark, sloe-eyed, and handsome, and about her there was the same sense of a breeding and a tradition we knew nothing of, exotic and fascinating, and at the same time vaguely shocking, like the first taste of a mango. They were probably "colored." One never knows in these northern islands. Since I was born on the 17th of March, I may be excused for saying that, in the color way, only those are above suspicion here who are below it.

They told us about the tower that gave us shade from the white sun. Back in the days when the sun was not white, but good red gold, it had been the property of "Black Beard," at once the beacon, the stronghold, and the watch-tower of that fine old buccaneer who had so many wives. "Blue Beard's

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castle" is on another hill, just across the way. These two men seem to have been as precisely alike in everything that matters (saving the color of their whiskers) as a pair of peas in the pod; and, though his is the better castle, I suspect the blue one of copying. However that may be, their ghosts, and the ghosts of their legion followers and their more-than-legion wives, haunt the Virgins till this day, and one may see them easily by gazing for a long time without winking into any little patch of shadow.

We were not gazing into shadows, but at the talking women. We wondered if they believed their own tale. After all, it didn't matter whether they believed it or not, or whether it was true. Like the Revolution according to Carlyle—if it wasn't, it ought to have been. Even if this ruin were the ruin of a self-respecting sugar-mill, haunted by the sweet ghosts of cane long crushed, it is certain enough that this Black Beard Edward Teach was one of the realest and the blackest and the bloodiest pirates who ever graced the Spanish Main; that he brought many a valiant man and fair maid and sound ship to grief, and came to his own at the cutlass of his Majesty's Lieutenant Maynard in the year 1718, on the beach of Ocracoke inlet. Never mind. It was enough just then to sit on the hill, with the town spilled out beneath us, pink walls splashed with the blooms of the hibiscus and the bougainvillea, green and azure and lemon-yellow doors, rust-red roofs, blinding, winding roads, cocoa-palms stretching their fingers to the west, as if, after so many hundreds of centuries, they must still point out the way to the incorruptible trades—it was enough to sit there above the green cricket-field and listen to the murmur of that strangely familiar tongue, knowing all the while that what the two women were really saying was: "Come and go! It is enough for us and for our town and island, if only you will keep on coming and going."

It is not as tourists that we are asked that. If you will believe it, there is not a penny to pay for going to the top of that authentic "Black Beard castle." It is another matter, and while all the people of Charlotte Amalia are saying under their words, "Come and go!" their eyes are not on us, but on the fat, black bellies of our ships lying out there between the headlands, and for once they say it to us, they say it ten times to our ships.

And so they cast back across the hun-



THE CHURCH AT ST. CROIX

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dreds of years to those times of piping plenty when the buccaneers said to the ships of the world: "Come and go! Come and go! All of you that can find sail room on the Spanish Main! *Come* —even if you do not *go!*"

For these are the isles from which those pirate craft set sail; fair, high



AT ONCE THE BEACON, THE STRONGHOLD, AND THE WATCH-TOWER OF THE BUCCANEER, "BLACK BEARD"

ships, I presume, with the sunset turning their canvas to gossamer gold, and their rounded bottoms full of drinking and fighting and song. And here, to this verdant cup of water set between the hills, they came winging back again when their bloody errands were accomplished and their dark lusts quenched; here on the strand they gamed away their swift profits, ingots, pearls, laces, casks of wine—and other things. Or perhaps they rolled along the streets in their huge boots, preening their mustachios; or perhaps they fought for the love of fighting in the night beneath the dark arcades. Or perhaps—who knows? —they sat in the little shadows of hill-top towers and talked with women feeding new-born kids; or did a bit of gardening under the walls; or stood at twilight and watched the blue night come swiftly, full of that high, philosophic tranquillity which comes to men sated with the sweets of violence.

From the romanticist's viewpoint, this was as it should be. It is too bad that they should ever have tried to become self-supporting. Of course they could not be expected to go on being pirates forever, but they lost cast and character, nevertheless, when they turned their backs upon the sea. No wonder! The land is poor stuff, scarcely more than a film of soil spread over the rock, as deep as a stick will scratch. They became nothing, and their history is a blank.

That is all over now. Standing on the high ridge which backs the town of Charlotte Amalia as the rim of a cup, and looking out across the wide sweep of the island, one sees scarcely an unruined habitation and only a very few patches of cultivation, whence come those meager handfuls of vegetables seen of a morning in the long, sun-stricken market—vegetables outlandish and twisted, as though they had been wrung from the unwilling earth in pain.

They have come back to the sea, and it was coal that brought them. Ships nowadays want coal, even in the country of the faithful trades; and though St. Thomas, sitting at the cross-roads, has no coal of her own, she has a bit of

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firm beach where it may be stored and a strip of smooth water where it may be shifted.

To see it shifting is one of the sights to be remembered. Standing on the boat deck of the steamer alongside the dock, one looks down upon a river of coal, flowing ceaselessly, hour after hour through the hot day, taking its source among the black table-lands beyond the dock and emptying its burden in the vitals of the ship underfoot. The river is perhaps four feet wide from bank to bank, the width of two baskets touching rims, each basket carrying sixty to sixty-five pounds of coal, or a comfortable load for a colored woman's head.

Beneath it, as beneath the belly of a Chinese dragon, one catches glimpses of brown, bare feet moving rhythmically. Continuous with the slow, onward rush of the river flows the undercurrent of soft voices, rallying, mocking, punctuated with bursts of laughter and snatches of song. It is a very feast of feminism.

Afterward, when the work is done and the vessel sated, they go away through the town, as swaggering a crew of long-shorewomen as one would care to see, slapping shoulders and calling names. Their legs are bare to the knees and their naked arms swing free. If only our women could walk like these, with the sinuous grace of the serpent and the buoyancy of winged creatures. They are full of an exuberant gaiety which tons of coal cannot crush.

In the front street, under the shadow of ancient Spanish colonnades, they pause to banter an old black man with a silk hat, bare feet, and an umbrella, towering majestically in a tiny cart behind a microscopic donkey; they sit on the cobbles before the Grand Hotel with their legs crossed and their pipes firing merrily between their teeth; or, climbing into the sunset along one of those streets fashioned of steps, they cast back last faint words of comradeship, lift their strong arms in taunt or benediction, and are received into the bosoms of their multitudinous families.



"BLUE BEARD'S" CASTLE, ANOTHER PIRATE'S STRONGHOLD ON A NEIGHBORING HILL

I discovered the most fascinating thing about St. Thomas. I had it at the lips of my "boy." One acquires one's "boy" in these parts after a form as inalterable as the ritual of an ancient faith. Shortly after stepping ashore one

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becomes aware of a Presence. It is invariably a small, very black Presence, showing an abnormal amount of shin and foot beneath the edges of its trousers—a Presence with a bad hat and shining teeth.

One pays no attention to the Presence. One moves away under a mantle of dignity, preoccupied with "sights." The Presence endures. One zigzags. The Presence zigzags. One doubles about corners. The Presence becomes audible, murmuring a stereotyped, "The Government House, sir," or, "That's banana-tree, sir."



A VILLAGE OF THE CHA-CHAS

Now is the moment of crisis. One whirls on the Presence, flinging one's arms abroad. One's eyes blaze. One cries: "Get out, you! I want *nothing! Guide?* Ha-ha! *I*, who was a child in this town! A *guide?* Now look here—Beat it! Or otherwise, I'll—I'll—"

If he be destined of fate to be one's "boy," he understands. Presently, by some obscure necromancy, he is found to be carrying strangely familiar parcels and the new stick, and leading one into the Panama-hat shop. He sits down in the dust at the hotel door when one enters and arises when one comes out again, whether it be a quarter of an hour or five. The bond is stronger than blood brotherhood.

Mine rather got on my nerves in Charlotte Amalia because he would insist upon doing what he considered right by me, chanting his interminable monotone, "Postcard shop, sir—Library, sir—Cocoanut-tree, sir—Blue Beard's castle, sir; right there, sir!"

I led him into a corner where the sun was dimmed.

"I'm tired of the things you talk about," I said, bending down a little and trying to make him understand. "I was brought up on such things." I gave him to understand, I am afraid, that I was born in Blue Beard's castle, and that every other edifice in America was a "Government House," shaded by bananas. "Now what," I demanded, "is really exciting here?"

He appeared to comprehend. A new expression made his eyes more human. I waited to hear of black magic done in the bush of a night out there beyond the hills; of the vast pearl his uncle found last week in Frenchman's Bay, and lost again, overboard; or of the cat blown through the cow-house by the great hurricane last autumn, and found afterward miraculously preserved.

"Look, sir!" He pointed a polished finger over my shoulder. "We have 'lectric lights, sir. They come just now,

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last month, sir. You watch them tonight, sir."

I may say that I was shocked. I gave him up. Generations of hard-won culture, a hundred thousand pages of romantic estheticism, lay between us. I pitied him almost as much as I condemned him, but after I had thought it all over I became very humble. For getting down to the very truth of the matter, this is precisely the great phenomenon of St. Thomas island in February of the year 1917—electric street-lamps!

He told me of another thing near to his heart. The last meager issue of the Danish island stamps was nearly exhausted, and my "boy" had been devoting the pennies taken from such as I to purchasing as many as possible of these precious prints. He told me that one day, after the Americans had come, these stamps would be worth "a hundred dollars apiece for each one." I hoped he was right. I began to understand, what the brown lady behind the post-office wicket had meant by telling me they were "very good." At the moment I had imagined she was defending the absence of "stickum" on the back.

And so, while we talked, we climbed a sun-drenched street with a yellow pavement and close walls of pink and violet and flame and ultramarine; big, studded doors set deep in recesses; windows sealed with shutters the color of mala chite; and, of a sudden, the mouth of a dark corridor leading away through the internals of a great, flat stucco block and down into the glare of the street below. There was something fascinating about that intimate vista. Arch succeeded upon Spanish arch, thick in masonry; somewhere a lacework of sunshine, mysteriously procured, traced the floor of the corridor; beyond it showed a dim net of fronds and the ghost of a fountain. And even the faint voice of a phonograph, away down there, pleading to know if I were "from Dixie," seemed to sharpen rather than to dull the sense of another world, a world languorous, remote, and self-contained.

There is always music here, or rumors of laughter. I shall remember the island of St. John, on the other hand, as a place of silence.

It was the agent who ferried us there from Charlotte Amalia in his indefatigable launch, a wiry, bronzed, smallish man with a Danish name and Danish blue eyes set in the shadow between a fair mustache and a helmet of the whiteness of the sun—an incredibly sprightly man. We felt, somehow, that he would do anything at all for us. The truth is that he will do, and does do, anything at all for any two-legged human in the Virgin Islands. So one gets on in the tropics. For though it is all very good, in places like Bridgetown or Port of Spain, where the big shops are, to do one thing well and make a name for it, out here in these far-away, hand-to-mouth islands one puts one's eggs in as many baskets as may be.

Like the sins of an old man, this calculated dissipation has set its mark upon the face of his warehouse—a dim, cavernous shell of a building, full of high palings and snowy jackets surmounted by dark faces bending over desks and mammoth ledgers—over occult affairs in chandlery, Panama hats, an outlying and desert island, minor activities in government, perhaps a slice in a sailors' boarding-house, or a stick of cable news for the New York morning papers. Many baskets indeed! And as typical of the Caribbees as hot sauce and pessimism.

One is struck by the significant disorder of the place. One stumbles over mysterious bales and crates. A file of puncheons parades a wall. Just over there is a desk bearing the traditional implements for selling insurance on one's life or one's outbuilding, or one's appearance in court. Four dusty bottles of bay rum inhabit a shelf beneath a thrice-corrected list of the prices of sewing-machines, and to the right and left and above, straight and crooked and haphazard about the walls, hang the colored likenesses of ships. The agent, of course, is the agent of ships—"of *all* the regular lines touching here," he particularizes with a kind of humility. So we have come back to it, inevitably. "Come and go; keep on coming and going, if you please, for there are mouths to feed in the pink-and-blue house on the hill."

As we entered the cathedral gloom of

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the warehouse from the blinding street, ushered by the master, the gates in the palings opened and the black clerks came swarming out to question him, some with ledgers, all with gestures. He faced them, impregnable, aggressive; answered their soft babble with brief barks, like anger. Standing there in the twilight under his vast helmet, a thumb tucked in his watch-chain, teeth bared in a dim gleam beneath his mustache, he seemed to bring vaguely to mind another personage, of prominence perhaps in our native land, and who has sailed upon occasion among the Caribbees. Might it be we had surprised a little secret of the agent's? Or was it a secret? One of us caught a fragment of speech around a corner later in a voice not unlike the agent's.

"Of course," it said, "you will understand I am not quite of the Colonel's age."

Yes, a little more bulk would not harm the illusion.

Out of the back door we were again in the clutch of the pitiless sun, striking full on a white and almost tideless beach. We leaped from the frail pier to the launch; black hands cast off the ropes, and the engine throbbed in the boat's internals, watched over impassively by the engineer's wife and baby, two soft, brown beings "from Jamaica."

And so we swam away across the green water among the waiting ships, one of them waiting in an odd-enough fashion since the hurricane last year, her snout poked over the edge of the land as though she had deep, dim designs on the hills. Especially we passed under the stern of one squat, iron thing, straining at an anchor buried there, one would say, too long. I remembered the words of a friend I had met that morning, a young American newspaper man, waiting for the formal rites of transfer to be done. We were standing in the square beneath the twisted palms and flanked by the red, bugaboo fortress when he pointed across the water toward this Danish man-of-war.

"They are only waiting," he said, "till they get their money, to clear out."

In the tone and gesture, no less than in the words themselves, lay a searching epitome of Denmark's history in the Caribbees. One sees it borne out and emphasized wherever one may turn. The Englishman in his shirt-front has done something with the tropics (for good or ill); the American is beginning to do it in his shirt-sleeves. But as for the Dane in his fitted jacket, one feels simply that the money should be paid right away and the anchor gotten up and the iron nose of that man-of-war pointed into the north.

He has been sitting here for a little more than two centuries and a half. And when the Americans have "come," and the last of those island stamps has been disposed of to the avid collector for "a hundred dollars apiece for each one," then the memory of the Dane will have passed away forever. His two hundred and fifty-one years of dominion have left no visible mark—unless it be a peculiar poverty.

The war-ship slipped astern and was swallowed up by the populous hills. We came between the headlands, gaunt, towering, the one on the west bearing the ruin of a fortress; the one on the east, a light-house and the galvanized stronghold of the keeper. The guardian mountains descended into the water, gray with scrub, and precipitous; even outside, when we had cleared the gut and taken the sea and hauled away to the east, the coast-line continued to show its bones, and only the glamour of the westering sun served to save it all from an incredible austerity—that and the fragments of yellow beaches with the blue water making snowy necklaces.

It is hard to tell plainly what we saw from the other rail of the launch. I remember when I was a boy at home I was sometimes given a dessert at supper, a yellow custard with dazzling islands of the beaten whites of eggs disposed upon it; indeed, it was called "floating island," if I am not mistaken. What we saw, then, turning our eyes offshore, was an immense bowl of this "floating island," done not in yellow and white, but in all the shades and half-shades and memories and phantoms of blue known in the soul of the spectrum. Or, rather, all but one. That one is the absurd, pervasive "bluing" blue of the roadstead off St. Croix.

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We swam the mountain-tops. Columbus, sailing among these tiny peaks, called them after the Virgins of St. Ursula. And then the devils came in their red galleons, and what a company of Virgins they have grown—"Dutchman's Cap" "Dead Man's Chest"—"Fallen Jerusalem"—"Rum Island"—and *worse!* What were *we* doing within these haunted horizons with our gasolene and our gabble?

For one thing, as we gathered from the look of the helmsman's back, we were trying to avoid certain mountain-peaks which were *not* out of water. From time to time there descended through the ceiling of the pilot-house the booming deep voice of a black man, crouching tensely (I still hope) on the roof.



WOMEN OF THE MARKET PLACE

"Big rock dead ahead, sir!" it warned. Or perhaps: "Shoal water on the port bow, sir! Take care, sir!"

At each of these recurrent promptings the back of the helmsman quivered, the great helmet above it quivered; we had a sense of an intolerable outrage.

The helmsman, who was the agent, lifted his voice and barked through the ceiling: "No such thing!" or, "Look here, I'm taking care!" Then, having disposed of the invisible mentor, he gave the wheel a savage twist. And so between them we made our zigzag course across a mirror of water as innocent of face as any mill-pond ever seen, not even the lip of a breaker marring its serenity.

A boat was abreast of us, passing in the opposite direction, a small, frail craft with a patched sail bagging to the wind, a handful of groupers and Spanish mackerel swashing in the bottom, and three undersized, razor-sharp faces regarding us over the gunwale with incurious eyes. The agent told us that they were Cha-chas, and we looked at them again.

How familiar in the ears of any one who has ever published a dozen words (and been paid for them) is the phrase, "Now that would make a good plot for a story!" Well, the Cha-chas of the Caribbean would make a good plot for a story — the story of an epic vengeance. Looking at those faces now, abreast of us, as white as our own in a world of black ones, but with a settled dullness, a long-drilled and degenerate acquiescence, one seems to hear a voice and laughter creeping faintly down the years: "They were so fair, so bright-eyed and upstanding! They thought they had escaped me! And look at them now!"

Yes, they thought they had escaped martyrdom, those old Frenchmen and Huguenots. We can see them, perhaps, slipping aboard their sixteenth-century ship under cover of night, the whicker of St. Bartholomew blades and the death gasps of their brothers lost in the dark behind them, their white lips praying for the anchor to come up quickly, the sails to fill with the wind of the sea. . . . And then they were free. They would breathe deep, in those succeeding weeks, of ocean's air that has never known faith nor hate. Their history ended, they would begin to build a new history. One can imagine their emotions at the first loom of these jeweled isles of promise, mist-blue in the evening sky. As they stepped ashore, perhaps, there would be reborn in them the pride of race. Here in a world fashioned to their desire they carry forward, side by side,

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the torches of France and of that faith for which they had not died.

And so they did. They built their village on the strand beyond the town, and other villages by and by, up and down the islands. Treasuring their lineage, they intermarried, turning their precious blood back upon itself at each succeeding generation, remembering a little less of the past, perceiving a little less of the future. To-day their blood is as pure as the day they left France, their houses are huts of mud and thatch, their feet move slowly and their hands hang down, and even the black men scorn them—the "poor white trash" of the Caribbees—fishermen—Cha-chas!



A SUN-DRENCHED STREET OF CHARLOTTE AMALIA

Is it any wonder, then, that as we watched them blowing down the wind astern and merging imperceptibly with the blue, there seemed something incredibly sweet and merciful about the swift dagger-thrust in the shadows of Pont Neuf, or under the lights of the Palais Royal? After all, death is measured better by seconds than by centuries.

We pursued a corridor of blue between green cliffs. Island followed island; here a mountain-top with a solitary roof shining in an upland gully, there a naked pinnacle of rock to menace our path. Mysterious currents swirled; unexpected winds whitened the water. A sloop came toward us along the passage, careening and courtesying as she was handled in the tight course. Whatever one may think of Great Britain's colonial policy, her revenue-cutter in the straits was a sight to bring a man's heels together. And behind her another feather of white was the mail-sloop tripping in from Porto Rico way.

A toothpick wharf appeared in an island bay. When we were alongside we saw a handful of negroes and three small houses, like packing-boxes, under three ragged palms, and we went ashore.

As I have said, I shall always remember this island of St. John as the sanctuary of a peculiar silence. It may have been simply that the dusk was creeping in through the tangled passages and that the daily miracle of night was making. And yet, in other places, and especially under the tropics, the small voices of things carry on even in that swift hour of twilight; birds and tree-toads twitter in the bush, the wings of insects go on gossiping, lizards are about their arrowed errands. But as night descends in this islet there is no sound.

A dozen yards within the bush, along a ragged wheel-track, and we might have been standing in the primeval stillness of an uncharted reef. They say that the pimento and the bay and coffee grow in these low forests. They must grow very quietly. They say there is a harbor beyond those little hills, cloistered on the windward shore; a harbor spacious,

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deep, and safe in hurricane. No steamer ever comes there; only an occasional wind-blown coaster. For, saving a faint rustle under the cutwater and a whisper of reefing-points fingering the canvas, a sailing-ship makes no sound. They say, and this is the most extraordinary thing, that somewhere tucked away beneath this greenery two thousand human beings are born, give birth to young, and die.

We found a ruin sitting on a hill Thorns made a thicket about it, and, as if Beauty were sleeping there and thorns proven not enough, a stubborn old gray wall, softened by vegetation, ran sentinel around it. The roof was fallen in; its tall, lean windows, showing forth the thickness of the masonry, were full of the luminous serenity of the sky. It overlooked a little valley on the other side. In the valley lay a lagoon with reeds about the edges. And the utter peacefulness of this far world was broken only by the voice of the agent, lifted in the bush under the hill.

"Halloa! Halloa!" it cried, full of protest and politeness, bringing down about our ears the magic fabric of a dream. "Halloa! Our time is limited!" He burst upon our vision along the wheel-track, his face flushed, his helmet a little awry. Quailing, we followed.

Half-Loaves

BY MARGARET ARMSTRONG

"MY golden bowl is gone!" I cried.
"Ah no," they said,
"'Tis only tarnished."

"My singing bird has flown!" I sighed.
"Ah no," they said,
"It has not taken wing,
Poor pretty thing,
It molts and cannot sing."

I cried, "My rose is withered from the root!"
"Not so," they said,
"There are no roses red,
But there are leaves along that little shoot—
Green leaves—it is not dead."

I wept, "My lover's heart is turned from me!"
"No, no," they said,
"He loves you less, but let it be
He's not untrue.
He loves no other more than he loves you."

"This poor half-loaf is hard and dried.
I cannot eat!" I cried.
"But it is bread,"
They said.

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The Myth of Anglo-American Antipathies

BY HARRISON RHODES

AMERICAN friendship for France has been the gayest and gallantest emotion of the war. There have been tears in our eyes and quicker heart-beats as we thought of her. The tricolor, one might almost say, was the *panache* that America stuck in her cap as the fifes played and she stepped into place on the western front. But she also stepped into place beside another ally, with whom her acquaintance is older and more intimate, for whom her feelings are more varied.

While we cry *Vive la France!* it is probable, nevertheless, that—unless the gift of tongues suddenly descends upon us—the English Tommy in the trenches may eventually see more of the American Dick and Harry than will any gallant Frenchman. And we at home will read more London than Paris papers, and buy and sell and confer with more Englishmen than Frenchmen. France is our romance, remote and lovely. Most homekeeping Americans never have to deal with any Frenchman in the flesh, unless it be a headwaiter, who is, after all, the most highly trained diplomat of the modern world. But into the humblest American life at any moment an Englishman may come. In any survey of our war resources must be included the question of what our working alliance with England can come to mean of friendliness and mutual understanding.

Anglomania, of course, is merely a disease, and a virulent one. Even Germans are not free from it—the late ambassador to the United States from that nation confessed to a friend, just as he was shaking the ungrateful American dust from his heel, that, in spite of everything, London was the only place he wanted to live in. And the failure to make the Berlin season an international fashionable event, as was the London season, ate like a canker into the Prussian heart. It seems preposterous to say so, but this may well be counted as one of the causes of the war—Berlin's fury was partly that of a would-be fashionable woman scorned. Analogously, occasional violent anti-British feeling among us may be traced to personal pique and Anglomania gone wrong. Years ago a very fashionable American gentleman took a house in England with a wonderful shooting. So wonderful was the shooting (and the fame of the gentleman's chef) that after a due period of negotiation and intrigue the then Prince of Wales, who did not know the American gentleman, was induced to spend a night under his alien roof. A suite was redecorated for the occasion and France was robbed of her choicest champagne. A year later, on the promenade at Homburg, the then Prince of Wales, the sun being in his eyes, failed to speak to his American friend, who recrossed the Atlantic fairly foaming at the mouth, and brought up his family, even to the third generation, as anti-British propagandists. An Anglomaniac scorned in England is almost the height of human baffled rage

As a matter of fact, however, Anglomania in America ran a brief course in the '80's of the last century, leaving us nothing much except Scotch whisky and the economical habit of turning up our trousers when it is raining in London. It is already old-fashioned. As was inevitable, with the growth of our wealth and our own social splendor, we have ceased to be impressed, at least in the old way, by English social position and English titles. *Ruggles of Red Gap* will probably be the last time American literature can, whole-heartedly and with real belief, satirize our national love of a lord. It has been demonstrated so often that London society is more accessible than New York or Chicago society that we have gradually learned not to lose our heads over an invitation to a

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duchess's "At Home." Not that most Americans who go to London are occupied with ladies of title, nor indeed that all these matters of fashion have much serious importance; it is only because playwrights and novelists, and, above all, writers for the Sunday supplements, have so industriously taught the American public to think of England chiefly as a place infested with the aristocracy that any signs are important that we are coming to think of England as a country like any other, or, rather, as a country enough like our own for us to understand and feel easy in. Mr. Britling's England was not overpopulated with the peerage, and no other vision of our ally has so gone home to us for many years. And since, in spite of our famous and genuine adaptability, it may be doubted whether getting on with lords is the best thing we do, the partial disappearance of these fellows from our field of vision makes for better understanding, greater friendliness.

It is perhaps as well here to admit that a certain humility goes with snobbishness, and that thinking less well of a lord sometimes presents the appearance of thinking better of yourself. And being enormously prosperous, as we have been for the past decade, makes any nation "feel its oats." The English may have thought us bumptious sometimes, but it is at least an open question whether this did not in a salutary way increase their respect for the nation, if not always their liking for the individual.

Till the question of the Revolutionary War has been touched the way is not really clear for discussion of the international friendship. This they find hard to understand in England where for fifty years no educated human being has thought of the Revolution at all, except as a mistake on the part of England. The phrase coined in England is now familiar that George Washington was really the Father of the British Empire, since he taught England how not to treat colonies. And English comprehension can go further. A distinguished Englishman spoke lately with enthusiasm of the Revolution as the time when the Englishman George Washington whipped the German George III.! This is a measure of the water which has flowed under the bridge in England since 1776. English school-books are not as ours, and an English child may grow up and never suspect that his country is our traditional enemy. Here an emotional infant, if by any chance he studies his text-books, still feels himself intrenched at Bunker Hill waiting "till he can see the whites of their eyes."

Here at home for years mysterious prophetic pessimists have assured us that at any moment we might find ourselves at war with England. They may have been right. But in England for a long time war with America has been an absolutely unthinkable thing. There is perhaps no way to prove this statement; it is a personal opinion founded on years of talk with various kinds of Englishmen. It may be, of course, that they dimly foresaw the moment—now here—when our backing would be needed. But the beginnings of the great war argue strongly that England foresaw nothing. At any rate, many qualified observers contend that, even before war came, the English liked us better than we liked them.

It is always difficult for any nation to believe that it is liked by another nation. And it is curious the part trifling differences in customs play in international relations. The English cling in bulldog fashion to their ways of doing things, and they sometimes seem in this clinging to disapprove almost passionately of our ways. For example, not only delicate Englishwomen, but the strongest men, are unnerved by the sight of a breakfast egg broken into a glass. The breaker is made to feel that he has done something positively indelicate, as though he had stripped the poor egg to a kind of indecent nudity. English people traveling here speak of steam heat much as they might of leprosy (and then go back and try to have it installed at home); and as for what cocktails seem to the uninitiate, undepraved inhabitant of England, the language is inadequate. A titled poet, whose dramas fill all our Little Theaters, once fled incontinently out of the window of a Soho flat and wandered wildly for a half-hour on the roofs (going as far as Piccadilly Circus, so he asserted) all because a well-mean-

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ing American present had thought to try the innocent, gay experiment of mixing his national before-dinner drink. This story will be believed by no one, yet it is true. It represents symbolically the terror of almost any nation at bay before the customs of another.

We are ourselves afraid of unknown dangers, even in the simplest visit in England. One American writer confesses to the terror with which he went to his first week-end in a country-house there. He expected the whole company to be in a violent tumult of shooting, hunting, and fishing—playing, in the intervals, all the outdoor games with inconceivable virulence. He expected well-trained valets to scorn his clothes, as unsuited to a gentleman. And after dinner he confidently believed high play would ruin half the guests and brazen debaucheries shame the summer night. The English instead sat peacefully under the trees in the garden and talked idle, gay, cultivated talk. They strolled across the lawn as if *dolce far niente* was their national motto. And after dinner every one went honorably to bed at eleven. No foreign customs are very appalling, once you are used to them. American business men have been driven into speechless horror at the first sight of afternoon tea being served in the offices of their London correspondents. But a year or two's battle with the London climate has made many a free-born American drown his business cares in the tea-cup.

It would be a dull world if we all ate our eggs the same way. And it is probable that in his heart of hearts no one believes that eating them the wrong way is a really heinous offense. Indeed, the wrong—or foreign—way of doing things often seems picturesque and attractive. It is just our "wrongness" which has often seemed so delightful to the English. It works both ways—those Americans of the last century were indeed happy who saw visiting Englishmen traveling with tin tubs and coming to dinner parties in tweed suits of knickerbockers, or heard Matthew Arnold admit to his host that the breakfast buckwheat cakes were "not as nasty as they looked." Such different traits are engaging, temperately considered; they add to the gaiety of nations. An American child, who for a brief period had had a cockney nurse, was disheartened when he was taken to England and discovered that the English had not all of them the delicious habit of dropping their h's!

Of course there are plenty of people in England who feel superior to the rude and untutored American. But there are Bostonians and New-Yorkers who feel somewhat above the inhabitants of Chicago. And yet in a crisis they might all feel that their eggs were in the same basket.

It would be well to realize that the English may be amused by us, without disliking us—even when they gravely correct our faults! A London lodging-keeper had an American tenant who protested against the quantity of food provided for breakfast. Bacon and eggs and grilled sole were too much, he said.

"But, sir," she remonstrated, "a gentleman wishes a choice of two dishes for breakfast."

"Not in the least," he replied, almost exasperated. "One is quite enough. Give me bacon and eggs only to-morrow."

And bacon and eggs he got, but *in two dishes*, so he had his choice as a gentleman should!

The American took it laughingly, and he discovered in time that his landlady thought transatlantic lodgers the friendliest, pleasantest in the world—a judgment worth while securing, even if it were based on their being the most apt and amiable pupils in how to be a gentleman.

Many of us are, however, not happy at English appreciation of our picturesqueness. We suspect that they think us all rough diamonds, and we complain that London likes the "wrong kind of Americans," esteeming us just so far as we are "wild and woolly and Western." The position which Buffalo Bill occupied, as a great friend of King Edward VII. and so in the heart of London society, while in the outer darkness languished some highly thought of in fashionable Boston or New York is often cited. And indeed it contains a lesson for us; but is the lesson not that we ought ourselves to have seen more of

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"Bill" at home? How about democracy, when you come to it? In any case Mr. Cody's English friends were quite aware that he was only *a* type, not *the* type of American.

A few years ago a Virginia gentleman, father of famous beauties, was alleged while in England to have taught duchesses how to chew plug tobacco, and a shrill, frightened cry of horror went up from oversensitive Americans. But duchesses, much like other people, have some common sense and can tell an eccentricity when they see one. They were in no danger of thinking the habit prevalent in the best American society; but they liked the Virginia gentleman.

Even if England does often like the Americans "who have no position at home" and behaves as if American social distinctions were of no value, even nonexistent, is she not merely taking us at our word that we are a democracy, and that in our United States all men are really free and equal? If there is an insolence in assuming that no American can be better than any other, there is also a compliment in the willingness to take each individual on his merits, asking no guarantees beyond his nationality. Every American disapproved of by Americans and accepted by London is in one sense merely a proof of the excess of English kindliness toward us.

Indeed, if we are honest with ourselves, we know that the kind of American whose assiduous care it is to speak English without "an American accent," and who, gull that he is, accepts as a compliment from the English the statement that "they would never have taken him for an American," is the American who has had least to do in making English friendship for us. Taking an "English accent" to England is, after all, carrying coals to Newcastle. (Incidentally, is it not about time for both sides of the Atlantic to admit that there is an "American accent" and an "English accent," but no English at all spoken without an accent?) It is quite sure that the English recognize and value cultivation and agreeable tastes when they encounter them in Americans, but they like the blend to be a little different from their own. We are coming to recognize Walt Whitman as one of our great poets. But they knew that in England almost before we did. And to feel deeply the beauty of Whitman writing of Lincoln is to feel the beauty of what is sharply our own in tang, transatlantic, different, and democratic in a way that calls to democracy across the seas.

If we as a nation often seem to see the worst side of England, it is partly because England has a singular gift for putting the worst foot forward. The way you knew an Englishman, in the years before the war, was that he abused England. Sterne's phrase that "they order this thing better in France" grew to be typical of English thinking, if for "France" you substitute "anywhere abroad." The typical Englishman often appeared to be anything but pro-English. And the habit is hard to give up. Even during the third winter of the war an English playwright thought it the moment to bring out in New York a brilliant satirical comedy which proved—if it proved anything—that fashionable war-time London is so hard and so immoral that the American members of it have lost everything which could recommend them to their compatriots at home. And yet the gentleman who so seemed to throw mud at his England and his England's new ally had risked his life for them on the western front! Truly, they order this thing oddly in England.

Indeed, it is profoundly English not to wish to be caught praising England, though you passionately love her. It's rather bad style. And of the same piece of Englishness is their distaste for propaganda. The German papers are full of stories of an American press bought with British gold. And an Irish street orator the other day alleged that our American Young Men's Christian Association was financially supported by England for the purpose of detaching the tender Irish youth of America from their Mother Church! British propaganda, if it exists, must be of a character to make Machiavelli turn in his grave. English people, as you meet them, do not strike you as very efficient deceivers. And so perhaps it is well to balance against these stories the testimony of men who have been trying to have the

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British embassy at Washington publicly defend the British policy, only to come up against a stone wall. And there is no doubt that to a certain type of English mind even washing your clean linen in public is unpleasant.

This is false pride, or the famous *phlegme anglais*, or what you like. It has something to do, too, with the constant assertions which were made during the first two years of war, that the English thought we could help more as we were and did not want us to come in. Probably no one now doubts that they passionately *did* want us to come in. But there is something sportsman-like and gallant in their not having asked us to till we ourselves felt we must.

Any one who has followed the English press during these war years must have been struck with the temperance and restraint of tone toward American neutrality, and toward the American President, at a time when here in America the extreme of pro-Ally feeling was bitterly against both. Just after the campaign when the posters proclaimed that "he kept us out of war" a distinguished Englishman wrote to a considerably less distinguished friend in America:

> For myself, I should have voted for the President if I had been an American, and, so far as I can judge, people here are well content to see him re-elected, not merely because "we know the best and worst of him" (I quote you, though it may quite possibly turn out not to be true), but because we have the feeling that he is a straight man, that he had a right to think of his country first, that he had *not* a right to commit it beyond the point it was ready to go to, and (I think this is right) that to abstain from multiplying "protests" which don't lead to anything more and are known not to be going to, is perhaps rather the part of a wise man. I think, in fact, that a great many men on your side are angrier with him than we are, perhaps because it's been brought home to us what a thing it is for a nation to be involved in this business.

This, it is submitted, is pretty good in the way of sympathy, comprehension, and friendliness. And a few words notable only for perfect simplicity may be quoted from the same hand. This is after we entered the war:

> It is indeed good that you folk are in with us now, and it looks as if you meant to come in for all you are worth. It must take a little while to get going, but I believe not so long as people say, and I reckon we can stick it meanwhile.

Again pretty sportsman-like. And, so far as one can judge, these two unpretentious quotations come close to speaking for the average mind and heart of England.

Of course all is not rose-color. If England and America can, by any stretching of the truth, be said to love each other like brothers, it is only because brothers so often get on each other's nerves. But meanwhile something should be said of England's genuine and touching belief in the language and blood ties which bind us to her. A half-hour on a New York street-car would show how comparatively rare spoken English is among Americans. And a less long talk with any American of the old stock would prove that English blood feels itself of the minority now. But England is disposed to regard us as of the family and our differences as family squabbles. At least we are not "foreigners," she feels.

Much of our own anti-British feeling was, during the first part of the war, a mere feeling of impatience at unpreparedness, blunders, and slowness. But the antidote to this feeling is perhaps already at hand. Our own way of going to war has brought home to some observers an undreamed-of similarity between America and England. *We* were unprepared, slow and muddling for a while, and we were unemotional about it all. Of course, after three years the gilt is off the gingerbread of war. Being a soldier is no longer a popular pleasure; we must be content if it is a popular duty. But there is something in our American fire burning deep down and coming slowly to the surface which can be better compared to the heat of England than to that of any other of our allies. Such things are indications that the two countries may in this period of trial find they are more alike and better friends than they realized.

Then there is Ireland, which with the difference of opinion called the Revolutionary War is the chief obstacle to genuine political, as opposed to personal, understanding between the two coun-

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tries. It is traditional, from the period when the Irish element was more important than now in our national life, that America thinks England should give Ireland home rule. England apparently thinks so, too, if one is to judge by votes in Parliament. To a dispassionate observer it almost seems as if the problem were how to force home rule upon an unwilling Ireland. There can be here no adequate discussion of this problem; but one suggestion may be ventured—England is not the old England of before the war.

Perhaps when the seas are free again and we revisit our familiar English haunts, we shall not easily recognize the people which inhabits them. It is gradually coming into the mind of the world that this war is something more than a war; that it is perhaps a vast inexplicable convulsion by which humanity is to advance a few mile-stones more along the road to Freedom. It is perhaps the Great Revolution to which the French Revolution was but the prelude. It is quite possible that to the new England which is slowly emerging any oppression of Ireland is unthinkable. There are great traditions of liberty in England from Magna Charta down; some of the great new traditions of liberty will be rooted in that new England which we now begin to see across the waters.

There will be new traditions planted in our American soil, too, and our shores as well will take on a new look as England looks toward them into the sunset. And if, as both America and England believe, the war is being fought to bring peace and better understanding and greater friendship between nations, the half-forgotten ties of blood and language may grow stronger as the new day dawns.

The Ghost

BY SARA TEASDALE

I WENT back to the roaring city,
  I went back where my old love stayed,
But my heart was full of my new love's glory,
  My eyes were laughing and unafraid.

I met one who had loved me madly
  And told his love for all to hear—
But we talked of a thousand things together,
  The past was buried too deep to fear.

I met the other, whose love was given
  With never a kiss and scarcely a word—
Oh, it was then the terror took me
  Of words unuttered that breathed and stirred.

Oh, love that lives its life with laughter
  Or love that lives its life with tears
Can die—but love that is never spoken
  Goes like a ghost through the winding years. . . .

I went back to the roaring city,
  I went back where my old love stayed,
My heart was full of my new love's glory—
  But my eyes were suddenly afraid.

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The Feather-bed

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

OLD Hannah Emmott was savagely unpicking the chaff bed, scattering the chaff, ripping up the ticking that contained it. Even her bony hands expressed anger.

Of all the wrongs that Absolum had done her through their fifty years of matrimony this last wrong had been the biggest. For a whole winter his sickness had kept her out of her feather-bed; she had been forced to lie upon chaff. Rheumatism had tweaked her; the smell of the chaff had made her sneeze. She had been sleeping on chaff since early October, and this was March. Absolum could not help it—yet she would not forgive him. The very fact that he could not help it only made her harder. She would forgive him all the other things—those things that he could help. But no, not this! And she stared at the chaff as she emptied it out, scattering it on the bright-green grass and watching the March gale blow it hither, thither.

"'Tis fine dryin' weather," she said, and looked with satisfaction at the clothes-line stretched from the house wall to the elm-tree. Blankets and bed-hangings were flapping there, making a sharp, angry sound. Behind them was a background of vivid sky and the copper-rose blossom of elm branches.

Hannah stood with the empty bed-ticking limp in her hand. After the funeral she'd rub it through and make dusters of it. She left the chaff lying. Her hens came and pecked at it; the wind drifted it away. She turned to go into her tiny cottage—just two rooms and a wash-house, all on a single floor. Absolum was lying dead in the bedroom, and after dinner they were to bury him.

Hannah had a bit of bacon boiling on the kitchen fire. She stood sniffing; it was a warm, good smell. Presently she heard steps outside, and she hastily stuffed the tick of the chaff-bed into the dresser drawer. Her neighbor, Mary Haslett, who had helped her at the last with Absolum, came in.

"You'd best git your bunnit on, Hannah," she said. "Undertaker's men ull be along presently."

"They wun't come till noon." Hannah looked at the clock. "You set down, Mary, an' we'll hev a bit o' bacon. I 'ain't had no victuals, no sense, this fower days. I bin s' busy washin' I 'ain't had time ter cook. Seems"—she looked at her hands, which were crinkled and white, with roughened, broken skin that made them look powdery—"as ef I'd niver hev dirty hands no more." She lifted the iron crock off the hook where it swung over the wood embers and carried it into the wash-house.

"You made a rare muck o' thet chaff on the grass," said Mary, calling through the door.

"Fowls ull peck it." The widow came back and set the bacon on the table. "'Tain't much as they wun't eat. Dror in, Mary. I 'ain't laid the cloth proper, but it don't matter."

So the two old women sat munching, in the little room that was bare and clean, that was, in a sense, bony. It expressed the widow with her aquiline face and pinched body. Her neighbor, very fat, surveyed her. "You be a bag o' bones, Hannah. He've led you a dance all these years. An' now he be dead. Looked fine in his coffin. I'll hev a slice more bacon, dear." She held out her plate.

Hannah regarded it grudgingly. "Absolum wur handsome ter the larst," she said, proudly, and cutting bacon with marvelous fineness. She had an old knife worn thin at the point and sharp as a razor. "When he wur borned the doctor ses he'd niver seen a finer child wi' sech a head o' hair; an' thet's

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why they called him Absolum—by way of joke."

"His gray locks was noble spread out in the coffin," returned Mary, taking her plate and looking at it before she started eating again. "Did you cut a bit of his hair off, Hannah?"

"No, I nivir!" The widow was curt. "I ain't forced ter hev hair fer me ter remember Abe."

"Thet's true." Mary tried to mollify her. "Fifty years be a long spell. My man died afore we'd bin married ten, didn't he, now? Went off suddint. Jes' a sigh in the night, what I didn't take notice on. When dawn come an' I stirred, he lays cold. Heart, doctor sez. A gurt shock, but it do save trouble. You think on Absolum, an' all the fuss an' mess; the physic an' him bedrid six months an' more an' the washin', an' the—"

"An' me perishin' on chaff," finished the widow, noisily.

She got up. With a passionate movement she swept the plates together and carried them out. The bacon she set on a high shelf under a wire cover.

Mary remained seated, her fat hands curved at her big hips. "Forty year since my pore chap went," she said, speaking toward the wash-house, "an' he niver give no trouble."

Hannah came back. She went to the bedroom for her bonnet. Absolum was lying there. She had to go round the coffin to get at the looking-glass, hanging on the wall. As she put on her new bonnet, the dismal token of her new state, she could see the bedstead reflected in the glass. It was a four-poster and stark to-day without its hangings. The feather-bed lay puffed up and well shaken in a clean, good tick. There was nothing much else in the room but the big bed and the big coffin. They had lived in a bare and tiny place for fifty years, she and Absolum. Everything had been penurious. Everything had been dogged and harsh. They had no children; never had she lain in that bed with a wonderful burden on her tenderly outflung arm.

She was thinking of children. "'Tain't as ef him an' me had got sons an' darters," she said, inconsequently, going back to the kitchen in her new bonnet.

"Well, you got nobuddy ter please but yourself, dear. Theer's two ways o' lookin' at things, Hannah. You let me pull them bows out proper. Liza Cheesman's done the bunnit pretty, 'ain't she, now?"

Mary stood up. Her thick fingers were fiddling under Hannah's chin, coaxing good corded ribbon.

"Crape do spot," grumbled Hannah. "I'm rare glad we got a fine day fer the funeral. I'll be froughtened ter wear this bunnit showery days."

"You wun't be forced ter wear it offen. You goo ter church nex' Sunday, same as all does arter a death, an' then it can lay in its box fer a month o' Sundays."

Mary said this, then her fingers nervously dropped from the bonnet-strings and she started round. The undertaker and his men were standing out there in the sun and the wind. Hannah's parchment face stretched when she saw them. She said nothing.

They carried his long coffin out. She walked with her neighbors behind it to the church. It was a little church under the hills. It seemed to rub its nose at the hills in a friendly way. Behind it was the great blue brushy Weald that was flooded in parts. There was water lying deeply blue under the sun and stirred by the wind. Blue water, in a confused quiver—bush and blossom.

Hannah walked into the churchyard with the rest. Her eyes looked over the coffin. She saw the ilex-tree that grew near the porch of the church. She had memories of that tree.

The funeral was over and they left Absolum alone in the sighing and the shine of the wind and the sun. The friable chalk soil they piled above him was drift-white, yet tenderly pink. Hannah went back to her house with Mary Haslett and Jane Steptoe and Liza Cheesman.

They had known one another since they were children. Mary was a widow, Jane had a husband, Liza had never married because nobody had ever asked her. She earned her living by dressmaking. These four women walked home by the lower, wooded track at the end of which Hannah's house stood. It was in a hollow at the foot of a deep

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bank, and it was divided from the main road above by a spinney. Running in broken ripples to the edge of the main road were the South Downs, burly and tender. So Hannah, far beneath, on the edge of the little copse, was sheltered and half-hidden.

Her blankets, sheets, and bed-hangings still flapped on the line and they were bone dry. She started taking them off directly she had opened the door, and her neighbors helped her. They carried it all—sweet-smelling and wholesome—into the bedroom where the window was open and the purging wind blew through.

"I'll wet a pot o' tea," said Hannah, taking off her bonnet carefully and laying it in a drawer with tissue-paper. "You set down, all of you."

She spoke grudgingly; not that she minded giving them tea and giving them cake, too, for this was a funeral feast, but because she wanted to be rid of them.

"Reckon it ull be a long job puttin' up them hangin's," she said, taking up the brown teapot when they were settled round the table. "I'll be forced ter work by candle-light. 'Tain't ironed yet."

"You wun't lay on thet bed ter-night, Hannah?" It was Jane Steptoe who spoke.

"But I will," the widow shouted. "You dun no' nothin' about it, Jane."

"She've chucked away the chaff-bed," whispered Mary to Liza.

The teapot in Hannah's hand was jigging. The three old neighbors looked at her stupidly, for they could not understand. They sat staring—fat Mary Haslett; Jane Steptoe, who was sharp and spiteful-looking; Liza Cheesman, with her thick mouth and the thick lobes to her ears and the look of fun and cunning and resentment in her vague eyes. For she was deaf and shut out; she imagined that people were always talking about her.

"Absolum's gone," said Hannah, sounding gleeful and sounding grim. "I lay I'll sleep sound ter-night."

"He've gone." Jane spoke in her querulous voice. "It do come ter all on us. An' so I sez ter my granddarter, Emily, what's set her heart on Jim Bradley, who'll niver be able ter give her a good home. What do it matter, I sez, whether you has him or whether you dunnot. A woman's old afore she knows she's young, I sez. Theer's us fower"—she stared round the table—"well on to seventy. Yet it doesn't seem long sence we was young fools an' fond o' sweetheartin'."

"What's thet Jane sez?" asked Liza of Mary.

"Sweetheartin', dear," said Mary, deep in her ear again.

Liza nodded fast; she smiled benevolently round the table.

"Vittles an' sleep," Jane chuckled, "be all we wants when we'm seventy. An' you niver had no sweethearts, Liza."

"Don't matter what I had an' what I 'ain't had," said Liza, with her slow, confident smile.

"Old Marster Mercer, he've spoke fer your feather-bed, Hannah," Jane continued. "He's twisted like a tree branch wi' the chalky gout, an' he can't git warm nights, though he rubs hisself reg'lar. Him bein' the sexton, 'tis best fer the bed ter goo back where it do belong. You an' Absolum bought it at the sale of him what was sexton afore Marster Mercer, didn't you, now?"

"I wun't sell." Hannah looked dangerous; she became noisy. "An' ef I did, it wouldn't be ter a stiff old man. I'm weary wi' sickness."

"Sure!" said Jane, and Mary sympathetically echoed, "Sure!"

They indulged her, for they knew what she had endured. And when at last they went away, leaving her quite alone, they said to one another that she was hard, but you couldn't wonder.

"The men makes you hard," said Jane. "An' so I tells young Emily."

"What's thet?" asked Liza, listening.

"Nothing you knows on," returned Jane and Mary, laughing in her face and standing still at their own doors, for their cottages joined.

Liza Cheesman, who had never married, walked on alone and thinking of men.

As soon as she had the house to herself, Hannah started ironing. Then she ran in the strings of the double frill. The bed-hangings were made of pretty stuff —pink and white, in the pattern of a

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lattice. Then she got the hammer and tacks, and a chair to stand on. She nailed up the frill and put on the canopy and hung the curtains and slipped the valances into their wooden slats. Then she patted up the feather-bed, put on clean sheets, blankets, and quilt—and the thing was done. Her bed belonged to her—only to her. It smelled sweetly of soap and sun.

She had finished by candle-light. She started to undress. She was eager for her bed. She put on a clean nightdress. She would sleep soft and sleep for a long time. There was no coughing to wake her up and no fretful voice asking for a drink of barley-water. She'd done with that. Her bed was her own.

So she fell fast asleep. In the middle of the night she awoke suddenly. Her stiff old limbs were easy, her mind was clear and warm. She could hear the March gale outside shrieking across the big hills, riding over the open country. She could hear the musketry rattle of sleet and hail. It was a wild night, and she was comfortable. She lay in the middle of the bed, taking her own place and Absolum's. She lay flat on her back and wide awake, and vigorous in her mind. She lay warming her sharp shoulders with the fluffiness of goose-down. She was sunk into feathers.

Lying in the bed, broad awake and as happy as a queen, she began to recall its history—for a bed may mean a lot to you in fifty years. Without one break in that time, she and Absolum together had sought that bed when night came. Through all their hard, healthy life they had—as she put it now—"crope" together into that bed and gone to sleep, the high ridge of feathers dividing them. She nestled deeper—lying alone in this wealth of birds' breast. Fifty years! Whatever the working-day had brought—hard words, drunkenness, fondness, or blows—there she had been with Absolum, when night fell and they were weary.

She would have forgiven him a great deal; she had forgiven him. But to be kept out of her bed this last six months, and through him—no; that she would not forgive. Her face stiffened in the darkness.

Absolum was dead. He was lying with chalk soil heavy on him. She would not forgive him. And then she thought of Mary Haslett's husband, who had died in his sleep and been no trouble to anybody.

She went on thinking, lying there, alone, awake. She remembered Absolum, as a lover and young, and in his surly middle-age, and as an old man in the grip of a tedious illness. Then she dwelt upon that day, a week before their marriage, when they bought the feather-bed at the old sexton's sale. It had been May. She remembered how things had looked. That was a great year for hawthorn blossom. It had fallen over them as they stood in the sexton's garden, bidding for the bed; it had made the bricked path leading to the cottage door look as if snow had fallen. Yes, that was a wonderful year for the hawthorn, and when autumn came there had been a splendor of berries. She remembered that, too, and how she used to stand at the door of this very house, looking at them, with the water in her eyes welling up and falling down her face, for Absolum used to beat her. When she was young, she was soft. How he had hurt her—not her soft flesh, but her tender, proud heart!

She remembered how much she had loved him and the many things she had done for him. Then the day came when she got hard.

"I wur wore out," she said, speaking to the thick dark of the lonely room. "Ef a man drives you fur enough you can't travel back, not nohow."

The first tears came into her eyes when she said this. She had loved him. She could see him now as he had stood among the falling hawthorn blossoms, bidding for the feather-bed. The auctioneer had made his joke, the neighbors had laughed good-humoredly when the bed was knocked down. Absolum had reddened to his ears. She could see him and see his mop of black hair.

"He wur a handsome chap in them days," she said, talking softly to the darkness. "Come ter thet, he wur handsome in his coffin."

She remembered her own enrapt confused mood on the day of the sale. And she remembered their walk home to her mother's house through the church-

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yard. They had looked at the sexton's new grave, they who had bought his feather-bed for their bridal. They had said "Pore old gentleman," and then they had laughed gently with their own joy, for death was a thousand years off! Absolum had hugged her round the neck, and he had whispered in the shadow of the ilex-tree, although it was sunny daylight and the neighbors were haggling and jesting at the sale in the sexton's cottage just over the wall.

She went on thinking. How much you remember when you are past seventy and when you lie alone at last!

She thought of their earliest days and of her hungry passion for children. Mary Haslett and Jane Steptoe, married when she was, had infants every year. She had felt jealous of them; she had felt sore and ashamed. Liza Cheesman used to come to her cottage—a bold, handsome girl. And they had exchanged their longings—she for babies, Liza for a sweetheart.

She had begged Absolum to let her adopt a little one, but Absolum had sworn and looked strong. "He hugged me strong," she said, simply, to the darkness.

Hadn't he hugged her! What a look in his eyes when he said that if she couldn't cradle her own child she should not any one else's. He had been faithful. Not all wives could say that.

"Thet's a gurt thing," she said, turning upon the pillow, lying on her side, as if she faced him. She was thinking of him, seeing him, remembering. Then she called out, suddenly: "I forgives you. I didn't mind layin' on chaff. Don't you take notice o' them things I sez about chaff, Abe, old man."

She stretched out her hands. With all her soul she tried to find him and to make him understand. Then she started crying, as she used to cry when she was a young woman, tender and hot—and when he had beaten or bullied her.

Absolum was lying out in the cold and the wind and the wet; the thick clay that closed him in was sticky by now—and she was warm in feathers.

She sat bolt-upright in the bed. Suddenly she hated it. She would always hate it. She could not bear it; she never would again. She loved Absolum; she forgave him. She felt yearning enough to go out in the dark to his grave and slip round the tree in the wind and the broken moonlight and put her mouth down close and whisper. Oh, the things she could say to him, with her mouth at his grave! She was sitting bolt-up in the bed, becoming colder, crying faster. It was a long while before she dropped exhausted on the pillow.

"I'll burn he, come the morning," she said, confusedly, speaking of the bed before she fell asleep again, "but burnt feathers makes a wunnerful stink."

When she awoke again and looked through the window she saw the strong sun and heard the strong gale. "Theer's a good wind blowin'," she said to the bed, stepping nimbly out. "Ef I sets light ter you agen' the wind—" Then she nodded two or three times and dressed herself in a hurry and made herself a drop of hot tea.

After this she went out, taking her old cap off the hook in the wash-house, ramming it well down on her gray head.

First she would get sticks, then put paper and a drop of paraffin. Then she would drag the bed to the side of the hills, to a place where they had quarried years ago, long before her time.

So much rain had fallen that there was water everywhere. The pools far away were brilliant blue; those close to the house were stark and chill. Rooks cawed in the blossoming elm-trees; gulls flew across the shining, sticky plow-land.

"Dun no' as I've ever seen the sky s' bright," she said, winking fast when she stood out of doors, for her eyes were weak with crying.

She went off, in her cloth cap and her old stuff bodice, with her bent back and her feebly flying gray hair, to the spinney for spray wood. She intended to burn that old bed. Her sense of thrift, the thing that was a part of her, was held up. She didn't care how much it cost to be rid of that bed; she did not count how much good money she was wasting. The bed had meant so much—and she couldn't abide it. Absolum had given a tidy bit for it fifty years ago and Master Mercer would give more to-day. And only six months before she had put it in a new tick. But she was going to burn it all the same.

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She got the sticks together and piled them cleverly. She put paper underneath and poured a good drop of paraffin, for she did not care how much this burning cost her!

"You'll make a proper blaze," she said, nodding at the pyre. Then she went into the house for the bed. She said to it when she stood beside it, "I ain't goin' ter hev old Marster Mercer muckin' you up wi' liniment an' broth an' the like." For she both loved and hated the bed. It was sacred, and it was unbearable. She took it by one corner and toppled it to the floor. She started dragging it, and the very first effort put her out of breath. "You clings ter the boards. Seems as ef you knowed," she said.

She went for breath to the open doorway, shading her eyes, looking, listening, for she heard the snapping of sticks. She went out, skirting the cold pools, blinking at the bright sun. She looked up, through the plum-bloom of bare twigs, into the spinney. And she saw a big, untidy girl snapping off wood in a hurry and holding it in her turned-up skirt. It was Emily, Jane Steptoe's granddaughter.

"Why be you forced ter fetch sticks s' early, Emily?" she shouted up, angrily, and looking along at her little heap all ready for lighting in the hollow of the hill.

"Grandmother wants un, Mis' Emmott, fer the copper fire," the girl answered, looking down sulkily.

She was a handsome, dark, swaggering girl, just such another as Liza Cheesman had been fifty years ago. She had a ragged petticoat and her mass of hair was tumbled.

"I got the teethache this mornin', Mis' Emmott," she added, piteously, and standing up straight with the sticks in a bundle held before her.

"Hev you now? An' you've bin cryin', too." Hannah peered up through the spinney.

"Well, it do terrify you, the teethache," said Emily.

"Then you come along down, my gell, an' I'll give you a mouthful o' warm tea. I got it on the hob. An' I got a drop o' brandy what Absolum left. Thet's famous in a holler tooth, Emily."

They stood shouting and blinking at each other in the strong sunlight.

"Thank you kindly," said the girl. "I'll be glad o' suthin' warm." She came down the wooded, steep bank, holding the sticks in the skirt of her torn petticoat.

They went into the house. The feather-bed was lying on the floor between the bedroom and the kitchen. It was fat and clean and sleek.

"I wouldn't mind layin' down," said Emily, confronting it. "I could drop off till dinner-time. Was you goin' ter air it?" she asked, while Hannah poured out the tea and produced the drop of brandy.

"Most like," said Hannah, strangely. "You swaller thet tea. An' then you gurgle the brandy. Me an' Absolum bought the bed at the old sexton's sale fifty-one years ago. Your grandmother, she wants me ter sell it ter Master Mercer what's the sexton now. He've spoke fer it a'ready—an' he might ha' waited till Absolum wur cold. I'll see him hanged afore he buys my bed. He may perish fer feathers afore he lays his bones on mine." Her voice rose, then it dropped. "You take the brandy, dear," she said, softly.

"I don't want no brandy, Mis' Emmott. I'm better now." Emily sighed a big sigh. Her fine, dark eyes were bent upon the bed and tears ran suddenly down her cheeks.

Hannah looked hard at this weeping, for she had known a young woman to cry like that and in this very kitchen—many times and nearly fifty years ago.

"Hev Jim give you a hiding?" she asked. "'Tis early days, Emily. Why, you ain't married yet."

"Hiding!" Emily was scornful at once. She lifted her head and dabbed her eyes. "Why, he fair worships the dirt I've trod. 'Tain't thet, Mis' Emmott. An' 'tain't teethache, neither."

"What be it, then?"

Emily dropped her head again into her red hands, torn with getting spray wood.

Hannah stood looking at the downcast head, so rich and so slovenly. Her lips moved. She was mumbling, "Ef me an' Absolum had iver had a darter now!" Had this girl been her daughter

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or her daughter's daughter she could have comforted her now when she was crying.

"I sha'n't niver hev Jim," the girl said at last. "He don't hev no luck. 'Tis no fault o' his'n, Mis' Emmott, but grandmother wun't b'leeve it. She've got a tongue like a saw. But ef me an' Jim had got a bed same as you an old Marster Emmott had—"

"Old!" Hannah screamed at her. "Absolum wur two-an'-twenty when he bought the bed."

"Us young uns can't think on it thet way," said Emily. She looked at the old woman blankly; she even giggled, for Hannah was too old to evoke interest or speculation. "Ef me an' Jim had got a bed," she repeated, "I'd chance the rest. I'd work fer him ef he couldn't work fer hisself. I'd be glad ter suffer fer Jim."

"He's a rough young chap, Emily." Hannah said this and looked at her yearningly.

"Not ter me, he ain't." Emily grinned; she wiped her eyes and lifted her head. "You don't understand, no more don't Grandmother Steptoe. You ain't asked ter understand."

Hannah sat down suddenly. Her crinkled hands were folded patiently in her lap, her old cloth cap was crooked, pathos and wisdom twinkled in her sunk eyes. "You can hev thet bed, my dear," she said, after a strange, long pause. She lifted one hand, indicating the bed upon the floor.

Emily jumped up. Tears were running down her fat, fresh face, but her generous mouth stretched into an adorable smile. "The feather-bed, Mis' Emmott! Oh, you goo along!"

"An' the bedstead too, an' the hangin's Emily."

Hannah got up and went into the bedroom. Emily followed her. They each lifted a leg to step over the bed, as it lay upon the threshold. Hannah said, holding to one of the spiral, polished posts of the pretty old bedstead and looking at the pink-and-white drapery:

"I on'y hung this yere bed-furniture yesterday, an' I lay on the bed larst night. But I don't want it no more an' I wun't give it house room. 'Tis yours fer the carryin', Emily. I can lay on chaff, same as I've bin used to since Absolum took bad. I got a bed-tick in the dresser drawer, an chaff's ter be had fer the askin'." She met Emily's wondering, brilliant glance.

"I dun no' what ter say," the girl faltered.

"Don't you say nowt. You jes' goo away an' you git Jim ter borrer a truck."

"He's workin' wi' the traction-engine Plumpton way, Mis' Emmot. We'll come dinner-time, if you means what you sez. I'll bring a sack o' chaff along an' fill a bed fer you. I can't thank you. I dun no' nothin' what ter say."

"No call ter say." Hannah turned sullen.

But Emily stood staring in a rhapsody at the bed-posts and the curtains and the frills and the canopy—at all the sprigged daintiness of this beautiful bed that was hers. When she followed Hannah into the kitchen she looked down at the feather-bed that lay upon the floor. "I feels like kissin' it," she said, gaily.

"Give your kisses ter Jim, so long as he wants un," said Hannah. She spoke coldly and she turned away.

But when Emily was out of the door and hurrying along the little track that wound by the side of the wooded hill she went and watched her. She watched the young figure that was magnificent with strength and joy and desire. She—with her bony old cold body, with her soul that was perplexed and lonely! Her eyes, deep-set, shining, were amazingly tender, but her mouth was cynical. So she stood in the doorway. Fifty years ago she used to stand there and watch the blazing berries on the hawthorn.

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Diplomatic Days in Mexico

SECOND PAPER

BY EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY

[The following pages from Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's letters to her mother offer an intimate picture of life in diplomatic circles at the Mexican capital during the momentous days leading up to Madero's inauguration and the end of De la Barra's provisional presidency. Readers of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's recently published volume, *A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico*, will recognize many of the figures in this brilliant diplomatic group who here participate in an earlier but not less interesting chapter of Mexican history.—EDITOR.]

June 4th, 1911.

YESTERDAY we went to the De la Barras' first reception—a tea, neither formal nor informal, at beautiful Chapultepec, lifted high up on the historic hill overlooking the city and the beauteous valley, in the gorgeous setting of mountains and volcanoes.

Madame de la Barra, herself a widow, the sister of the President's first wife, has only been married a few months. She is smiling, fair, and un-Mexican-looking, of Swiss descent. She was daintily dressed in some sort of *beige* chiffon with pearls about her neck, and had easy, pleasant manners.

There was no chance for conversation. The whole Diaz set has vanished, not into thin air, but into retirement or Europe, and society will have to be reorganized from new elements.



MRS. NELSON O'SHAUGHNESSY
Wife of the Second Secretary of the American Embassy (1911) and acting Ambassador during the Huerta régime

Some of the well-seasoned foreigners were predicting immediate difficulties in the disbanding of the revolutionary forces, which seem to be composed of those who don't want to be disbanded, those who want to be disbanded immediately, and those who want to be ban*dits*.

Monday, June 6th.

In the afternoon we went to the bull-fight; it was De la Barra's first appearance at one as President of the Republic, and a great occasion. The vast crowd was very enthusiastic. We saw every color of garment, every shade of face, every shape of hat, under the blue, blue sky. We *de la haute*, or for that matter anybody who can pay the price, sit in the shady side of the ring. The sunny half is occupied by dazzled, smiling Indians.

The President was greeted by the magnificently played national air, and the stirring of the great concourse as it rose, and

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the "*Vivas!*" had a something impressive. A moment or two after, the *Entrada* took place.

Some beloved *matador*, whose name I don't know, was greeted with cheers that rivaled those offered to the President. He had on a gorgeous blue-and-gold cloak, resting on one shoulder, the body of the cloak caught up and held with the left hand on the left hip, leaving the right arm free. He was followed by other less resplendent individuals (the men of his *cuadrilla*), and soon the ball really opened by the dashing out of the door of a splendid dark bull.

I hid my eyes at the goring of the horses, poor old Rosinantes that they were, ready for the grave, and other high-lights of the occasion. The President gave many purses. It was a very expensive afternoon, doubtless, but it will increase his political popularity. The gaily dressed *toreros* would go up to the box after their special "coups," and, with uncovered heads, hold out their hats, and he would lean forward and present the purses. At one time the arena was covered by hats of all sizes and descriptions thrown by enthusiasts and returned to them by the various bull-fighters.



BARONESS RIEDL VON RIEDENAU
Wife of the Austro-Hungarian Minister to Mexico

June 7th, Wednesday.

This morning, at 4.30, the town was shaken by a tremendous earthquake. I was awakened by the violent swaying of the house, so violent that as I jumped up I could not keep on my feet. There was a sound as of a great wind at sea, and on all sides the breaking of china and the falling of pictures. Elim, who was fortunately sleeping in my room, awakened and clung to me, asking, "What is the matter with the ship?" N. was calling from his room and trying to open the door.

My first thought was that we were in some dreadful, mysterious storm, *not* of earthquake. When things had quieted down a little, and I could get to the window, I looked out. The streets were full of people in their night garments, in the most complete demoralization, some on their knees, others under the lintels of the doors. There was a groaning and a calling on God, accompanied by a still very sensible movement of the roof-line. Servants finally appeared, white and terror-stricken, with hair floating down their backs and shoulders hunched up under their *rebosos*.

I was sorry for the damage done to the S.s' nice things by shipwreck *and* earthquake. Our house is a good old house, strongly built in a firm quadrangle; yet the shape of my room at one moment was not square but diamond-shaped!

Later.

I have just come back from a look about town. I saw the wrecked barracks in the Puente de Alvarado. Sixty soldiers were buried under the débris, and the *ambulanciers* were bringing out the silent, plaster-covered forms as we passed. A big warehouse at one of the railways was completely wrecked, but there was no loss of life, as the employees, of course, were not there at that hour. Everywhere were great ruts and splits

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in the streets, which looked in places as if they had been plowed up.

We took a turn through the Avenida San Francisco, gaily flagged like all the streets through which Madero is to pass. All Mexico seemed afield, despite the fact that we may have another "quake" at any moment. At the corner of the historic church of "La Profesa" great crowds were gathered, looking up at the ancient dome and nave rent in several places. Police were standing in front of the carved doors in the Calle de Motolinía to prevent the foolish as well as the pious from entering. It is very much out of plumb, anyway, having suffered from other earthquakes in other centuries, when I suppose the same sort of crowd gathered about it.

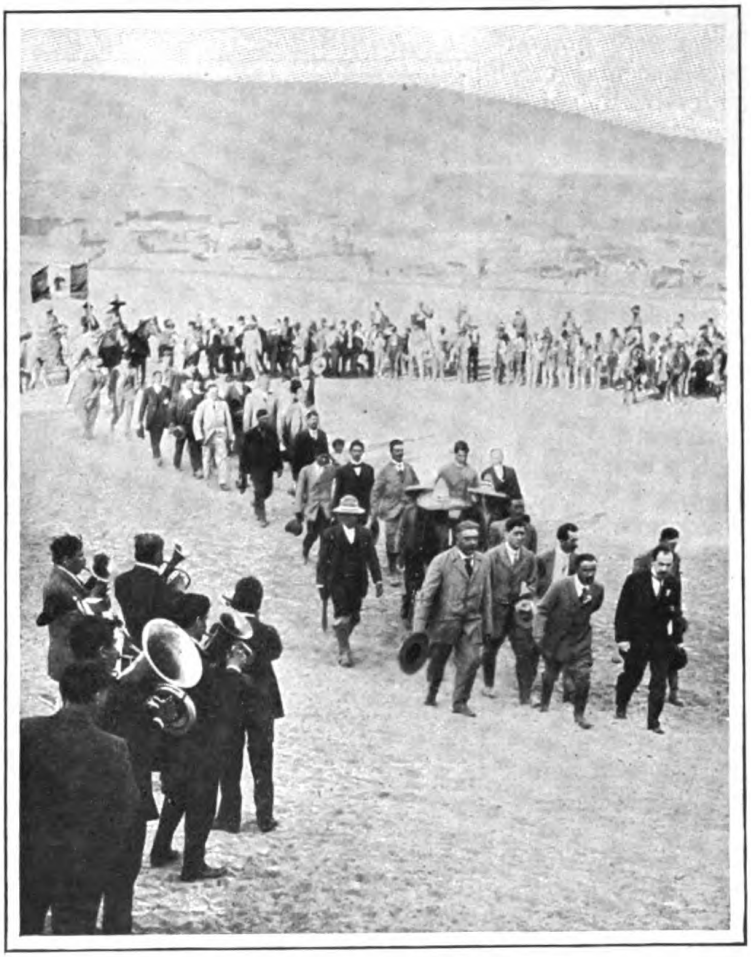
Everybody had a sickly, surprised, pale look, and many, it appears, suffer acute nervous attacks after such an experience. It is the biggest earthquake they have had here in several generations. Mexico City being built on boggy, spongy land is what alone has preserved it from complete destruction on various occasions.

Some speak of Madero's being heralded in by this convulsion of nature as a bad augury; others see in it a sign from heaven. I say, "*Qui vivra verra.*"

Evening.

At three o'clock Madero passed down the Paseo. Our enthusiasm had somewhat abated after the long wait, but we stood up in a motor in front of our door, and could see the immense concourse acclaiming him. There was a great noise of "*Vivas!*" mingling with shouts of all kinds, tramping of feet, and blowing of motor-horns.

It appears that his departure from his ancestral home in Parras, and the journey down, has been one of the most remarkable personal experiences in all history. There were three days of continual plaudits and adoration, such as only the Roman emperors knew.



A WELCOME TO MADERO AT THE REVOLUTIONARY CAMP
Madero is the second figure to the left in the front line

People came from far and near, in all sorts of conveyances or on foot, just to see him, to hear his voice, even to touch his garments for help and healing.

The roofs were black with people along his route. Many threw flowers and green branches as he passed. As for the equestrian statue of Charles IV. in the Plaza, it was alive with people, who clung all over it, climbing to the top, sitting on Charles's head, hanging to his horse's tail.

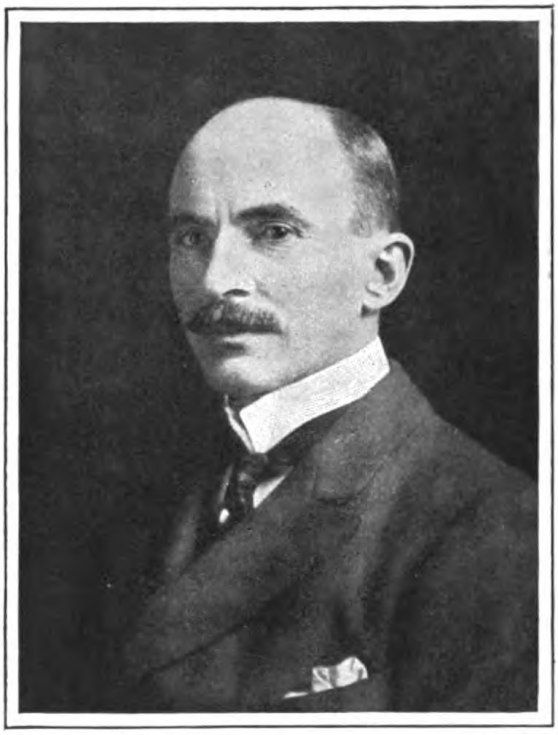
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Madero could make no speecn on his arrival here—loss of voice and sick headache, I see by the evening newspaper. The journey and this climax of his entry into the capital doubtless overwhelmed his mortality. The crowd, however, was too intent upon its own experiences to feel any lack. The "redeemer" was with them, and his mere presence seems to have been sufficient.

June 21st.

A delightful dinner at Mrs. Wilson's last night, everything bearing the special dainty touch of the *embajadora*. The table was a mass of La France roses and violets, and the pink-shaded silver candelabra emerged from light clouds of pale-pink gauze. Large and deliciously prepared *langoustes*, very difficult to get here, formed the *pièce de résistance* of the dinner, which was most lavish throughout.

I am interested in seeing the members of the coming dynasty appear on the political stage. Hernandez, a lawyer of repute, is now Minister of Justice. I sat between Mr. Lie, the Norwegian minister, who is a son of the author, Jonas Lie, and we talked a bit of Scandinavian literature. I read only last winter his father's great, sad book, *Les Filles du Commandant*. I had known him slightly in Berlin, when he was military attaché, before what we used to call the "divorce" of Sweden and Norway. Hohler was on my other side, and between courses we did quite a tidy bit of confidential journeying on the political chart.



THOMAS HOHLER
British Minister to Mexico

June 29th, Peter and Paul's Day.

The Saints' days follow quickly here. Also I find that instead of indifferentism the churches are packed with men, women, and children on all occasions.

I made calls all the afternoon, two violent thunder-storms enlivening the getting in and out. At Madame Lie's an almost terrifying darkness fell, lasting for an hour or so. The lights were turned on, but we all continued to look like specters with an unnatural, lusterless saffron light filtering in at the windows, showing the Indian butler coming and going quietly with the tea things, and lighting up delicate sprays of yellow-brown orchids from the Hot Country on the table in some Scandinavian silver vases. At six o'clock, as I came home the volcanoes appeared like heaps of purest gold, piled against the blackest of clouds.

July 1st.

De la Barra has a pension plan, which will doubtless give him much trouble, as it will have to include all of Mexico, or those left out will know why. As was observed by some one the other day, the more the Mexicans try to change Mexico, the more it remains the same thing.

Practically new electoral methods are to be tried out, and how Madero, unless he has a secret flair for civic matters, is to solve them is what we are all waiting to see. The people's ears are full of promises. The Government would promise the snow of Popo—anything,

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but there is a ditty being sung about town now that gives one food for thought:

Poco trabajo,	(Little work,
Mucho dinero,	Much money,
Pulque barato,	Cheap pulque,
Viva Madero!	Long live Madero!)

It's a bit wabbly for founding a government on, but doubtless represents very accurately the dreams of the *pelados* (skinned ones), as the peons are called.

July 10th.

Last night Von Hintze gave his first big dinner, at which the Maderos, making their début in official international life, were the *clou*. We arrived as it was striking eight, but the Belgian minister, whom we met going in, said they had already arrived.



VON HINTZE
German Minister to Mexico

I found the large room rather full, with a hitherto unsampled Mexican contingent. Von H. was standing by the door, near the Maderos, and we were presented almost immediately. Madero, seen at close range, is small, dark, with nose somewhat flattened, expressive, rather prominent, eyes in shallow sockets, and forehead of the impractical shape. But all is redeemed by expression playing like lightning over the sallow, featureless face and his pleasant, ready smile.

He speaks French and some English, preferring the former, but lapses continually into Spanish, his ideas coming too fast for a foreign medium, and he uses many gestures. There is something about him of youth, of hopefulness, and personal goodness, but I couldn't help wondering, as I looked at him during the dinner, if he were going to begin the national feast by slicing up the family cake.

Madame Madero might be a dark type of New England woman but for the hint of banked fires in her eyes. There is a sort of determination in the cut of her face, which is rather worn, with an expression of dignity. She, too, is small and thin, and was dressed in an ordinary, high-necked black-and-white gown, a narrow "pin-stripe," with the most modest of gold brooches holding the plain, high collar. She gives an impression of valiance without any hint of worldliness or desire for any kind of fleshpot. I pictured her at Chapultepec, and somehow could not fit her in as chatelaine of that high-standing palace.

Of course all the other guests were in their best "bib and tucker." I wore that "Spitzer" white satin with the floating scarlet-and-black tulle draperies. It seems very magnificent here, but in Paris, at Madame Porgès's great dinner, and at the Russian Embassy, the train did not seem quite so long and slinky, nor the drapery so tight around the ankles as the dresses of the wonderful Frenchwomen.

As we went into the dining-room I saw, a mile off, the unmistakable name "O'S" by Madero's, and naturally thought it was for me. I sat down, then had to take my appointed place quite a good deal higher up by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. So disappointed! It was N., however, who was to help him

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fill the "suburbs" of the table. Countess Massiglia presided; on her right was the Minister of Foreign Affairs; then I came; then an elaborately uniformed, but, as far as I was concerned, anonymous military gentleman, whose card was under his napkin—which he did not use.



MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY, WITH HER SON ELIM, ON THE BALCONY OF THEIR MEXICAN HOME

The Maderos are reputed enormously wealthy. Their wealth is mostly invested in lands, however. I understand Madero spent all the available family cash on the revolution, though he told N. last night that no revolution had ever been carried through so cheaply from the standpoint of men and money.

Von H. does things very well. The courses were accompanied by wines of special, rare vintages, and his dinner was lavishly and handsomely presented. He has the same majordomo that the Towers had in Berlin—that huge, blond man (I forget his name). I asked him how he liked Mexico. He permitted himself the hint of a sigh, and said it was not Berlin, adding, "*Aber es giebt nichts zu machen.*"

Madame Madero was placed between the Italian minister and the Austrian chargé, our host having the wife of the Norwegian minister on his right and Madame Romero on his left. N. said Madero was very militaristic, considering he was come to bring peace, and somewhat suspicious of the United States. He and N. talked the whole time.

On the other side of Madero was that anomaly, a Mexican *vieille fille*, whose name I did not get. I supposed she belonged to one of the two or three elderly military men present. N. suggested to Madero his falling in with the views of the United States in the regulating of claims, and he said the following in French: "You Americans always act on the presumption that we Mexicans are always in the wrong." N. said this was *à propos* of his remark: "Now, Mr. Madero, you are going to be President, and I know when your Government gets in you will clear up all matters pending between the two countries, and let us begin with a clean slate."

August 27th.

Last night a large crowd or, rather, mob assembled at the station to meet Madero on his return to town. He did not come on the announced train, and the multitude then marched through the town, a squad of mounted soldiers behind, to keep them in mind that the whole earth does not yet belong to them. We were sitting in the library about ten-thirty as they passed through Calle Humboldt, making all kinds of unearthly noises. Suddenly a little night-robed

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figure rushed in, saying, "*Ich will nicht getötet sein.*" Elim had awakened and jumped out of bed at the noise, thinking the revolutionary fate he hears so much about was upon him.

August 31st.

Yesterday, the 30th, Madero was nominated for President by the Mexican progressive party in convention in the city. As it was a case of "birds of a feather," all went off smoothly as far as that special assemblage was concerned, though any kind of peace is apt to be rather noisy, I have discovered, this side of the Rio Grande. The elections, primary and secondary, are set for October 1st and 15th.

September 5th.

I am sending you a photograph of the "Man of the Hour." As you will see, being photographed is not his forte; he sits wooden-faced in a huge, carved armchair, with a copy of the Constitution in his hands and the date 1857 picked out in shining white in the covers. He is now in Yucatan making one of his accustomed political *tournées*. He is developing into a sort of "Reise-Kaiser." It is rumored that from the state of sisal and henequen he will pick his running mate.

September 16th.

Everything quiet in Calle Humboldt. N. has gone to the Embassy for late work; servants are invisible; the infant is in the "first sweet dreams of night," and I can have an hour with you about the celebration last night, which was most interesting.

I went rather *contre gré*. The heavens had been more than usually lavish with their water gifts during the afternoon, and the house was damp and chilly. But I got into the black velvet, with the gray-and-jet designs, easy to don as any black dress should be, and we were ready when the ambassador came for us.

We passed through the brilliantly lighted and beflagged Avenida San Francisco to the Zocalo, where an immense crowd was already assembling. Mounted police were dashing to and fro, as we passed under the "Puerta de Honor," through which the *Corps Diplomatique* enters on official occasions. The huge bronze statue of Benito Juarez was still and shining as it caught the *patio* lights.

I suppose the real Benito was watching the proceedings also, from some angle—*up* or *down* I can't say. We went up the broad stairway with the handsomest and reddest of carpets, which Allart said had been bought new for the Centenario celebration. We entered the "Sala de Espera" at the top, where our wraps were disposed of, under a huge allegorical picture of "La Constitucion." We then went through a series of really handsome rooms in the sumptuous style. With their great proportions and high ceilings they are most impressive. Everywhere are hung pictures of their illustrious men, who mostly did not die in their beds—Hidalgo, Morelos, Iturbide, Juarez, Diaz.

We were received with dignity and ceremony by President de la Barra and the members of his Cabinet. But Madero was the center of attraction, as he moved about with a dreamy, pleased expression, not unduly elated, however. A sort of simplicity stamps all that he does. The women were mostly in hats. Their afternoon costumes are apt to be the dressiest. But the *Corps Diplomatique* was *en grande toilette*. We had been wondering, in absence of notification from the Foreign Office, what we were to wear, but accepted Hohler's verdict that "after seven o'clock you can't go wrong in evening togs."

Manuel Calero, the very clever Minister of Justice, took me out to supper. The table was high, and as we stood instead of sitting at our destined places we were not too far from our plates.

The table was decorated with three splendid silver epergnes and very large, fine fruit-dishes, with the tragic and imperial crest; though I understood from Allart that the plate used for the service of the supper dated from Diaz's time, and was first used when the famous Pan-American Congress met in Mexico City.

A blaze of light came from the great crystal chandeliers and the walls and windows were hung with crimson brocade. We went through a long menu, with many courses and appropriate wines. I think no expense was spared. De la B. is used to functions, anyway.

Of course the great moment of the evening was the ringing of the Inde-

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pendence Bell. The President stepped out on the little balcony, overlooking the Plaza, a few minutes before midnight, followed by Madero, and voiced the celebrated cry, "*Libertad é Independencia!*" while just above the balcony sounded the *Campana de la Independencia* which Hidalgo rang to call the patriots together in Dolores on the night of September 15, 1810.

Then the great bells of the cathedral rang out, and cheers and cries came from a crowd of about a hundred thousand people.

The President asked me to go out on the balcony. I was the only lady of the American Embassy present, and I stood there for a few minutes between him and Madero, and looked down upon those thousands of upturned faces. I felt the thrill of the crowd. Nameless emanations of their strange psychology reached me. But also I was sad, thinking of the impossible which has been promised them.

Madero was very silent, but his hands twitched nervously as he looked out over that human mass he had come to save. I felt how diverse our thoughts as we stood looking down on the faces, on that forest of peaked hats, on police riding down little avenues, which traced themselves between the crowd. Order was everywhere. I think Gustave Le Bon could have added another chapter to *La Psychologie des Foules*.

September 23d.

Last night there was a big dinner at Von H.'s, at which I did the *maîtresse de maison*. I wore the pastel-blue satin with the silver embroidery and the dull-pink bows. I thought I had ruined it forever in Vienna, at the French Embassy, when Crozier had his ball of twenty couples only for the Princesse de Parme, and I gaily swept the floor with it during some hours. Gabrielle, however, who realizes that the source of gowns is far away, has resurrected it.

There was much talk of the great reliance Madero places on the spirits. It is said that Madame M. goes into spiritualistic trances, and when in that condition answers doubtful questions, and that the planchette is fated to play a rôle in the destiny of the state.

However that may be, there is a most authentic story of Madero's having consulted the spirits through the medium of the planchette some years ago. When he asked what the future had in store for him, he was told that he would one day be President of Mexico. He is supposed to have arranged his life in conformity to this prophecy, which put him in a condition of mind where everything that happened of happy or unhappy augury bore on the fulfilment of this destiny. It is certainly one way of coercing fate.

September 30th.

The political outlook is still very uncertain. Madero, of course, for President. The Vice-Presidency between De la Barra, who does not want it, another man, Vasquez Gomez, who does want it, and Pino Suarez, the obscure and evidently not over-popular Maderista candidate from Yucatan. Personally, I shall be most sorry to see the De la B.'s go. They are people of the world, and these months of his *Interinato*[1] have been a "finishing school" indeed.

De la B. is a trained diplomat. His father and mother were Chilians, afterward naturalized in Mexico.

Crowds parade the streets crying, "Pino-no-no-no!" Why Madero insists on that running mate we don't understand. Pino Suarez was an unknown editor of a Yucatan newspaper before Fate beckoned to him, making him first governor of Yucatan, and now pointing him on to the Vice-Presidency.

Madero's party, with its banner cry, "*No reeleccion y sufragio efectivo!*" is called "Progressive Constitutional" (we couldn't do better at home). His platform, if it will hold under the weight of virtue and happiness it bears, is quite wonderful.

To begin with, it re-establishes the "dignity of the Constitution," and there is to be no re-election. The press is to have its antique shackles struck off, pensions and indemnities for working-men are to be introduced, and the railways are to be "Mexicanized," which will make travel a bit uncertain for a while. Even the *jefes* must go.

October 3d.

You can't tell an election from a revo-

[1] *Interinato, ad interim* Presidency.

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lution here. It's all lively to a degree. I have now seen both.

Madero has been duly elected, and the streets rang all night to "*Vivas!*" for him. Groups were passing continually up and down the Paseo, spilling into Calle Humboldt. Many students were among them, and Latin-American youth seemed at its noisiest. There were some decided expressions of other political opinions, voiced largely in the now accustomed sound of "Pino-no-no-no!" but the Madero tide will doubtless wash him into the Vice-Presidency. It's quite irresistible.

October 5th.

Just returned from Madame de la B.'s reception. She does the "first lady in the land" very well. The President came in later, to the sound of the national anthem. He is of infinite tact in these strange days. He was clad, as usual, in an immaculate gray frock-coat, and showed no trace of the Procrustean bed he sleeps in. All his Cabinet were there and the *Corps Diplomatique*, and several well-set-up, competent brothers, who doubtless will get some sort of foreign post.

After all, I am rather a believer in nepotism, not too exaggerated. But if one does not do for one's own, who will? De la Barra has been a sort of suspension-bridge between Diaz and Madero, and that he and the Republic are still "suspended" is testimony indeed. The disbanding of the famous "Liberating Army," financially and morally, continues to be the great difficulty, as from it have sprung all these flowers of banditry whose roots lie too deep, apparently, for plucking.

October 15.

De la Barra sails the 23d of next month for Italy. I think it illustrative of his tact and good-will to subtract himself completely from the very complicated situation, and to let his intention be known beforehand and reckoned with. Madame de la B. receives for the last time on Thursday next. In the evening there is a dinner at the Embassy. On Saturday Von H. gives one of his big dinners. This seems all very simple, even banal; but few things are simple and nothing banal when played out against a Mexican background.

November 5th, 10.30.

We are just home from the big dinner offered to-night by Carbajal y Rosas to the members of the *Corps Diplomatique* and contiguous Mexican officials. The Foreign Office is, as you know, in the Plaza at the head of our street, and it was a blaze of light as we approached. The music of a magnificent military band in gala uniform—the Mexican brass is most inspiring—was echoing through the *patio* and halls as we went up the broad stairs, flower and palm-banked, and covered with a thick red carpet, into the big rooms on the first floor overlooking the Plaza.

Here the various officials, according to their rank, have their offices—handsome rooms, with large pieces of Louis XV. furniture done up in blue and gold, and some paintings of Juarez, Diaz, and others. It was almost too brilliantly illuminated, with great festoons of green and white and red electric bulbs, in addition to the usual lighting. All were out in their bravest. Mrs. Wilson had on a white-and-gold satin gown that she had worn at court in Brussels, and I wore the pink-velvet brocade I had for the Budapest court ball.

This sounds very magnificent, but when the time came to move into the banqueting-room, and a personage much more richly gowned than any of us dream of being approached to give me his arm, a grin overspread the faces of the *chers collègues* near by. It was the Chinese minister, in the most beautiful lavender-and-gold costume I have ever seen. Useless to compete with the Celestials when they are really in form! On his gorgeous arm, and feeling decidedly diminished, I went to the great front hall where a long, narrow banquet-table was spread. Some official, a small, dark, youngish man, who did not speak English or French or German, or anything in which I could lightly communicate, was on the other side.

I had a chance to "choose" between Spanish or Chinese, and, being under the necessity of saying something, began with my Mexican friend about the weather, which you get through with

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quickly here at this season when it is always fine. Then the conversation got on to the usual subject of *niños* (children). He said, with the air of one not having yet abandoned hope, that he had *only* nine. I asked, thoughtlessly, what was the distance between their ages, and he answered, quite simply, "*El tiempo regular*—ten months"!

November 6th,
Inauguration Day.

Just home from the Cámara, where Madero took his oath of office. Immense crowds were thickly formed about the building, and among the "*Vivas!*" for Madero were growls here and there of "*Abajo los gringos!*" A few mounted *rurales* only were out, the "Messiah of the Peons" having put the crowd on its honor.

I went with Mrs. Wilson in the Embassy motor, which came back for us after having deposited the ambassador and his staff at the Palace in evening clothes, where the gentlemen of the *Corps Diplomatique* were assembled to take leave of President de la Barra before coming on for the inaugural ceremonies at the Chamber.

We arrived on the scene to find the little Plaza in front of the Chamber solidly packed, and the steps leading to the doors presenting a conglomeration of peaked hats and *serapes*, interspersed with black coats and "derbys." We finally got out of the motor at a side door to the sound of more "*Abajos!*" and, once within, it really seemed very comfortable to be out of the murmur of voices and the various potentialities of the crowd.

A big, solemn-faced Indian growled, "*Abajo!*" as I tripped from the motor, but when I answered him, "*Viva Mexico!*" his face lighted up in a most friendly way. They need so little to change their moods, and that is one of the dangers here. The wife of the Japanese minister said she had to fight her way in. Her sleeve was torn and her hair disheveled, and she looked as if she had given battle.

A door, wide open, led from the room where the *Corps Diplomatique* laid off their wraps, into a very large one where there were great bundles of ballots, bearing the postmarks of the towns whence they had been shipped—unopened, uncounted, intact.

It appears the "counters" got discouraged early in the game; there were so many ballots having no connection with 1911, such as that of Hidalgo (executed in 1811), Benito Juarez (dead in his bed in 1872), and unknown names of various *jefes políticos* in various remote places, with an occasional bit of unexpected color appearing in the way of remembrances of favorite bull-fighters.

Well, Madero is President of Mexico, the man of promises, and what difficulties lie before him! After taking his oath in a firm voice he ended the speech which followed rather suddenly by saying if he did not keep his promises they could send him away.

The extreme pallor of his face was accented by his pointed, black beard, already the delight of the caricaturists, but his mien was grave and his gestures unusually few. Across his breast was the red, white, and green sash, the visible sign of the dream come true.

I could not but ask myself, as I looked about the vast assemblage and heard the roar of the Indian throngs outside, what have they had to prepare themselves for political liberty after our pattern? But then, you know, I have always had a natural inclination for the strong hand and one head. *L'appetit vient en mangeant* and a taste for revolutions may be like a taste for anything else. Many of these millions have nothing to lose, and hope mixed with desire is rampant.

Madero would seem to be President, not because he is a good and honest man and a well-wisher to all, but simply because he is a successful revolutionary leader, and what has been can be.

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Miss Barcy's Waterloo

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL

"I WISHT I could go on the steam-cars!" remarked Little Luther. "Did you ever go on the steam-cars, Miss Barcy?"

Miss Barcy sat in her chair by the kitchen window, brushing Little Luther's hair. The child stood pressed close to her knees, bracing himself against the vigorous strokes and screwing up his eyes to escape the drops from the wet brush. Beyond the window, under the apple-tree buds, stood an old white horse between the shafts of a covered cart. In spite of his name, Bolter needed no restraint of strap nor weight; he had exercised deliberation ever since the day on which old Steven McAllister, retired sea captain, set up the red peddling wagon and painted its name in white letters across its stern. When the captain took his papers for the last voyage, he left the outfit, the little house on the Ridge, along with a stock of nautical wisdom, a name for square dealing and sturdy common sense, to his daughter Barcelona. The inheritance had not diminished in her strong, capable hands. Miss Barcy, Bolter, and the cart, cruising along the country roads with their cargo of small wares, were no less established facts of Turkey Hill than were the purple mountains which bound the horizon. Now, as Miss Barcy's eyes wandered out the open sash, she found inspiration for her answer to the boy's query.

"Yes. But I'd a heap rather ship on the 'Rollin' Jenny.'"

"Why?" asked Little Luther.

Miss Barcy never ignored small interrogation points. "Well," she said, slowly, giving conscientious attention to her answer, "fust place, they go so fast you can't tell where you are, 'cause you're somewhere else 'fore you find out. You're jest thinkin' how pritty them cows stan' 'round in that green paster, an', land! you're lookin' right into a gravel-pit, or stoppin' at a deppo."

"I'd like to go fast," commented Little Luther.

"They make lots of noise, an' they git cinders in your eyes, like 's not. They're bumpy, an' you never know what 'll happen. Take Bolter, now; he's stiddy as an old gundalow in a mill-pond. You know jest where to find him, an' he gives you plenty o' time to see things; the apple-trees go from bud to blow while he's passin'!" Miss Barcy laughed quietly as she put the finishing touch to the sleek little head. "There," she added, "you take the brush an' comb an' put 'em away nice an' spry. You mustn't be late to school, you know."

But Little Luther lingered a moment. "I wisht I could go on the steam-cars," he repeated.

Miss Barcy watched him run down the path to the road. "He's gittin' some real spunk in his heels," she thought with a smile. "Young uns are all the world like the rest o' folks—allers wantin' somethin' diff'rent."

Later in the morning, as she was driving along the sunny road, the boy's wish came back to her mind. Little Luther Butts was a small bit of fortune which had drifted into the calm waters of Miss Barcy's protection. She accepted the task of strengthening a frail, unseaworthy little craft as a manifest duty, but, as time went on, the tug of the small towing-rope brought new happiness to her honest heart. She had legally adopted the boy, and she found the return no less than the output.

"I dun'no' why he shouldn't want to ride on a train," she remarked to herself. "'Less it's the charnce o' hurtin' Bolter's pride! I know jest how the little critter feels, 'specially in the spring, when everythin's reachin' out an' wishin'. Sakes 'live! I uster lay 'wake nights when I was a girl an' Pa 'd git

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restless, come 'long April. I guess he never sensed how he'd git me wrought up with his talk. Makes me feel like givin' Little Luther a bit o' leeway."

"No," she remarked to a wayside customer, "I ain't laid in my stock yit. I'm thinkin' mabbe I'd git it in town this year. Hillsbury's all right so fur as it goes, but they git lots o' new notions in the city."

Miss Martha Farren watched the "Rolling Jenny" disappear over the hill. "I wonder what's struck Barcelona McAllister," she said to her sister. "She seems to be gittin' up in her idees."

"I guess it's Deerin' an' Titus who 'll do the wonderin'! She's traded there reggler, an' the old Cap'n before her. Well, it ain't none o' *my* business." Miss Susan's tone implied heroic resignation of lawful rights, but in Miss Barcy's further consideration of the subject the opinion of the public had small place.

"It won't cost such an awful lot," she concluded, as she jogged along. "Seems kinder mean-sperited to take advantage o' stockholders' day, like tryin' to git somethin' for nothin'; I've held shares for fifteen year, an' never even thought o' goin', so mabbe it won't seem graspin'."

Then, suddenly, in all the bright, fragrant, twittering, joyful radiance of the peaceful spring world, Miss Barcy experienced the sensation of adventure.

The news flashed into Little Luther's consciousness as a flaming sun might burst onto a new-found planet, weaving with its glorious rays a new heaven and a new earth. He was shaken to his small soul.

Dragging and reluctant as it seemed to Little Luther, the great day did at last arrive. The sun had barely risen, and the early fog lay white and enshrouding, as he and Miss Barcy sat down in the kitchen for a morning bite.

Little Luther was too excited to eat. At last Miss Barcy issued conditions. "If you don't quit hoppin' 'round an' git some food inter you, we'll jest put off goin'!" Her voice was placid and unirritated, but Little Luther knew that Miss Barcy always meant exactly what she said . So he settled down to his egg and toast, and managed to swallow enough to avert disaster.

The world was strange and unfamiliar to Little Luther as he climbed into the "Rolling Jenny." This was no every-day ride about well-known roads, holding for excitement the selling of a pan or a spool of thread. It was the first step of adventure. Even Turkey Hill took on a look of enchantment as it developed silently out of the mist which still lay thick in the valley. Miss Barcy, stiff and constrained in her Sunday clothes, was not the ordinary friend of intimate acquaintance; she was the keeper of the gates; she held the key to Paradise.

Miss Barcy had allowed ample time for Bolter's interpretation of speed, and so, when they had put up the horse and cart at the Hillsbury livery-stable, and had walked to the station, they still had time on their hands. Little Luther felt no impatience; even at his age he hugged sensations. This waiting, in the early morn when the world was glistening and the shadows still long, on the watch for the glorious monster from the unknown, slipping along shining rails and halting for him—Little Luther—all this was joy enough for the moment.

Suddenly there came a roar in the air, a delicious thrill of the earth, and the fire-breathing dragon swallowed up Miss Barcy and Little Luther, and swept on its way.

Little Luther looked out on the flying world with fearful joy. His small hand timidly smoothed the velvet of the cushion; then it found Miss Barcy's knee and gripped it in assurance of safety. Whisk! past his eyes flew the telegraph-poles on a never-ending race. Where did they go? Did they ever catch up with one another, or did they hurry on forever and never get anywhere? The trees, fields, and houses whirled in a strange, revolving dance. At first it made Little Luther dizzy, and he swallowed often; then he found he could steady himself by looking at the far-off things which touched the sky; they stood still for a while before they slowly marched out of sight.

"All right?" asked Miss Barcy.

"I—I like to go fast," answered Little Luther.

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' SO TASTY AS HOME VICTUALS"

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It was a wonderful ride. By and by cookies came out of a big, comfortable bag which had not seen service since the days of the old Captain's voyaging. Little Luther munched happily, and all the time his eyes were out of the window. It was a wonderful ride.

After a time the fields and woods gave way to gardens and the houses thickened. Little Luther had never dreamed of so many houses. They crowded against one another; they touched one another; they melted into one another until they became one long house. Then there came an open space with tracks running all over it, like cobwebs on a floor. It was a big puzzle, but before Little Luther could untangle any of it the train ran into a dim, resounding, far-away place, and stopped. All the people started up.

"Come, Little Luther!" said Miss Barcy. "We're here."

When Miss Barcy stepped down on to the platform of the terminal she gave a little gasp. Cool-headed as she was accustomed to find herself, she had to confess to a sense of confusion. She felt Little Luther's tug at her arm and knew she must rise to the occasion. Smiling into the anxious blue eyes below her, she held out a hand. "Land! for a minute I didn't know jest where to turn," she laughed. "That looks the nighest way out," she added, wistfully gazing at the arch of clear sky at the end of the train-shed, "but I reckon it's safest to foller the crowd."

Little Luther entirely abandoned himself to Miss Barcy's leading. He threw his head back and stared up at the network of steel which supported the vast roof. His soul rose straight out of his little body and soared into the mystic regions of that upper world, flying from span to span. From his height he looked back to the tracks and platforms. He saw all the people—Miss Barcy with her bag, and even himself in his best suit. He saw everything small, like tiny toys, and he was not really down there, moving so slowly on the platform, but with great wings he was floating, floating, floating, up in the lacework of the arch, up above the smoke and—

"Look out, look out, boy!" shouted an angry voice, and Little Luther came back to earth with a bump. A warning whistle sounded in his ears, and a service man brushed him and Miss Barcy out of the way while a motor-truck clattered by with its load of baggage.

Even Miss Barcy was startled out of her calm. "Good gracious!" she cried. "I kinder thought we was safe on the walk, but we might as well be on the tracks for all I see!"

"It's bigger 'n the biggest barn," said Little Luther, clutching tight.

"It's bigger 'n all outdoor," returned Miss Barcy. "You could git the hull Ridge in it an' never notice."

They found their way to the long waiting-room, and Miss Barcy sat down to get her breath. Little Luther walked slowly about the section formed by the two high-backed settles facing each other. "It's like a little room in a big one," he said, laughing. He came up to Miss Barcy and leaned heavily on her lap. "I'm thirsty," he complained.

Miss Barcy opened the big bag. "I fetched your chiny mug 'long; 'tain't healthy to use them things everybody drinks outer. Sometimes it's catchin'." She was puzzled by the spouting jet of water, but she collected enough to satisfy the boy. "Now," she said, briskly, "we've got to be gittin' on if we want to see anythin'. We'll go to the shops fust. I might 's well git your spring clo'es, an' that 'll be done. Then I'll see 'bout stock. I've got the addresses all writ down. I guess it won't take long, an' when it's over we'll see the sights."

It was scarcely mid-forenoon when Miss Barcy and Little Luther stepped out of the dim coolness of the station into the sunlit street. Drays rattled, motors shrieked, trollies clanked, and from somewhere overhead came the thunder of a train. Little Luther felt assailed at every point. The ground trembled beneath his feet and his very sky was threatened. The roar stunned ears tuned to a peace broken by the sounds of wind and bird, the dropping of the rain, the comfortable noises of farmland, the occasional clatter of leisurely wheels. In the city of his dream the streets had ever been broad and quiet and golden.

"Pa brought me to the city onct," said Miss Barcy. "We took a car that

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had red onter it. I recollect it like it was yestidday." From the line of traffic Miss Barcy made her selection. Gripping Little Luther firmly by the arm, she waved her bag. "Here!" she called. "Stop!" The car rolled on. After several attacks thus repulsed, Miss Barcy acknowledged herself baffled. "Can't the pesky things stop when they once git goin'!" she exclaimed.

"You'll have to go to that post," explained a good-natured passer.

"Well, now," remarked Miss Barcy as she and Little Luther gained the indicated spot; "this don't seem reel 'commodatin'. Hillsbury trollies 'll stop anywheres for you."

A shining red car was halting before the white-banded post. Miss Barcy metaphorically seized it. "I want to go to a good clothin'-store," she said to the conductor as she confidently stepped on to the platform.

The power of the inward eye is not more liberally granted to street-car officials than to other human beings, or Miss Barcy and the shrinking boy might have received more attention. As it was, the functionary merely barred the passage with an indifferent arm, and delivered himself of a string of information, bewildering to unaccustomed ears. "ThiscarforHighStreetbythewayofLibertyCornerLowellBoulevardandtheCircle!"

"Good land!" gasped Miss Barcy, staring after the retreating car. "I wouldn't know *that* place if I ever got to it!"

"Where do you want to go, lady?" inquired a polite policeman.

Little Luther immediately acquired courage. This Arm of the Law was most convincing to look upon; his very badge glittered protection.

When Miss Barcy was safely seated in the subway train, she took out her handkerchief and wiped her heated face. The descent had not been without terrors, but she had shown no sign. "'Tain't jest my idee o' seein' a place," she remarked, eying the smooth walls of the tunnel. Then she rallied herself to a semblance of animation. "We're havin' a great time, ain't we, Little Luther?"

"Y-es," answered the boy.

But when the surface was reached, existence brightened. There were windows—such windows!—to flatten one's nose against. Miss Barcy let the little fellow take his time. "I choose this! an' this! an' this!" he cried, jabbing the glass with a small forefinger.

"Guess you'll have to git a hull train to haul home your choosin's," said Miss Barcy, smiling at the excited little figure. "We'd oughter brought the 'Jenny' 'long." Little Luther threw his head back as he looked up into Miss Barcy's face, and the two laughed happily.

"How ever folks find room to *grow* here 's more 'n I see!" commented Miss Barcy as they were beaten and jostled about by the ever-hurrying tide. "It's all short tacks and no clear course."

"Come!" cried Little Luther, suddenly tugging at Miss Barcy's arm. "They sell sodies here. You said I might have a sody."

"So. I did," assented Miss Barcy. "But, land o' love, child! you don't want a sody this time o' day."

"Yes, I do," insisted Little Luther.

They entered the big, glittering shop, and Little Luther's feet swung under one of the polished, round tables, while a lovely lady with fuzzy hair waited for his order.

"How 'd you like some ice-cream, Little Luther?" she asked.

The boy snuggled down in his chair and hugged himself in spirit. "Somethin' with choc'lid," he whispered.

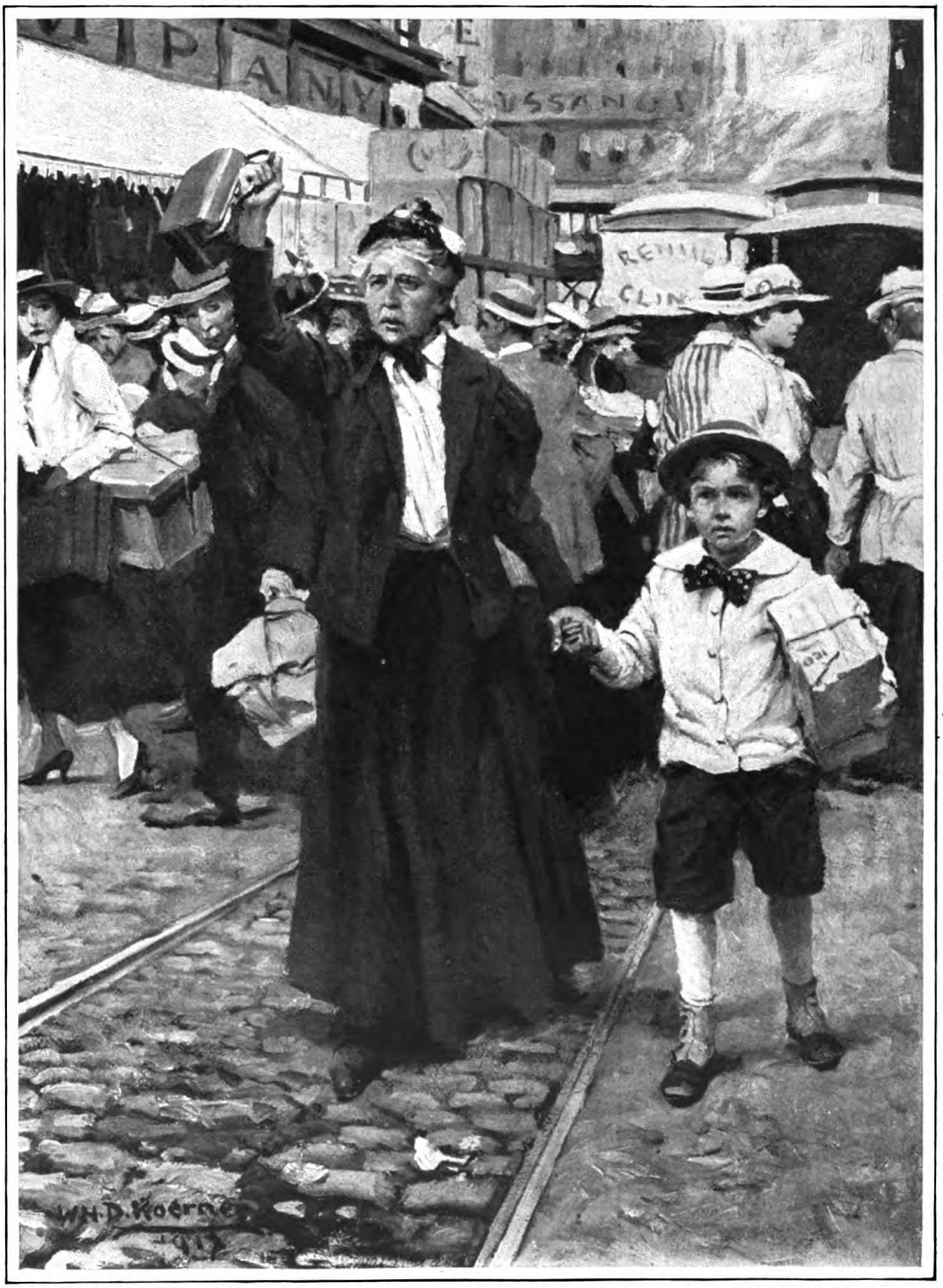
Miss Barcy watched the slow and ecstatic consumption of the frozen mass, bathed in its rich brown sauce and covered with a liberal sprinkling of nuts, and doubt took possession of her. "Don't seem 's if it could be good for his stomach," she thought; but all she said was, "I reckon you won't want the hull o' that."

"Oh yes, I will," returned Little Luther.

Miss Barcy's understanding did not accept the price of the feast until it had been repeated several times. She paid without visible flinching, only allowing herself one question: "Sweets riz lately?" Her inquiry remained unanswered, but the incident left her with a vague feeling of the need of caution.

"I want a suit for a little boy," she explained, at the clothing-store.

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"CAN'T THE PESKY THINGS STOP WHEN THEY ONCE GIT GOIN'?"

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"Somethin' not too warm for summer' but—"

"Fifth floor, elevator to the right," interrupted the clerk.

Miss Barcy gently pushed Little Luther's hesitating body into the grill-work cage. The boy stared, open-eyed. People crowded around him and he gasped. He was in a well, stifled with clothing and knocked by elbows. It seemed very far up to Miss Barcy's face, and he clutched her skirt. Then the door was shut and something unpleasant happened. He felt as though his body were rent; a part seemed to be lifted in the air, while a part was left behind. He began to cry. When his feet were planted once more on a firm surface, he confided his sensations.

"I feel bad here," he wailed, rubbing the front of his small shirt-waist.

It took some time to comfort him. Unseasonable ice-cream and an initial experience with an elevator do not repose as the proverbial lion and lamb; their association much more resembles the actual combination. Little Luther was shaken with conflict. When a certain amount of equilibrium was restored Miss Barcy proceeded with business.

"I s'pose you've got somethin' to fit this little boy; somethin' not too warm for sum—"

The comprehensive wave of the clerk's hand included long tables of piled-up garments.

"W-what's the price?" asked Miss Barcy.

"All prices, madam."

Miss Barcy laid her hand on one suit at a venture. When she heard the sum named she took it off quickly. "You 'ain't got nothin' more reasonable?"

"Cheap suits in the basement. Express elevator down."

But Little Luther hung back. Miss Barcy, noting his pallor, had not the heart to urge him. Down five flights of stairs they trudged.

"Reckon I feel like Bolter when he's broke his hold-back," thought Miss Barcy. Then she said aloud: "Little Luther, how 'd you like to git your suit at Deerin's? It's easier to choose there."

Little Luther's lips trembled. "I—I told Bucky Williams—I was goin' to git my clo'es in the city."

Miss Barcy took the cold little hand in her own and continued the downward journey. "We're goin' to git 'em," she said, cheerily. "Only you mustn't be a baby, Little Luther."

It seemed to Miss Barcy that the courtesy of the store increased with the reduction in altitude. In the basement she found the interest and attention lacking in the higher levels. But she did not find the suit.

"There's a sale of just the goods you want, to-day, on the third floor. You'll save money by going there," the polite attendant informed her.

"That's a real honest man," she said, as she panted up the long flights. "If I acted like most o' these city clerks I'd never sell a pin, let alone earn a livin'."

After the suit came shoes and stockings and collars and shirts and a tie. The color had come back to Little Luther's face; he would not let one of the packages out of his own hands. But Miss Barcy felt that nightmare held her in dreary clutches. Up and down unending stairs, from front to back between seeming miles of counters, she toiled. "Everythin' is somewhere else!" she sighed. But she did not omit one detail of Little Luther's outfit.

It was long past their usual dinner-hour when the two found themselves once more on the pavement, standing in a comparatively quiet little corner, a small backwater in the swiftly rushing stream. Here, where it was possible to snatch a moment's thought, Miss Barcy faced the situation. Her sturdy limbs trembled beneath her. Her lungs, used to great draughts of clear air, panted in their service. Her eyes, wonted to wide sweeps of the open, ached with the nearness of the shifting scene. She looked down on the boy at her side and smiled at the grip of his small hands on his bundles, remembering "Bucky." She thought of the list of addresses in her bag; she thought of stairs and counters and clerks; she thought of streets to cross and cars to board. Then, with a recapturing of identity, she grasped the tiller.

"Pa uster say it was a wise cap'n who knowed when to take in sail," she said to herself. "Little Luther," she added

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aloud, "how 'd you like to go back to that nice cool place in the deppo an' eat our lunch? We could set there quiet till the train goes, an' perhaps you could git a little nap. Leastways, you'd be rested for your car ride."

"I'd like to," answered Little Luther. With his treasures in his arms life offered no more for him. He had gathered his spoil and was content. City sights meant nothing to his weary little eyes; his next joy lay in the sight of Bucky's admiration and certain envy.

"I call this real cozy," said Miss Barcy, as she and Little Luther settled on one of the waiting-room benches in the terminal. They had a section quite to themselves, and they spread paper on the seat while they unpacked their lunch. "We mustn't git any litter 'round," she continued. "It must take a heap o' time to sweep an' dust this big room." She bought two oranges and filled the china mug with cool, fresh water. "There ain't nothin' so tasty as home victuals," she remarked with satisfaction.

Little Luther ate contentedly. He was cool and calm now, and his eyes followed the busy coming and going of the great station. When everything was cleared up and Miss Barcy drowsily interested in her newspaper, he ventured out on the floor and made little sallies of exploration. He felt very large and independent, thrust small hands into pockets, and even swaggered a bit in a mild way. He scraped a passing acquaintance with a black man in a scarlet cap, and the girl at the flower-stand threw him a carnation which was only half wilted.

The hours passed restfully and pleasantly, but when Miss Barcy was once more seated in the train she experienced a slight depression of spirit. It was not the thought of the wonders unseen—the library, the museum, the park—which shadowed her; those visions were obscured by the weary confusion of their attainment. It was not the unpurchased stock which lay heavily on her soul; Deering & Titus would welcome her, and she appreciated now the ease of their service. It was not the thought of Little Luther's incomplete day; he was quite unconscious of any lack in the filling of his cup. The veil which cast its grayness over Miss Barcy was of subtler weaving, and wafted a vague consciousness of defeat. She had sighted surf and had turned in her course; she had heard a wind and had slackened sail. She had taken the part of wisdom, but there remained with her a feeling of having been tested and found wanting.

The next day Miss Barcy drove the "Rolling Jenny" to Hillsbury and gave Deering & Titus her order for spring stock. She was greeted as a returned prodigal.

"Guess you find we can do as well by you as any one," said Mr. Deering, rubbing satisfied hands. "You're a wise woman not to trust to them city dealers. How d'you like it up there, anyhow?"

"It's mighty big an' fine," returned Miss Barcy. She did not seem inclined to enlarge on her experience.

"Well, we're glad to have you back here. It's a card for us, ag'in' them city traders. I guess you know a good thing when you see it, Miss Barcy."

Miss Barcy drove slowly away from the store. Her face was very sober and she paid scant heed to direction. Suddenly she twitched Bolter around in a most unusual manner. That surprised animal turned reluctantly. Miss Barcy once more drew up in front of Deering & Titus's store. Mr. Deering ran out to the cart.

"Forgot somethin'?" he inquired.

"No," answered Miss Barcy, "I 'ain't forgot anythin'. What I come for is to say this: The reason I didn't buy my stock in the city warn't because 'twas poor or high-priced, or anythin' like that. I dun'no' what it was, 'cause I didn't see it. I'm glad to trade with you, Mr. Deerin', but that ain't the reason I'm here to-day, an' I don't want it laid to my credit. The reason I didn't buy in the city is jest 'cause I was too muddled an' tired, an'—scart, to do a mite o' tradin'. That's the long an' short of it, Mr. Deerin'. I was plain scart!"

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Solving the Problem of Infant Mortality

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

NEARLY two and a half million babies are born in the United States every year, of whom three hundred thousand die before they reach their first birthday. Apparently, that is, one out of every eight babies that first see light on American soil is sacrificed to the unfavorable circumstances surrounding its birth. Apparently, too, our first year of existence is the most dangerous in the whole human cycle. A man seventy years old stands a much greater chance of reaching seventy-one than a baby born today has to reach his first anniversary. Enough babies die in this country in ten years to populate a city as large as Chicago, a State as large as New Jersey, or to make up nearly the total population of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Nevada. The United States which is notoriously wasteful of all the natural gifts with which nature has favored her, apparently feels that there is no need to economize in so potential a source of national wealth as its babies. Their destruction takes its natural place alongside the destruction of our forests, our birds, our animals, and our coal; these annual human sacrifices are merely another indication of a deplorable national habit.

This is a serious charge to make against any nation, both from the viewpoint of humanity and efficiency. Previous generations have regarded infant mortality from a fatalistic point of view, as something which cannot be helped and which it is therefore useless to struggle against. But modern science knows better. "Infant mortality," says Sir Arthur Newsholme, "is the most sensitive index we possess of social welfare and of sanitary administration, especially under urban conditions." How, judged by this test, does the United States stand among the nations of the world? We are not the worst country, though we are a long way from being the best. With a national infant mortality rate which, so far as the statisticians can determine, is 124 per thousand, our record is just a little better than Serbia's. Nations that surpass us are Scotland, Finland, England, Denmark, Ireland, France, and the Scandinavian countries. The nation that makes the best showing is far-away New Zealand, a new and growing country like our own, which loses every year only 51 per thousand of her infants. The most negligent country is Chile, which loses almost exactly one-third of her babies. In all these melancholy statistics there is only one grain of consolation for the United States—our record is much better than that of the nation with which we are now at war. The strangest paradox presented by Germany is her excessively high infant mortality rate; this is 192 per thousand for the German Empire and 146 for Prussia. Here we have a nation which boasts that she has no slums and that her sanitary and general living conditions surpass those of any other people. Yet an indispensable accompaniment of kultur is evidently widespread mortality among babies. The fact that Germany has excellent sanitation and housing conditions and also takes unusual precautions against unemployment and poverty and yet loses her small children at this rate shows that the causes of infant mortality do not necessarily lie upon the surface. What laws regulate their taking off or their survival? What precautions can a civilized community take against a national disgrace of this kind? The matter was never so urgent as now, for our babies certainly constitute the ultimate line of national defense.

Until the last three or four years the United States Government had shown no active interest in this question.

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Indeed, we Americans have been so negligent of our babies that we have made no wide-spread effort to register their birth. A few States, particularly New York, Pennsylvania, and New England, have kept these data for years, but in the larger number the citizen who forgets the year of his birth, or the one who wishes to establish the date legally, perhaps for important reasons, such as to qualify as the heir of property, has no way of doing so, simply because he was born in a community which had so little interest in his arrival that it made no permanent record of the event. Five years ago, however, the Federal Government created a Children's Bureau, placing at its head Miss Julia C. Lathrop, for many years an associate of Miss Jane Addams at Hull House, Chicago. This bureau was a wholesome if somewhat tardy recognition of the part which babies and children play in the American social order. It aimed at the improvement of civic conditions at the beginning. And Miss Lathrop has attacked her problem in a fundamental way. She has spent a considerable part of the last five years in seeking an answer to the rock-bottom problem, Why do American babies die? Clearly, we can do little in the way of upbuilding American childhood until we have the facts that answer this question. And the Children's Bureau is studying the situation in practical fashion. In a series of typical American towns it is investigating elaborately the life history of every baby born in a particular year. It has already published the results of these researches in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Montclair, New Jersey, and Manchester, New Hampshire. Its agents have spent months in these three places, obtaining a complete record of every baby born in a particular year. They visit its home, make complete records of its living conditions, and talk to every mother —in fact, they study all the visible circumstances of its history for the year following its birth. If the child dies before its first birthday—it is only the babies that die within their first year that are included in statistics of "infant mortality"—a complete record of the cause and circumstances of the death is made. This is probably the first time in any country that the question has been studied so scientifically. In all the places visited the influential public functionaries or organizations—churches, women's clubs, the police, the medical profession, chambers of commerce—have responded to this universal appeal and co-operated in the work. A pathetic feature has been the intense interest shown by the mothers themselves; of the many thousands who have been visited and questioned, many of whom—probably the majority—are poor and ignorant, not more than half a dozen have refused to answer questions or to show great interest in the investigation.

In particular, of course, most people know the causes of infant mortality. That small babies die chiefly from intestinal and respiratory diseases is a fact which the activities of most American health boards have forced upon public notice. But Miss Lathrop's studies have not concerned themselves chiefly with the causes of death which are reported in the physicians' certificates. They have been aimed rather at the underlying circumstances that, directly and indirectly, give the nation so unenviable a record—housing, sanitary surroundings, earnings of fathers, employment, working hours of mothers, and the like. As a result of these investigations we now have accurate data upon practically every condition that can promote the death of infants.

The city of Johnstown is one of the largest industrial centers in the United States. Its population of 55,000 contains in mixture a large proportion of the immigrating races from southern and eastern Europe, and its Serbians, Croatians, and Slavs represent those brawny races which have so abundantly proved their usefulness as workers in the steel-mills. The town, because its location has made it one of the great steel centers in the United States, has developed rapidly and in rather haphazard fashion. The present city is really a conglomerate of many villages and towns, all of which have been incorporated with little attempt at coordination. For this reason the several factors that underlie social and sanitary conditions in any city—sewerage, paving, refuse disposal, housing—are not

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such as promote the highest physical well-being. These circumstances explain the fact that Johnstown has a higher mortality rate than the average of the whole nation. Its rate is 134, against 124 for the United States. But this simple figure explains little by itself, for the infant death rate varies greatly in different parts of the city. One city ward loses only 50 babies per thousand in their first year, while another loses 271. This latter district, known as Woodvale, is not the most populous, neither is it the one that has the largest number of births. Yet its infant mortality rate is twice that of any other ward. It is the section where the poorest people live; its family heads are the unskilled workers of the steel-mills and the mines, the larger part of whom are foreigners, 78 per cent. of the mothers under investigation having been foreign born. The whole section is poorly sewered, many of the streets are unpaved, in warm weather they are slippery and slimy with mud. If we trace the mortality rates of the other wards, we shall find that these conditions apparently exercise the greatest influence upon it. As housing and street pavements and sewerage facilities improve there is a steady decrease in the rate at which the babies die. "Improve the water-supply," writes one authority, "the sewerage system, and the system of disposing of refuse; introduce better pavements, such as asphalt, and at once there is a decline in infant mortality." Certainly this careful study of conditions in Johnstown and in other cities emphasizes the truth of this statement.

But Miss Lathrop's force have worked out their problem in greater detail than this. They have presented elaborate tables showing the precise relation between the death rate of infants and all the circumstances surrounding their lives. Such details as the source of water-supply apparently had an automatic influence upon the death of the babies. The rate was much lower in the houses where water was piped in than in houses into which it was necessary to carry water from outdoors. The dryness or the dampness of the houses likewise influenced the physical welfare of little children. Completely compiled statistics showed that fewer babies died in dry houses, more in moderately dry houses, and most of all in those that were classified as "damp." The bath-tub is apparently a safe barometer of infant mortality. Thus, houses that possessed these conveniences had a rate of 72, while houses in which they were unknown had a rate of 164. The rate rose and fell in accordance with the general cleanliness or dirtiness of the yards and houses. Babies born in crowded houses died much more rapidly than babies in homes less crowded. Again, the infant mortality rate was much lower among babies who slept in a room with their parents than those who had to sleep in rooms that contained more than two persons. The rate increased greatly as the number of persons among whom the baby slept increased. The babies who slept in their own separate beds had a much more successful struggle for existence than those who slept in beds with other persons. Among the first the death rate was only 55 per cent., while among the latter it jumped to 108. These studies also show the value of open-window ventilation for infants, for here again the rate rose and fell according to the quantity of the ventilation.

Perhaps the greatest lesson these studies among foreign mothers teach us is the effect of hard work upon infant mortality. The extent to which prospective mothers increase the family revenue apparently regulates the extent to which their babies die. These women add a few dollars a week to their husbands' earnings, but they pay a dreadful penalty in the loss of their children. Among foreigners those nationalities which limit their women's work to household duties, such as the English and the Germans, have the best luck with their babies. Those peoples, such as the southern and eastern Europeans—Slovaks, Poles, and Serbo-Croatians—who regard their women almost as much as their men as family bread-winners, lose their infants to a much greater degree. And, as though in obedience to a hitherto undiscovered law, the races whose women work hardest pay the greatest penalties of this kind. Italian mothers,

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it is true, have a higher infant mortality rate than certain eastern Europeans despite the fact that, in the main, they are not heavy laborers; but these women have poor physiques, and are thus not good natural candidates for maternity. The contrary is true of the Polish, the Slovak, and the Serbo-Croatian women. Their fecundity is well known; the Polish mother, indeed, was the greatest enemy that Bismarck feared in dealing with his Polish problem, for the ability of the Polish women to produce soldiers he looked upon as a constant military menace to the German Empire. In the mining regions of western Pennsylvania, however, though the Polish and Serbo-Croatian birth rate is high, their infant death rate is likewise high. Miss Lathrop's investigations present one startling paradox—that is, that those foreign babies who, on strictly biological grounds, ought to have the best chances of survival, apparently have the worst. These are the Serbo-Croatians, who have the highest infant mortality rate—264—of any nationality so far studied. It is the Serbo-Croatians, indeed, who give the Johnstown foreigners their exceedingly high rate and who are mainly responsible for the fact that the city as a whole has so discouraging a record. A mere glance at both the Croatian men and women immediately shows that nature intended them to be the progenitors of sturdy children. The men are large and powerful, and the women are big, handsome, graceful, and strong. They are so strong, indeed, and so proud of their strength, that they like to parade it recklessly. It is not uncommon to see them walking barefoot, with huge, graceful strides, over the ice and snow, even when they are approaching motherhood, and they work longer every day and work harder than their husbands. They do not labor in the steel-mills, but transform their homes into huge boarding-houses. They fill every cranny of their rooms with beds, which are rented to both day and night shifts of workmen, who also have to be served with meals at practically every hour of the day and night. There is thus hardly any moment when these Serbo-Croatian women are not working; this explains the fact that, out of every four Croatian children born, at least one dies before completing its first year.

The Johnstown study revealed other suggestive information. The fact, recorded by other observers, that girl babies have greater vitality than boys is substantiated here, for the death rate of the male children was considerably higher than that of the female. Why it is that boys have a greater tendency to die in the early months of life than girls is evidently an inscrutable secret of nature; at least this record sheds no light upon the question. The infant death rate was also very much higher among women attended by midwives than among those attended by physicians. Babies of illiterate mothers had a higher rate than those whose mothers could read and write. English-speaking mothers had greater success with their children than those who spoke a foreign tongue. The death rate of illegitimate babies was twice that of babies born in wedlock—probably because they were more likely to be neglected. Residence in the United States apparently exercised a strong influence upon a baby's chances of survival; thus those whose mothers had been in the United States for more than five years died at the rate of 156 per thousand, while those whose mothers had lived here less than five years had a rate of 214. What is the most propitious age for motherhood? According to Johnstown's experience, it is from twenty to twenty-four; at least children born to mothers between these ages stand the greatest chance of living through their first year. Infant mortality, strange to say, is higher in Johnstown among children of mothers whose ages range from twenty-five to twenty-nine than from thirty to thirty-nine. Any age under twenty, these records show, is an unpropitious age for maternity, while the highest rate of all, as might be expected, is among children whose mothers have passed their fortieth year. These investigations emphasize once more the great advantages of natural over artificial feeding. An inexorable Nemesis punishes the women who decline their natural office—in the wholesale slaughter of their innocents. Probably never before have carefully compiled statistics brought out so conclusive-

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ly this truth. But this factor affects children usually in the tenderest period—the first few months of life. At the end of the second month the naturally fed infant has a mortality rate of 72 and the one who is artificially fed a rate of 236; certainly we could not ask more convincing evidence in favor of nature's method. At the end of each succeeding month, however, this discrepancy disappears, indicating that the artificially nourished child, having secured an increasingly strong grip on existence, is more successfully combating the disadvantages of its diet. At the end of the ninth month the bottle-fed baby evidently thrives just as well as the nursling—indeed, according to these statistics, somewhat better. Another factor that apparently regulates the death rate is the earning capacity of the father, the rate uniformly decreasing as his income increases. When the family head earns $521 or less a year, the infant mortality rate in his family is 255 per thousand; when he earns $1,200 or more, this death rate becomes 84—an extremely low one.

In Montclair, New Jersey, a rich and prosperous suburban city, practically the same factors regulate the taking off of children. Montclair, since it is not an industrial but a residential community, had no such death rate as Johnstown; it was only 84, much less than that of the United States in general, and one of the lowest municipal rates in the whole country. But Montclair has its poor section, and there the same circumstances of sanitary conditions, illiteracy, artificial feeding, employment of mothers, and the like influenced the rate at which the babies died.

Far more significant were the studies made in Manchester, New Hampshire, a typical industrial community of New England. It is the unfortunate distinction of these New England factory towns that they have the highest infant mortality rates of all urban communities in the United States. Thus Lowell leads with a rate of 231, followed by Holyoke, with a rate of 213, as contrasted with New York City which, with all its tenements and slums, has a rate of 129, only slightly larger than that of the nation as a whole. Manchester loses, in the first year, 193 out of every one thousand babies born. We find this partly explained by the fact that Manchester's chief industry is the manufacture of textiles, in which women are engaged in large numbers. The Serbo-Croatian women of Johnstown offered an opportunity to study the influence of the mother's excessive household drudgery upon the vitality of newly born children. Similarly the Manchester textile mills shed conclusive light upon the results of factory work. Indeed, this single investigation shows the wastefulness and the wickedness of this industrial system. What does it avail to gain a little economic wealth in the shape of spun cotton and textiles when, as Miss Lathrop's work now conclusively shows, this is at the expense of babies' lives? These mothers toil day after day in the cotton-mills, their average earnings amounting to $250 a year. They frequently keep at work almost up to the very days their babies are born, and the consequences are shown in the statistics now published. Among these gainfully employed women the baby's death rate is 227, while the Manchester rate, for mothers not so employed, is only 133. Probably cold, hard-headed statistics never painted a tragic truth more eloquently than do these figures. The simple fact, of course, is that babies born under these conditions are robbed of the first primordial right of humankind—a mother's care. The mothers return to the mills soon after their children are born, with the consequence that their infants are artificially fed, and are generally neglected during those earliest months when their fate is decided.

But Manchester sheds the utmost light upon one of the most excitedly discussed questions of the time—that of large families. Is the married couple with two or three or four children serving the state as completely as our oft-quoted great grandparents, who did not mind having ten or a dozen? The bearing of large or small families upon the infant mortality rate is perhaps only one phase of this question, though certainly it is an important phase. Manchester furnishes an excellent opportunity to study this question, since one-fifth of its population is composed of French-Canadians.

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Parts of the city, indeed, are as completely French as sections of Quebec or France. Here the streets bear French names—Notre Dame, Cartier, Alsace; French is the language commonly spoken; there are French newspapers, French convents, French churches, French orphanages, and the large department stores have to engage French interpreters. In the main, these people make valuable citizens; they are generally thrifty, sober, and self-respecting, representing a much higher social and economic order than the Poles, Greeks, and Syrians who form considerable elements in the city's population. Now these French-Canadians present a contradiction to practically everything already said in this article. Their sanitary surroundings are good; their homes are neater than those of the other foreign peoples; their womenkind, for the great part, are not gainfully employed; the father's earnings are the highest of any of the foreign-born residents; the French-Canadians, that is, possess all the advantages that should give them a low infant mortality rate. Yet the extent to which their babies die is fairly appalling. Whereas the English, Irish, and Scotch mothers lose only 66 babies per thousand the first year, and the Polish mothers, whose rate is high everywhere, 189, the French-Canadians lose 248. It is this bad showing of the French people that gives Manchester its high rate as a city; without it, the city rate would drop to 130, which is not much above normal in the United States. Artificial feeding explains these fatalities to a considerable extent. The prevalence of large families among the French-Canadians is the one thing that distinguishes them sharply from other peoples. In Manchester there were 32 mothers, in the year studied, who had had more than 12 children, and of these 30 were French-Canadians. This investigation clearly indicates — what was also shown in Johnstown—that the larger the family is the greater is its mortality rate. The interesting fact is brought out that the second-born child stands the greatest chance of survival. In Manchester families which have 3 children per mother the infant death rate is 148. From this it steadily increases as the number of children increases until, in families of from 13 to 15 children—not unusual among French-Canadians—the rate becomes 241. We know that, whereas seventy-five years ago native American families had large broods of children, they also had a high death rate, and we now understand that there was some connection between these two facts. The argument for small families is apparently pretty conclusively made. Certainly the experience of the Manchester French-Canadians is a sordid story of maternal martyrdom.

Here, then, are the scientifically collected facts from three typical American cities which answer the question, Why do the babies die? But how can we prevent their dying? Evidently any attempt to recast our whole economic and social order, which, at first glance, seems to be an essential preliminary to reducing infant mortality, is hardly feasible, at least immediately. Yet the experience of other communities which have deliberately attempted to preserve their children indicates many things that can be done.

Let us turn, for example, to New Zealand, the country which has the lowest infant death rate in the world—51 per thousand. What explains this excellent showing? New Zealand's death rate has always been low, but in the last ten years it has steadily gone down. The fact is that New Zealand, as a nation, has consciously willed that its babies should be spared and has adopted the most energetic and enlightened means to preserve them. This nation of something more than a million people has been described as one large family, and certainly the interest which it shows in protecting the existence of its babies substantiates this description. It has the one fundamental preliminary to infant conservation—something which, as already said, we have only in certain parts of the United States—a complete system of birth registration. A nurse in New Zealand, interested in preserving the life of babies, does not have to start on a tour of exploration through the poorer quarters in the hope of stumbling upon the newly born, as she does in many of the cities of our own country, but finds complete records in official

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places. The Government also keeps under the closest supervision midwives, maternity hospitals, infant asylums, and nurses. It teaches the science of motherhood at all times and in all places where it is most needed. In the public schools girls are instructed in the responsibilities of married life; in the poor quarters expectant mothers are visited and advised concerning the care of babies. One of the most famous institutions of New Zealand is the so-called "Plunket nurse." These are the field agents of the "Society for the Health of Women and Children," which, because of the great interest manifested in it by the governor-general and his wife, Lord and Lady Plunket, is generally known as the "Plunket Society." The Government contributes to the support of this organization and also carefully supervises it. It is New Zealand's great instrumentality for keeping down the infant mortality rate. The commonwealth is divided into a number of districts, each one of which is a field for the operations of a Plunket nurse, who periodically visits it and also keeps in constant touch in other ways, such as correspondence and the columns of the newspapers. Each district also has its local committee, which arranges for the visits of the nurse and makes it its business to see that her instructions are completely carried out. The nurse visits the schools, attends mothers' meetings, enters the homes of expectant mothers or of mothers with small babies, gives demonstrations on all matters pertaining to infant health, and even takes live babies into schoolrooms for the instruction of school-girls —New Zealand's potential mothers. The Plunket nurse corresponds with the mothers in districts too remote to be visited, and parents everywhere are encouraged to write freely for advice. She regards it as her first duty to encourage natural feeding, and makes unceasing war upon the long-tube bottle and the "dummy." In all parts of New Zealand one of the most popular parts of the local newspaper is a column headed "Our Babies, by Hygeia," which has this for its motto, "It is better to put a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom." The column also contains the address and telephone numbers of the Plunket nurses. This column, published once a week in nearly every newspaper of the dominion, contains the most modern, up-to-date advice on the care of babies as well as queries and answers to correspondence. The work of this society has had the greatest effect in reducing the infant mortality rate. The year in which it began operations New Zealand's record was 83; in ten years this was reduced to 51. Dunedin, a city of 41,000, makes the best showing of any municipality in the world. While Paris loses 120 babies per thousand in their first year, Berlin 150, London 100, and New York 120, Dunedin loses only 40. Making all allowances for the larger size of these world capitals and their complex human and economic problems, the record of Dunedin is fairly astounding; it shows what the most enlightened educational methods can accomplish.

We have proved the same thing in isolated cases in this country. Montclair, New Jersey, stimulated by the investigations of the Children's Bureau, has introduced a "Baby Clinic," with results that have become immediately apparent. This clinic meets weekly for consultation with mothers on matters of feeding and general infant hygiene. About the first attention each mother receives after the birth of her baby is a card inviting her to attend these weekly meetings. In general this clinic performs for this small city just about the same services that the Plunket Society performs for New Zealand. And the result has been a considerable decrease in the infant mortality. The majority of clinic babies come from the ward in which the poorest people live and which has the sanitary conditions least conducive to good health. When the clinic began work this ward had the highest rate—130—of any section of Montclair; now its rate is lower than that of the city as a whole—84. Other communities are starting work of this kind. The one thing evident is that there is no natural necessity for the annual slaughter of infants in the United States, that it forms a blot upon our civilization which enlightened methods can—and will—remove.

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

UNTIL a certain day of the gruesome spring of the present year, it had been the boast of our hero (a very passive hero) that in an inordinately long life he had only once lost money from his pocket, either by the mischance of himself or by the misdeed of another. Money, indeed, he had lost in both ways, by the shrinkage of securities, say from 113 to 6 between their purchase and their sale, but this was the common lot of those who bet on common stock, and had nothing dramatic about it. He had never seen the securities which shrank from the larger to the lesser figure; and, so far as he knew, neither had his broker; but in the course of that long life of his, mainly spent in large cities at home amid the risks of crowds, and varied by travel in several continents, with the fortuities and contingencies of passage through many countries, including his own, by canal-boat, steamboat, steamer, diligence, and express-train, he had carried thousands (we will not say hundreds of thousands of dollars, for we do not wish to alienate popular sympathy from him) in his various pockets without the loss of a cent except once. The exceptional instance of loss which he was rather fond of alleging as a general proof of his wisdom in carrying large sums of money about him had a picturesqueness from the fact that the money lost was in American bills taken at the Southampton dock in exchange for foreign gold; and that the bills for twenty dollars each were called Gold Certificates on their orange-colored backs and bore the likeness of President Garfield on their faces. He put them, folded, into his hip-pocket, and carried them in it safely on what would now be called an Enemy ship, but was then amicably known as a North German Lloyd boat, across the ocean and ultimately into a westward-bound sleeping-car at New York. So at least it seemed to him, but when in the morning he found that his faithful pocket had given up its treasure he thought it the part of prudence to invite the inquiries of the Pullman people to the dining-car as well as the sleeping-car. He hated to accuse the porter or any of his fellow-passengers of robbing him overnight, and he willingly recurred to the possibility that he had dropped his wad of bills on the dining-car floor in paying for his dinner. The Pullman people were very prompt and very polite, but in the end they could only verify the fact that his money was gone; how or when they could not help him to imagine.

In the twenty-three years that now began to pass he frequently recurred to the incident as, upon the whole, a proof of his prudence in carrying large sums of money in his pocket. After the first vexation at his loss he rather amused himself with it, and liked saying that the low average of loss proved that the safest place to keep your money was in your pocket, and he continued the habit throughout that rather long period. He perhaps boasted the immunity he had enjoyed, and he liked joking about the exception which proved the rule. At the same time he secretly wished that there had been some impressive circumstance in the exception; that his money had not been tamely taken from his trousers where the garment hung at his berth-head, or lay involved in the netting before his window, but that it had been filched from his pocket by the hand of a thief skilled in the art.

He liked computing that in those twenty-three years his loss by robbery was less than four dollars annually, and he amused himself by wondering whether this was over or under the average; he thought, under. Then suddenly the years, months, weeks, days,

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hours, and minutes of this period had elapsed and the second exception to his immunity occurred in the North Station at Boston about ten minutes before nine o'clock on a certain morning. He was stooping over his chair in the parlor-car to see whether the porter had put his valise behind it when he was instantly aware that the familiar pressure in the hip-pocket where he always carried his money had ceased. It was as if the circumambient atmosphere had been suddenly withdrawn and the conditions of an exhausted receiver had begun for him. He had never been sensibly robbed before, but he knew that his pocket had been picked as instinctively, as unerringly, as men know the tremor of an earthquake, though they have never felt an earthquake before. The sense of goneness, of the absolute severance of continuity, had a quality of the parting of soul from body; the experience was death-like. "Good heavens!" he realized, "my pocket-book is gone!" and he began instantly to question all the faculties in him that could take cognizance of what had happened since he knew of last feeling the pocket-book in its place.

He could not verify the moment, but he knew that he last held it in his hand when he took a bill from it to pay the taxicab-driver, with the usual belief that he was overpaying him. Conscious knowledge ceased after that, and a gulf of whirling conjecture yawned at his feet, with no thither side. Had he had the pocket-book in his hand when he went to buy his ticket, either train or car? Where was it when he stopped to talk with that group of friends outside the gate to his train? Where was it when he tried to pass two young men bumping against each other on the way from the gate to the parlor-car? Was he any wise aware of it when he felt for the change to pay the red-capped porter who had brought his hand-baggage and had waited for him in the Pullman? At what moment had his panic for his loss begun, with that wild thrill of assent to the fact which was also an ecstasy of denial? Just when did he bring himself to tell the Pullman porter that his pocket-book was gone, and accept his unavailing sympathy, together with his instructions how to notify the Lost Articles Room, and his respectful misgivings as to the use of doing it. By what fine degrees or bold leaps did he pass to the conviction that his pocket had been picked? He abandoned himself to a certain pleasure in the situation with thrilling returns from it to the shame and grief of his loss, which was like a throb of anguish from an aching tooth dormant for an interval and then leaping into activity.

It was not at once that the psychology of the case as a race experience interested him. He had first to outlive his shame, his pride in it as something individual, something personal to himself. Then he began to question his spirit as a participant in the emotions awakened in men by the loss of money ever since they had pockets to be picked. But this inquiry could not hold him long, and he reverted to the modern history of this form of theft at the point where it seemed to have been differenced from other forms by specific observation. He did not at once, or ever afterward, note in himself any rancor toward the pickpocket whom he rather promptly supposed in preference to any accident or heedlessness of his own as the occasion of his loss. When he had supposed the pickpocket, he began to enjoy the notion of him and his life of pleasurable adventure and varied excitement. This pickpocket of his would have many attractive qualities, and he could be either the active or the passive accomplice in the robbery without forfeiting an equal claim to them. Say, for the sake of example, that his pocket had been picked by one of the two young fellows who had bumped against him on his way to the car, it would be unfair to distinguish between them, in the attribution of these qualities. They seemed equally blithe and amiable, willing to join him in joking about their encounter; and why should he suppose the one a gay *chevalier d'industrie* and the other a sullen rogue with no relish for adventure, but with only a mean, avaricious satisfaction in the plunder? If one of them skilfully filched the pocket-book and enjoyed such a masterpiece of their art, it did not follow that the other must be a mere receiver of stolen value which he was to make off with, either in the

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original package or in the form of the bank-notes which he took out of the pocket-book before throwing it away. That might be the course of the affair in an invention of cheap fiction, but it was not so in the bit of reality where the victim had been equally an actor with the merry scamps who might have joined in robbing him.

He rejected the thougnt of bringing them to justice, of handing them over to a policeman, of appearing against them in the police-court, of having them sentenced for grand or petty larceny to a term of months, or even years, in prison. In the old times it would be a hanging matter, whether it was grand larceny or not, for then it was death to steal the value of a shilling, and there was value enough in that pocket-book to hang a hundred men. He thought of the kind shopkeeper, in those old times, who, rather than have a man hanged for stealing a shilling handkerchief, swore that it was worth only ninepence; and he held himself ready for any perjury if it came to the arrest of his pickpockets—he would eagerly make oath that there was nothing of any value in the pocket-book which would have contained only a few newspaper cuttings. From these cogitations, or these reveries, he always recurred with humiliation to the fact of his loss. It was no light matter to be parted from his money with more than the soonness of the fool of proverb, and, though he could not blame himself for his mischance, he did not cease to suffer from it. The only way was not to think of it, to put the fact altogether out of his mind. But when he seemed to have succeeded in dismissing it, and the habitual sense of the pocket-book in that place had renewed itself, the consciousness of it was severed with a shock that brought back the whole affair, and he had to begin the struggle over again.

In time—in rather a snort time—the poignancy of the personal experience was sheathed, like the claws of an animal, in the velvety folds of the general psychological inquiry, so that he no longer hurt himself with it. He had now provisionally decided that his pocket had been picked, and that he had not undramatically lost his pocket-book out of it or left it lying somewhere. In fact, at the window where he bought his train-tickets the man denied that he had sold them to him, but, being convinced that he had, he denied that the victim had left his pocket-book lying there, and was no doubt right in that. The victim felt an insensate relief in not being obliged to identify the book, and returned to the easier theory that it had been stolen from his pocket. As this became more and more his settled conviction, he interested himself in the question whether pickpockets had increased in number proportionately to the general increase of the population or only in their proficiency. The effect of the homicidal statutes of the eighteenth century had been to multiply the number of the criminals, and the logic of the milder legislation of modern times was to diminish their number. He did not refer to the statistics of the scientific inquirers for his conclusion upon the fact that first-class fiction no longer employed pocket-picking as a motive. The time had been when such prime novelists as Dickens and Bulwer, and Thackeray in burlesque, had dealt very largely in pickpockets, but now these were not to be found in the works of such eminent authors; Bulwer was especially satisfying in the employment of thieves' slang, and the illustrations of all used to show these in the act of taking purses or watches from the pockets of old gentlemen reading at bookstalls, or filching handkerchiefs from their coat-skirts; but now there were no such pictures. He knew there was an inferior order of fiction which abounded in them—detective stories—but he never read detective stories, though he still liked the memory of the old-fashioned picaresque stories which he used to read when he was younger with a boyish pleasure in the characters and adventures of the engaging rogues portrayed in them. These rogues were nearly always at one time or other pickpockets, and they never quite disused the art, though they left it in abeyance for the bolder forms of larceny such as demanded courage as well as skill.

It was very long since he had found pickpockets referred to as light-fingered gentry in the newspapers, and perhaps

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they no longer formed a class. He found himself tending to wonder whether there was such a thing as a pickpockets' Union, but he saved himself in time from offering that insult to organized labor; he might as decently have wondered whether they had syndicates or trusts. This brought him to the question whether there was anything like thrift among them. He did not suppose that they all wasted their gains, as he might call their plunder, though it was no more plunder than the result of some operations in high finance; but the risks of their calling were very great, and would not tend to the cultivation of steady habits. They seemed mostly to be young men, often hardly older than boys, and would not have felt bound to provide for the future as by life-insurance, say; their parents, when they had any, often profited by their crimes and took their booty from them when they came home in the evening, and thus weakened the motive of prudence that was in them.

Our friend (as we will call him for conscience' sake but from no especial pride in his acquaintance, though we pity his misfortune) felt more and more the lack of exact information in the whole matter. Pickpockets, as a class, were not very autobiographical, though he remembered reading the memoirs of some. He was not sure whether Vidocq began in that way, or by just what dishonest steps that famous detective's career led him to espouse the defense of the law. Notably he recalled the *Life of James Vaux the Thief*, who reformed upon being transported to Botany Bay in the good old times; but Vaux was not specific upon points where our friend sought enlightenment.

Mr. Pett Ridge's study of predatory nature in his novel, *A Breaker of Laws*, was incomparably more satisfying in those points and was not only a fascinating narration but an excellent piece of psychology from first to last. Our friend's inquiry, however, was not very strenuous in any direction; he was a person who much preferred speculation to conclusion, which ended the matter, whereas speculation left it always open, so that he was not unhappy in the failure of his very inadequate studies. He liked letting his fancy play with such questions as whether there was any international association in the milder crimes, like those which bound the brothers of the Black Hand in murderous fealty to one another. He would have liked to know whether those young fellows who might have joined in conjuring his money from his pocket, but whom he did not really suspect, were native or adoptive citizens; but he did not press the inquiry, and he quite forebore conjecture concerning their opinions on the war. If they were not born Americans it might have been part of their innate disingenuousness that they counterfeited so admirably the American bonhomie which we manage to infuse into almost every transaction of life.

He rather caressed the notion of the pair as pursuing their calling in the spirit of good sports, and he would have liked to renew the encounter with them, not for the purpose of their arrest and conviction if they had really picked his pocket, but for the sake of their further acquaintance. In his ignorance of the statistics of crime he did not try to forecast the event of his experience, or the chances of ever seeing his pocket-book again. If he thought of these at all, he thought them very remote, and he was probably right. Nevertheless, he wrote to the Lost Articles Room at the station about his loss, on the remotest of those chances that he had somehow dropped his pocket-book and it had been found by some conscientious person and carried there. But he liked much better the hazard of an amusing supposition that the pickpocket had been seized with insupportable remorse, and had taken that means of restoring it to him. He remembered how the brakemen on some trains used to call out, as they drew into the North Station: "Boston! Don't leave any articles in the car!" but he did not know how far that warning had ever availed. When he somewhat hysterically confided his loss to the Pullman porter, the porter said that they *combed* their cars after every trip for anything that had possibly been dropped in them (our friend liked that notion of *combing*), and he must have reported the incident to his company, for the local management wrote our friend a very prompt

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and polite letter promising every good office in his case, in terms so like those of the reply made twenty years before to the notification of his loss in the sleeping-car that his sanguine temperament could not support him in the least hope of finally recovering his money.

He had no doubt the management would be glad to report the final recovery of it, but there remained prominently only the question of guarding against future losses. If these were to recur at intervals of twenty years, it would be something serious in the course of a century, and he must lose no time in deciding where to carry his money hereafter. He knew men who carried their money in rolls or wads in their trousers pockets, but he had found it exposed to the same chances of depredation as money in a pocket-book. Other men he knew who carried their pocket-books in the inside pockets of their coats, as the safest possible place; others yet doubled this security by carrying it in the inside pockets of their waistcoats, next their hearts; both sorts boasted that they had never yet been robbed, but now this did not convince him that they never would be. He had to rule out the devices of women who held their pocket-books in their hands so that they might be conveniently knocked or caught away, in the first crowd; it seemed to him they doubly invited loss by carrying it in little satchels of steel-mesh or leather which equally invited depredation, and involved the additional risk of being left lying on car-seats or shop-counters. Women deserved no praise for not carrying their money loose in their pockets, for the reason that they had no pockets, and their dresses were now so low and open that they could not wear it in their corsages. In short, our friend did not see how the owner of money was to protect it from loss by any imaginable contrivance, and he was forced to a conclusion which he shrank from as something little short of anarchistic.

Few observers have passed the psalmist's limit without noting that if a man has any money, little or much, there is always some other man who wants it more than he and who somehow ultimately gets it, in part if not all. If it is much, the men inside the various forms of investment lie unconsciously in wait for it, and if it is little, the more individual shapes of depredation lurk in crowds or corridors to seize it; or, in extreme cases, chance upon it where it has fallen and fail to carry it to the Lost Articles Room provided for it. These all probably need it more than the owner, or think they do, which comes to the same thing; and in any case they ascribe a demerit to him which satisfies their consciences in keeping it. Then, are people not to have any money, or not more than they need from day to day, or from hour to hour? It was something like this which our friend was forced to think in thinking the whole matter over and in despairing of any chance of getting back the money he had lost or been robbed of. Clearly, if he had not accumulated those seventy-five or eighty dollars by whatever means, fair or foul, it might not still have been his, but it would have been the same as if it were. Was some sort of curse really upon it? Not, perhaps, the oldest primal, but the abhorrence of the Wisest of the Sons of Man who declared that the love of it was the root of all evil. Nobody, literally nobody except some crack-brained philanthropist like Tolstoy, or some socialistic antic like Shaw, had ever instructed us to behave as if we believed this Son of Man in the matter. Practically we all behave as if we did not believe him, but believed that somehow, in spite of appearances, the love of money was the root of all good. Without the love of it we should not labor to gain more of it than we needed. Tolstoy once advised an anxious capitalist to burn his money, and our friend perceived that if he had done this he would not have lost his seventy-five or eighty dollars, which must now go on comforting in larceny the thief who had stolen it, or in corrupting the honest person who had found it, but had not force of character enough to carry it to the Lost Articles Room. Clearly, if our friend could reason to any such end as this he is already an enemy of society, or in the way of becoming one, and for his own sake and all our sakes we must wish that his money may never be restored to him; he can do no good with it.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

THE creative imagination seeks an outward investment, as the soul itself seeks incarnation. Religion, art, and literature—all having their source in the creative activities of the soul—find naturally their embodied realization in some worldly guise; in the old pagan world, the guise of nature, but, in our Christian altruism, adopting rather that of humanity.

Literature has always—perhaps more so in former eras than in our own—clung closely to the concrete, eminent human deed. In epics, like the Iliad, reflecting the heroic age of a race, it was not the deed or the doer, simply as human, that was celebrated. The heroism, to be accounted for, must have been superhuman. Later, when the estimate of human possibilities had become so liberal that aristocratic lineage was deemed a sufficient substitute for divine descent, the muse of heroic verse relegated her task to Clio, who presided over plain prose history. But the stately record did not concern itself with plain humanity. Now that history has in this respect been transformed and is mainly a record of the development of peoples, the old glamour that appealed to the imagination of the poet and inspired chronicler has quite departed.

Nowadays peoples generally enlightened, whose attention is engaged by important political and military events, are looking upon history in the making. But history includes so much else, especially in social evolution, to say nothing of the wonderful disclosures of Science, that wars and political conflicts, however impressive in themselves and as affecting the deepest emotions of those engaged, are likely to overwhelm rather than stimulate literary sensibility. Thus when the present war began, the most thoughtful of our critics saw nothing in the prospect but peril to creative literature. Some of those participating in the contest and who already had a developed poetic sensibility, overlooking the depressing horrors and dismal conditions of trench warfare, found in their own indomitable heroism themes for lyrics that have imperishable worth. The story writers do not find any inspiration in the actual incidents of modern warfare, but they make so impressive an event serve an emotional purpose in fields remote from the scene of action. Such a use can have no directly pertinent significance.

H. G. Wells, in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, has made the war serve a larger speculative purpose in his peculiar fashion, which is more that of a thinker than of a creative novelist. Since that novel was written events have occurred which have transformed the war itself in our vision of it. Discussion as to the apparent cause of the conflict has ceased to be pertinent, in view of its now evident significance, not as a political or military event, but as an essential part—the clearing-up stage—in the social evolution of humanity. From this point of view we do not ask when it will end; seen as primarily constructive, it will never end, any more than it began in August, 1914.

All our estimates—of material losses; of victories or defeats, as measured by territory gained or lost; of sacrifices sustained — are subject to revaluation. Something within us that is eternal, wholly of the Soul, is being embodied in time and in the world. It is not a new vision, only clarified into luminosity disclosing its reality convincingly. The great sacrifices involved give a spiritual value to heroic enthusiasm.

The actual participation of the American Republic in the war set the final seal upon the new vision. Indeed, but for the opening up of a new prospect for the

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restoration of the lost liberties of Poland, Bohemia, Rumania, and the southern Slavs—exploited and despoiled peoples reaching from the Baltic to the Adriatic—the United States had properly no part or lot in the struggle. The preservation of the balance of power in Europe was directly no concern of hers. The objects proposed to themselves by either of the opposing alliances at the outbreak of the war, and making that outbreak inevitable, disclosed interests confined wholly to the great European powers in their rivalry for commercial and martial supremacy.

Becoming instantly Continental in its scope, the war necessarily involved England and its colonies and, much later, Italy; but for two years, apart from German violations of international law, there was nothing in the objects, as definitely stated by the opposing belligerents, to appeal to American sympathies, however actively these were engaged in the relief of distressed victims. In the mean time the Americans were to a demoralizing extent reaping enormous profits from the conflict.

This was war, in its old and familiar aspect. But before its third year was completed an invisible and hitherto unsuspected spiritual movement marking a new era in the evolution of humanity—a movement circumscribing and dissolving the currents shaped by the selfish designs of irresponsible governments, whether of autocracies or of incompletely realized democracies—was unmistakably disclosed. Creative as Life, it might be trusted to determine its own issues from its central principle of human sympathy. It held out the promise of the freedom of all peoples, of those who had lost it and of those in whom it slept, awaiting resurrection; a promise to restore order out of the anarchy of modern diplomacy. There is no force in the world capable of resisting that promise.

The dawn of this destiny was only foretokened by the sudden and almost bloodless revolt of Russia. One of the chains that bound Poland was broken. The voice which had found articulation to the western Poles, to the Czechs of Bohemia, to the Balkan peoples held in bondage to Austria, and which uttered a message of doom to the military autocracy of Prussia, had already been anticipated by the American people, who found in it an echo, not of the discordant ambitions which ushered in the colossal strife, but of their own most fondly cherished traditions and hopes, in which France had once played so important a part. They could now see the war as, in its essential character and in its possibilities, which included all the peoples of the world, pre-eminently an American war. Here was a call upon them for the ideal devotion of all they were and of all they possessed in the cause of freedom and humanity.

The vision did not exclude the peril to themselves, which was sharp enough to arouse to action those who did not see its transcendent aspects or who scorned these as foolish idealism. To those who saw it, it was an inspiration. Pacifists? The war was itself becoming a militant peace, and those engaged in it the peacemakers. Conscientious objectors? There was no conscience apart from commitment to service.

It is this transformation of the war in its final stage that leads to a revision of former judgments of its effect upon literature and upon all creative activity in faith and art. It has itself become a part of all this. As we have said, it is no longer a merely martial or political event; engaging the energies, intelligence, and interests of all modern civilization, it is essentially as well as superficially the world's life, which it is the office of literature to reflect and interpret. Bringing the peoples of the world together in ruinous conflict, it has brought them to a pass where reconciliation is the necessary condition to finding any thoroughfare, and this involves the purgation of every one of these peoples that shall burn away the barriers between them. Beginning with a Hymn of Hate, it must end on the note of human sympathy inaugurating co-operative reconstruction.

For a time we may expect an especially earnest literature on an exalted note of tension, in poetry, the essay, and fiction. But creative work can never be divorced from beauty, grace, and easy charm. Literature will follow the freer life of the world into larger and easier ways.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Journey*

(A MONOLOGUE)

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

[*She puts her head out of the cab window.*]

NOW, Philip, are you *sure* you left the area window open just a crack, so Bluebell can squeeze in? . . . Oh, that's all very well, but I mean *perfectly* sure —not just *plain* sure— . . . I do hope you aren't going to start bad-tempered, Philip —you know the doctor warned you not to get tired or excited in your present state of nerves. I'm doing all *I* can to save you, but—

. . . No, I haven't an enormous lot of luggage, either—only five pieces, without counting the two suit-cases, the large and small bags, and the three trunks—that's not much. Besides, it's only for you. You don't want me in rags, do you, and disgrace you? . . . Oh yes, I forgot the basket. Oh yes, and the hat-trunk—though I don't count it as anything, as it isn't really a trunk nor exactly a box—so it doesn't matter.

But do, please, go and take another look about the window. And only leave it up *exactly* the right height for Bluebell. She's so tiny she can get in a small space, and I should have a fit for any other cat to be in the house. . . . That's not at all nice of you —you needn't cast any slurs on Bluebell— she's a thoroughly well-behaved cat. . . . *Of course* she won't have visitors. So you needn't snort like that.

And perhaps you'd better take another look round and see if Katie has emptied the pan under the refrigerator.—Please don't put on that bored expression and say you have already attended to those things! I know you *think* you have, but I can't be certain unless you look again. And, for goodness' sake, don't let's argue all our domestic affairs before the cabman.

. . . Oh, Philip, please, I shall be so upset the whole trip if you don't relieve my mind and do as I ask. You're awfully forgetful. I don't mean it's anything against you, but you just are. Now, your own mother said, when she made us that perfectly terrible visit last spring—

[*He doesn't stop to hear, but starts obediently back to the house. The cabman, red of face and suspiciously sleepy, nods on the box. The attenuated horse whisks at the flies with an amazingly agile though decrepit tail. She, inside, sits upright and alert, counting the various bags, suit-cases, etc. Presently He returns.*]

Well, was it all right? . . . Now you needn't say, of course, in that superior way, because it might just as well have *not* been, of course. Wait a minute. Do you know I'm not quite positive whether it was twelve pieces we had or not. I can't remember if I counted Dicky as a piece or—or a thing. I do recollect considering it, but I don't know how I decided it in the end. I thought if I counted him as a *piece*, it would make thirteen, and you know how superstitious I am about that, so I don't— I think you'd better go back and take another loo—

Oh, Philip, I am sorry if you feel tired already, but, really, it isn't my fault, is it? I'm doing all I can— What's the matter with this man? Why don't we go on? . . . Yes, he is asleep. What a dreadful-looking horse—it's nothing but bones. Tell him we've got to catch a train.

[*The cabman, aroused, makes some inaudible but disrespectful reply and the vehicle gets under way.*]

It will seem nice to get off and leave our bothers and troubles behind for a while, won't it? . . . Now, Philip, you said that in a very funny tone—just as though you meant— . . . Well, perhaps you didn't, but— All right.

I think I've thought of every last thing— so you can't complain of *my* memory. (*She rummages about on the front seat among the luggage.*) Why—I believe I've forgotten my umbrella—or, rather, I don't know where it is. Anyway, it isn't here. Where did you put it? . . . But you must have put it

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somewhere. I remember perfectly well— . . . That's just it, if you *had* brought down the things yourself, instead of Katie, you could tell where it is. . . . I know— You said there was no need for me to carry my umbrella to-day, as it wasn't going to rain; but how you are any more aware of what the weather is going to do than any one else, is a mystery to me. No one can tell what weather is going to do—it just takes a notion into its head and goes off and does it.

Well, there's nothing to do but go back after the umbrella. I'll fidget the whole way if I don't have it with me. It's lucky I insisted on starting so early—I felt a lot of things were going to happen. Tell him to turn round. . . . Now, it's not a bit of use to say it's bad luck to go back—you're just trying to put me off. It would be much worse luck to spoil this hat! You'd have to buy me a new one—it would all be your fault. . . . Well, it would. You always want things explained out. There are some things that are so, *without* any reason, and that's the end of them. So tell him to turn round.

. . . Good heavens! He ne-early upset us! What's he grumbling like that for? There must be something the matter with him. I haven't liked his looks all along. Tell him to stop it. . . . Oh, Philip, don't be exasperating—it's too ridiculous to say he's *tired*. Who ever heard of a cabman being tired?—let alone this time in the morning! I tell you there's something wrong with this man. And whenever I say there's something wrong, I'm always right.—Goo—oodness! He bumped right into the curb! And look—Dicky is flying all over his cage. . . . I'm not fussing. . . . I suppose he has got to earn his living, as you put it, but there's no reason why he should knock us all over the road! There, he nearly had us over that time. Still, if you wish to see me murdered under your very eyes—

. . . Sticking out where? Well, I never! If it isn't the umbrella! Didn't I tell you I never forget anything? We're so nearly home now, perhaps you'd better get out and just take another look— . . . Very well, but you needn't snap at me like that. Tell him to stop before he turns around again—I want to get out while he does it. . . . Yes, I shall, Philip—this man certainly doesn't know his business and I'm not—

[*This is cut short by the driver making such a sharp turn the horse's head is pointing toward the cab window. He gazes in contemplatively.*]

Philip—take that horse away. He'll kill us! Oh!

[*A muttered apology is forthcoming from the cabby, who topples rather than climbs off the box and begins to pull the horse by the nether regions. The animal still stares sadly but amiably in the window and does not budge.*]

Don't say anything disagreeable to him, Philip. Don't make him angry—he might say something horrid to us. I wonder why he wears that long overcoat with only one button in this warm weather. I'm almost inclined to think he's drunk! . . . Oh, that's all very well to say he's all right—I don't call him all right.

There, he's got him started again. Don't you think you might get out and lead that horse? At least we'd be safe. If we hadn't planned for this early train we could have found a taxi. Goodness! He's going over every hump and bump in the road! Do get out. . . . Very well—I suppose my feelings in the matter don't count for anything.—There—I forgot to stop the newspapers and to tell the milkman not to leave any more milk. Tell him to turn aroun— No, I don't think we'd better risk it. I can't forget how fierce that horse looked. Just make him stop and you get out and walk there—it won't take you but a few minutes. . . . Well, perhaps you're right, as he really is pointed toward the station. But I do think you ought to report him.

. . . What? . . . Where?—Why, there is something trickling out of the basket. Botheration! It must be the syrup-bottle leaking. I didn't think the cork was tight enough, and Katie didn't, either. She is so stupid sometimes. She shouldn't have let me put it in like that. How careless of her! You'd better take your handkerchief and wipe it up. . . . Well, why didn't you bring two? . . . No, I'm sorry, but you can't get in your suit-case for another. I had to put in a lot of things at the last moment I'd forgotten and hadn't any other place to stick them in. Katie and I had an awful time getting it to shut, and if you open it again we can never close it. . . . Yes, I do know your dress shirts are in it. But they're all right. I just rolled them up in one corner when I put my thick boots in. . . . I wish you wouldn't get excited like this, Philip—and over such a trifle, too. You ought to remember what the doctor said about keeping quiet and not getting— . . . But I told you the shirts were all right, and *are* we going to watch that syrup drip any lo-on-onger—

We'll certainly be killed before we get to the station, and I'll have this stiff feather ruined knocking against the top of the cab every time he jounces us like that! He seems to be getting worse. He shouldn't larrup the poor beast like that. Just see the way he's hitting it—when he doesn't miss him.

Thank you, dear. Give the basket a good wipe while you're about it. Heavens! what

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a mess! I do hope your white flannels are all right. . . . Yes, I know they *were* in the suit-case, too, but when I found so many little odds and ends left over—almost at the last gasp, as you might say, why I took them out and thought I would tuck them in the basket—on top of the tomatoes and syrup, and then the basket seemed rather full so we had to squash down the lid a bit—that's the way it must have happened. I'm awfully sorry. I hope you're not going to be cross about it. . . . Now, Philip *dear*, don't say anything you will regret later, and do remember what the doc— . . . No, I don't agree with you—every man *wouldn't* get excited over such a thing. But I'm perfectly willing to explain. I did have a good reason. For a long while I have felt perfectly sure Katie was taking things to her aunt she goes to see, and I determined this time she shouldn't; so I brought them along.

[*This speech is cut short as the cab gives a lurch and then comes to a sudden halt. The driver, bibulously good-natured and smiling benignly, announces their arrival in something like, "Got! Y'ere in plenn yotime."*]

Later, in the train:

Oh, Philip, we can't sit in these seats—you shouldn't have taken them. One of them is thirteen. You know how I feel about that—it always brings me bad luck. And, don't you remember, it was the thirteenth of April when we were engaged? . . . Oh, I didn't mean it that way, dear, you know I didn't—and wouldn't even if I had.

. . . They were the only two left? . . . No, of course you couldn't help it. That old gentleman in the skull cap and white side-whiskers, down at the end of the car, doesn't look as though he would mind anything. Ask him if he would sit in one of these seats—say I'm afraid of thirteen. Do, that's a dear. . . . No, he wouldn't, either. . . . Well, all right.

I suppose if one of us has got to sit in this awful number it had better be you—it would be safer. But I have a feeling—just the way I did about the cabman—that this isn't going to be a lucky journey.

. . . What did you say, Philip? I didn't hear. . . . Never mind. This is going to be the sunny side—you ought to have thought of that. . . . Oh yes, I forgot. Still, you might have asked—not that it matters the way things are.

Would you mind running after the newsboy, dear, and getting me a magazine? . . . Oh, something I'll like—something I haven't seen,—I don't know.—Thank you. Dear me, I'm afraid it's going to be awfully hot. This sun— . . . No, I can't see a thing when you pull the blind down—leave it up. I wish I'd brought a thick veil—the cinders are frightful. . . . No, if you shut the window we'll roast.

I think you had better put as many things up in the rack as you can. That's right. Oh, I think I'll have the small brown bag out—the one you've put at the bottom—I may want it. . . .

Now, Philip, I want you to sit down quietly and rest yourself. Remember what the doctor said. You know you look quite done up. I hope you aren't coming down with something—typhoid, perhaps; there's always plenty around—if you look for it. Do you think you have any fever? You look rather flushed. . . . That's good.

—I wish you wouldn't hide yourself behind that paper—I can't see you. And this woman back of me keeps kicking my chair. I wish you'd tell her— What are you going to do now? . . . Going into the smoker? All right, if you want to leave me, but don't be long. I heard of a man traveling with his wife, who fell off a train just going from one car to another. . . . Now what a silly thing to say—as though a man with a wife fell off a train on purpose! . . . Well, it may sound natural to you, but it certainly doesn't to me. —Now don't be long gone, and I do hope you won't smoke—you know the smell of tobacco always upsets me on a train.

[*A considerable period of time elapses.*]

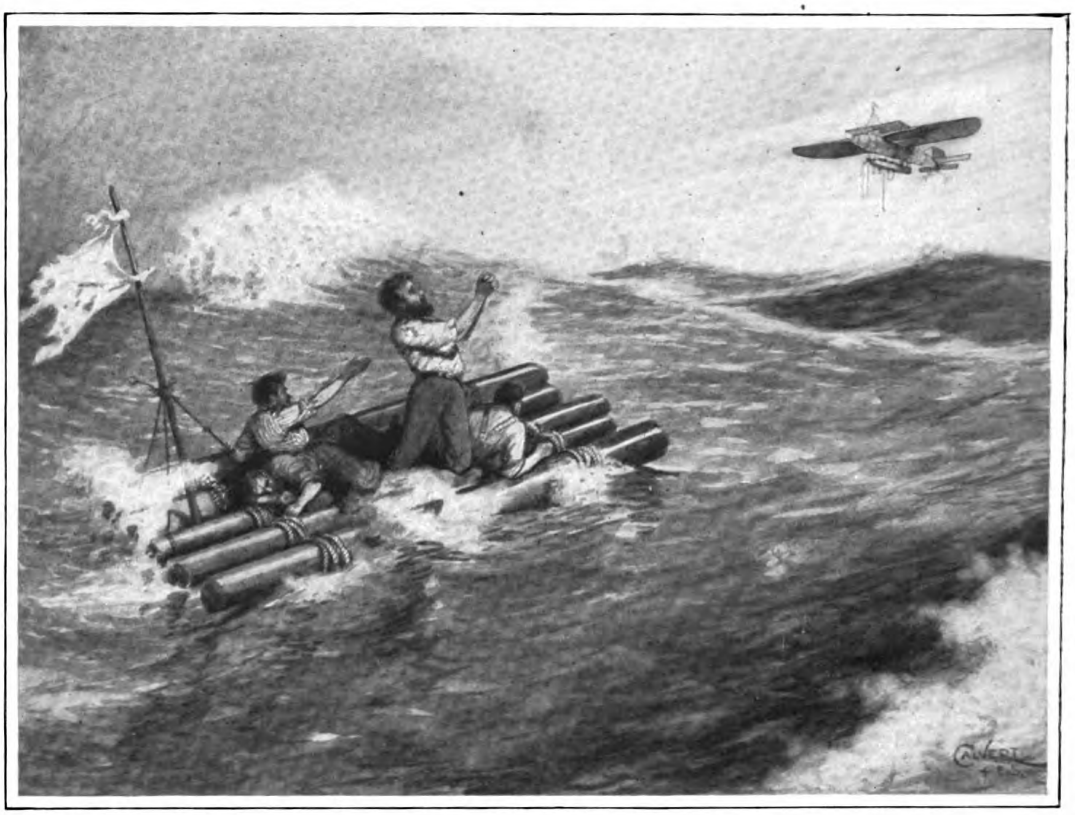
Oh, Philip, I was just going to send the porter after you—I thought something had happened. I kept thinking of that man who fell off the train. What have you been doing all this time? I thought you never were coming back.

Philip, you smell terribly of smoke Surely, you haven't— . . . Well, I don't see how so much of the smell could cling to you just because you have been in the same car with men who *have* smoked. . . . Of course I believe you, still—(*sniff*) if I hadn't perfect (*sniff*) confidence in you (*sniff*)— . . . Don't be silly. I told you I believed you.

I was just wondering a while ago whether I would like this place after we get there. . . . Suppose I did select it—that's no reason I shall like it. . . . That's all very well to say I'm sure to, but you never can tell with me. Suppose the beds are hard or the pillows lumpy, or the food wrong, or— . . . You are a comfort, Philip—you always look on the bright side.

—What did the conductor say then? . . . Next station is ours? . . . Oh, now you haven't got time to go back in the smoking-car—you'd better begin to get all the things out of the rack now—I don't like to be hurried at the last moment. Be careful of the green bag—it's got bottles in it!

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"Saved! A Sail at Last"

Better Than He Knew

IT was in the days when theories were potent and experiments alluring that my little third-grade children wondered why Columbus didn't fall off when he got to the other side of the earth. They couldn't see what held him to the earth. With hollow spheres, magnets, and needles I tried to explain gravity.

The next day I asked them to write about what we had discussed. The cork penholders were compressed by determined fingers. Anxious voices asked for the spelling of this word or that.

Surely the lesson had been a success. They understood gravity. They worked every day and all day, these patient little plodders, yet none of them got from this lesson as much as Roy, big of eye, ponderous of body, slow of wit. He made inky scrawls, the first unforced work he had ever done. His heavy hand, ink-blackened with earth stains, rose:

"How do you spell poverty?"

"Poverty, Roy?" I could not understand why he wanted this word.

"Poverty," he repeated, proud that at last he had remembered something—"the thing you told us about, the thing which holds a man down to the earth."

Her Choice

ON a clear, cool evening in the early spring a man on a horse crossed the ridge of a Kentucky mountain, and, seeing a cabin in the valley, turned his horse in that direction. The cabin was whitewashed and clean. The mountaineer and his family sat on the porch. Several children played in the yard. The stranger arrived at the gate and was invited in and sat down on the porch with the family.

"Stranger," asked the mountaineer, "are you interested in our oil up here?"

"Well, no," said the stranger, "I haven't much faith in oil. I hear of these people who suddenly strike it rich, but I never find them."

The old man chuckled and said: "I am one. Yesterday I was poor; to-day I am rich. I was just asking my family, now that we could have things, what they would rather have. Now John, here, he wants a horse, and Molly wants a new dress, and Susie says she'll take books. By the way, wife, what would *you* rather have?"

The old lady never hesitated a minute. "Well," she said, "I'm pretty tired cutting wood with a dull ax; I'll take a new ax."

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The Bird

TO the pupils in a natural-history class the teacher put the following question:

"What creature is it that has a very long neck, has something to do with trimming big hats, does its fighting by scratching and kicking, and often gives cause to men to be afraid?"

After some reflection one of the pupils replied. "I know."

"Well, what is it?"

"An old maid!"

A Recommendation

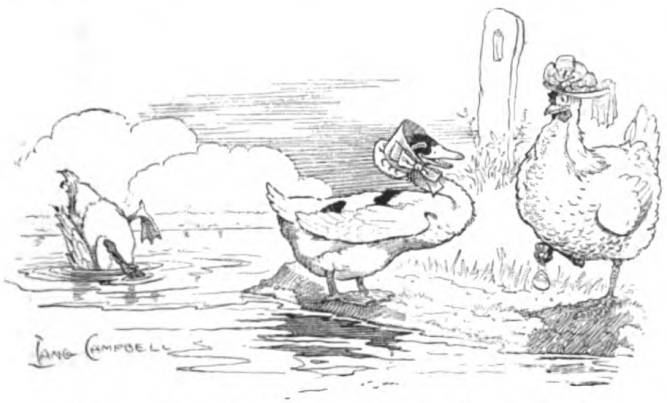
MR. Bowen, a neighbor of Mr. John Cole, of Wisconsin, was anxious that his friend buy a plot adjoining his own in the cemetery, and persuaded Mr. Cole to accompany him to "view the landscape o'er." After enumerating various advantages, Mr. Bowen added:

"And just think, John, there isn't a Democrat within three hundred feet!"

Thought He Dreamed It

"AH notice yo' been goin' to dat post-office pow'rful reg'lar ob late, Mistah Johnson. Who am yo' correspondin' wif, some female?" questioned a chocolate-colored miss.

"No, ah ain't. But since ah been a-readin' in de papahs 'bout dese 'conscience funds' ah kinda thought ah might possibly git a lettah from dat ministah what married me," returned Sam.



"Yes, Mrs. Hen, my husband has joined the navy—he's looking for submarines!"



THE PITCHER: *"Say, Mister Joe, can't you pull yourself in a little? I can't throw an out-shoot"*

A Diplomat

A WITTY novelist, who was at one time in the British embassy at Trieste, had accompanied his sister to London for a little social pleasure, neglecting the formality of asking for leave. Upon his arival in London he was invited to dinner by a prominent statesman.

"Delighted to have you with us," said his host. "You will meet your chief."

The novelist, with some embarrassment, suddenly remembered why he should tear himself away; but before he could effect his escape Lord —— was announced and immediately espied him.

"Ah, Mr. Miles," he said, blandly, "I didn't know you were in England; in fact, I was not even aware that you had asked for a leave."

"N-n—, my lord," stammered the novelist, disconcerted for a moment only; "No, my lord, I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship for me to come and ask for it in person."

My Precious Darling

MAMMA: "Don't cry, dear. Which one of the twins hit you?"

DEAR: "The one with the black eye."

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"It's all right, officer. Billy claims Skinny owes him a nickle an' they're just settlin' it out o' court to keep the lawyers from getting it all"

A Wise Urchin

THE teacher was trying to convey an idea of devotion to the members of her class.

"Now suppose," she said, "a man working on the river-bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene. The man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife knows his peril and, hearing his screams, rushes immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?"

Whereupon a boy in the rear exclaimed, "Why, to draw his insurance money."

Scientific Management

AS Mr. Holter was walking through the Park one afternoon he noticed a very tired-looking little boy seated on one of the benches with his chin resting in his hands.

"What is the trouble, my boy?" queried the kind old gentleman.

"I wish I was rich," was the answer.

"What would you do with your money if you were rich?" asked Holter.

"I'd buy a great big motor-car, sir," answered the little chap, "so I could fly my kite out of the back of it without running my legs off."

A Practical Suitor

THE Mitchell family consisted of five girls, all of them beautiful with the exception of Mabel, the eldest, who easily made up in capability and good sense what she lacked in looks.

A worthy young man was a frequent caller at their home, but seemed unable to decide which one he wished to marry.

Mabel, however, had ideas of her own, and one evening when he called she appeared with arms bare to the elbow, her hands white with flour. "Oh, you must excuse my appearance, Mr. White," she exclaimed. "I baked pies and cake and bread in the kitchen all morning, and the cook was ill, so I prepared dinner afterward."

The young man was deeply impressed. After a moment's thought he said:

"Mabel, there is a question I wish to ask you and on your answer will depend much of my life's happiness."

"Yes?" she murmured.

"Mabel," said he, in a deep, earnest voice "I am aboutt o propose to your sister Grace. Will you make your home with us?"

A Modern Fable

EARLY in the spring an industrious hen laid fifteen eggs and promptly began the task of incubation. In due time five pullets and ten roosters were hatched. After teaching them to scratch for themselves, she laid some more eggs and hatched another brood. Finally they were able to take care of themselves, and one fine morning the mother remarked to herself:

"Now I've worked pretty hard this summer and I'm going to take a day off and see what my other children are doing."

She soon found the pullets, but could see nothing of the roosters. Leading the way behind the barn, out of hearing of the rest of the fowls, she cautiously asked:

"Girls, where are the boys?"

"Why, mamma, haven't you heard?" asked one of the pullets. "There was a Methodist conference here last week and the boys all entered the ministry."

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By Correspondence

'RASTUS: "What's yo' gwine to do dis fall?"

JOHNSON: "I's gwine open a school an' teach chicken-stealin' by mail."

Unhealthy

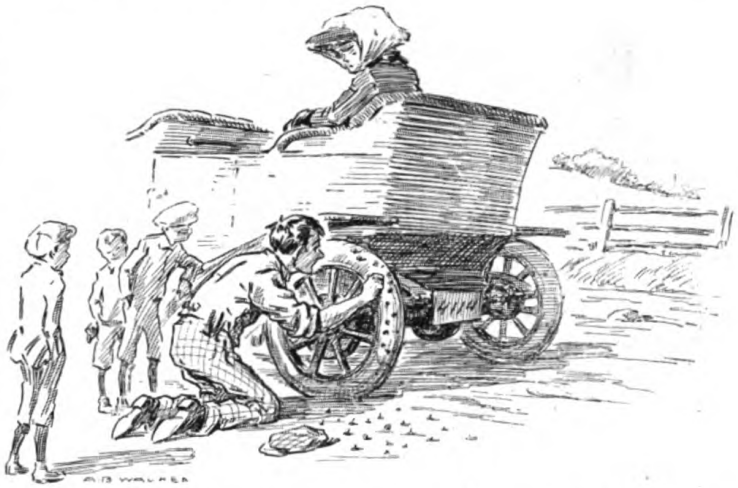
PARSON MILES was a rather dry speaker, but occasionally he proved that he had a ready wit.

One evening he was addressing his congregation on the beauty of leading an upright life, when he suddenly paused, glanced around the church, and beckoned to the sexton.

"Brown," said he, in a clear, distinct tone of voice, as the sexton approached the pulpit, "open a couple of windows on each side of the church, please."

"Beg your pardon, sir!" exclaimed the sexton, with a look of great surprise. "Did I understand you to say 'Open the windows'? It is a very bitter cold night, sir."

"Yes, I am well aware of that, Brown," was the cold, hard reply of the minister, as he gazed around the church, "but it is not healthy to sleep with the windows shut!"



LOVESICK AUTOIST (extracting tacks from tire): "*She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me, etc.*"

A Reasonable Request

AT the railway station a father and an eight-year-old were purchasing some fruit. The boy wanted two oranges, but his father would only consent to one.

"Father," said the youngster, persuasively, "if I were twins, would you buy the other boy an orange, too?"

"Certainly, my son."

"Well, father, you surely are not going to cheat me out of another orange just because I am all in one piece!"



PARLOR MAID: "*Pardon, miss; but there's a burglar down-stairs!*"
LADY OF THE HOUSE (sleepily): "*Tell him I'm not at home*"

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Doing His Bit

"And, waiter, you may bring me a half portion of war bread"

The Mouse

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

ONE time I saw a funny thing
Run 'round my gram'ma's house!
It was all gray, wif bright black eyes—
It was a little mouse
Right under gram'ma's kitchen stove,
A-nibblin' on a crumb.
I called my gram'ma, "*Please* come quick!"
But gram'ma wouldn't come!

She wrapped her petticoats all 'round
An' ran the other way,
Until that little Mr. Mouse
Went 'way, 'way off to stay!
Nen gram'ma went somewheres an' got
A little round red trap—
It's got four dangly, bent-up pins,
An' places that will snap.

She put a little piece of cheese
Right on each dangly pin,
But soon as gram'ma gets it fixed
The other ones begin
An' fly right up! It will get fixed
Lots sooner if I'll please
Stand off a little ways instead
Of leaning 'gainst her knees.

"You don't like little Mr. Mouse?"
I asked my gram'ma 'gain.
My gram'ma made her mouf all tight
Jus' like a line, an' nen
She put th' red trap on th' floor.
I watched her put it there,
An' I mus' keep away f'um it
Or I will get a scare.

But I'm a-waitin' 'round 'cause I
Mus' tell him not to chew
Up things that's in my gram'ma's house,
An' what we *bof* mus' do
Is keep 'way f'um th' round red trap—
'Tain't *safe* for him to stay.
He'd better pack his childrens up
An' move right straight away!

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Painting by C. E. Chambers — Illustration for "Frazee"

"FOR AN HOUR HE NEVER MOVED—JUST SAT THERE STARING"

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXV NOVEMBER, 1917 No. DCCCX

With Columbus in the African Isles

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

ABOUT the hour when the afternoon sun throws the sentry-box at the governor's palace into shadow and paints the pebble-paved Praça da Republica in saffron, soft-scuffling Funchal rests from its labors—the peons in the little wine-shops and under coffee-bowers along the water-front, the élite about their *vinho* under the awnings of the Golden Gate Café.

Lounging there in a comfortable Madeiran wicker chair, I never tired of the quiet, passing life; slow-gliding, bullock-drawn sledges, smiling padres in their vestments, brilliant military, and the women, shawl-hooded, like their sisters of the East. Along a sylvan archway from the Praça down to the bay sandaled porters moved to and fro, just as generations of porters had moved for centuries.

Thus I looked down a vista of over four hundred years—caravel and galleon, felucca and dhow, rocked at anchor on the sapphire bay; boats swung 'twixt ships and shore in the soft drone of a busy Old-World port. Among beach-strewn merchandise moved Jew and Gentile merchants of Portugal; on bale and keg lounged sailor and buccaneer, while black slaves from the Gold Coast sweated among the cargoes. Up the slope came turbaned Moors, captains of ships, and ever and anon *conquistadores*, some of them men whose names have emblazoned the escutcheon of sea-conquest and discovery.

There still hangs over the Madeiras, Azores, and Canaries an afterglow of that romantic period whose golden days seem scarce sunk below time's horizon. These West-African Isles, edging the Sargasso Sea, and on the direct trade routes to the East, were half-way stopping-places, acquiring even greater importance after the discovery of the New World.

To the Madeiras returning explorers brought first news of discoveries when returning vessels replenished here. Among that human flotsam and jetsam which beached at these island ports was one Cristobal Colon, a young mariner whose urge had sent him seeking adventure, nautical knowledge, and new lands.

Most of these ports are relic-strewn with an age that is gone, and near where I sat a fine old dwelling with a simple façade had recently been torn down—demolished without a protest, although it had served for a time as a home for the man who gave to the Old World half a planet.

Our little twenty-two-ton schooner, *Kitty A*, loaded with four months' supplies, had stolen out of Newport, swung along the Great Circle to the Azores, then, picking up the wake of Colon's caravels, followed down with the lazy-lapping "Portugee trades" to Madeira and the Canaries. But I also trailed Colon's footsteps over many of these

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islands, and once along the lone Sahara's edge at Rio de Oro near to Senegal.

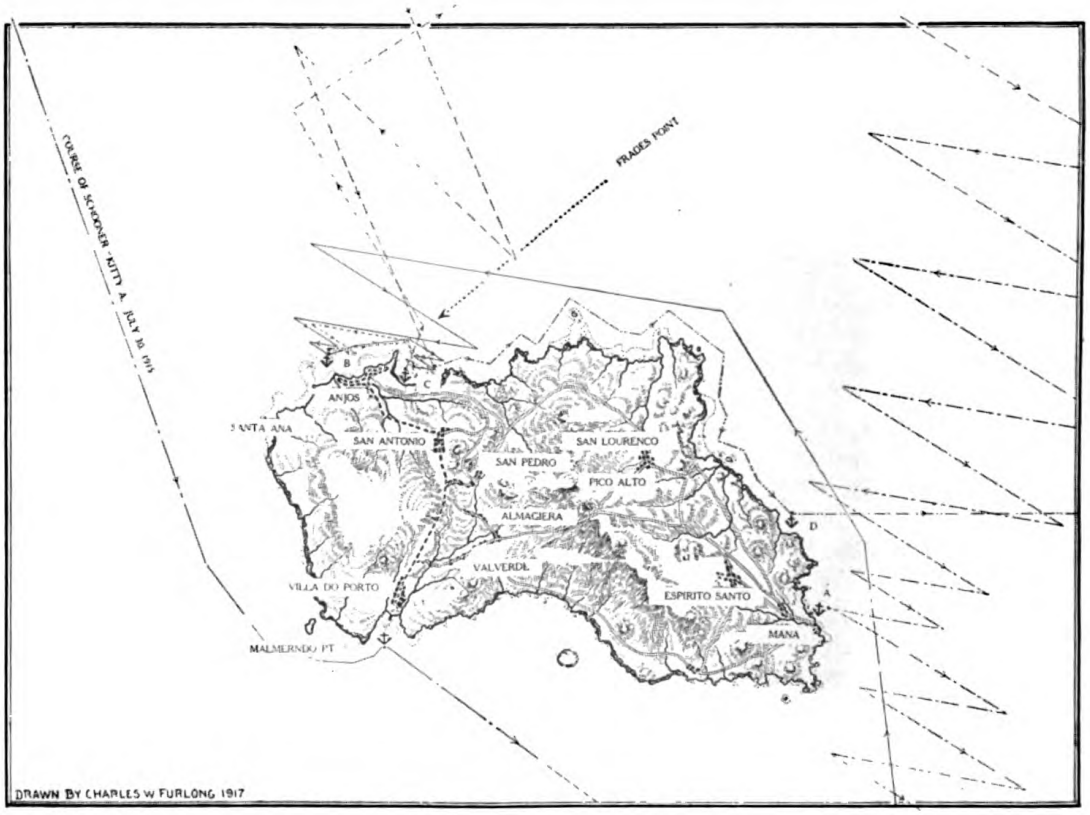
Avidly following up every local clue associated with him, I found he had visited almost every isle, and in at least four—Madeira, Porto Santo, Graciosa, and Gomera—he had resided.

When riding over the mountain heights of Madeira, Erving and I glimpsed little Porto Santo, a lump of gold in a silver sheen, twenty miles to the northeast. Distance-softened and mysterious it lay—a bit of sea-washed desert, above whose lava cliffs huddled sand-hills were pierced with basalt peaks, its lowlands green-dabbed with vineyards.

It happened that Donna Isobel Moniz Perestrello, a grand dame of Lisbon, owned large plantations in Porto Santo. Her son-in-law, Pedro Correa, was governor, and met Colon in Lisbon regaling him with stories of signs of new lands to the west; a bit of carved wood, a dug-out canoe, and a new species of great canes had been cast up at Porto Santo by the West Wind Drift. So Don Cristobal, after a romantic wooing, married Donna Isobel's beautiful daughter, Cavaleria Philippa, and made his home on Porto Santo, where his young brother-in-law Bartholomew had succeeded Correa.

Here he devoted himself to chart and map making, repairing from time to time to Madeira to study charts and gather information. At Porto Santo his son Diego was born.

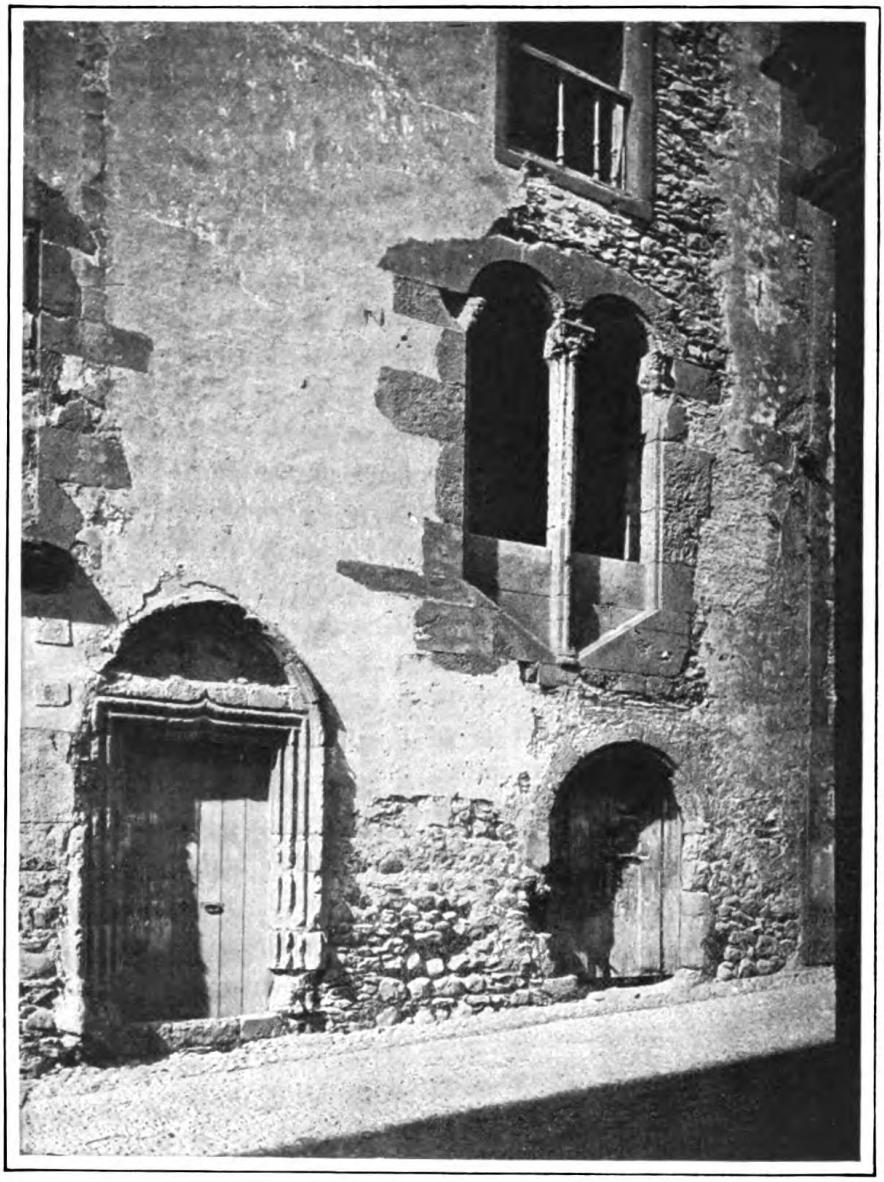
From Porto Santo Colon made annual summer voyages to trade and in search of information regarding the traditional West Land. He cruised the Mediterranean, probably reaching the Genoese Black Sea trading-stations. Once he sailed south as far as the Black Lands of the Gulf of Guinea, Fernando Po, and the equator. He sailed north to Iceland, and probably reached four hundred miles beyond the Arctic Circle. In 1477 he could probably have claimed farthest



SANTA MARIA ISLAND

The course and anchorages of Columbus's flagship, the *Niña*, about the Island, on its return from the New World, are indicated

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THE HOUSE, RECENTLY TORN DOWN, IN WHICH COLUMBUS LIVED DURING HIS SOJOURN IN FUNCHAL, MADEIRA

north at nearly 74°. But his great quest was the West Land of his dreams.

Meantime, Correa had been appointed captain of beautiful Graciosa, and, as his guest, Colon spent many happy days cruising about the near-by Azores.

At Flores he learned of two drowned men of a strange race being washed ashore, probably in a canoe, and of a similar circumstance on the Guinea coast at Cape Verde; but of all the sea's drift nothing convinced the young naturalist that new lands lay to the west more than the unknown species of large pines cast up at Fayal and Graciosa.

"Santa Maria!" echoed down the *Kitty A's* hatchway from Amory one July dawn. Pajama-clad, we sprang on deck. Ahead lay the southernmost Azore, a long, blue-gray mass, broken by a single low cone—an amethyst isle in a silvern sea, which, as we approached, metamorphosed into a brown, striated lava-chunk—the same land that first greeted Colon's storm-strained eyes on

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his first return from the New World. Villa do Porto, its wee capital, peeked shyly around Malmerendo Point, and we dropped anchor beneath the most medieval-looking town in the Azores.

An up-sloping, walled roadway from the mole changed its mind twice before entering the sleepy town. In due time a victoria of uncertain vintage rattled down, and a small boat brought the acting governor, Senhor Dom José Leandres de Chaves, Sub-Delegado do Procurador da Republica, aboard, together with the doctor and other officials. In the schooner's cabin the formalities of quarantine and customs inspection were graced by wines and cigars.

The surprise of the Portuguese at our crossing the Atlantic in the tiny craft was no greater than ours on learning that our little snub-bowed fisherman was the first American vessel to touch here for fourteen years; the last was the *Isla de Luzon*, which anchored here for water when brought back by an American prize crew from the Philippines during the Spanish-American War.

People appeared from every conceivable quarter, some clambering over rocks to view our strange, rakish craft.

"Mistere Amoree!" A swarthy islander excitedly sprang toward us as we landed.

"Hel-lo, Jack! What are you doing here?"

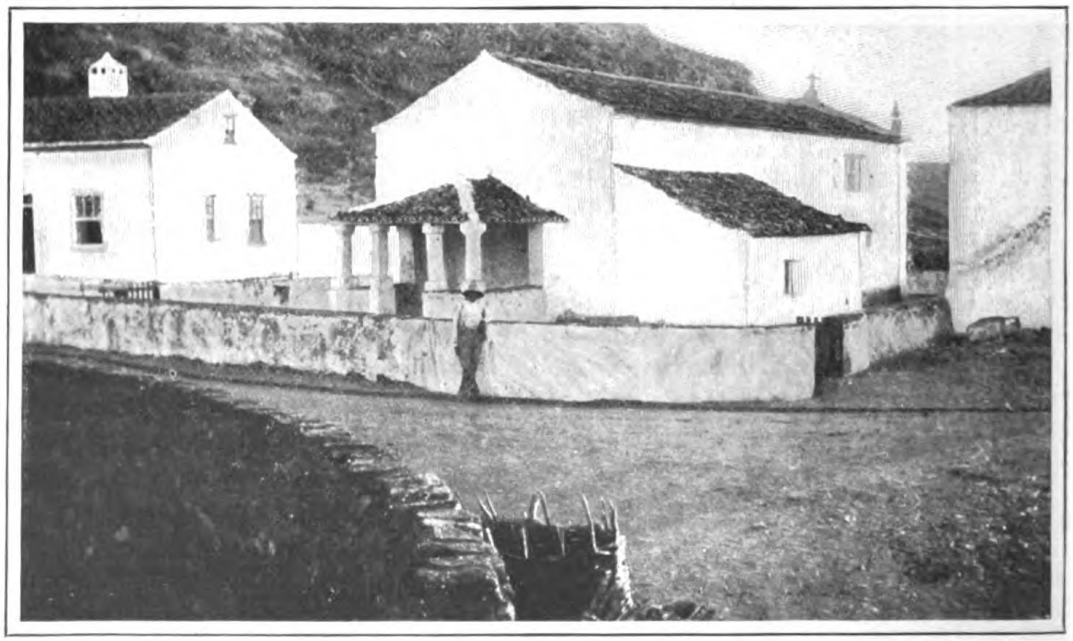
"They tell me, me make money. I buy farm, heat spoil crops—I spend money all time—nothing can earn."

"This is Jack Ventura," said Amory. "He has known me since I was a kid; worked for my relatives at Newport—funny he should turn up here."

The victoria rattled by the old Castello San Braz, the ruined Convent Maria Magdalena, and the quaint Church of the Assumption. In the acting governor's home a light repast not only increased our friendship with his Excellency, but quickly decreased his titular verbiage to simple "Dom José." Later he proudly exhibited an automobile with the normal capacity for four, and of a make not unknown in the United States, the only car on the island, but now out of commission.

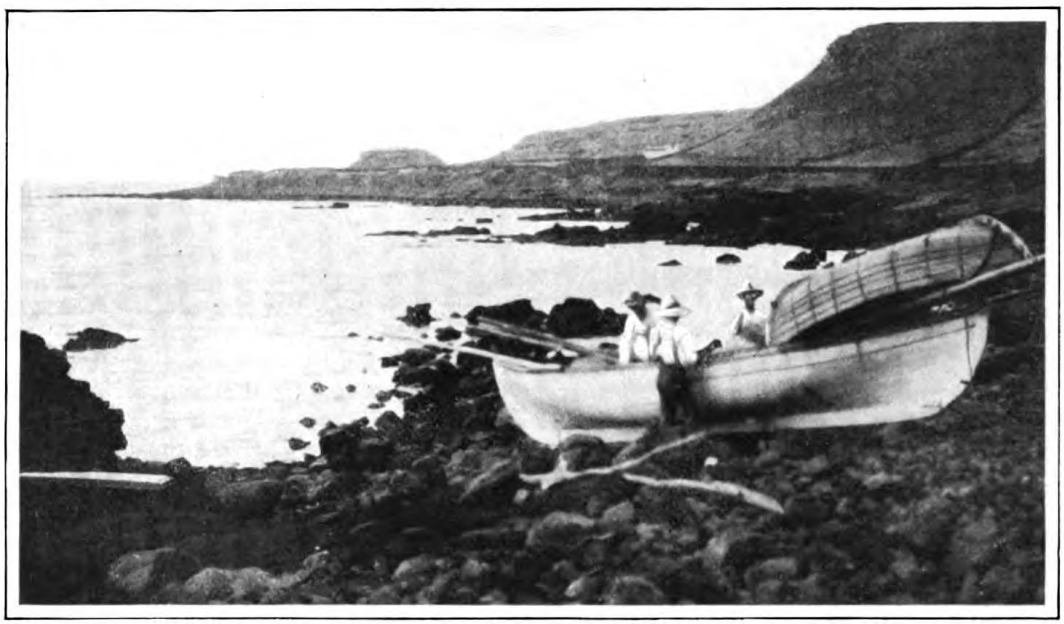
Dom José told us that on its arrival by sailing-vessel a *fiesta* was declared; all Porto celebrated with fireworks and escorted it up to town. But inland, the unsophisticated islanders fled in terror, deserted bullock-carts and hid behind closed doors and windows.

Island tradition had it that Anjos, a little north-coast hamlet, was historically associated with Cristobal Colon, and Dom José, learning Anjos was my



IN THIS FAMOUS CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF ANJOS, COLUMBUS'S CREW WERE MADE PRISONERS

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WHERE COLUMBUS FIRST TOUCHED LAND AFTER HIS DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD
In the distance is the old fort of Frades Point

objective, arranged for us to go as his guests. Jack soon appeared astride a small horse. "I will now go to my new house in Anjos to make ready your viseet," and, with a wild wave of arms above his head in *adios*, swung his horse quickly around and set out.

We were soon rumbling along in the victoria and a small mule-drawn barge. With us was Dom José's cousin, Senhor Manuel Reis Chaves. The islanders we passed were a healthy lot; centenarians are not uncommon, and the climate favors the five consumptives on the island. There were twelve cases of leprosy and one of elephantiasis, but even with an occasional measles epidemic the annual mortality is but forty.

Beyond Porto, Val Verde hamlet nestled in the lap of a green vale; above, Almagiera with its windmill; beyond, Pico Alto shunted up nearly two thousand feet. This verdant interior contrasted strangely with the sun-scorched coastal regions. Most of Santa Maria's dozen hamlets are scattered over the interior; in the other Azores the towns fringe the coasts.

At "Casas de Campo," Dom José's farm, his brother-in-law, Senhor Jaime Moniz de Pont, joined us. Near by, picturesque farm-hands, working for 250 reis (twenty cents) a day, winnowed grain in the steadily blowing wind.

Farther inland we came to our hosts' country plantation with its white-walled, red-tiled dwelling set among many kinds of trees. We wandered between box-hedges, roses, and century-plants, and through orange-groves—it might have been a garden of Marrakash set in the heart of an Atlantic isle.

"See, *senhor*," said Dom José, pointing to a cherished pear-tree, "I have a Teddy Roosevelt, a *pera Rooseveltii*."

From a cupola-room, while refreshing ourselves with cool Madeira wine and melon, we looked over a fertile valley to the little red roofs of San Pedro peeking over the tree-tops.

Our journey then lay over a new, twelve-foot road, through sparsely settled farming country. It might be said that much of the island's geological history is written on the stone walls which line these roads. These walls of calcareous rock were from quarries, occasionally twenty feet thick, just above Santa Anna. In them we saw quantities of fossilized marine mollusca, some of living, some of extinct, and some of hitherto unknown species. These de-

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posits, and the fact that earthquakes are few and scarcely felt in Santa Maria, suggest that it lies outside a more active region on which the neighboring Azores rest.

At the north coast, on a hillcrest two hundred feet above the sea, an age-worn cross, moss-grown and lichen-covered, silhouetted against the turquoise sky. Afoot, through rock-strewn surroundings, I made my way toward it. Five hoary steps lead to its square pedestal, dated 1676.

At the hill's base walled vineyards and a half-dozen houses grouped around a little sanctuary named *Nossa Senhora do Anjos* (Our Lady of Angels), from which the toylike hamlet and the valley, Valle do Anjos, take their names—soft, pleasing, and characteristic. Beyond, gray-walled vegetable fields and brown parched pastures, where a few long-horned cattle browsed, squared away to the jagged reef-rocks edging the sea.

Seated by the time-scarred cross on that July afternoon, I visioned four hundred and twenty-two years behind the western horizon of time. Only a little white hermitage of "Our Lady of Angels" broke the primitiveness of the vale below.

Somewhere on the tempest-riven ocean Colon's little caravel, the *Niña*,[1] light-ballasted, and separated from the *Pinta*, under bare poles scudded eastward, while Nature, jealous of his secret, sought to wrest it from him before he revealed it to the Old World. Thrice lots were drawn for penance pilgrimages, and Colon and crew vowed to pay devotions, in penitential garments, in the first church they found dedicated to "Our Lady."

In his small, ill-smelling cabin, under the dull gleam of a swinging lantern, the "Admiral of the Sea and Viceroy of the Indies" penned on parchment an account of his discovery, rolled it in waxed cloth, placed it in a strong cask, and hove it overboard. The pale, thirst-stricken crew crossed themselves, thinking it an act of devotion.

Under a low foresail they drove until the old land-ho call revived the weakened crew, who thought the cloud-hidden land was Lisbon. For two weary days more they beat against head winds before making the lee of this strange island. I watched Colon through the mist of rose dawn drop anchor that February 18, 1493. The few simple Portuguese islanders about Anjos, who ran down to meet the ship's boat, were the first to hear of the discovery of the New World.

The caravel lay with sails lazy-flapping, pink-tinted with sunbeams which now shot over the mountains. Because of a near-by breaker, the islanders advised shifting anchorage to the lee of Frades Point. Meantime Colon had despatched three envoys overland to Dom João de Castanhida, captain of the island. Not until the following night did Colon receive a reply, graced by a Shrove-Tuesday gift of fowls and other food and Castanhida s explanation that he was detaining the envoys to hear of the voyage.

Learning that the little hermitage was dedicated to "Our Lady," Colon, the following morning, ordered half the ship's company to fulfil their vow; on their return he would go ashore with the other half. At his request the messengers were sent back to Villa do Porto for an ecclesiastic to recite mass.

I soon saw barefooted, bareheaded, semi-clad sailors move slowly from the landing-beach to the hermitage and disappear within. Suddenly into the Valley of Angels appeared the entire island population, a-horse and afoot, headed by Castanhida. Surrounding the hermitage, they made prisoners of all within.

Colon, aboard the *Niña*, behind the point, feared the boat was wrecked, so changed anchorage to off the hermitage, to find it surrounded by a mêlée of armed men. Intent on his capture, Castanhida, with some others, put off in the boat.

Quickly Colon armed his crew, intending to take Castanhida hostage, but the wily Portuguese rested on their oars at a safe distance. Stepping to the rail, Colon displayed his impressive parchment commission, signed and sealed by the King and Queen of Castile, under threat of whose ire he demanded his men's release.

"We know nothing of and care nothing for the King and Queen of Castile

[1] The *Santa Maria* having been wrecked, Colon had made the *Niña* his flagship.

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or their commissions, but will teach you who the Portuguese are," Castanhida replied, ordering him to proceed to Villa do Porto.

Colon, fearing war had broken out between Spain and Portugal during his absence, retorted that he would not leave the *Niña* until he had returned, depopulated the island, and carried a hundred Portuguese prisoners to Castile. The next day he weighed anchor for São Miguel, but because of storm and short-handedness the following day found him again at his anchorage. He later learned that through secret orders from the Portuguese king, a trap had been set from which, once it had been sprung, he never would have been freed. Castanhida's failure to capture Colon resulted in the return of his crew, and the prow of his caravel turned toward Spain.

Such was the reception the Old World extended to Colon for laying at its feet the greatest heritage ever bequeathed by man to his fellow-men—an advance reward for those rude buffetings which henceforth were to be his.

A shout from the little vale below rudely dispelled my phantoms of the past. The actors have long since weighed anchors for unknown ports, but the setting of that almost forgotten drama spread out below me—the same wild stretch of ragged coast-line, the open vale. True, the little hermitage of "Our Lady" had been slightly altered, and some little dwellings had grown up about it; the latest was "the house that Jack built"—Jack Ventura, now vociferously beckoning me to join the others within. I descended a rocky, zigzag path worn to the cross.



WHAT NOW REMAINS OF ANJOS FORT

Manuel Chaves, Moniz, Erving, and I soon headed coastward, over fields, to the ruins of an old fort cresting the beach. Through its broken-down walls cattle had strayed for shelter from the winter sea winds. Thistles, brown and gone to seed, grew among the rubble. On its close-cropped carpet of brown grass lay five large iron cannon, and outside a sixth was half buried in the soil. So rotted was the metal that I scaled off pieces with my fingers. Thus time had played havoc with these old guns, obliterating any inscription which might have been on them.

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The fort of large beach stones set in mortar contained bits of red clay pottery of a kind still made on the island. The highest portion of the wall, a little over six feet, was its northwest corner, the west front being best preserved, but in places all semblance of the original structure was so lost in débris that it was difficult to complete my sketch of its original lines. Even the islanders knew nothing of the old fort's origin.

The early Portuguese colonists erected such little forts commanding the available landing-places, principally as defenses against marauding Moorish pirates. Most of these defenses are now ruins and can scarcely be distinguished from the rocks or stone walls into which they merge.

Searching the jagged coast from Frades Point to Point Risco for Colon's landing-place, I came upon one Juan Marcella and another fisherman, who had beached their boats an eighth of a mile south of the old fort, undoubtedly where Colon's crew had landed over four centuries ago. This was the oldest known and the only practicable landing in the vicinity.

Except for the priest's house, the little church was for a long time the only building on this village site—an island Mecca. From its white walls, half saffron-tinted, half azure-stained, it now cast eastward a lengthening shadow. Through the whitewash of its exterior I made out the lines of the original church. On the north end one could plainly see where the new gable and wall were added; on the other end and on each side three filled-up semicircular arches could be traced. These originally crowned three openings, which they told me were without doors, and formed a sort of cloister, separated from the main chapel by a transverse wall. Through this the people entered.

As we passed through, its doors opened like floodgates for the stream of ethereal light which illumined the stone-flagged floor and white walls, and lit the simple wood-carved lectern and the decorated sounding-board above it. At the other end, where our long blue shadows terminated, it scintillated from four brass candlesticks on a crude bench and spilled in lambent flame over the altar.

Above the altar, with its quaint dado of blue and yellow china tiles, the wall was decorated by several paintings of biblical characters of medieval genre, topped by a small, cruder piece of work. In the center of these, framed by a glass shadow-box, was the crowning glory of the little chapel—a small painted image of the Virgin and Child. Except for a few other appurtenances, a bench or two, and a framed inscription, the church was devoid of furniture.

"That," said Chaves, pointing to a thin, seven-foot iron rod atop the sounding-board, "was to punish people with."

Probably a sort of flagellation, but Chaves slipped as he reached for it, and the rod, falling on Erving, gave him a fair sample of its flagellating qualities.

"It is an ancient Moorish ramrod!" I exclaimed.

"*Si, senhor*"—Chaves turned to the framed inscription—"here is the story on this photograph of the wood-carved tablet now in the priest's house at Porto —but the writing is old Portuguese. Moniz, here, can translate it better than I."

Moniz slowly deciphered:

"It was on the nights of the first and second days of September, 1675, that the Moors made an assault on the site of the chapel. Taking advantage of the absence of the guards, they came in by the landing, capturing eleven persons, among whom were women and children, and beat them with this whip (ramrod) which was placed here as a memorial of this event, that it may be shown the people that God gave the chastisement though they were innocent. Therefore they were directed to place this hermitage on this spot, or near it, where this punishment occurred, and even before all this, there is a tradition that in 1616 the whole island was sacked; this we consider true, as common knowledge from all who were here at the time."

This record speaks of but one landing, *the* landing, by which Colon's crew as well as those wild corsairs came. It also accounts for the ancient cross on the hillcrest, whose date shows it was erected a few months after the Moorish raid, undoubtedly in commemoration of the event.

On its site the people had first intended erecting a church and deposited the first stones for the foundation. Some,

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THE HAMLET OF ANJOS

Jack Ventura's house in the foreground. The Historic Columbus Church adjoining, with Frades Point in the distance

including the priest, preferred enlarging the hermitage. The next dawn revealed the stones miraculously removed beside the hermitage. Save a few doubting Thomases, the superstitious islanders believed this foreordained the church should continue in the former place.

The sun set behind the quaint, detached belfry which had rung time in and out for many years. Twilight, then a flickering candlelight, found us still translating the old inscription until our confrères urged our presence in Jack's house. Jack and his wife had been regaling the revelers with wine, grapes piled high on dishes, island cheese, and dark unleavened bread. Jack now insisted on toasting the United States, the American flag, Amory, and every one in sight. After each toast he led, in true American style, cheers the like of which were new to Anjos.

We left the Vale of Angels as the benediction of night spread over the valley.

"Even our little island has its traditions and tragedies," remarked Moniz, as we rode along. "Once a man, his wife, two children, and a maid-servant lived a simple pastoral life on the mountainside near San Lourenço. The winter rains began; on the third night, hearing a terrible rumbling on the hillside, they went to the door. Something flew through the darkness, dealing the man a terrific blow on the head. He came to, aching from wounds, and feeling a terrible compression all about him—he was buried in mud! Gradually freeing himself, he stumbled upon the highway toward a light, but the road ended and the light disappeared. Another lured him in the opposite direction, until he fell exhausted at the threshold of a dwelling.

"Opening the door, the inmates beheld a startling apparition. They spent the night scraping him of mud and reviving him. Only a deep gash in the mountainside rewarded the search next day for the man's home and family. Broken-hearted, he dragged through five years from that March night. Vineyards obliterated his home site, and time the memory of the house; but after dark people went by the place quickly, lest the earth might open and swallow them, too.

"Five years later a peasant, returning at twilight from work, observed in the

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lower part of the valley near the sea an unusual cave-like opening. One look in—and he rushed terrified to San Lourenço, telling the authorities he had seen a woman crouching with her head between her hands, like this," and Moniz put his hands to his face.

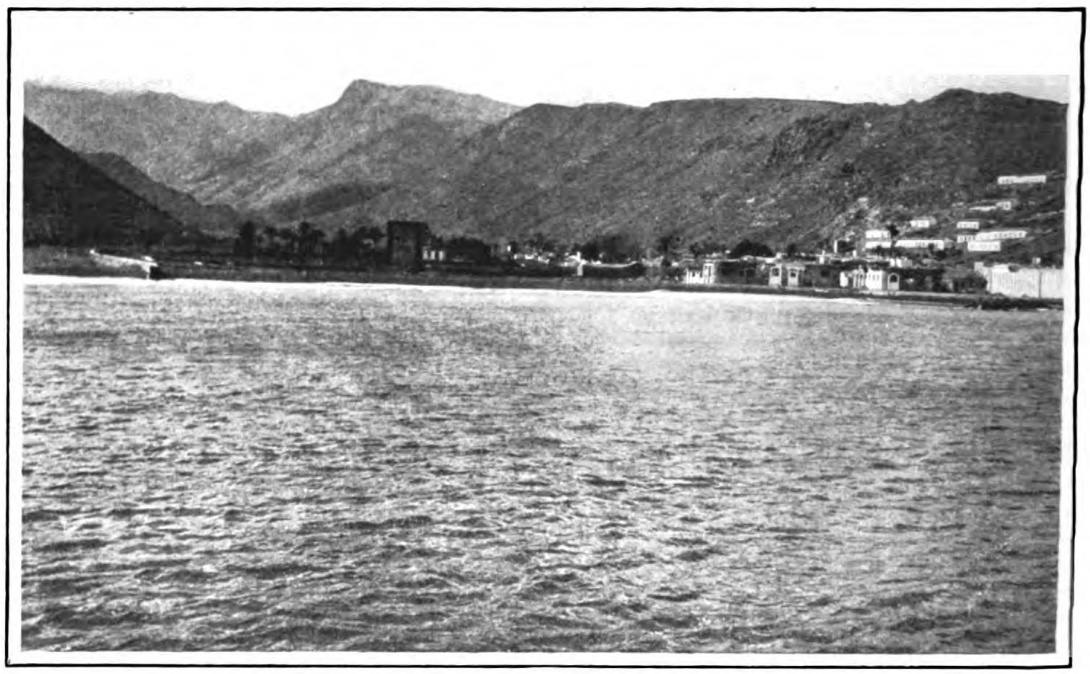
"The authorities, led by the peasant, with the populace following, cautiously approached the cave. There was the woman, her face still between her hands. An islander put his hand on her shoulder to arouse her. Horrors! the woman collapsed in a cloud of dust! Only a few ghastly bones and rags remained to tell the tale, but enough to identify the figure as the farmer's wife who had been swept down the valley in the avalanche.

"They found the woman last Monday. Perhaps you can attend the high mass, which is to be held the day after to-morrow."

Such was the tale Moniz told us on the road back from Anjos, in the light of the waning moon. We bade *adios* to our friends and were soon kiting before a gale, heading south for the Canaries:

The Fortunate Isles, where the yellow birds sing
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

As aboard Colon's little fleet, there was some disagreement as to bearings, but we finally dropped anchor under the gigantic peak of Teneriffe, out of whose lofty top Colon had seen the unusual spectacle of belching flame and smoke. Later we let fall our mud hook at Gran Canary. Off the long sandy isthmus at its northeastern corner the *Pinta* was laid up for repairs. Colon meantime sailed on to San Sebastian, capital of Gomera, at which time its aborig-



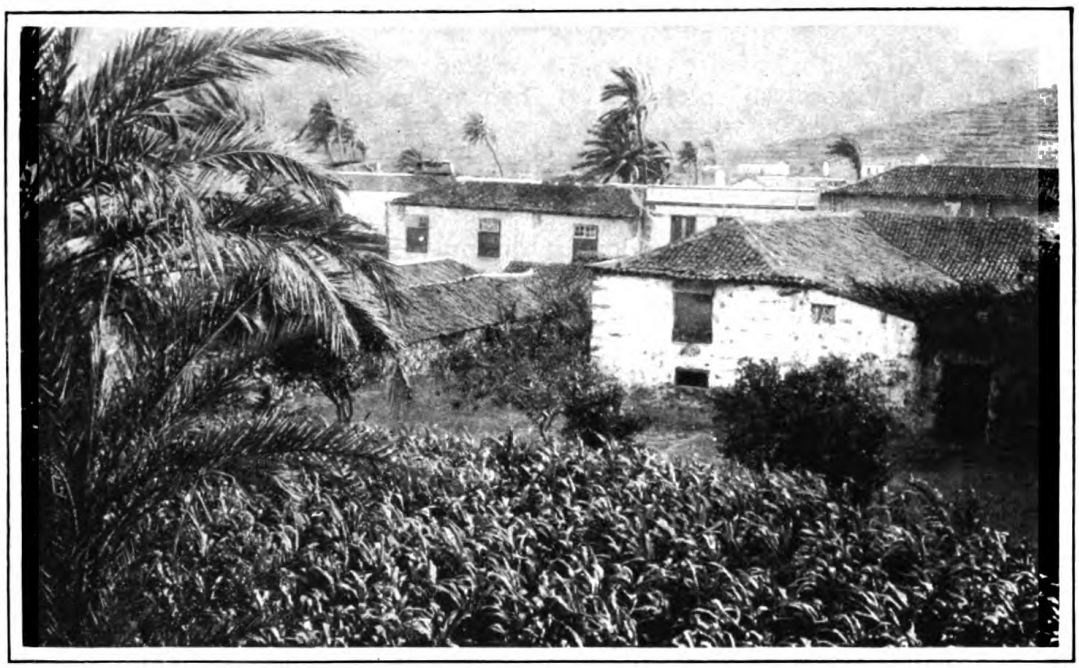
WHERE THE CARAVELS OF COLUMBUS ANCHORED IN THE CANARIES
In the background is San Sebastian, Gomera's little island Capital

inal inhabitants, the Ghomerythes, still roamed over it.

In the quiet afternoon sunshine, on a small Spanish steamer, I passed along its beetling headlands of sunburnt mountains, deep-scarred by great *barrancos* (ravines) which, like verdant rivers, sea-edged in low, green-clothed beaches. In the most protected of these San Sebastian lay, behind its silver selvage of sand. Its church, white-walled, red-tiled houses, and its palms must have looked much the same in Colon's day.

Through Teneriffe friends I was met at the little mole by Don Manoel, who escorted me to his home, a portion of an old Spanish colonial mansion, the garden *patio* of which was now used as a

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FERNANDEZ HOUSE, IN WHICH COLUMBUS LIVED DURING HIS STAY IN GOMERA

packing-place for the fruit-exporting firm of Fyffe. Passing into the street, I stopped beneath an old green balcony and its half-jalousied Moorish windows to sketch an ancient stone-carved escutcheon over the doorway.

"This is a famous old house," commented Don Manoel. "Here lived the noted Conde (Count) Hernan Cortés and his wife. Some say she was beautiful, but the autocratic Conde appropriated any townsman's wife or daughter who suited his fancy until the men killed him. So many were involved that the countess, to punish the offender, ordered a wholesale execution by which she sealed her own doom. They took her to that cliff top, above the mole where you landed. There she was garroted and her body hurled into the sea."

During Colon's visit here he was entertained at the home of Donna Inez Peraza, mother of Guillen Peraza, afterward first Conde of Gomera. There he met some estimable Spaniards, visiting from Hierro, the westernmost of the Canaries. They assured him that each year land had been seen to the west from the mountain heights of Hierro, and the Canarians were confident that a great island lay just beyond their horizon. This imaginary isle was even named, and, as St. Brandan, it was actually laid down in most of those early maps.

On revisiting Gran Canary, Colon found the repairs on the *Pinta* so unsatisfactory he decided to impress into service a vessel anchored at San Sebastian, but on his return learned that it had sailed away with the "Lady of Gomera."

The crew of the *Santa Maria* were feasted by the inhabitants on fresh venison, procured from the wild Ghomerythes, who were ruled by a huntress, Bovadilla. A wild, primitive lot were these Guanches of the Canaries; and of this tribe of the Ghomerythes, now extinct, a few facts and traditions have been retained by the people of the island, one of their most unique customs being the civility of offering a stranger refreshment of women's milk.

In the rugged Gomeran mountain folk of to-day, descendants of the early Portuguese and Spanish invaders, undoubtedly an occasional strain of Guanche blood may be found. But there exists among them a unique custom—a whistling language. This is not a code language, nor yet a whistled imitation of words, but is distinct in itself; by a remarkable modulation, by the character

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of the sounds and inflection, a Gomeran can say anything he may wish. I first heard it used by José, an employee of Don Manoel. He stepped to the middle of the street and whistled.

"He called 'Juan Ramos,' your *arriero*" (horse man), said Don Manoel. Soon Juan appeared some blocks down the little highway and responded.

"He says, '*Fui?*'" (What). José again whistled.

"He now says, 'Bring the horse to the church square,' and Juan has replied, '*Alla oi*'" (I go).

In ten minutes the horse was awaiting me there.

Less than half-way up the main street, on the right, was the dwelling which the oldest inhabitants will unostentatiously point out as the residence of Colon while he was in Gomera. So thoughtless of its historical value are the present generation that I located it with difficulty. The southern half of the house was now occupied by tenants, but I was received by the present owner, Señora Heraclio Fernandez Caranova y Teresa de Castro y Fernandez de Fernandez, her son, and Señorita Fernandez, her beautiful daughter.

Señorita led me from one quaint room to another and showed me the precious treasures of the family. Up some old balcony stairs, she passed to an old room with sturdy, rough-hewn beams over four centuries old. She opened the shutters and let in the sunlight on numerous relics of the past. This was formerly the master's quarters, and probably in this very room Colon rested from the trials which beset him, and dreamed the golden dreams of his El Dorado.

It has always been common town knowledge that Colon lived here. Although the gossip of intervening centuries has stretched his period of residence to a whole year, substantial historical data indicate a much shorter stay in Gomera. Señora informed me that Don Miguel Clemente de Cubas y Salazar was the *tatarabuelo*, or great-great-grandfather, of the present family, and the ancestors of the family owned the house in Colon's time.

The year following his departure it became the palace of the Bishop Folgueras, a friend of her ancestors. Today it is the oldest house in Gomera, the last residing-place of Colon before he sailed into the west for Cypango, the rumored island of Japan. But man is often more ruthless than time, and un-



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR

Here Columbus attended his last Mass before sailing for the New World

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less some good fortune preserves this world's relic, it will fall before iconoclastic modernity, as did that in Funchal.

At the church, "Iglesia de San Salvador," the old sexton was to be, with lights, to enable me to take a tracing of a splendid old sepulchral brass. This church, the padre had told me, was founded in 1400—the time of the Conquest. It was a little hermitage, or chapel, to which was soon added a larger one.

San Salvador's green wooden doors had been opened to me before; just within, richly carved tracery screens an ancient organ, whose little radiating pipes flaunted toward wood-trussed ceilings, whose cross-spanning of the side-aisles was faced with Moorish woodwork designs. Seven altars, embellished with paintings, graced the north aisle; at one end, beneath a superb bit of old, colored woodwork ceiling, a much defaced wall fresco represented San Sebastian's repulse of the Dutch fleet.

The old sexton, candle in hand, now led the way over the stone-slabbed floor, inset with pointings of wood. The dim candlelight silhouetted our figures and emphasized the eery darkness; from the floor reflected the dull green-gold gleam from the brasses of several ancient sepulchers, worn by the passing centuries and polished by the scuff of countless feet.

With paper spread and held taut by Juan and another islander, I was soon wearing down both my finger-nails and a chunk of black heel-ball. As I rubbed over the most important brass I experienced that wonderment and satisfaction I had felt as a boy, when scumbling with a lead-pencil on paper over a cent. Then that greater satisfaction, as history revealed itself when the coat-of-arms and the Latin inscription appeared which, translated, read:

> Here lies Donna Maria Getrudis Ponze de Leon, legal wife of the Captain Don Francisco Fernandez de Vilchs Palacio—rest in peace—Amen.

In this hidden isle, then, rested one of the great Ponce de Leon family, possibly a daughter—further research will prove—who had married into the Fernandez family. What was more natural than that the Fernandez family, through their acquaintance with Colon, should have known also the family of Ponce de Leon, who accompanied Colon on his second voyage to the New World, the year after his first visit to Gomera?

In this church Colon heard mass just before he weighed anchor from Gomera, September 6, 1492—his last eucharist before his great adventure, this communion in the little church of San Salvador. May it not have been this impressive memory which led him to christen the land he next trod "San Salvador"?

The candles burned low and overflowed their white miniature crater cones on the stone floor. That last brighter flicker before the flame dies out lit the swarthy faces of the men and shone in diamond glints in their dark eyes. My work was finished. The Nave of the Epistle was just discernible; there the dim figure of the kneeling Colon caught gleams of low light in front of a devout multitude. The very stones and timbers reeked with memories which linked the history of four continents, and the aisles were filled with the hero spirits of four hundred years ago.

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The Liar

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

TWO women sat in Mrs. J. B. Dickerman's parlor in Barr Center. One was Mrs. Dickerman, the other Mrs. Selma Woodsum from Leicester. Mrs. Dickerman was knitting gray mittens.

"I don't know what I would do if it wasn't for this knitting," she observed, with a covert air of satisfaction. "I feel as if I were working along the same lines as my Sammy fighting."

Selma Woodsum was no younger than the other woman, but she looked young enough to be her daughter. She was a small woman, delicately rounded, with a curious face for a grown woman. It was pretty, with often the sulky prettiness of a child balked of her own way or confronted with something which irritated her. She had that expression of sulky, irritated prettiness, when Mrs. Dickerman made the remark about the knitting. She spoke in a thin, sweetly shrill voice.

"He isn't fighting. Your son is only playing," said she. She fairly pouted her little red mouth at Mrs. Dickerman.

Mrs. Dickerman looked unaccountably embarrassed. "Oh, of course, Selma, I know my case isn't like yours, with your son right now in the trenches at that awful battle-front," said she.

Selma crimsoned, but her sulky, defiant expression remained.

"It must be dreadful for you," said Mrs. Dickerman.

Selma answered, with sudden firmness, "Of course it is dreadful."

"I should think you would go wild thinking of all the terrible things that can happen to him. I suppose Leon wears a gas-mask."

"I understand they all have to."

"Didn't he write you he wore one?"

Selma hesitated. She looked frightened.

"Didn't he?"

"I don't know as he did."

"Why, I should think you'd want to know."

"Folks can't put everything in letters," said Selma, with a falter in her speech.

"Well, the censor might not let it go through," returned Mrs. Dickerman. "I hope you hear often."

"Pretty often."

"Of course, with all the ship-sinkings and everything you can't expect to hear as if your Leon was just out West or down South."

Selma started.

"What's the matter?"

"I—guess I'm nervous."

Just then a sudden strain of blatant music cut the still afternoon air. Selma covered her start with an allusion to that. "What's coming?" she said.

Mrs. Dickerman got up and ran to the window. "It is that old circus coming to town!" she cried, excitedly.

"What circus?" asked Selma in a faint voice. She was very white.

"Oh, the 'World's Greatest Show' that's been advertised for the last month. Haven't you seen the advertisement?"

"No."

"Well, it has. The procession's going by on the other road. The selectmen wouldn't let it come on this street, and I'm glad of it. I wouldn't go a step out of my way to see it, and I'm always afraid when those things come to town. I see to it the house is locked up, and the hen-house, too. So many stragglers, let alone the circus people. I suppose they are about as bad as they make them."

"I was brought up to—think so," said Selma in a curious, faltering, weak voice.

"So was I." Mrs. Dickerman turned and looked at Selma. "For goodness' sake, Selma! Are you sick?"

"No; I'm—all right."

"You look as white as a ghost."

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HER HEART LEAPED, THEN SEEMED TO STAND STILL BEFORE IT BEAT AGAIN

"I'm all—right."

"Don't you want a drink of water or something?"

"*No;* I'm—all right."

"Well, I hope you are. You do look better now. Guess I'll sit down again. No use craning my neck to see that old procession across the field." Mrs. Dickerman sat down and began to knit. "I wish you had brought your knitting," said she.

"I would, but I didn't expect to stay long, and I'm going to call at Sarah Edgewater's before I take the trolley home, anyway. I must go in a minute now. When I heard your Sammy had been home I thought I must just drop in."

"I'm glad you did. He only had two days' furlough, and ever since he went back I've been lonesomer than ever. J. B. is all day at the store, you know, and lately one of the clerks has been laid up with rheumatism, and he has been down to the store 'most every evening. They are taking account of stock."

"Sammy went day before yesterday?"

"Yes, poor boy. He tried to put a brave face on, but he did hate to leave mother; and my, how much he talked about his good soft bed!"

"He's safe where he is," said Selma, meekly—"and well."

"Oh my, yes; of course Sammy fares well enough with his cot. That ain't goin' to hurt him. He looks as well as ever I have seen him. He ain't quite so stout, but his flesh looks hard. He looks handsome, too, if I do say it, and he's got a new khaki suit. He had an accident happen to the old one. The captain was talking to him, giving orders or something, and he had a telegram to write in a hurry, and Sammy waited till

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he got it done, and I don't know exactly how it happened. Sammy, he laughed fit to kill when he told his father and me about it. Somehow the captain happened to stand up with the ink-bottle in his hand, and his dog came capering round him, and jumped up and hit the ink-bottle. I don't know just how, but the ink got spilled over Sammy's uniform, and the captain couldn't get mad except at the dog, and Sammy he got a brand-new one. He brought home the other, and I've tried to get the ink stains out, but couldn't so they don't show a little. Goodness!"—Eliza's eyes followed the gaze of Selma's—"did I bring that in here? Why, I must have had it in my hands when you rang the bell. I run in here to peek behind the lace curtains and see who it was, and I must have given it a toss on the sofa. Well, it looks nice in here. Who's that coming, Selma?"

"I guess it's a boy from the butcher's shop. Yes, there's the wagon."

"Well, I'll run out and take the meat and get it on the ice. I'll be right back."

Mrs. J. B. Dickerman scuttled out of the room. Immediately Selma Woodsum began to act strangely. She had a straw suit-case. She opened it furtively. She rose, peeped out of the door, then made a swift, crouching rush for the sofa and the khaki suit. When Eliza Dickerman returned Selma was standing in the front doorway, suit-case in hand, ready to go.

Eliza exclaimed, "Why, Selma, you ain't going so soon?"

Selma looked at her from under her black hat-brim. Her blue eyes were very clear; her expression was as guileless as a child's. "I've got to if I mean to catch that trolley and get home to Leicester before dark, and look in a minute on Sarah."

"What did you bring that suit-case for this hot day?"

"I brought over my gray-silk dress to the dressmaker's. She's going to make it a little shorter. I'm too old to try to keep up with the styles, but when they mean going around without holding up your skirts, or letting them trail in the dust, I believe in following them no matter how old you are."

Eliza nodded. "That's what I say. I've just had my new black satin made three inches from the ground. She wanted to make it five. I wish you could stay to supper. I'm going to have beefsteak and hot biscuits and strawberries. Why can't you stay? You've nothing to call you home."

"I am afraid to be out after dark. It's quite a walk from the end of the trolley line."

Eliza laughed meaningly. "And I don't suppose Luke Gleason will be there to meet you, Selma."

Selma took it coolly. "He can't tonight, for he's going to drill. He might otherwise. Sometimes he does, of course. He knows it's a lonely walk and I'm timid."

"Drill! You don't mean to say Luke Gleason's drilling? What for?"

Selma looked mildly indignant. "Why shouldn't he drill if he wants to?"

"Well, as far as that goes, I don't know as there's any reason why old Grandpa Green, who's ninety, shouldn't drill if he wants to, but I don't see any sense in it. Luke's too old to go to war. They wouldn't look at him."

"Older men than Luke are going to war on the other side."

"It ain't going to be like that on this side."

"None of us *know*," said Selma, with rather dreadful solemnity. "It is just as well that every man, no matter how old he is, should know enough to fight if he has to."

"Luke Gleason drilling," said Eliza Dickerman as Selma, after saying goodby rather stiffly, had gone. "My!"

It was almost dark when Selma Woodsum, hurrying along the country road between the dusty bushes, came in sight of her own house. It was on the outskirts of Leicester, but the village began at once and thickly at that point. The decent—not opulent, but decent—houses had an air of suddenly crowding together the very second a certain place in the road was reached.

Selma saw the house lights gleaming when she came in sight. She drew a sigh, for she was really a timid woman, and was glad to be past the lonely stretch of road. She glanced at her own house, and her heart leaped, then seemed to stand still before it beat again. She had

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expected to see only a soft mass of shadow, deeper shadow looming up out of the dusk on her home lot, and instead she saw windows full of soft yellow light.

Selma broke into a weak run. She fairly fell upon the kitchen door before she could open it, and a man's glad voice hailed from within:

"Hello, there! That you, mother?"

Selma opened the door. She had left it locked. She entered. In the rocking-chair by the window sat a young man. He looked ghastly, but his eyes twinkled with indomitable cheer—even mirth.

"Well, mother!" he hailed again. His voice was pitifully weak, but charming in its affection and delight.

"That you, Leon?"

"Now, mother, who else could it be? Come here and give a fellow a kiss. My, but I'm glad to get here, and see you. Say, mother, you're just as pretty as ever."

Selma kissed the man and stood over him. "Are you sick?"

He hesitated. "Not so very now, I guess. I have been. Had a fever. I thought I was all right, but when I got seated here I wasn't quite so sure. I had a hard trip from Chicago—pretty hot, you know, and I guess I was pretty weak when I started. I couldn't keep up with the show; had to light out for home and mother to be nursed. Say, mother, ain't you glad to see a feller?"

For answer Selma knelt down beside the man, bent her face over his thin hand and began to weep.

Leon laughed tenderly. "Poor mother! Too much for her, wasn't it?" he crooned. He made shift to smooth her hair with his other hand. "Don't



"NOW DON'T YOU THROW OFF ONE QUILT," SHE ORDERED

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you cry, poor little soul," he went on, weakly. "I'll be all right when I've had a week of your—" He broke off suddenly. His head lopped over on one shoulder.

Selma rolled frightened blue eyes up at him. Instantly she was on her feet and across the room and back, and the scent of camphor became evident.

Soon Leon looked up and laughed—his irrepressible laugh. "Don't be scared, mother," he whispered. "I've been toppling over like a kid's doll-baby this way for some time. All the show got used to it. They'd fling some cold water at me and go right on about their business. Don't you be scared. Say, mother, what have you got in the house to eat?"

"Lamb broth. I'll warm it right up. Then I'll fix your bed."

"That's the talk. Say, do you know I believe I'd never keeled over in the first place if I'd had anything decent to eat. The grub in some of those little Western towns where we played was weird. Many's the time I've hankered after your lamb broth. Onion in it?"

Selma nodded. "And turnip."

"Now you're talkin'."

Selma began hurrying about. All her agitation had disappeared. She heated lamb broth, fed her son with it—he was much too weak to feed himself—then made his bed ready in his old room. When he was settled in bed she felt of his forehead.

Leon laughed again. "Of course it's a bit hot," he said. "One can't get over a fever in a second."

Selma went down and put some herbs on to steep. She was rather a wise woman about nursing. Leon was not asleep when she carried her bowl of herb brew up-stairs. He was evidently suffering, but his ready laugh came.

"Well, I declare! Just what I expected," he said. "I knew what I was in for. Same old bitter, awful good for fever, just the same."

Selma covered her son warmly. "*Now don't you throw off one quilt,*" she ordered.

"Trust your good little boy," said Leon.

Selma went down-stairs. Soon she heard voices. She was sitting in a front room whose windows were under Leon's open ones. She could hear if he called. She saw the switching skirts of two women coming up her front walk, and knew Aggy Leach and Mrs. Edward Sylvester were going to call on her. She rose and lit her lamp, and went to the door. She knew that they knew her son had returned. She had her finger on her lip. They entered noiselessly and seated themselves.

Mrs. Sylvester's silk skirt rustled a little, and she put a smoothing hand upon it as if to quiet it. "I was over calling on young Mrs. Leicester," she whispered, "and she said her maid told her she saw a young man that looked sick getting off the train, and she thought it was Leon."

Mrs. Sylvester was related to the fine old Sylvester family by marriage, and was very pretty. She looked wonderingly at Selma, and Aggy Leach, a young woman who taught school, looked at her with eager curiosity. Aggy was attractive and loverless, and the victim of dreams. Leon Woodsum had shown her a little attention before he went away, three years ago. Aggy had cherished those attentions in spite of others which had been bestowed upon her later on. Aggy cherished all attentions and wove them into a beautiful fabric on her loom of fancy.

Selma nodded.

"Is—he wounded?" gasped Aggy.

Selma looked at her and said nothing.

Aggy's pretty face assumed a heroic expression. "Blind, or—disfigured?"

Selma straightened herself. "He is not disfigured," she said in rather too loud a voice in case the man overhead were awake.

Aggy touched her own eyes with a look of horror and valor.

Selma had recovered herself. She regarded Aggy with a stony expression.

The two callers, on their homeward way, could not remember that Selma had in reality told them anything definite, had they been pressed, but both were under the firm impression that poor, gallant Leon Woodsum had returned wounded from the front, and had lost the sight of one eye, if not both.

"Mrs. Leicester said her maid said he walked as if he couldn't tell where he was going," mused Mrs. Sylvester.

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"Stone-blind! A young man, too! It is dreadful!" sighed Aggy. Then she moved along silently. Before she reached home she had in her dreams married poor, blind Leon, was teaching to support him, and spending her evenings reading and singing to him, until he was blissfully happy.

The next afternoon all Leicester knew that Leon Woodsum had returned home from the European battle-front all but dead from mysterious wounds, with his sight forever gone.

Leon was not so well that day. Selma muffled the door-bell and nursed assiduously. Leon fell asleep after dark, and Selma, watching at a front window, saw Luke Gleason coming. Luke was a very tall man, and walked with long strides, with purposeful strides. Nobody seeing Luke Gleason walking could think for one moment that he had not a very fixed objective; that he was not walking to get somewhere.

Selma was standing in the doorway when Luke came up the front walk bordered with blue iris. She stood in an attitude which in some mysterious way implied the necessity of caution.

Luke began to tread gingerly, encroaching upon the border of the gravel walk. When he reached the woman in the doorway he did not speak. He extended a hand, which was softly grasped, then at once relinquished.

Selma led and Luke followed. They passed through a front room, then into another, the dining-room at the back. Selma closed the doors carefully. Then she spoke in a thin voice, hardly more than a thread of sound.

"He is in the front chamber on the other side," she said.

She sat down in a dining-chair, and Luke also. Selma glanced at him, then away again. She looked like a scared little girl. Luke was not much older than she, but he might have been her father. He gazed at her tenderly, whimsically, reproachfully. Selma shrugged away from his keen blue gaze; she almost whimpered.

"Whatever possessed you, child?" said Luke.

"Perhaps I don't know what you mean." Selma's voice had a sulky inflection.

"Oh, you do know exactly what I mean. Don't worry. I'm hardly whispering—he can't hear. Selma, what made you tell such a perfect tissue of lies about him?"

Selma faced him fiercely. "You ask why!" she exclaimed. "You ask why! Luke Gleason, you know why."

"I suppose I know why you thought you had to do it, but I don't know your reason for it. I never have, Selma."

"Of course not. If you were a woman, and your only son—"

"But, after all, what is it all about?"

Selma looked at him, and her eyes flashed. Red spots blazed out on her cheeks. She stammered. "About? about? Leon, my son, my own son, going about with a third-rate circus show! About?"

Luke looked at her gravely and quizzically. "But," he said, slowly—he spoke with a slight drawl—"after all, you know I made inquiries. As far as I could find, the show is as respectable as most things of the sort; in fact, rather more so. The principal trouble seemed to be lack of capital. The wild beasts and horses, and the whole set, were not, so to speak, of the expensive variety. Your Leon was the best of the lot. Leon can get in with one of the best shows on the road when he is a little older. He is really pretty good. He did his stunts well, Selma. He brought the house down. I can't really understand why you feel so desperate as to—well, do as you do, and—say the things you do say."

"My son in a third-rate show! You know how I feel about circuses. My folks would no more have let me go to a circus than turned me into a den of wild beasts. Mother used to say there wasn't much difference between the awful beasts of prey and those terrible men and women all dressed up in all the colors of the rainbow, riding round. A circus always meant to me something dreadful. We hardly even spoke of one when it was in town, and father and mother never let us go to see the procession."

"But, Selma, after all it is the respectability which counts most, and the show is rather unusual in that respect. The manager had his wife with him. She was his wife, all right, and she wasn't

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in the show; and she spent her time mending and sewing like any decent woman. She makes the costumes."

"Costumes!"

"Oh, well, my dear child, if you think the costumes were any worse than I have seen the women and girls right here in Leicester getting round in for the last few years, you are mistaken. They were enough sight fuller in the skirts—left you in more doubt, you know—and that was when I saw them; and I don't believe to-day they are much shorter than the skirts I saw Mrs. Henry Tisdale and Mrs. Erastus Dodd wearing to-day. They came into the post-office, and Mrs. Tisdale wore pink stockings, and Mrs. Dodd wore bright blue, and both those women have grandchildren and weigh close to two hundred."

"Luke Gleason, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"I? Maybe so."

"Everybody wears their skirts short now."

"You don't."

"Pretty short."

"Not like that, I'm glad to say. If I saw—"

"Luke, I will not hear another word."

"All right, child. All I'm driving at is, I can't for the life of me see what you are so upset about Leon for."

"I am. I feel disgraced. He is disgraced."

"Oh, bosh!"

"It is true, whether you own up to it or not. I was calling on Mrs. J. B. Dickerman to-day. Her Sammy is in the army. He has just been home. She has some reason to be proud of her son."

"He may get killed."

"So may Leon. He goes up in aeroplanes in that awful show, and I know the aeroplane is rickety if it is such a cheap show."

"Guess they look out for their star performers all right. See here, Selma, what is this I hear about your having a khaki suit out on your line, and everybody peeking and telling all round it's covered with blood stains?"

Selma colored.

"I've heard it about fifty times to-day. You can't have any khaki suit."

"Why not?" Selma pouted.

"Leon? He was seen getting off the train, and he wasn't dressed in khaki."

"He might have had it in his trunk."

"Didn't have any baggage. Poor chap got home dead broke. I know that as well as you do, Selma. You haven't got any khaki suit."

Selma rose with a jerk. "Just haven't I?" She rushed out and was back in a second with a mass of mustard-colored stuff stiffly carried in her arms. "What do you call this?"

"Where did you get it?" asked Luke, dryly, after a minute.

"Leon—"

"Bosh! Now, child, don't you try to work me. What are those spots?"

"Stains."

"Stains of what?"

Luke stared steadily at Selma. She hung her head.

"Bosh!" he cried, suddenly. "I know what you mean! Selma, now aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Suddenly Selma broke down. She threw the stiff khaki on the floor, sat down, put her head on the dining-table, encircled it with her clasped arms, and wept. Her slender shoulders heaved with sobs like a school-girl's.

Luke patted her head. "Now quit that, Selma," he said. "You'll make yourself sick. Out with it! Tell me where you got that."

Selma sobbed out her confession. "I—couldn't help it!" she gasped.

"If," said Luke Gleason, after a pause, "if you had ever really grown up, I should scold you. What does Mrs. Dickerman think of it?"

"I heard to-day. She—thinks a tramp stole it, a—German spy. She thinks he wanted a khaki suit to spy in."

"Lord! But, Selma, you must know you—stole it."

Selma raised her head and looked at him. Tears were streaming down her cheeks, but she tossed her head. "I did not," said she.

"What in the name of common sense did you do, then?"

"I took it."

Luke grinned. "All right," said he. "Then, after you had taken it, you hung it out on the line for the folks to see, and you told them it was Leon's, and he had fought at the front in it, and been

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"THEY ALL THINK I'VE BEEN FIGHTING IN THE TRENCHES AT THE WAR-FRONT"

wounded, and those—ink spots were blood stains. What other name do you use for a lie, Selma?"

"I did not tell them," said Selma. "They said so."

"But you did not tell them the truth?"

"I didn't tell them lies."

"You just kept still and let them talk, and didn't tell them they were wrong?"

"I don't see that I did anything so very dreadful. I have suffered everything since Leon went off with that circus, and Mrs. Dickerman was so set up about her Sammy. If Leon was really in the army he could do anything. He would be an officer in no time. And to think of that slow-witted Sammy Dickerman, and my Leon—" Suddenly Selma collapsed again. She wept. "Oh dear!" she sobbed out. "Of course you are right, Luke. I have been very wicked. I have stolen and lied, and all because I was proud; and, after all, Leon is a good boy, and handsome and smart, and—oh, Luke, he is worse, and I am scared to death about him!"

"Call Doctor Ellerton over."

"I—don't want to."

"Selma, I am ashamed of you. You wouldn't rather the boy died than have it come out? And, besides, Ellerton wouldn't talk."

"He would know. Leon talks."

"Great Scott! He isn't delirious?"

"A little now and then. His mind wanders, and he talks about the show. He doesn't know where he is."

Luke sprang to his feet. "You stay right here. I'm going up to see Leon."

Luke went. He was not gone long. When he came back he again patted Selma's bowed head. "I really don't think it is anything serious," he said. "The boy took that journey when he wasn't able, and has a temporary relapse. He hasn't much temperature. His delirium is more from nerve exhaustion than fever. At first he wasn't quite right when he saw me, then he was as sane as I was. Lucky I had my thermometer. That medical training poor father made me take is of some use now and then, if I never did practise and never did lose my money, as father thought I might. Now Selma, I'm going

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home first, then I'm coming back, and I'm going to stay with Leon to-night; and you go to bed and go to sleep. You'll be worn out."

Selma gave a look of intense gratitude at him. Then she flushed and stammered. "What—will they think?"

"Think, nothing. They all know Leon is home, and they know I took a medical course. You go to bed right off, and you leave the lamps lighted and the front door open. I shall be back in a few minutes. I shall tell everybody I meet just what I am going to do, too. If nothing is underhanded, they will think it is all right, as it is."

"Oh, Luke, I am grateful. I know you are right. Oh, I shall be so glad to have you, and I'll fix a nice little lunch for you."

"All right, then. Now you can go to bed and to sleep, and put it all off your mind."

Selma did not go to bed, however, until Luke returned. She arranged a lunch for him in a room which opened out of Leon's, and sat by the boy, who was quite rational.

"Uncle Luke's a brick!" said Leon. "He's coming back so you can go to sleep, mother. You could, anyway; I should be all right. But you wouldn't; you'd sit up and worry. There isn't a bit of need of it. That confounded journey was too much for me, that was all. If only the management had let me take the plane, goodness! I'd have sailed home, and been like a fighter. When I get rich I'll have a plane and take you up with me, mother. It's grand. You wouldn't be afraid. It's just like climbing mountains on wings instead of feet, and floating down instead of taking headers. I shall be all right in a day or two—no need to worry. I know you don't like the show, but it won't be that all my life. That's just a step. I wish I could stay here and go into a store or something on your account, but you know I can't, don't you, mother?"

It was a week before Leon was able to be down-stairs, nearly another week before he was outdoors, and could go to the post-office and visit his old haunts in the grocery-store and Sylvester's Antique Shop.

Selma watched him set out, and she looked unaccountably worried, Leon thought.

"What's the matter now, mother?" he said. "Here you look as glum as an owl, with your pretty face all drawn down, and your darling boy well enough to be outdoors. What's up, lady?"

Selma tried to laugh. "Nothing," she said. "I wouldn't stay too long, if—I were you, the first time."

"Oh no, of course not; but I'm all right, mother."

"It's the first time you have been out."

"Save us! mother, if you don't act as if you thought it might be my last! What's the matter?"

Selma laughed stiffly. "Nothing, of course. Don't try to talk too much. You haven't got your strength back yet."

"Strength enough to take you up in one hand and shake you if you don't stop worrying," Leon called back, gaily. He was a handsome, well-set-up lad. Selma eyed him adoringly as he swung down the street. Still the look of abject worry was in her face.

Leon was gone all the morning. When he came home he looked sober. He ate his dinner with an appetite, but did not talk much. Every now and then he seemed on the verge of asking a question, then checked himself.

After dinner Leon went out again. She tried to prevent him, but he was almost curt with her: "I am going to call on Mrs. Edward Sylvester. I met her with my old girl, Aggy Leach, and Mrs. Sylvester asked me to come over and play tennis on her new court. She asked me to dinner, but I told her I had to go home and eat fatted-calf hash."

Leon laughed gaily at his own joke. Then he opened his mouth as if to ask a question. Selma visibly cringed, and paled.

Leon gave her a curious look, kissed her and went out. Late in the afternoon he entered the post-office. Luke Gleason was there. There was no one in the office except the two. Luke came out of his sanctum, locking the door. He was rather over-punctilious with regard to his Government job. He came out in the large, dirty, littered room where Leon stood, and motioned him to the settee.

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"Sit down here. Don't stand up," said Luke. "What's the matter, Leon?"

Leon gazed around cautiously.

"Not a soul within gunshot," said Luke. "As far as anybody coming in, two nights out of three I might as well go home as keep this open till eight o'clock. What's up, Leon?"

The boy burst out desperately.

"Everything!" he gasped.

"Everything?"

"Yes, everything. Uncle Luke, what has mother been doing and saying?"

Luke looked soberly at him. "I suppose I know what you mean," he said, "but I guess you had better tell me right out."

"Well, I have been all over Leicester to-day, and everybody's been asking me the most tom-fool questions."

"Tom-fool questions?"

"Yes. I'd like to know what they all mean. Say they all think I've been fighting in the trenches over there at the European war-front, with France and England, you know; and they think I'm wounded, and blind, and I declare if Aggy Leach didn't try to lead me, and she asked how could I manage to get round so well when I was blind, and she thought it was wonderful, and the way she and Mrs. Sylvester wondered when they found I could play tennis well, and asked me if I had been to the training-schools for the blind in Paris, and once Mrs. Sylvester grabbed me when



"SHE TOLD THEM IT WAS LEON'S, AND THAT HE HAD FOUGHT IN IT"

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she thought I didn't see a stone and was going to stumble over it when I started to go. What in the name of common sense does it mean?"

"What do you think it means?"

Leon colored. "Oh, hang it all! I know, I suppose. I never felt like such a fool. I declare, I couldn't even say positively I wasn't blind for fear I'd—do her mischief—give her away. Uncle Luke, what possessed mother?"

"She has always felt dreadfully about your being connected with that circus, you know," Luke replied, soberly.

"Mother's a fool!" said the boy.

"You shouldn't speak that way about your own mother, Leon."

"Well, I can't help it because she is my mother, can I? She is an awful fool. Then, you know, she's been telling all round that I've been in the European war—our war now, but at the European front—and come home wounded, and blind."

"I don't think she exactly said so," Luke replied, hesitatingly.

"But she let them think so. Just the same thing. And what's all this fool stuff about my blood-stained khaki suit? I never owned one, much less a blood-stained one. Did mother have one out on the clothes-line? I heard that, and I was struck dumb, couldn't say a word. What is that nonsense?"

Luke told him.

"Great Scott!" said Leon, and sat staring before him, seeing nothing. "What did possess her?" he said, presently.

"Now look here, Leon, you mustn't feel hard about your mother. It isn't right. She isn't like the new-fashioned woman. You can't judge her like you could a man or one of those women. She's just a woman. You've got to make allowances."

"But what in the name of common sense am I going to do? Lord! I owe something to myself. I can't stand this reputation for glory which I haven't got. Why, hang it! I can't even say I can see as well as a hawk, for fear of giving my own mother away. Of course she's a fool, but she's my mother, and I've got to stand all this, but it makes me out an awful liar myself. Don't you understand what an awful fix I'm in? I simply can't tell the truth because if I do they will know she—well, you know. I won't say it about poor mother. And I can't even deny things. Well, I suppose all I can do is to light out, go back to that confounded show, and it was getting too rank for me, that's the truth. One thing that made me sick—they've got some people in this season that I can't stand for. But I've got to go back. I'd enlist to-morrow if I wouldn't have to tell the truth to be accepted, and give mother away. I can't do even that."

Luke regarded the boy steadily.

Leon looked inquiringly at him. "What is it, Uncle Luke?"

"There is something you can do, if you are in earnest about enlisting."

"In earnest! Of course I am, but how can I? Even if the conscription bill were passed, I'd give mother away if I stayed here. They'd find out. Of course I'd have to register. There wasn't a blamed thing the matter with me—it's a hole I'm in. Don't you see? And back of my mind when I was coming home was that idea of enlisting, if mother wouldn't make too much fuss. Lord! I begin to think she wouldn't!"

"No, she wouldn't. You are right there."

"Mother wouldn't make a fuss about my enlisting and going to France to fight in the trenches, and maybe never set eyes on me again, and yet she could—Lord! Uncle Luke, women are queer! Well, she's made it impossible for me to do anything but go back to that beastly show. Hope I get drafted out there so they don't find out what she did."

"It's easier than that."

Leon looked at him eagerly. "What do you mean?"

"I've got considerable property, and no relations, and—"

"What do you mean, Uncle Luke?"

"You could fly an aeroplane, couldn't you?"

"Better than I can do anything else. I'd thought of that. Say, the stunts I did in the plane in that show would count over there! I ain't saying it to brag, but—I can fly, Uncle Luke."

"Then why shouldn't you?"

The two talked, their heads close together.

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LUKE TORE THE SHEET OF PAPER INTO BITS

When Leon reached home his mother met him at the door. She looked scared, but his gay salutation made her smile with relief.

"Think you'd lost your treasure, mother?" he called out.

"Your supper's getting cold," she responded in her sweet, rather weak voice. She smiled when her son kissed her, but when the smile faded she looked queer to him.

"What's the matter, mother?" he asked, turning and looking down at her as they entered the house.

"Nothing."

"You don't look like yourself. Been doing your hair a different way? No, it isn't that. You do look sort of used up, mother. Don't you feel well?"

"Perfectly well," replied Selma; but her lips quivered and tears rolled over her cheeks.

"Now, mother, what in the name of common sense are you crying for? Say, you didn't get worried about me because I stayed so late, did you?"

Selma shook her head, speechless.

"Then what is it?"

"Your supper is cold," Selma stammered in a choking voice.

"And that's what you're crying about? Mother, you never grew up. What were they thinking about to let you get married? And here you've got a grown-up son, you not grown up. Lord! mother, I'll have to adopt you. Say, how'd you like that, eh?"

Selma tried to laugh, and presently her worried expression disappeared.

"Better primp a little, mother," he

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advised. "I saw Uncle Luke. I dropped in at the post-office, and I reckon he'll be around. Say, mother, that was a jim-dandy supper all right, and I feel good. Go and put on that lavender dress of yours."

Selma did not color. "Are you sure he's coming?"

"Yes, he said he was."

"If he comes, I've got to see him alone," said Selma, abruptly.

Leon laughed. "All right, mother. I'll make myself scarce." Leon went out; then he returned: "Say, mother, I'm going to tell you, myself. First I thought I'd let Uncle Luke. What do you say to my going—to France, to the front in France?"

Selma looked up at him. Her blue eyes seemed black in her white face. "To France?"

"Yes, Uncle Luke is going to manage it for me. He has a cousin who married an English army officer in Canada. He is going to fix it all up. I'm going to Canada, then ho for France! and your smart son flying an aeroplane, and covering himself with glory thick as eagle feathers, and you as proud as Punch, when he comes home with his coat so covered with badges of honor and things there won't be room for a scarf-pin. Eh, mother? You aren't going to show the white feather now? Say, mother, you aren't—"

"No," said Selma, quite clearly, "I am not. Go up-stairs and read your paper. I'll leave the dishes."

"You're the mother for a brave son who is going to fly for the right to be proud of," said Leon, rather hoarsely. He shook her little shoulders, but did not kiss her; then he went out.

"When are you going?" Selma called after him.

"Not before a week. Oh, you won't need to shake when you get the papers for an age yet."

"I shall have time to see to your mending, and get your clothes in order," said Selma. She said it with a certain note of comfort.

Leon marveled at the ways of women as he went up-stairs. He sat beside the window reading the paper when Luke came—it was not long. Leon reflected that he hoped his mother would marry Luke. He did not like his mother to live alone, but he could not stay home with his unclipped wings of restlessness. "A pretty mess of it I'd make," he thought, as he sat there and heard the murmur of greeting at the door below. "I'd most likely take to drink. A little town like Leicester is not for me. Lord! I was born with the purpose to get out of it."

The boy was right. A little New England village with conservatism as its backbone was not for him. He was alien to it. He could not live in narrow, monotonous environments and remain true to his instincts. No man who lives contrary to his instincts of life makes a success of living. Small wonder that the boy had fled when that little traveling show had struck its shabby tents in the vacant lot below the house three years before. Small wonder that the little show could not hold him. Leon had a nature equipped with wings for large flights. Now the first great flight of the whole world beckoned him. He was elate, enraptured. He had done wonderful, harebrained things with a plane, and come triumphantly gliding down the long aerial slant of life instead of the dreadful perpendicular of death.

He felt himself a master of the new air-craft, and with reason. Sitting there by the window, he dreamed of the aid he would give brave, insulted France.

Down-stairs in the sitting-room Selma and Luke were talking. Luke had hardly been seated before Selma went over to her desk, drew out a sheet of paper and handed it to him. She was silent; her face was quite impassive. She knew that he knew, and no shame of disclosure was over her.

Luke read, then he turned upon her sternly. "You mean—" he began.

"I mean to have it published in the Leicester *News* Thursday."

"You cannot do it."

"I must."

"You mean to confess in this way that you have—lied about your son, and —stolen?"

Selma nodded. She was pale now.

"You can't do it, Selma."

"What can I do, then?" she pleaded, piteously. "I lied; you know I did, And I stole that suit, and when people

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thought what they did I let them think it. I've got to confess, and I can't go all over Leicester and Barr Center and Barr-by-the-Sea and South Barr, from house to house, and confess. I can't think of any other way but to have it published in the Leicester *News*. I wrote it while Leon was out this afternoon."

Luke tore the sheet of paper into bits. "Where's your waste-paper basket?" said he.

"What else can I do?"

"You don't seem to think of your son. What would he do if this came out?"

Selma stared at him.

"He would stand by you, of course, but do you think it's fair?"

Selma was silent a second. Then she faltered, "I never thought—"

"No, you didn't, child; but you can't saddle all this foolishness onto Leon."

Selma looked at him with eyes through which the soul of a little naughty, perplexed girl seemed to look.

The man laughed lovingly. "What a goose you are, Selma!" he said.

"You don't think I ought?"

"Why, of course you ought not."

"Then what can I do?"

"Do nothing, and make the best of it."

"And not confess?"

"Not to four villages. I reckon the Almighty, and your son and your husband will be about enough, and if they are not, you've got to take your medicine, child."

"Does Leon know?" gasped Selma.

"Of course he knows, and can't tell. You've put him in a lie, too."

"I haven't got any husband," Selma said in a queer voice.

"You are going to have—me. I have stood all the nonsense I'm going to. You've got to be taken care of whether you want to or not. I am going to marry you right away."

Selma looked at him helplessly.

"I don't pretend it can be the same that it might have been at first, when you and I were both young, and you had not married another man, now, when you've been through all that and have got a grown-up son, and I've been through what I have. It can't be the same. We won't pretend it can be. The nightingales and moonlights of life are over for both of us, but I reckon there's a lot left. We hear a lot about ideals for nations nowadays. I reckon there's ideals for men and women as well as nations, and we've got them left, and they're worth more than we are."

"You want to marry me after I—told those lies?"

"I've torn them up. They are scraps of paper." Luke laughed.

Luke did not stay long. When he left he bent over and kissed Selma and told her to say her prayers, and go to bed and to sleep and not worry.

Luke had not gone very far down the road before he heard a quick step behind him, and halted. "Well, son?" he said as Leon came up with him.

"Well?"

"I am going to marry your mother, son."

"Well, I am glad, for I didn't like to leave her alone."

"Some women never should be left alone—some good women, too."

"I don't see why mother hasn't married you before," said Leon.

Luke laughed. "I never asked her," he said. "Somehow, I can't reason it out, this last made me feel as if I couldn't wait another minute till I did."

"You never asked her?" repeated Leon. He flushed.

"Oh, I mean since she married and your father died. Of course I asked her before that. I was good friends with her, and liked her, and stood by her, but I don't know as I should ever have really thought of marrying her at this date if—she hadn't done such a darn-fool thing."

Leon looked at the older man, and his gay look and manner were gone. He spoke a little sternly. "After all," he said, "I make excuses for her, and in reality she does not seem to me to be as responsible as some women. Mother is like a child, and somehow I've always loved her better for it; but, since you are going to marry mother, I owe it to her, and to you, to say I am sorry for her and for me that she—told those—stories."

Luke Gleason looked steadily and lovingly at the young man. "You are going to make the stories true, my son," said he. "There are more reasons than one for going to war."

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A Defense of Marriage

BY W. L. GEORGE

IT is too readily assumed that feminists wish to do away with everything that is. They wish to do away with a great deal, and that is right, for the chances are that the thing that exists is bad. It is out of date, for nothing is eternal and all institutions require continual renovation. As regards marriage, we have been exasperated. Our parents, and especially our grandparents, so long tried to steer our lives by big words, such as duty, family happiness, good women, and such like, that many of us, even the most sincere, have been driven to hint that we wanted to do away with marriage. That is an exaggeration, and I am sure that few feminists support a sort of moral anarchy, or would institute "divorce while you wait"—even though one does not wait very long in Nevada. We want to humanize and to civilize marriage, which is an evidence of the undying optimism of mankind. But we do not want to do away with it, one reason being that we cannot, and another that marriage is about the best system we know for carrying on the common life. It is true that we want marriage with all the latest improvements, but I believe that the essence of the institution will remain until human nature ceases to be human.

It is a little the feminist's fault that I should want to defend the institution that he has so often burnt in effigy. The feminist, like the caricaturist, must exaggerate; now and then he is tempted, for humanity lends itself readily to caricature. Also, the feminist is a rather ebullient individual; he does not at all resemble the officer of the old political story, whom somebody stopped upon the high-road, where he trudged in the wake of a crowd, very tired and very dusty. The feminist would not make the reply that the officer made when asked why he followed that crowd—*viz.*: "Follow them? I've *got* to follow them; I'm their leader." The feminist lacks humility; he runs away from his crowd; so it is a healthy exercise that a feminist should to-day run back and have a look at those who are progressing a little more slowly, but on the same road.

We want change, radical change, but we are not very anxious to pull down the hovel of the present until we have planned the palace of the future. We know that the time is not yet when mankind can do without restrictions and threats; we know that the Kingdom of Heaven is not in our proposals, but that it is in the heart of man; our business is to help him to dig it out. We do not believe in sitting blankly before this deep-buried Kingdom of Heaven; just as it will not profit a man to pray to be delivered from his devil, so will it profit him if he handles his devil fearlessly; so is it good sociology to question and to attack the things that we think evil; it is good at the same time to repress our arrogance, and to picture the paradise we dream as merely municipal.

As we attack marriage, we must ask ourselves what there is to put instead. It is not in our power, as Mr. Bernard Shaw says, to have a social revolution on Monday and everything ship-shape and amiable on Tuesday, but it is in our power to discern the fine plants which grow among the weeds of life, plants which will in their fuller strength kill the weeds that would choke them; only it is easy, when they are very small, to mistake for a future tree a weed of peculiarly rank growth. That is our danger, and when we reflect that the alternatives to marriage are only two—bachelordom and free alliance, we realize at once that such alternatives do not lead us very far.

We have all of us within our acquaintance people who have avoided mar-

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riage, or whom marriage has passed by. When very young they are seldom peculiar, for they stand in an expectant attitude; they are still within the sphere of marriage. As a rule it is later, toward the end of the thirties, that their characteristics become marked. Here are a few cases from my note-book:

Case 0.9.—Spinster, age about 38.

Lives with her widowed father and another sister. Her looks have greatly suffered; she is very thin, her skin is like parchment. Her nervous condition brings about a succession of hysterical quarrels. She has developed an almost repulsive skittishness with men. She simpers and she ogles. Special development of vanity founded on advances that men have made to her. (Mostly fictitious.)

Case 0.10.—Spinster, aged 40.

Has retained a certain amount of looks, except that her skin is dead, and that she has developed a strong mustache. Maternal by temperament, her thwarted affections have fastened upon small dogs, of which she keeps four. Lives with her widowed mother who is a woman of violent temper. Case 0.10 has become very silent, and goes through life mute and self-sacrificed. Her two married sisters, although older, seem much younger and more vivid.

Case 0.25.—Spinster, aged about 44.

Energetic woman, manageress of a business, of excellent health and good mental capacity; has developed masculine traits in appearance and clothing. Has a complexion like a brick. Radical in views, believes in universal liberty except for the girls subordinate to her in business. Strictly celibate, and inclined to despise such as exhibit symptoms of love. Strictly dutiful to her employers and relatives, therefore cruel when meeting any breach of duty.

Case 0.14.—Spinster, age 27.

Of passionate and romantic temperament. Lives in a distraught world, in the provisional. Incapable of following any occupation for more than a little while. Driven to change from place to place. Conceives violent and short-lived passions both for men and for women friends; is unfortunate in both because her hysteria drives them away.

Case 0.6.—Man, age 55.

Has never done any work. Has probably never known true love. Completely sunk in creature comforts, such as foods, soft arm-chairs, gentle games. Has never made a sacrifice. Incapable of feeling a satisfaction, perhaps because he has never had to renounce one.

Case 0.41.—Man, age about 46.

Entirely given over to ostentation, to the acquiring of money and its spending. Derives certain satisfaction from power. Entirely hardened and given to valuing pleasures. Expresses no desire for love, children, ideas, or beneficence.

Case 0.31.—Man, age 29.

Already shows some characteristic signs of bachelordom. Gentle, sympathetic, but extraordinarily self-absorbed; fast sliding into peculiar studies and hobbies; collects snuff-boxes and enamels; devotes much time to the history of armor.

I could add many such pictures, male and female, to this fairly characteristic portrait-gallery, such as Case 0.28, a man whom loneliness and self-absorption drove at the age of fifty-six to abandon bourgeois circles and to attempt entry into Bohemia; such as Case 0.29, who has, little by little, before the age of thirty-five, almost disappeared from his circle of relatives and friends, because he has grown too lazy to answer their invitations, or because at the last moment, in sheer indifference and slackness, he has not kept the engagement he made; such as Case 0.30, who has confessed to me that he is so haunted with loneliness, yet so shy of mankind, that he sits alone in his room and drinks; such as— The list is endless. You will say that these are exceptional people, cursed with temperaments such that they must remain bachelors and spinsters; but that is not true, for most women can find a mate if they are content to take him of a slightly lower class, while all men, however old, however vile, can secure a charming mate if they can afford to keep her. You will also say that many married people show detestable character-

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istics; that they are vain, faithless, selfish, brutal, and this will be true enough. But if we make every allowance for the many uglinesses of which human nature is capable, if we agree that marriage can stale in all of us our infinite variety, even so there will be a heavy balance against the bachelors and spinsters. There is something unhealthy and abnormal in the life of the unmarried when they have reached an age and a condition such that their impulses would lead them to marry. The human tendency is to live in couples; there are a few rare people of strong individuality who find all they need within themselves, who, like Narcissus, can give a pure worship to their own image, but they are few, and nearly all men and women need the warmth of companionship. Now companionship is a peculiar thing, generally not found in families. One can love one's sisters and one's brothers, but it is sometimes very difficult; one can love one's father and one's mother, but as one grows older this becomes almost impossible if one has to live with them. This because they are imposed upon one by the accident of birth; because one knows too much about them from long association, so that they cease to interest; because one knows too little about them, never having been quite frank in the presence of those common masters, the father and the mother, to whom private lives could not be revealed. Brothers and sisters form a compulsory grouping, and that is nearly always detestable. Likewise, the association between parents and children is exquisite when the child is young and the parent venerable—only, when one is vigorous and thirty, one does not venerate the people of sixty, who have often lost their brightest faculties. A parent does not protect when he is sixty, because he cannot, because he is more likely to want protection himself. The relation between parents and children grows absurd when the children turn into men and women. It subsists on Auld Lang Syne, on toleration tinged with impatience.

So the adult cannot, as a rule, expect much companionship from the family; he must seek the voluntary grouping, as opposed to the compulsory, and that grouping can be only with a person of the opposite sex. It is the only free selection. In the search for that other person lies some of the unhealthiness of bachelor life; for the victim does not always know what he wants, and when he is driven by disappointment into the zone of doubt he develops a growing loneliness. Loneliness—and it can be achieved in a noisy household—is a most horrible thing. Nobody cares, or if some care they do not understand. Nobody really wants you; none are looking for you as you are looking for them; you are not objected to, but you are not desired; you merely *are*. If you live separate from your family, the place where you sleep is a dormitory; nobody lives in it while you are away. The fire has gone out because nobody else needed it. If you forgot to water the flowers, nobody has had in common with you the desire to keep them fresh; and so, when you return to this home where there is very little of yourself, and nothing of somebody that is near to you, it feels cold. It is perhaps for this reason that so many bachelors and spinsters develop a love for animals, especially for dogs; dogs are always delighted to see you, always love you, respect you, and never criticize.

The fight against loneliness, in which millions are engaged, is perhaps as cruel as loneliness itself. In youth the natural cure is sensation, the occupation called amusement, which consists in looking on at the pleasures of other people who have found companionship, in being a spectator in theaters and sport-grounds, in making brief and disappointing experiments in what one thinks to be love. The disappointment grows slowly, because one always hopes that the next occupation will be a pleasure, whereas it is only a pastime; thus one swiftly arrives at the terrible view that time is an enemy which must be killed, and not a winged fairy fit to carry a man through all the kingdoms of the world.

Sometimes in loneliness there is something mad. Case 0.30 said to me: "I sit there and wait until it is time to go to bed, because until then I've got nothing to do. I don't light the lamp; I'm sick of reading. I listen while the clocks strike nine, and I wait until they all strike ten. There is a mouse behind the

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wainscoting; it used to amuse me to listen to it scurrying, but now I jolly well let it scurry."

It is hard to change the mind and heart of people who are in that state; yet they cannot indefinitely go on doing things for themselves without a partner or an audience. They are not quite egotistic enough, and indeed it is the tenderest natures who suffer most cruelly when suspended like this in the midst of life. I think of a notable case, 0.44: a little time ago a soldier accosted in the street a well-known actress; when rebuffed he begged her pardon and asked whether he might walk with her, so that he might talk to somebody who did not mind his talking.

Mental peculiarities arise swiftly in these people who live alone, or who live their own lives in the midst of uninterested families. Their desire for unity lays them open to the adoption of queer religions, peculiar politics, unpopular philanthropies. They want to satisfy themselves—that is to say, to achieve contact with mankind. Now hobbies, religions, causes suddenly adopted are not impulses like the impulse to art, which is a slow-growing plant perpetually throwing off new shoots. They come as discoveries, and they are only discoveries of stopgaps. They do not satisfy, but they drug, and very often they lead the bachelor or spinster toward the second stage of loneliness which is far more tolerable. That is the stage of egotism, when one has learned to live without community, when one has begun to dry up, to feel less vividly, to desire less violently a material happiness in which one believes less. In that second stage woman suffers much more than man, for all the world is open to man, while woman has only love. If women have not that, they seldom have anything at all. Still, in both cases bachelor and spinster develop analogous symptoms. They tend to grow precise in the ordering of their furniture, their clothes, their hours and occupations, to resent violently any disarrangement of their lives. Old habit confers a value upon their property, so they come to think that theirs is the best sideboard, the best club, the best cat. A smug satisfaction arises, and at that stage the bachelor or spinster is difficult to rescue, for he shrinks from the companionship once desired—the companion might upset the orderly life, which is not happy, but has become an essential part of the new nature. Moreover, if the struggle for life is not too bitter, there arises a sense of importance, partly due to the fact that the world is always trying to convert bachelors of all ages, and spinsters of not too-well-determined ages, to marry. (A wicked spirit suggests that this is the revenge of the married.) They are considerably courted, if they have money, for you never know whether they will not give it away. And so they grow inflated; they see in life a sort of realization of the day-dreams which they often have. I believe that the day-dream, that first symptom of insanity, is much commoner among the unmarried than among the married, possibly because the married are too busy to have time to dream, perhaps because their dreams have come true, but much more likely because marriage and continual contact with another has rubbed a little gilt from the crown of their arrogance. The bachelor more easily sinks into superiority and self-indulgence, for he has upon his hearth a cricket and not a critic.

I believe that marriage is the only insurance company that issues policies against loneliness; in an amended future it will probably issue policies against companionship, but just now we must take marriage as it is. Marriage is most potent in the case of women, because their old age is more terrible than that of man. Even their middle age is cruel, for, on the whole, a man is worth what he is, while a woman is worth what she looks; when middle-aged and a spinster, she seldom looks much. Besides, as she grows older, and presumably because she leads a celibate life, while the bachelor does not, she develops nerves; men develop fat—life is easier when you are fat. Because she is nervous she is less welcome and less young than her male contemporary, and for that reason she becomes imprisoned within herself. Confined so much to her own mental society, she becomes even more egocentric than man. It is not that the bachelor exhibits many altruistic qualities; it is

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only that he exhibits them a little more freely, mainly because the bachelor is often well-to-do and the spinster seldom. He suffers in other ways from the ease of his life, from the little claim that is made on him for renunciation; he becomes soft because nothing can tempt him to self-sacrifice. In that way he escapes certain dangers, for self-sacrifice is answerable for as many tortures and as many wrongs as the hysterical accumulations of self-indulgence. Self-sacrifice is often nothing but a shameless debauch. It is a debauch in which few of the unmarried indulge, just as selfishness is another debauch for which the married have little opportunity. Oh, I plead no moral case! The unselfishness of the married is not so Christian as all that—only when two people live together they have to make efforts to please, so that each may in turn condone the things which displease. (At this stage do not call me a materialist. We are not talking of idealism, but of marriage as a social system. Marriage has nothing to do with love; all it can do is occasionally to coincide with it.)

In this mutual sacrifice marriage finds its chief strength, which is mutual support; this support may take an evil form, that of "my spouse, right or wrong," but in the main it is the maker of responsibility, without which there can be no liberty of heart, no strength, no constancy. Just as liberty alone fits men for liberty, so can responsibility alone fit them for responsibility.

When we consider the ordinary lives of unmarried men, we must give them our pity, for they have deprived themselves of anxiety. Nearly all earn as much as they need, and nearly all, in their isolation and purposelessness, learn to need all that they earn. Their work done, their pockets full enough, there is no mortgage on their time, no compulsion as to their residence, no demand that they should interest themselves in the occupations or ideas of wife, or child, or friend—in anything, indeed, except themselves, a limited field for one's interest, for soon one can know one's self too well, and intimacy may breed contempt. In the minds of the unmarried is nearly always discontent; they keep in their heads a sort of bazaar of rather shop-soiled hopes and of anodynes of doubtful efficacy—careers for which they know they are not fit, loves which they dare not adventure, vaguer loves which "somehow" might arise, aspirations to travel, to self-education, to romantic prowess, longings for the country if they live in towns, and for the towns if they live in the country. It is all artificial and self-induced; it is nothing like as sound as the preoccupation of the married with their actual children, the actual yield of their careers, their brick houses, turf gardens, and barking dogs. Marriage is the earth; beyond is the land of the will-o'-the-wisps.

It sounds very dull, my version of marriage, but roast beef and pumpkin pie are dull, and yet you go on eating them until the end of your life, while I would give none of you a fortnight to turn against unvarying dinners of *pâté de foie gras*. Marriage releases you from the unreal by giving you many real things to think about, by satisfying your need for *association* with the solid earth. That need satisfied, your spirit is free to wander in the unreal, in abstract thought, in artistic desire, instead of being bound by the continual aspiration of the unmarried to the real things they do not possess.

Its reactions do not stop there. Bachelor and spinster are released from the need of pleasing because there is nobody to please. Their homes are significant of themselves; they reflect them, for man—we say it to his shame—is perpetually influenced by the opinion of his fellows, and the critic on the hearth is always licensed and often unkind. It is quite true that marriage offers a great opportunity for wearing out one's old clothes, but still older ones are worn in bachelor chambers—the hides of men are tough, but the tongues of women are sharp; the vanity of woman is opaque, but the eyes of men are piercing. Therefore, it is not surprising that there should be less dust, less frayed stuffs, old boots, dirty glass, dust-bins, and mice in the homes of the married than in those of the single. "Why should I clear up my dirty plates?" said a spinster to me. "I should be ashamed to leave them about if there were a man to see, but there isn't." That summed up the

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situation. The unmarried live beyond publicity, and so become like little autocrats, secretive, arrogant, shameless. If they are men, they do not wash their hands before food; if they are women, they cease to buy flowers. If married, the sense of coming companionship assists the languid lady to see that the dinner is good, the flowers fresh, and the dog washed; assists the rather sulky man to suit his appearance to the woman's pleasure. They fear each other's displeasure, for nearly all are humble and have not the courage of their human slackness. Indeed, it can hardly be said that the unmarried have any homes at all, for they do not live in them enough to care to keep them well, and so when you penetrate them they have been too well swept, too well ordered, until the home looks like a city hall, carefully got up for the reception of a stranger. Coarse life or solemn life, there is little between.

A great virtue of marriage is relief. It is a perfect cure for love, or, rather, for the eternal quest of love in which mankind indulges all its years. I wonder how it is that the quest for love is not more fully recognized. It forms the theme of almost every play, novel, or poem; its tragedies at once expel from the newspapers the most daring murders and the most fascinating forgeries; it is the one part of our friends' private history which we are grimly resolved to tear from them in confidence; it is the one thing we discuss without weariness, when the idea of European politics or bimetalism has become nauseous; it is the portion of our past (and, if we are audacious, of our future) over which we can always brood; it is the episode of our career of which we always want to brag, and the retention of which always causes us intolerable pains. That quest fills our parks, our streets, with young men and women elaborately unconscious of each other; draws the servants to the windows when the soldiers go marching by; it has made more murders, thefts, and wars than the ambitions of all the princes; it has racked more couches than the aspiration of all the souls; it has made traitors, heroes, cowards, misers, while once, at least, in the lives of all who are happy it has made a moment when they would join Faust in his damnation for that passing delight—and in spite of all that we go on pretending that the important things are dinner parties, success in Wall Street, and the merits of rival Presidents! Indeed, there is truth in the old saying that man liveth not by bread alone, but mainly by hypocrisy.

Marriage relieves one of all that if love has brought it about. Most of the time it is not love at all; it is preference; but, fortunately, man is so arrogant that he often comes to think that his thing is the best because he chose it. Just as his country—says Mr. Bernard Shaw—is the greatest because he did it the honor to be born in it, so is his wife the gentlest because he condescended to raise her to his side. By marriage he often makes an end of the quest, and in so doing forges for himself bonds which I will mention a little further on. He feels anchored, and he does not always feel enchained. He is represented by an advertisement of a furniture dealer now to be seen on the walls of London; it shows a very young couple in very new clothes, arm in arm, radiant and rather shy, who announce, "We've done it." They have done it, and the most important thing for most of them is that they will never have to do it again. They have bought a license to keep a Cupid a little more romantically than a license to keep a dog. (I do not much like this sort of world, and a more exquisite one I think sleeps in the egg of time, but still for most of them it is true: "they have done it.") By having done it, they have liberated themselves from racking loneliness, from the continual search for an alleviation, from impossible dreams of an incredibly fair partner. They have cut away the tendrils of the ivy that grew about them, soft and green, but a great impediment to a marching humanity. Those who are small will live small and die not disagreeably, but those who are large will have by marriage liberated themselves for a while for some achievement; with all their cruelty and all their dullness, with all their inadequacy—that can be said of most marriages, even the most mediocre.

The main support of marriage is found

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in its alternatives. They are not precisely alternatives, but rather alternative conditions which sometimes come about as a relief from marriage, sometimes in its stead. These alternatives are found in unavowed relationships. In despite of many novels and many poems, they are nearly all failures, for they carry within themselves the seed of the abnormal; those relationships are partial, and their incompleteness tends to destroy them. A number of cases occur to me. Case 40, for instance, which has been enduring for a long time between two people now of mature age. They meet frequently, can afford to be seen together because their association can be accepted as innocent, but their links by marriage prevent unity of life. Each finds continual flaws in the other; they suspect each other rather; they find each other self-engrossed, and I suspect that the relationship endures only because it has endured so long. There is Case 12, where for many years the association has been maintained, galling and incomplete, perhaps all the more galling because the parties meet freely; unhappy in marriage, they have never dared to break away and to re-marry, for in England social consequences are of some weight. Yet they cannot bring themselves to resign the association, which is, I think, decaying in sheer weariness. Case 31 is that of a man who finds himself disturbed in his career by an enthralment, who resents the damage thus done him, who blames his partner and arms against her, who must make a water-tight compartment between her and his future success.

I could quote several other cases, and in nearly all the story is much the same, for it is only under rare conditions of temperament, such as an almost abnormal capacity for living within themselves, that two people can associate in this way, for the bond that unites them strains and frets always against the same thing—the lack of a common life. Such relationships, which do begin in love and can maintain many of its attributes, are inherently passionate; thus do they destroy themselves. Chamfort says, "The reasonable will have lasted, the passionate will have lived," and that is true enough, even if it ignore the life of the intellect—human passions burn like torches, like torches burn out. Those who hold that torch high will never preserve *in memoriam* the burnt-out socket though their hands were knit together upon the torch that burned for them. For they could think only of the flame, and there was no room for the little things—the house one lives in together, the bills one pays, the parties one goes to *responsible for each other*, the children, the dogs. I will be told that these are low and material bonds to unite two people; but if they be low, which is perhaps not true, they are strong all the same, and they are, I think, bonds less chafing than those of an unrecognized relationship, because they make steady and not unreasonable demands on those who are bound; they become habitual. Outside marriage there are none of those common bonds, and lovers need them, not only to kill the thing they love, but for far tenderer reasons, mainly because lovers are intolerably vain. The married lover is glad of the talk of mankind round his partner, likes to exhibit the other as *My* husband, *My* wife; there is mutual pride in appearance and success; the success of the one raises the pride of the other, who is proud of having captured the creature that attracts so many. It is a tribute to his own charm, a tribute so sweet that for many it will waft out incense to the death-bed.

The need for the common life corrodes unavowed unions; however much one may love, and whatever moments love may afford, those moments are too high-pitched—so their brilliance casts blackness over the rest of life. This leads to a solitude of a peculiar kind, where each wraps round the other an ideal possible only about the absent; the penalty is that fulfilment never equals the dream. Thus an entirely unjust irritation arises between the lovers; it would not be so if they had the common life that marriage can give, for however much marriage may pile up irritations—and it does—it does not pile up such revengeful irritations. Marriage is October, and departures from marriage are the Indian summer; they are as short-lived and as treacherous. They are built on no great hopes of permanence by people of

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thirty, who forget that they will be sixty—and perhaps forty-five. They forget that most of life is ahead, even if one is no longer young, for life is slower when less filled with events, and so they take no account of the cry for the common life. How vital is this need we see every day in the case of widows or widowers who lose partners with whom for half their lives they have been unhappy. You might think that widowing would mean release, and these people often think so, but in fact a horrible loneliness descends upon them; they miss the scolder or the scolding; they have lost their occupation in life, and sometimes you see them break up as swiftly as old business men who retire into what they call ease, but really into aimlessness.

The aspiration to the common life roots deep in human nature. It is exhibited even in jails, for I remember being told that a prisoner who had experienced both the Turkish and the British prisons found less pain in the horrible, dirty, verminous, starving Turkish jail than in the modern British establishment that was well aired, well warmed, clean; in the English prison the bulk of his time was spent in the loneliness of his immaculate cell, a prey to his own thoughts, while in the Turkish, among the vilest and the most brutal, at least he was crowded with his fellows, warmed by their humanity, however degraded.

Most important, too, is the child, who must remain forbidden to the adventurers. In many of us the child is the expression of true love, an offering to the present, a hostage to the future. Those who marry and want no children have not always married in error, for human types are various and not all of us care for so close a common bond as is the child, but there is something lacking in their desire for unity. They find no need for tangible expression of that unity. And what is tragic is that often in unavowed unions there is a deep but unrealizable desire for the child. The child thrives best in rather humdrum marriages, because it is the most vital fact in a relation not very stimulating in itself. It is interesting to watch it grow; it is flattering to find it intelligent, and one generally does; it is amusing to plan its future, even though one knows that it will probably plan it itself. All that means marriage, because marriage is the child's atmosphere, its mental protector. To feed the body of a child is not enough. It needs another food, made up of the love and interest of two people who by its means have intertwined their lives. The child is the common burden, the common responsibility, the common pleasure, and therefore can make up the chief interest upon which is built the common life. To return to an early metaphor in this paper, it may be said that the cruelest deprivation in an unrecognized union is the lack of this link, the child, who is an insurance policy against the loss of common interest.

This dithyramb does not mean that I look upon marriage as a perfect institution, but I have written so often against it, pointing out so many of its evils, that in fairness I am compelled to make its case. In marriage, as it is practised in civilized countries, there is much fault to be found, and I confidently look forward to a process of enlightenment where marriage will still exist, if only as a moral bond, but relieved of much of the dullness and the shackled feeling which arises from it to-day. With community of interest grows community of responsibility, and it sometimes happens that marriage increases responsibility. The irony is that where the bachelor or the spinster has lived a life of dissipation and improvidence marriage does not mean greater responsibility, for most of us can spend only what we have; but thrifty bachelors and spinsters often find less financial liberty in marriage than out. Children, too, which are necessary in most marriages, are costly pleasures, and so we find many marriages slowly grow into associations for mutual recrimination, anxious, worried, combative unions, where each charges the other with selfishness, and by so doing becomes selfish. We find opposition between the male and female temperaments, which is all the sharper when the characters are strong; the common type of man, which is direct, energetic, fairly judicial, and amazingly closed to new ideas, does not dovetail as the idealists think with the more excitable female

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temperament, its caprices and its contempt of logic. After a while the weaknesses that charmed irritate, and it is nearly always true that in the beginning foolish lips may be kissed, but later must learn to speak wisdom.

In most cases, however, it is not friction makes marriage so difficult, for human beings are not as a rule sensitive enough to be maddened by trifles. What happens more often is the growth of monotony. It is as if the whipped cream of love had been made into a pudding. (A pudding is an excellent thing, but still . . .) It is true that marriage often allays in men the desire for adventure, and it is well that it should be so, for a world composed entirely of Don Juans of all ages would be chaotic, uncomfortable, and ill-furnished with the necessaries of life. Life in the midst of continually recurring domestic revolutions would become a little too romantic, and so we must not weep too long over the young hero with the curly fair hair, who has forgotten all his dreams and is well content with his small home, for the curly fair hair must grow gray or, what is worse, fall off. This sounds like a platitude, but it is true all the same, and one cannot too often remind mankind that the later years are longer than the early years. That is where marriage scores a heavy point, but, on the other hand, it does tend to dull the edge of men's venturesomeness; often it makes them too content, and much more often it makes them too dull to conceive again the quest of the golden girl, for they have at home, shall we say the silver-gilt girl, and it is regretfully that I imagine their content, for I should prefer a world where the race of delights would be longer and pleasures have less mutable faces.

So far as women are concerned, marriage has a contrary weakness; whereas it saves most men from mental wear and tear, due to the excessive fervor of their quest, it seems to awake and irritate many women, to make them realize that they have not tasted life fully, to drive them to dangerous adventures or to foolish amusements. Modern marriage is not a convenient institution, which is another way of saying that we are not fine enough to manage another one. To-day marriage, with its relative freedom of choice, its comparatively easy dissolution, its definition of family rights (which is a very new thing), is a great improvement on marriage as it was, say, a hundred years ago. Mankind is better educated, a little more tolerant than it was, a little more able to understand that this is an evolving world, and that the institution is on its trial; mankind understands a little better that as soon as one arrives at a conviction the time has come to doubt it. A philosophic basis is growing in us, and we pin fewer illusions to perfect love and perfect life. We know that, especially for women, a bad marriage is better than none, and we need only, as our next step, develop a less exacting view of marriage; we have notably to understand the tragic fact that while a man may sometimes make a woman's complete happiness or misery, no woman can of herself make a man entirely happy.

Marriage is a question of alternatives, and the new form of marriage, which the advanced call "free alliance," is very difficult of application. It is not new at all, and it has never been easy to apply because so few of us were fit for it. I suspect that men and women are still far too greedy, intolerant, self-seeking, capricious, and stupid to remain united by merely honorable bonds. Mankind has not enough sense of fairness to do without clergymen or attorneys, and, except among the uneducated grades of the population whose morals are instinctive, free alliance is almost invariably a failure. It does not often create lifelong friendship, because in most unions there comes the time that Sir Arthur Pinero calls "mid-channel," when, as a man put it to me, "one hates one's wife." That time is the dying struggle of the adventurous spirit. It is a pity that this spirit must die, but no permanent civilization can be built except upon its tomb. Marriage gives "mid-channel" its chance. When that time comes and dreams have not been realized, when the new monotony seems intolerable, when faces are too familiar and pleasantries too old, the parties find it just difficult enough to dissolve marriage to grow used to the new creature. That creature is "We," which has to take the place of

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"I" and "You." "I" and "You" are rebellious; they are our life force; they must be incorporated into "We," and if nothing binds them together, often they fly apart. Marriage compels them to pause, while free alliance, imposing no restraint, exercises no power.

There is nothing in free alliance to reassure people. They see themselves grow older, duller, and, depending only upon themselves, live with fear; they grow unhappy, and by so doing radiate unhappiness; they make it. They suffer, too, from their unusual position; as Stendhal says, "All difference engenders hatred." In such cases hatred takes the form of insult, or worse, of ostracism. Servants, casual acquaintances, band themselves together to make the freely allied feel outcast. If the outlaws find pride in their condition, their defiance of the world breeds in them the dramatic feeling that they are "flying in the world's face." This is delightful in the beginning, but the face of the world is hard, and swallows fall stunned against brick walls. The freely allied take up the attitude that they do not want the people who do not want them, and for a while they exult in that. A little later they discover that the people they do not want do not want them; nothing humanly vain can long endure such an insult. Apart from vanity, too, we are sociable creatures. We need our fellows, and the ostracized little by little tire of the only society open to them, that of the equally ostracized. The social round, which is dull, is necessary because it is to the common life what the copper in a golden coin is to the gold; it is the foreign element which makes the metal harder and fitter for wear; it is a relief from too much community. It is an irritant that makes community more desirable, because it steps in at moments when community is desired; social intercourse gives the common life something to push against. In this again, the married are favored, for bachelors, spinsters, freely allied—these people are so lonely that they must take from their fellows the society that offers, if they cannot easily obtain the society they want. The married, on the other hand, having in reserve their common life, can select better from among their fellows, and take only those who will make their pleasure or procure their advancement.

All this does not mean—I want to repeat it—that modern marriage does not need to be made more easy. Leaving out the care of the child, marriage must grow more possible of conclusion and dissolution; it must see to it that "I" and "You" are not entirely merged in "We"; it must acquire a more republican tendency. This evolution will mean a more separate control of money, of time, and especially of movements. Marriage will have to allow a greater freedom, because denial of freedom breeds passion for rebellion, because as soon as one grows conscious that one is not free one learns to hate tyranny. "In every home a marriage republic," is a pretty good motto for the coming times.

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Frazee

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

ON the roll of distinguished names that shed luster upon the Geographical Club there was none that shone with a more impressive splendor than that of Frederic Raynor, F.R.S., whose daring and persistent explorations of certain of the southwestern tributaries of the Amazon had made those unalluring regions indisputably his own. No one, seemingly, had ever cared to follow Raynor's lead in that direction; and what was the use?—since Raynor for a dozen years had been systematically pushing up one after another of those pestilential streams that oozed out of a vast and hitherto uncharted morass.

Reeve, who had seen something of the Congo, could only shrug his shoulders and wonder wherein lay the fascination that led Raynor to risk his precious skin every other year or so by floundering deeper and deeper into that dismal and unholy cesspool of the South American continent. And, in a sense, it did seem a mania that had grown upon Raynor. He had made that region so wholly his own, had linked his name with it so inseparably in the eyes of the scientific world, that in time no other part of the earth's surface held any attraction for him. And, naturally, he had come to be a little vain of his minute, unchallenged knowledge of that dark hinterland beyond the Amazon. Professor Prentice, who at times reveals a forte for plumbing the depths of human nature with startling insight, once observed to me that Raynor would probably have taken it as a personal affront had any other explorer proposed to invade that region.

And in time it *was* invaded. I remember the general exclamations of surprise that went up when it was learned that Flynt had set out to plunge into Raynor's country. Two German archæologists, working in Peru, had unearthed evidence pointing to an Inca migration eastward, over the mountains, and the subsequent building of a city on the shore of a lake—obviously some headwater of one of the tributaries of the Amazon. The Germans had evolved the thing most ingeniously — too ingeniously, perhaps. But, at any rate, the clue was worth trying, and one tributary in particular seemed indicated by the evidence. Here, clearly, was a task for Raynor, who knew every inch of the ground; and yet Flynt, perhaps because he was an Englishman and remote from the circle of Raynor's effulgence—Flynt went at it. We all gasped, and wondered how Raynor would take that, for it was suddenly clear that Prentice had voiced what we had all felt subconsciously—that Raynor was actually jealous of his domain.

But for weeks Raynor did nothing. He held aloof from the whole problem in a grim silence. The possible existence of Inca ruins east of the Andes, on a lake which the Germans had presumed to locate near the headwaters of the Baiya, remained a subject of much controversy and speculation — on which Raynor should have had everything to say, but on which he said nothing.

Of course Raynor's attitude provoked no end of comment. There were all sorts of stories rife in the rooms of the Geographical Club — gossip born of this sensation of the hour. Raynor, with his widening recognition abroad, had become such a big figure among us that his silence—his refusal to recognize that Flynt even existed—set every one to conjuring up an explanation.

There was, first of all, the question of pique on Raynor's part, and his personal pride. Perhaps he felt that Flynt should have deferred to his intimate and superior knowledge and should have consulted him before plunging into that treacherous unknown. Certainly it would have been the part of caution, for

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it was a hazardous undertaking that might consume months before Flynt emerged again—if, with anything like Raynor's habitual luck, he *did* emerge. But Flynt's procedure had been well-nigh reckless. He had gone in almost single-handed — and the jungle had closed over him. After a month or so one of Flynt's two colleagues had come down the river on a stretcher—leg broken by a fall. He bore discouraging news: there had been illness—pernicious malaria—and Flynt's other associate had died. Flynt, left with only his native carriers, was determined to stick it out. Naturally, that looked like the end of Flynt, and, as the sequel proved, it was.

But before this tragic turn of events some envious tongues had hinted that Raynor was only waiting for Flynt to make a complete fiasco before he plunged in and turned the trick himself—to his own greater glory, to which might possibly be added the glory of rescuing Flynt. Others would have it that Raynor had been all through those headwaters of the Baiya and wouldn't have overlooked anything so stupendous as Inca ruins. They maintained that Raynor, in his Sphinx-like silence, knew perfectly well that there was nothing of the kind to be found there, and that Flynt, since he had elected to go it alone without inviting Raynor's counsel, would have only himself to thank for a fruitless quest.

There was one insidious whisper to the effect that Raynor had grown too old for such arduous work; it was pointed out that he had not ventured back to his favorite haunts for nearly five years —an unprecedented interval. It was added—in a still lower whisper—that the narrow escape Raynor had had from leaving his bones in the jungle on his last venture had broken his nerve completely.

It must have been this last insinuation that reached Raynor's ears and stung him into action. He was very far from being old—he had just turned fifty—but his hair, prematurely whitened by his years in the tropic jungle, had given his massive, leonine head an aspect of age. Of course he was "soft" after five years' dalliance in the heart of effete civilization, and it had to be admitted that he had taken on weight. Nevertheless, Raynor suddenly decided to "go in."

He made the announcement at a big dinner given to a Norwegian explorer newly returned from the Arctic—sprang it as a complete surprise upon us all; and he had withheld the news until so late a moment before his departure that with the announcement he coupled his farewell. If he had calculated on creating a sensation, he had it. A thrill of excitement and furor of applause swept over that roomful of four hundred diners when Raynor—always magnificent in manner and presence, but never more resplendent than in that valedictory—faced us across the long expanse of the speakers' table—an impressive and commanding figure. The poor little Norwegian chap, whom we had assembled to honor, was completely forgotten. It was Raynor's hour. All his life he had dominated when he chose to do so, carrying every thing before him in that cool, masterful way.

And with never a word in reference to Flynt. He broke from his weeks of silence by reviewing in detail the theory which the German archæologists had advanced. It was a scholarly and brilliant presentment of the problem which had awakened world-wide discussion, and then he ended:

"There seems to be but one way to settle this question—that is, to go and find out. I propose to go—and, if God wills, find out."

The thing was magnificent in its simplicity. It brought every one to his feet in a cheer that shook the rafters of that immense, gilded banquet-room. There was no question that he would do it. He would go in where Flynt had perished miserably, and he would come out —with the truth, if it lay within human grasp.

A week later he had sailed. His arrival at Para was duly cabled. Then came bulletins at irregular intervals, as he accomplished the preliminary stages of his advance up the Amazon and drew gradually to the point where further communication with the outside world would cease and he would at last plunge into the unknown. We sat back then

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for those long weeks of waiting while he toiled toward his goal. But after a month or two there came further news—he had put back for some reason, or the first start had been merely a preliminary excursion of some sort—the cables were far from clear on this point. We waited to hear of his start again.

Weeks slipped by, but the start was not made. Instead, it was reported that Raynor had moved down the river for some distance, doubling back on the trail by which he had come. He seemed to have dismissed a part of his company. We could only speculate as to what untoward conditions were holding him back in this unprecedented way. After a lapse of several months came the rumor that he had postponed the undertaking until the following year.

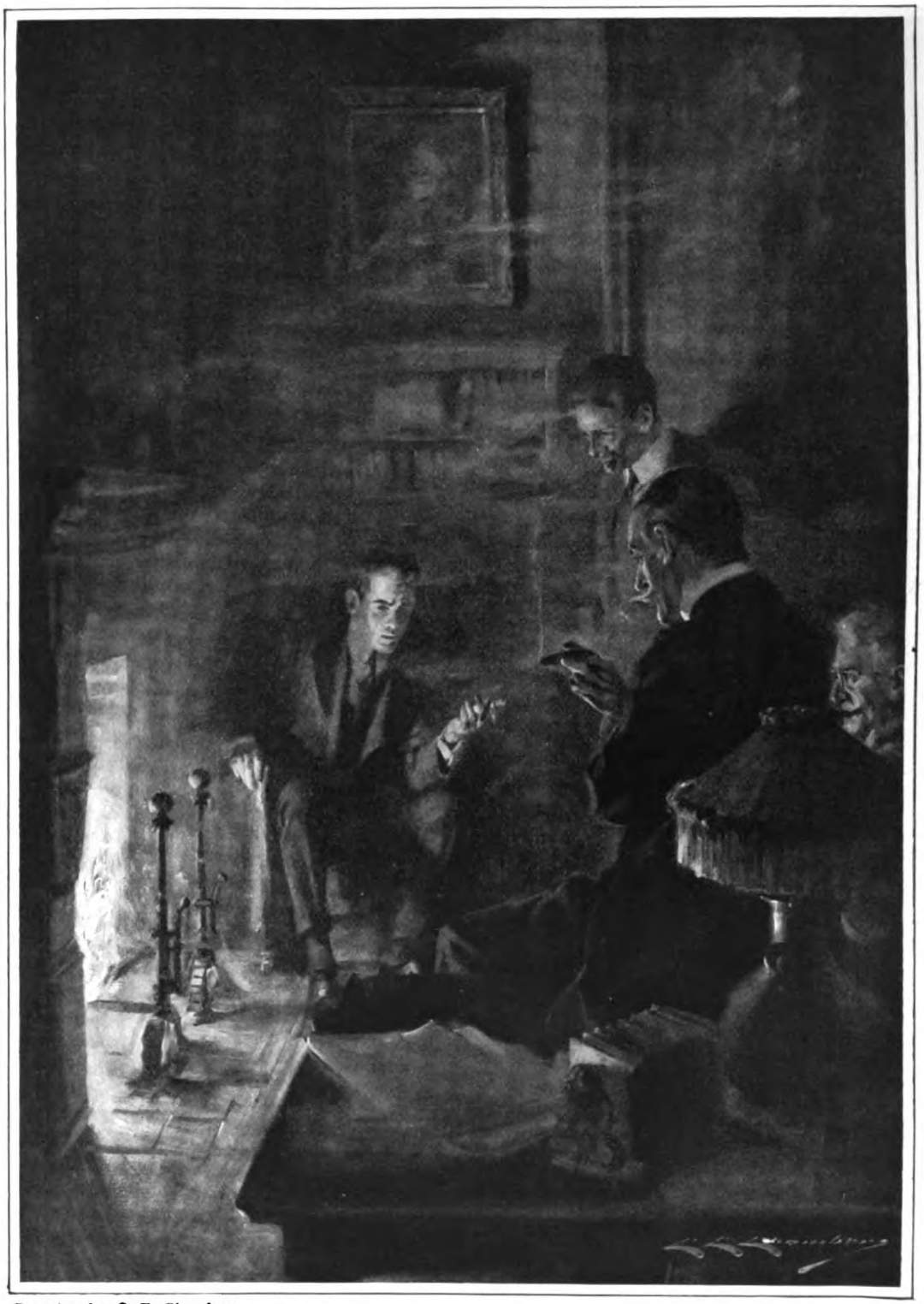
But during the year that followed he made a further retreat down the Amazon. He was still miles removed from civilization, but he had built himself a bungalow on the edge of the wilderness that stretched back from the river, and there he was living in seclusion, except for two or three natives whom he retained—the sole remnant of his band. And regarding all this nothing explicit could be gained from the evasive letter or two which Raynor addressed to Prentice. He spoke vaguely of delay and plans unavoidably disarranged. It was quite unlike Raynor; it was incredible that he should be stalling in this fashion on the very threshold of the land that had held a lifelong fascination over him and into which he had plunged time and again with ardor.

Another year went by, but he never stirred from his bungalow. Meanwhile, with the passing of months, our perplexity and wonder lost their edge, and then slowly waned. Raynor was thousands of miles removed from us in the midst of our active concerns. At last, quite unheralded, appeared a small monograph by him—the sole product of his empty, idle days. He had made some trifling entomological investigation—Raynor! the great Raynor!—content to waste his days with a butterfly-net in the neighborhood of that bungalow, which seemingly had become his permanent abode!

It was a creditable little study of a certain species of the wasp, but the sheer anticlimax of it—coming from Raynor—made a brief sensation, stirred our lethargic interest in the man. Some of the old gossip revived—how the jungle had cowed and conquered him, a beaten man haunting the outskirts of his once glorious domain which he no longer dared enter. But the talk quickly died out. Raynor was too far removed from us in time and space, and as a heroic figure he had shrunken to insignificance. The last remaining link with him was broken when his letters to Prentice ceased. We actually came to forget him, except at intervals of a year or more, when one of those entomological trifles of his would appear in the *Scientific Review*. Apparently he was still bug-hunting. Three years later came the report of his death, which was sudden, due to an affection of the heart. His exile had lasted ten years.

Raynor's effects — all the paraphernalia of that bungalow—were gathered together by order of the American consul and brought down the river to Para, where they were packed and shipped to New York, consigned to Prentice, the closest of his old-time friends. Then came the memorable discovery that brought Raynor back to us more tremendously than if he had reappeared in the flesh. Among all that entomological riffraff accumulated during his ten years' sojourn in the wilderness were discovered records, route-maps, memoranda—indisputable evidence in his own hand—of what we thought had been only an ill-timed start toward the headwaters of the Baiya. He had actually gotten there, after all—the ruined city of the Incas was an actuality! There were even photographs. And the scientific value of the discovery was overwhelming. It must have staggered Raynor as it certainly staggered us. He could not have dreamed, when he set out upon this last venture, that it would mean the rewriting of a whole chapter in Peruvian archæology. And yet for ten years he had chosen to live aloof from the world, withholding from it all knowledge of this crowning achievement of his career. If Raynor's conduct had ever seemed inexplicable, this transcended all. It was beyond human un-

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Drawing by C. E. Chambers

THE THREE OF US SAT VISIONING THAT STRUGGLE OF A SOUL

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derstanding to fathom his purpose in deliberately arranging for that staggering posthumous revelation. It seemed like the bizarre machination of an utterly disordered mind.

It fell to the lot of Reeve and myself to assist Professor Prentice in the editing of those papers before their publication in book form. The newspapers promptly swooped down and seized upon the sensational features of the story, which they blazoned to the four quarters of the earth. The story went everywhere and in due time reached young Cameron—Raynor's nephew and sole relative of near kin—who was idling on the Italian Riviera. A copy of the book followed, with Prentice's compliments.

Cameron was a restless and overbright youngster just out of his twenties, who had developed a precocious ability at novel-writing, and who roamed the earth at his own sweet will, accompanied by nothing but his manuscripts. He would begin a story in the Austrian Tyrol, and very likely finish it in Bombay. He had a shrewd, fertile brain; a gift of clever, if superficial, observation; and a knack of saying things in a way wholly his own. The one thing he fought shy of was science, which he vehemently professed an utter inability to grasp. His uncle's international renown he was apt to treat with jocular disrespect. All this was, of course, merely a pose, in which we indulged him. Everybody liked Stacy Cameron. He was a favorite even with our somewhat staid circle at the Geographical Club, which he would sometimes invade of an evening with a most enlivening result.

He was the one person in the world, I ventured to point out to Prentice, who would probably not bat an eyelash at this sensational volume of Raynor's. He probably wouldn't even look at it, since everything scientific bored him. But the sequel proved that he *had* looked at it. Six months or so after Prentice sent him the book he turned up in New York, having elected to cross the Atlantic by an outlandish and circuitous route *viâ* Buenos Aires, Rio, Demarara, and Barbados.

He came in unexpectedly at the Geographical Club before any one knew he was in town. It was an off night, and consequently Prentice, Reeve, and I had him pretty much to ourselves. He seemed moody and engrossed during the talk about Raynor—and naturally we talked about that. He listened with a restless impatience, and yet, as I noticed, he was missing nothing that was said. He took us completely by surprise when, along about ten o'clock, he asked if the four of us couldn't retire to one of the committee-rooms. He wanted to have a few words with us quite undisturbed.

Reeve suggested the secretary's room, a cozy place with book-lined walls, where we drew our chairs into a semicircle around the big fireplace. Cameron was at one end and quite near the hearth. As he faced us the electric light on the table was in his eyes, and he asked Reeve to shut it off. Reeve did so, plunging the room in a semi-darkness, in which we sat smoking our cigars, the glow of the logs in the fireplace playing fantastically upon our faces.

After a casual anecdote or two from Cameron, nervously hit off, which did not seem to have called for this closeting of his auditors, he plunged into still another. He was always throwing out these *disjecta membra*, which eventually got themselves into his books.

"I happened upon a chap, coming up—at Barbados," he began, quite inauspiciously. "A queer stick, I must say. His name was Frazee—Fray-*zee*, he insisted on my pronouncing it. The vessel had put in at Georgetown to lie there overnight, and some of the passengers, like myself, had strolled ashore. I got the impression that he had deliberately followed me into a little drinking-place near the water-front. It presently turned out that he, too, was traveling on the vessel—in the second-class cabin, and he had learned my name. Somehow he had discovered that I was Frederic Raynor's nephew.

"He was a persistent little beast," Cameron went on, screwing up his eyes at the fire as if at some unpleasant recollection. "I thought he merely wanted me to buy him a drink, and I indulgently offered to do so. He accepted with an alacrity that was almost greedy. He called for some queer rum concoction, over which he audibly smacked his lips, all the time closely watching me

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with his little, green, ferret-like eyes from under a golf-cap, several sizes too large for him, which he wore pulled down over his close-cropped, bullet-shaped head.

"We had sat down in a corner, and he was quick to seize the advantage this gave him—the social equality implied by our glasses sharing the same table. The rum loosened Frazee's tongue at once. He began by telling me that he had known my uncle well—very well indeed. He declared that he had been one of Raynor's right-hand men in a memorable trip up the Baiya ten years ago. . . . Impudent little rat!" Cameron paused to soliloquize aloud. "I thought it was just a cheeky lie to impress me with his importance or to establish some sentimental grounds of appeal for a loan, which I supposed he would presently try to coax out of me. But he went on to describe some of that jungle business in great detail, and, in spite of his cheap gusto, the thing rang true. It seems that he actually had made that trip with Raynor. I couldn't help wondering how that undersized, disreputable little shrimp had managed to fasten himself upon the expedition, and in what menial capacity he had been tolerated and permitted to tag along. Probably that cheeky persistence of his had carried him through, just as it had brought him acquainted with me at that table, drinking rum and chattering sociably.

"I was amused by the impertinence of the thing, but the way his little green eyes kept cunningly watching me was distinctly unpleasant. He seemed to be covertly studying me with a view to some sinister end of his own. I was speculating as to how I could most easily get rid of him, when suddenly his rambling account of that jungle trip, to which I was hardly listening, brought me up with a start.

"'. . . And, my God!—would you believe it? We had stumbled on Flynt. It makes me feel creepy yet—' Frazee was rattling on when I interrupted.

"'Look here!' I interposed, sharply. 'What's this you're saying?'

"'Flynt,' he repeated—'that English chap that had gone up that same bloody river the year before and never came out.'

"'You found Flynt?' I retorted, sarcastically, for he was plainly romancing now.

"For answer his little green eyes, regarding me over the top of his glass, twinkled as if the tragic episode were nothing but a huge joke. He set down the glass and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"'Well, how much of Flynt would you expect us to find after all those months?' he demanded, with jeering insolence. 'Think some traveling undertaker ought to have happened along in that God-forsaken place? Think they'd have black crêpe a-hanging to them trees? Or nice, white, marbly tombstones setting around?' He swore under his breath. 'Blamed if we wasn't lucky to find any part of his rotten old outfit sticking out of the grass, for that's the only way we knew we'd found Flynt.'

"Frazee grinned at the recollection, leaned over to spit violently upon the floor, and then eyed me with a sort of indulgent contempt.

"'I guess you never tackled the jungle yourself, did you? Well, it's fierce. You flounder along in a ruck of slime and tangled roots and plants higher than your head, slashing your way inch by inch with *machetes*—just a choked, snarled-up mass of every green thing that grows—bushes, vines, festoons, creepers—that you can't see through ten feet ahead, and closing in behind you at every step. Everything around you dank, sodden, growing or rotting in a perfect steam of vapor, even the air choking you and aswarm with every damned insect that's got wings. It's a rotten business—ugh! You stumble along over trunks of dead trees—been lying there for hundreds of years. And overhead more trees, all tangled so thick that you can't get a sight of the sky to save your soul. And on you go, stumbling, slipping, something catching and clawing you at every step, tripping you up, scratching your face till it bleeds—and all the time the sweat oozing out of you at every pore. It's fierce, I tell you. And with always a chance of losing your bearings, or running short of grub, or catching the fever—or mebbe doing all three—like Flynt.'

"He paused to pucker his thin lips

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in a sort of retrospect of disgust. Then he burst out, admiringly: 'Blamed if your uncle Raynor didn't seem to like it. He knew all the tricks of the game, too, I tell you. He could scent the way through that blithering mess like a dog: jungle, river, more jungle, river again—it was all the same to him. He could wriggle through everything—yes, and keep the whole shebang of us everlastingly on the move.'

"His eyelids flickered queerly, as he suddenly leered at me from under his monstrous golf cap. 'Finding Flynt's outfit, though, seemed to take the ginger all out of him.'

"'Well, naturally,' I put in. 'To stumble on that tragic start when you were just starting yourself—'

"'Don't you fool yourself!' retorted Frazee, promptly. 'Flynt wasn't starting out—not by a long shot!' His lips curled back from his teeth in a cruel smile. 'Flynt was *coming back!* He'd gotten there—wherever those blooming Inc-ky ruins was. Those maps and diaries of his'n that we found proved that. The poor fool had gone and dished himself on the home-stretch.'"

"Maps!"

"Diaries!"

It was Reeve and myself breaking in simultaneously upon Cameron's recital as we leaned forward in strained, appalled attention. I felt Prentice's hand creeping up my arm and gripping my shoulder.

"Don't interrupt—"

"But Prentice"—I turned on him—"Don't you see—"

Again he silenced me with a discreet, firm pressure upon my arm. His eyes never wavered from their steadfast scrutiny of Cameron. "Go on, Cameron," he overruled us.

Our guest, who had hitherto sat hunched forward, seemingly addressing his tale to the logs in the fireplace, had at last turned to make a sidelong appraisal of the effect of his words upon us. And to him our three faces, picked out of the gloom by that ghastly firelight, must have seemed masque-like—spread with amazement, incredulity, horror. He contemplated us thoughtfully, when Reeve, impatient, jumped to his feet.

"Did this chap of yours, Cameron, give you to understand that Flynt had actually got through—"

"And was coming back," answered Cameron, with a nod. "The maps and papers were in a fair state of preservation, thanks to rubber or oil-skin wrappings. Moreover, it seems that Flynt in his last hours had made some efforts to protect them. They were deposited in a sort of cairn contrived out of various odds and ends—fairly safe from the weather and from animals prowling about the forest. If by any chance some one ever happened along, they would surely be found, which was more than Flynt could hope for his own fever-doomed body. It was a sort of tomb, I imagine, that he strove to build to his achievement before he finally gave up."

Cameron slowly exhaled a cloud of smoke, frowned, and shook his head. "Of course the little shriveled soul of Frazee wasn't impressed with that aspect of the tragedy. He wasn't impressed with the tragedy of it at all. He had instantly gone to pulling and tearing at that clumsily built cairn, like a dog at a woodchuck's hole, just to see what it would disclose. And it was only papers.

"'Papers—humph!' I remember Frazee snorting in disgust, and then he went on, shrilly: 'But, my eye! you should have seen Raynor go for them! He snatched them out of my hands with a blazing look at me as if I had been caught robbing the dead. But he was stony-eyed soon enough. In fact, for an hour he never moved—just sat there staring at them papers, while the rest of us dropped down and waited for the word to start.'

Cameron broke off suddenly. "The little beast!" he exclaimed, almost with heat. "At that point in his yarn Frazee leaned across the table, lowering his voice, and reaching out to paw my sleeve confidentially. He actually seemed to seek my approbation of the cunning of his next manœuver. 'But I edged round back of Raynor,' he went on, his eyes narrowing to mere slits of green—'I edged round in a way that he wouldn't notice. I managed to wriggle up close till I could steal a look now and then over his shoulder. And I piped what was in those papers, all right. Any time

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you think you can fool Mr. Frazee! I'm as sharp as they make 'em, I guess. Say, Mr. Cameron, ain't we going to have another drink?'

"I wanted to kick the little imp, but I didn't—not with his tale hanging fire at that point. I rapped with my glass on the table to attract the attention of the sour-faced, one-eyed individual in a greasy, unspeakable apron who presided over the place. It was a cellar-like den, with damp, discolored walls, the air smelling of rum and stale tobacco, and at the other tables lounged two or three human derelicts in a state midway between sleeping and waking, who occasionally lifted a bleared, vacant stare in our direction.

"Strange to say, the Scotch whisky I had been served with was not half bad. What Frazee's rum concoction was like, Heaven alone knows. Before he had begun on his second potation he had gone on in his glib fashion to describe haphazardly the contents of those documents found in the cairn. I gathered that Flynt, with a mere remnant of his party, had reached his goal. He had come upon extensive ruins—decayed, half-buried, and wholly overgrown—indisputably of Inca origin. He had at length turned back—they had been attacked by natives, and there had been treachery on the part of his own carriers—some had deserted—they had lost their way for a time—food had run short—fever—thus it trailed off in shorter and shorter entries until the diary ceased.

"'Cheerful reading—my eye!' was Frazee's comment. 'It gave me the creeps. Blamed if I was hankering for that kind of a finish in that God-forsaken place. And, says I myself, what was the sense of going on to look for those blooming Inc-ky ruins when Flynt had beat us to it? No use at all. Raynor could see that. We drew off a little—so as not to annoy Flynt's ghost—and camped for the night, and the next day blamed if Raynor didn't order us around and start back home. And never a word out of him. There was a look on his face, though, I can't describe—frozen there for days and days afterward till I thought it would never come off. Like this:'

"Frazee suddenly drew his face up violently. I shuddered at the repulsive, clumsy distortion of his features, meant to depict, I suppose, the depths of defeat and despair written on a human countenance. Then, abruptly, he dropped the hideous caricature, and his mouth widened into a malicious grin—a grin which reached almost to his ears, standing out from under the golf-cap like two jug-handles.

"'You see!' his laugh rang out, triumphantly. He was fairly gloating now. 'Flynt was dead, but Flynt had beat him to it!'"

Cameron, with an abrupt gesture of disgust, flung his cigar into the fireplace and got to his feet.

"I had had enough. I was sick of the fellow, and he really had nothing more to tell. I got up and threw down some money for the one-eyed waiter in the greasy apron to collect, and I walked out, leaving Frazee sitting there with that silly grin on his face and his little green eyes looking hard after me. I left him there—and yet I didn't. Mentally, I took him with me—his words echoing and repeating themselves in my ears, his face still haunting me with its evil, triumphant leer."

For a long moment none of us stirred in our chairs, while Cameron stood over us, confronted us with that appalling revelation. His tall figure towered above the hearth—silent, enigmatic, expectant. He had left us to draw the abhorrent inference—the only inference that could be drawn—of Raynor's subsequent conduct in the hideous light thrown on it by the unspeakable Frazee.

I glanced covertly at Reeve. He was sitting with his face buried in his hands. Beyond him a faint aureole of light seemed to play about the venerable head of Professor Prentice. Somehow I got the impression that he had withstood the impact of that shattering intelligence and that he was maintaining his poise through it all. In the darkness the end of his cigar glowed and paled at measured intervals, like the winking eye of some distant pharos, flashing steadfast and serene over a storm-tossed sea.

Abruptly the door opened and a shaft of radiance smote the darkened room.

"Oh! I beg your pardon—"

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I recognized the voice of the secretary of the club.

"What, *you*, Cameron?" came his involuntary exclamation as he caught sight of our visitor.

Cameron frowned at the interruption, but he strode over to the door, and the two shook hands. Suddenly their voices were no longer audible. They had stepped outside, and the door had clicked shut, plunging the room once more into silence and gloom. We were left alone to our appalled and heart-sick contemplation of Frazee.

Reeve at length lifted his head sharply from his hands. "So that's it, eh?" he exclaimed, almost hotly. "To think that Raynor could bring himself to filching a dead man's achievement—"

Prentice cleared his throat with a protesting sound. "Reeve, that doesn't follow," he said, gravely. "If Raynor is a thief"—he seemed to wince at the word—"it is because we have made him one. He never claimed this discovery. It is we three that have given it to the world and proclaimed it his achievement. We have acted without his knowledge or authority. The deed is ours—done after he was powerless to prevent."

"But the stuff was certainly in Raynor's handwriting," Reeve argued—"the first step, necessarily, in any attempt to appropriate it."

Prentice frowned. "There might be various reasons for that," he went on, judicially, but in tones that seemed to lack conviction. "The decayed condition of the documents may have prompted the copying. In any case, if Raynor intended to bring or send the originals to New York, he would be taking a very natural precaution against accident by first making a copy."

"But for ten years he kept the thing to himself—did nothing," persisted Reeve, voicing the one clear, inescapable fact. "That tells the whole story."

"Ten years," repeated Prentice, slowly. He did not combat Reeve further. Instead, his head bent forward wearily and he locked his frail hands together. "Ten years," he said, in a whisper, as if to himself. "Good God! . . . The torture of it!"

It swept over me in a blinding wave of realization—what that last decade in Raynor's life must have been—utterly remote from human companionship in the heart of the wilderness, while he struggled with his pride, cheated of his ambition, mocked by Flynt's documents miraculously given into his hands, perhaps tempted to claim them his. He had given the best years of his life to the slow and systematic combing of every nook and cranny of that region, only to have an interloper stumble upon the one great, incomparable prize which it had held concealed.

Through the vista suddenly opened by Frazee we could look back on those years of bitterness—the struggle and torture in Raynor's soul—all the greatness and all the littleness of the man engaged in a supreme conflict—his veering purpose, his irresolution before his clear, insistent duty to become the bearer of Flynt's discovery to the world—the world that was waiting to acclaim Raynor, as it had done time and again—the fickle world that would resound with plaudits for the martyred Flynt—Flynt, who had eclipsed Raynor in Raynor's own domain.

In the bitterness of his pride he had faltered, until with each passing week and month the great renunciation had become harder; until, with the tale of years, it could mean only confession, shame, disgrace. For ten years, a prey to indecision, revolt, remorse, his proud spirit had suffered its torment and then, without warning, death had swiftly intervened, while he still clutched the prize of his rival, unwilling to render up what could never possibly be his.

But we, the instruments of a cruel, ironic fate, had put his dead hands to the deed; we had given him the prize which he had coveted, and we had foisted upon him the crime from which he had recoiled. . . .

The three of us sat visioning—each in his own way—that struggle of a soul while a profound silence filled the room. After a while Prentice slowly lifted his head, and a single word escaped his lips:

"Frazee."

It brought a sudden, violent reaction from Reeve. He sprang up almost angrily. "Look here! We claim to be scientists. Are we going to reverse ourselves before the world and heap igno-

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miny on Raynor's name for nothing more than the mere *ipse dixit* of a little, rum-soaked wretch that no one ever laid eyes on?"

"That no one ever laid eyes on," repeated Prentice, thoughtfully, and suddenly he looked up keenly at Reeve.

The latter had thrust his hands into his pockets and had turned gloomily to the fire. "It sounds plausible enough, I must admit. It seems strange, though—"

He left the thought unfinished, and Prentice took it up. "Strange—that's a good word," he said, darkly. He was stroking his chin thoughtfully. "Strange—yes. It came over me more than once while Cameron was talking. Didn't it strike you as strange that a story like this of Frazee's should reach us only when it is ten years old? One would hardly judge him to be a reticent individual, as Cameron sketched him. Where has he been keeping himself all these years?"

Reeve shrugged his shoulders. "Quiet, let us hope," he put in, grimly.

Prentice ignored the sally. "Did it strike you that this Frazee is about the last individual that Raynor would have tolerated around him?"

"It did seem odd to me," I confessed. "Cameron fairly loathes him."

"Precisely," said Prentice, with emphasis, as if that, too, established an important point. He had caught fire at some idea, and I vaguely wondered what he could be leading up to.

"Reeve," he demanded, sharply, "have you considered why this story of Frazee's sounds like the truth, tempts our credence in spite of the abominable inference that follows? It would seem preposterous, if it didn't offer the only consistent, logical solution that has yet been propounded in explanation of Raynor's holding back this discovery for ten years. *It fits the case, but Frazee doesn't fit into anything.* Gentlemen, I have an idea!"

"Shoot," said Reeve, glumly.

Instead, Prentice delicately poised the tips of his fingers together and studied the fire for a long interval.

"Almost every one has attempted to find an answer to this perplexing riddle, especially since the newspapers made such a sensation of it," Prentice at length resumed. "Cameron, I am sure, has been anything but indifferent to it. Why that long detour by way of Brazil in order to reach New York?"

"He must have spent some weeks there, as I understand it," put in Reeve.

"Well, then, for what purpose, if not that this puzzle of Raynor has perplexed him, too? He has been making inquiries—trying to conjure up some hypothesis—"

"And has the incredible luck to stumble upon the actual facts," I ventured.

"In his imagination," said Prentice. He studied our puzzled faces for a moment before he launched his startling explanation. "In a word, it is my belief that Cameron is Frazee."

"Cameron is Frazee!" I echoed, in bewilderment.

"Or, rather, Frazee is Cameron," Prentice corrected himself. "I suspect that Frazee is nothing more than a personification—for our benefit—of an idea that has seized Cameron."

Reeve gasped as the import of the words became clear.

"It strikes me that Cameron, brooding over this baffling affair and trying to fit some explanation to it, has had a sudden, hideous inspiration. Perhaps it came over him at Barbados—he may actually have been sitting alone in that drinking-place near the water-front when the thing leaped up in his mind—the thought that Raynor might have come upon Flynt dead, but with the prize in his grasp. Once given that flash of vision, and all that plausible, sinister sequence of events comes crowding into Cameron's brain. With his imaginative turn of mind, and with his instinctive literary bent, can't you picture him—seizing upon that idea, revolving it, elaborating it, building it up into an effect of actuality that compels his own outraged belief? He is trapped by his own genius, so to speak. In spite of himself, he sits there fascinated by the automatic working of his own mind conjuring up, piece by piece, and welding together that chain of tragic circumstance into a logical and consistent whole. And it all fits so perfectly—dovetails so inevitably with Raynor's bizarre conduct—

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that's the horrible part of it. That's what torments Cameron—until it may very well have driven him to us in desperation. He wants us to refute it—annihilate it, if we can—help him to drive it from his mind."

Reeve, though skeptical, was impressed. "Confound him, then, for talking in parables!" he grumbled. "This is a grave insinuation for Cameron to raise against his uncle."

"Precisely, and that is why, as it seems to me, he has shown us the working of his mind under the disguise of Frazee. He has brought the awful question straight to us—his uncle's closest associates. Can't you feel the poor fellow's abhorrence, his loathing for his own thought in the way he pictured that little green-eyed wretch? That's the way he castigates himself for thinking as he does. Doubtless he'll confess as much later. But first of all he is consumed to see how we will react to this abominable theory."

"He might have kept it to himself, if only for his uncle's sake," gloomed Reeve.

"He can't, precisely because it *is* his uncle who is involved. In desperation, as it seems to me, he masquerades before us this imp Frazee, hoping that we can somehow rid him of the fellow—refute, annihilate the possibility he stands for."

"Well, if Frazee doesn't really exist—" I ventured, hopefully.

"Ah! But doesn't he!" burst out Reeve.

The words in all their irony struck home. We caught ourselves in an exchange of furtive glances, each of us at that instant seeking in the faces of the other two some repudiation, denial, of what each in the secret depths of his own soul was struggling against. It was a sickening moment, in which our mutual helplessness stood revealed. It was as if each of us had suddenly clutched at the other two for help, only to find himself similarly clutched at the same instant. The weight of a sinister conviction was drawing us down. We must have made a weird tableau in the firelight, our eyes rigidly fixing one another, while a profound and irrevocable understanding slowly established itself among us without the speaking of a word.

The door opened under Cameron's hand. There was an eager, searching look in his eyes. Something in our attitudes, in our silence, stayed the words on his lips.

It was Reeve, stirred to desperation, who boldly and ruthlessly cleft the veils that enveloped us.

"Look here, Cameron. This is a silly yarn. One might almost think you had invented it. In any case, it is all nonsense. Your Frazee is the most colossal liar that ever drew breath."

Cameron's shoulders lifted and fell. "I wish I could think so," he said, dully.

"The most colossal liar that ever drew breath," repeated Reeve. "You might tell him so, with our compliments."

"But, Cameron," said Prentice, in his grave, measured tones, "if there is any likelihood that Frazee will repeat this outrageous tale, which he seems to have invented out of pure malice—"

Cameron's lips twitched curiously—just the ghost of a bitter smile seemed to cross them. "I can assure you that he won't," he answered, while his eyes fell evasively to the fire. "Of course I wouldn't have breathed a word of it to any one but you three—and even you might think—"

"The whole thing is tabled—buried—forgotten," declared Reeve, at each word thumping the youth upon the shoulder. He started to draw Cameron toward the door. "Come on; let's get out of this bad air. You literary chaps are altogether too impressionable—nothing but gullible children. What you need is a sort of mental caretaker. . . ." The door closed behind them.

The last of the logs had burned through and fallen, and a new and feeble flame began to gather life. Prentice sat watching it, leaning a little forward in an attitude of utter weariness. Presently his hand lifted to cover his eyes, and he remained bowed in thought.

"Ten years!"—I caught the words, almost inaudible, upon his lips. "Ten years. . . . What torture!"

Again the vision of Raynor—obscure, forbidding, enigmatic in his distant exile—rose before me, and I turned from it with a sort of shuddering chill. Before

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me sat his oldest and stanchest friend, with bowed head, wrapt in contemplation of that baffling, sinister mirage lifted up out of the past. A strong impulse seized me to withdraw and leave him there alone.

As I stepped noiselessly across the room, a dark, inscrutable oblong on the opposite wall detached itself gradually from the gloom that shrouded it—Raynor's portrait, hanging in the place of chief honor. I halted and looked up at it, confronting in a sort of *impasse* of despair the big, dull-toned canvas, with its heavy gold frame gleaming dully out of the darkness. The reflection of the flame played freakishly over the glaze of the oil-painted surface. It was as if over Raynor's calm, proud features a strange, distorting metamorphosis came and went, and in each flicker of the firelight I caught the leer of Frazee.

Desiderium

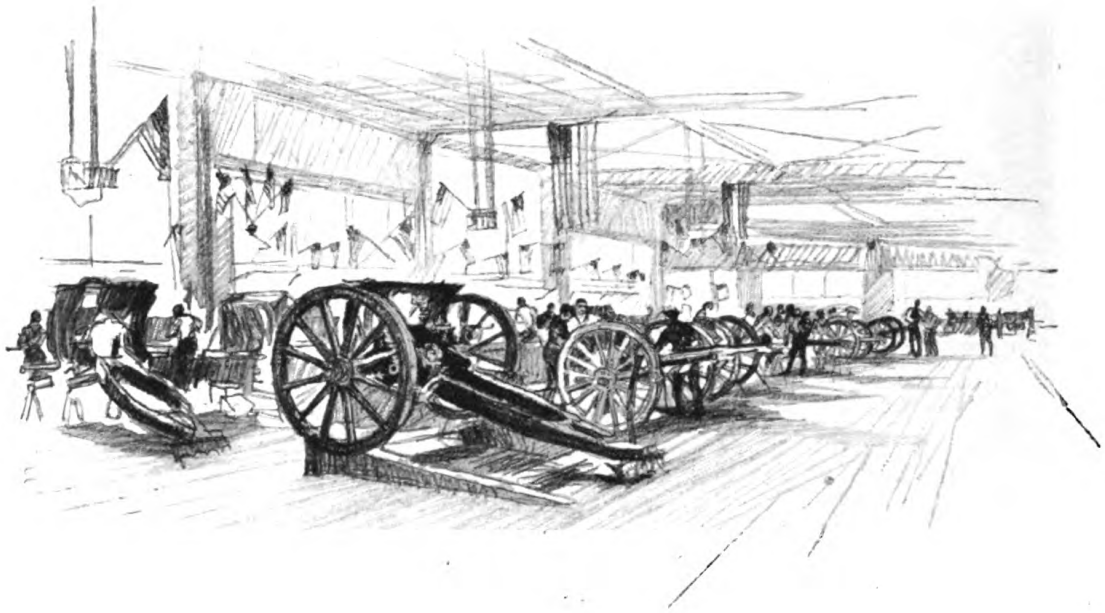
BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THERE was such sweetness in the wood,
  I thought you must be there,
Such wreathing and such breathing
  Of blossom everywhere;
But no! it was not you, my love,
  It was the rose instead—
The rose that blows and casts its snows
  Above your sleeping head.

There was such laughter in the wood—
  All made of you it seemed,
The singing and the ringing,
  The dew that gleamed and dreamed;
Your soul sang on in every bird,
  In every flower your eyes,
So blue, so true, and all so you,
  Gazed out of Paradise.

Yea! all the wonder of the wood
  Was you and you again,
All the flowering, and the showering
  Of the bright April rain;
Yea! naught was there, however fair,
  But had been you before—
Ah! for the power to turn the flower
  Into the girl once more.

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ASSEMBLING LIGHT FIELD ARTILLERY

FORGING AMERICA'S WEAPONS OF WAR

A Series of Drawings By

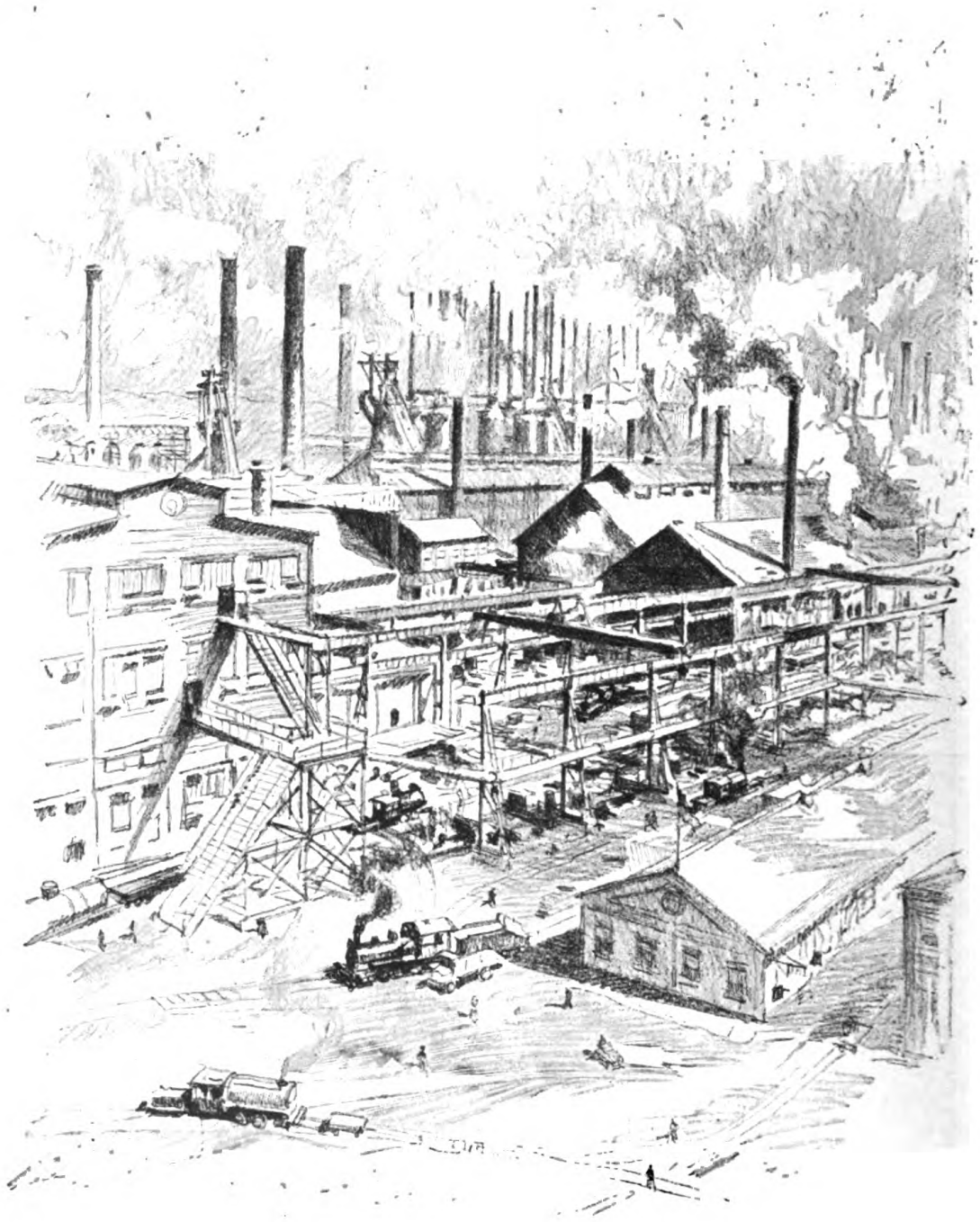
VERNON HOWE BAILEY

These remarkable pictures are the first that the Bethlehem Steel Corporation has permitted to be made in its plant since the outbreak of the war, and their publication is now authorized by the Government of the United States.

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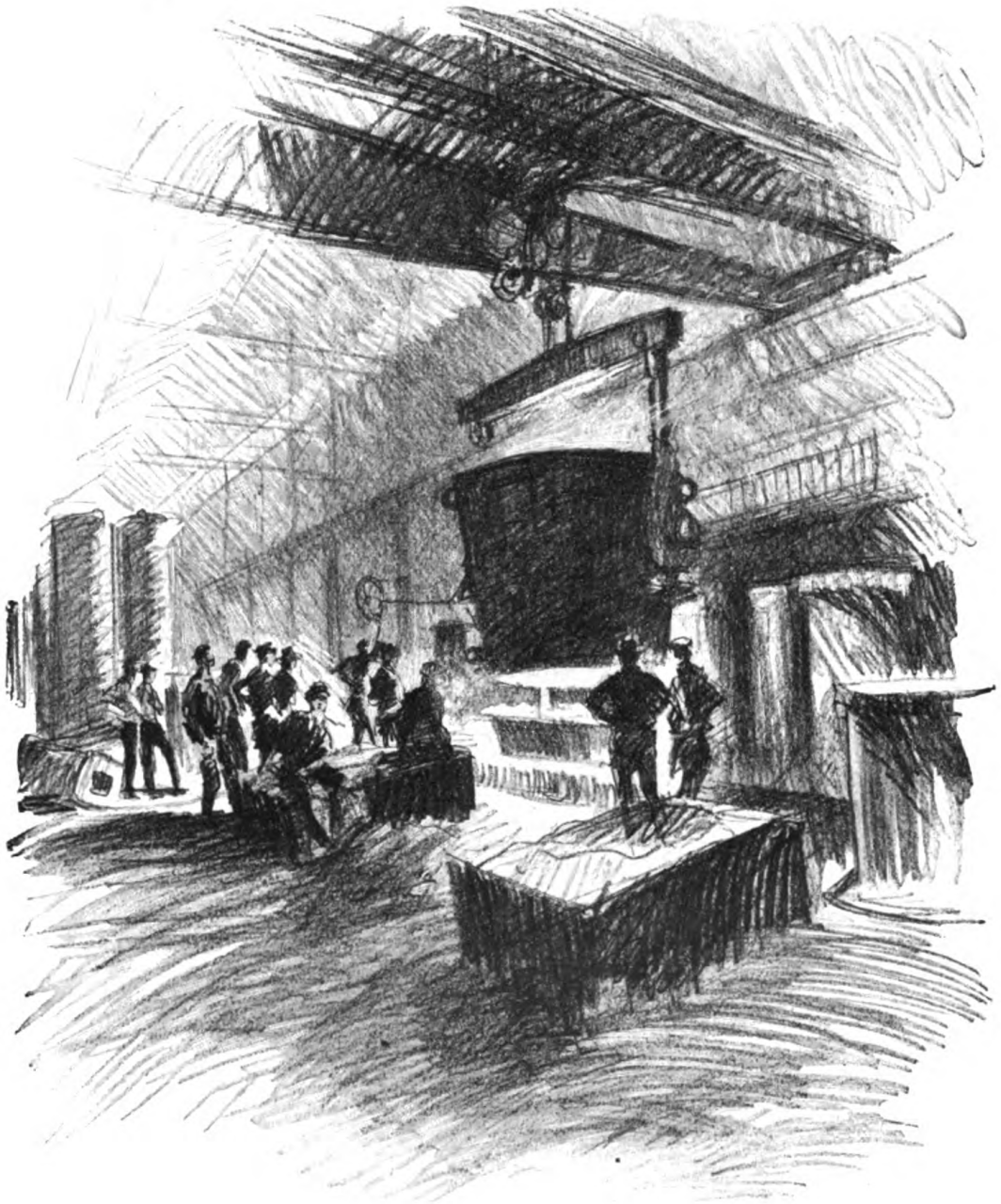
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IN THE HEART OF THE PLANT

The Bethlehem Steel Corporation is known throughout the world as one of the greatest steel plants and as the largest ordnance works in America. The main plant here shown extends for three miles along the river front and employs 26,000 men

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POURING A HEAVY ARMOR INGOT

This is one of the more spectacular operations. Giant kettles carrying tons of white, molten metal and suspended from moving cranes are constantly passing back and forth

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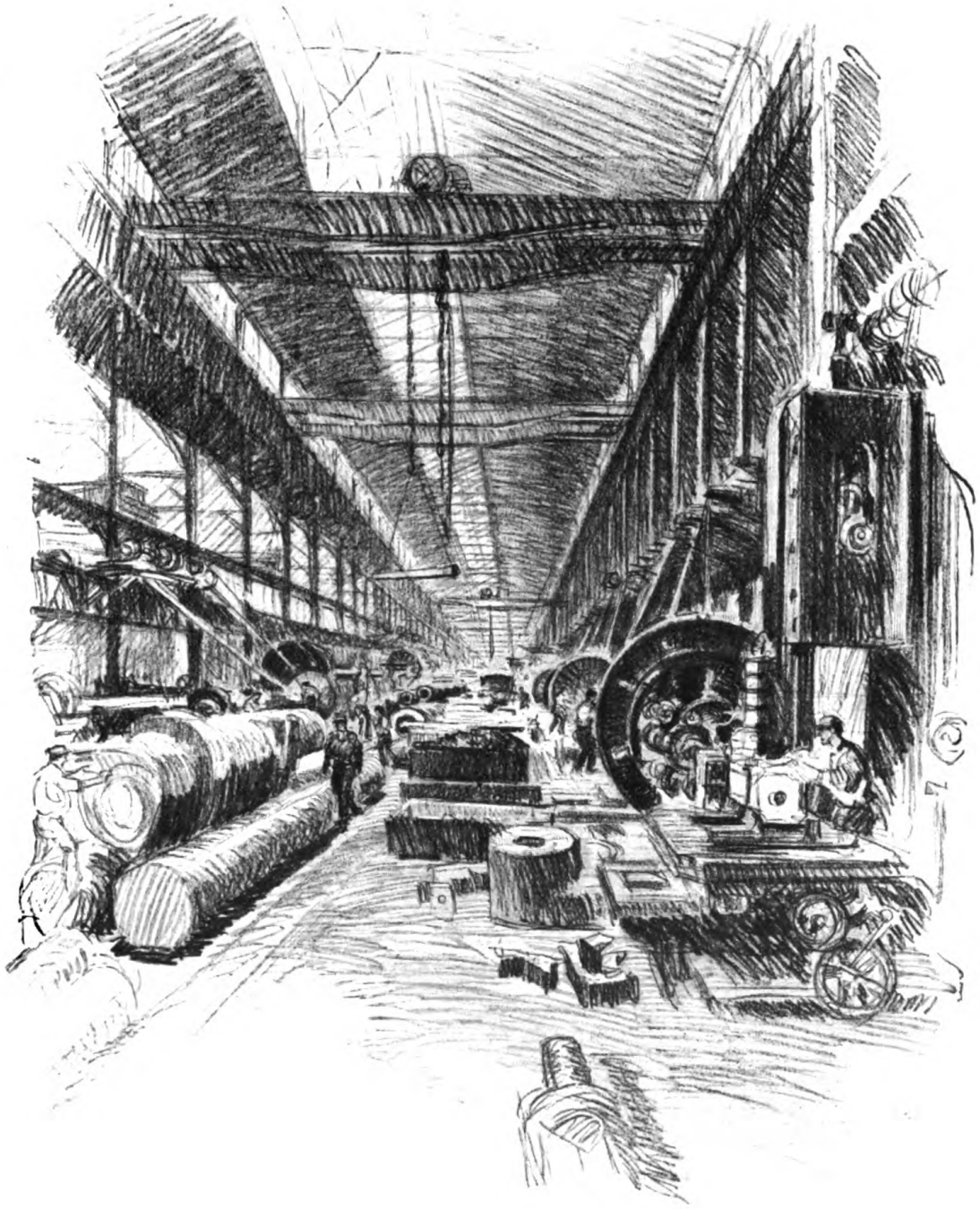
FORGING ARMOR PLATE

In this gigantic machine ingots of sixty and seventy tons are pressed into plates of any size and thickness for use on our great super-dreadnoughts

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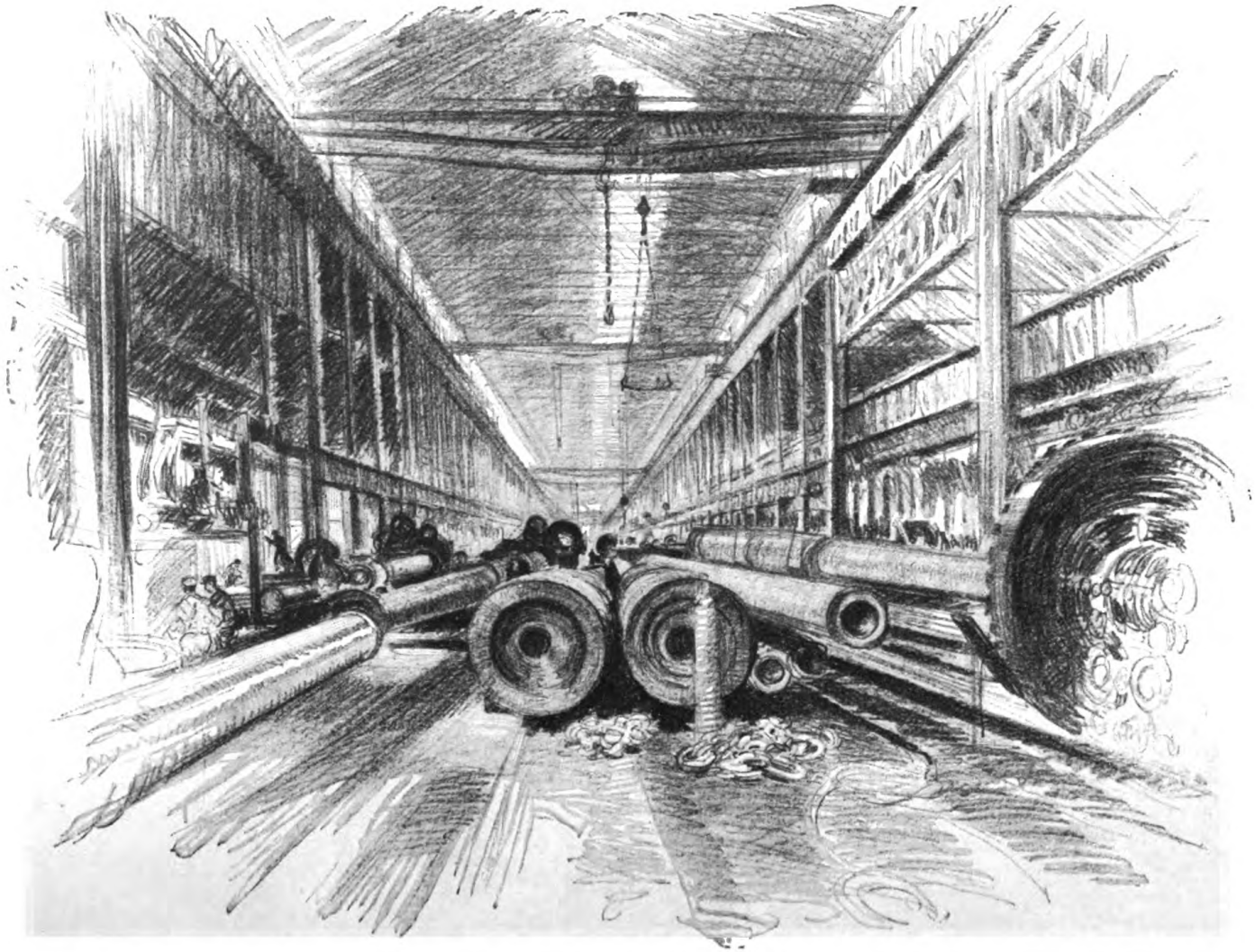
HEAVY GUN-FORGINGS IN THE ROUGH

In this vast building, one-third of a mile in length, the raw material in the form of heavy ingots is brought in at one end, to emerge at the other as finished guns of the largest and most powerful caliber

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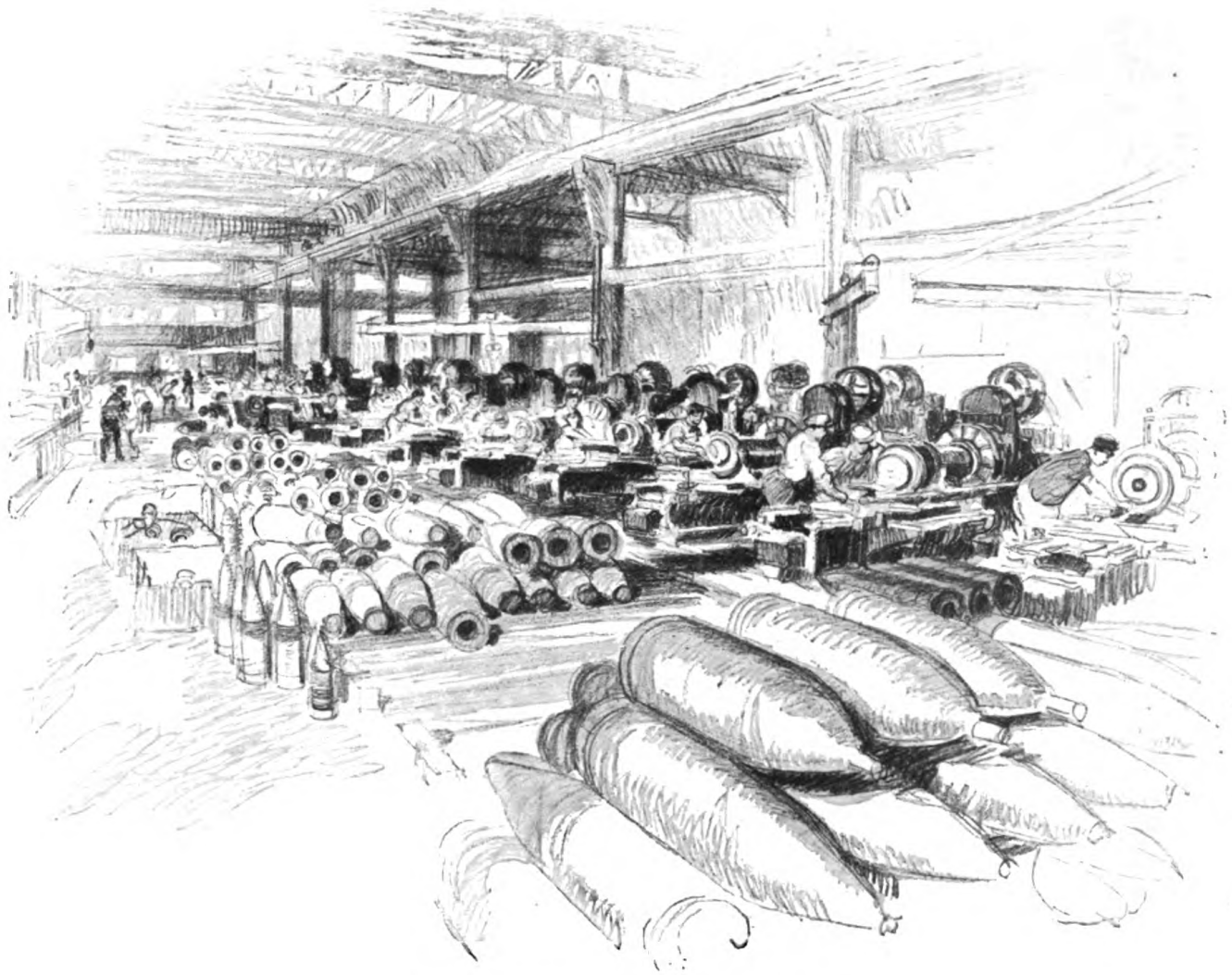
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HEAVY GUNS NEARING COMPLETION

Another view of the same building. The guns have been bored and rifled on giant lathes, and are moving on to further operations

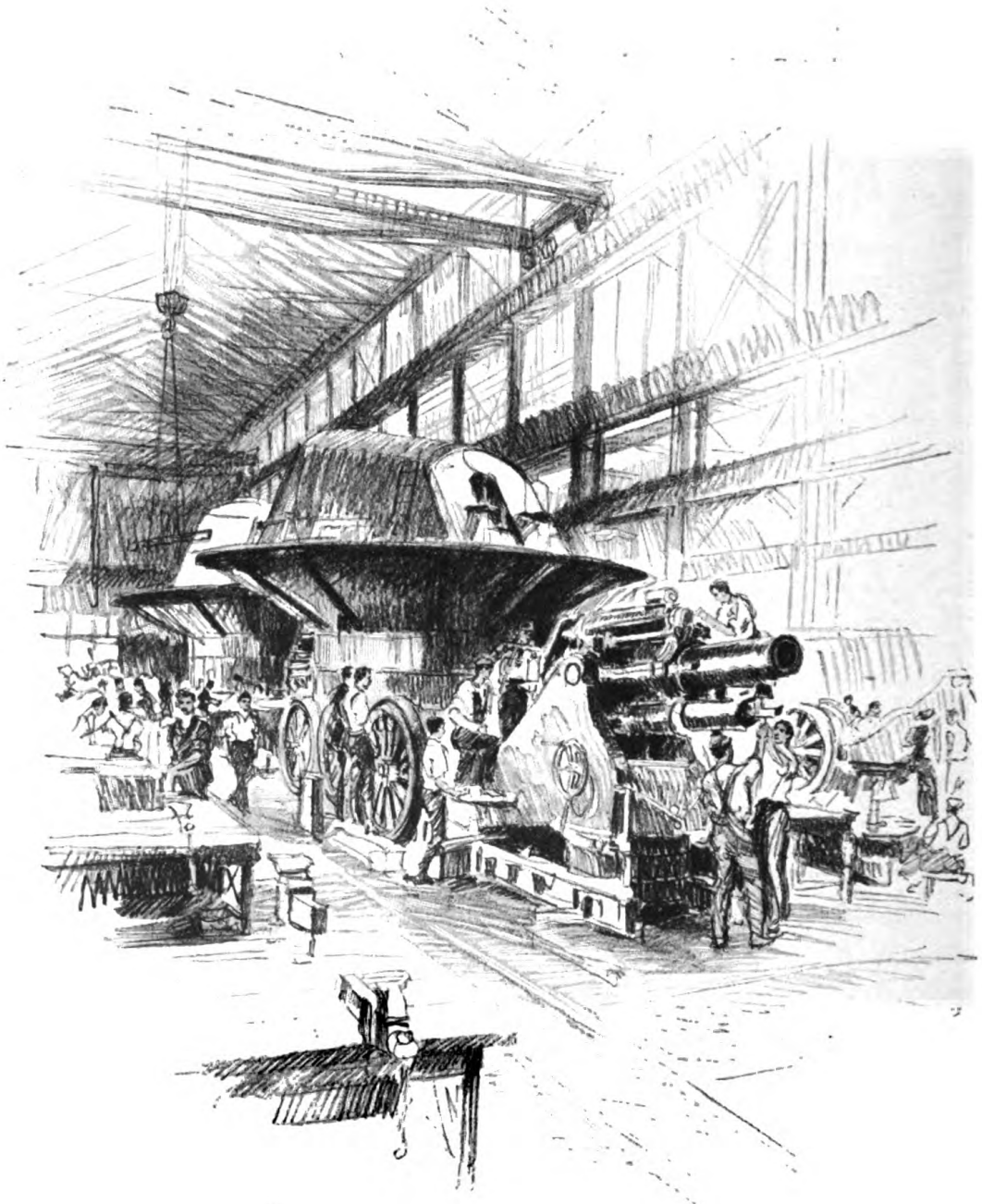
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TURNING AND BORING LARGE SHELLS

Extreme care is demanded in the turning and shaping of these enormous projectiles to insure their true flight when fired

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BUILDING HOWITZERS

Here is shown a nine-inch howitzer nearly ready for transportation to the proving grounds for trial. This type of gun has done effective work for the Allies on the Western front. Beyond are seen heavy armor-plate turrets in the making

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Pride

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

EACH one of us has some pictures in the book of memory that persist above all others, and, strangely enough, the most enduring ones are often those which have nothing to do with one's personal life. As clear and distinct in my mind as though recorded upon some sensitive plate of the spirit are series of pictures of Yolande Dinsmore.

I was coming ashore from my vessel in Dennisport Harbor when I first saw her. It was a day colored like the inside of a great shell, the bay and the sky were luminous, and they reflected into each other's surfaces soft grays that were almost silver, strange lavenders that were almost gray. An iridescent fog almost obliterated the long gray town of Dennisport. My eyes fell on a girl standing on the end of one of the old wharves. She was alone and her eyes sought far horizons. She might have stood for some lovely figure of heroic youth. She seemed like the very spirit of the delicate and shimmering day; there was something so lovely about her that the sight of her pierced my heart. She looked as though her mind had not only been undimmed by an unkind thought, but as if her spirit forever dwelt with beauty.

I gave a signal for us to slow up, and stared at her with as little sense of rudeness as I had stared at the beauty of the day. But I didn't look at her as one does at some beautiful woman who is part of the pageant of life. There was a childlike intimate quality in her beauty which made one want to know her and talk with her; and, though when I saw her her gaze was so remote, I divined her to be full of laughter.

I was no sooner ashore than rumors came to me like ugly nagging birds. I happened to meet Petersham, a man I never cared for much, for he was a cheap cynic and a deep-rooted snob, and one who hunted for low motives as a pig for truffles, and who was discouragingly often right. We walked down the board-walk together and he informed me:

"You're coming to the Dinsmores this afternoon."

"Who are they?" I asked, "and why am I going there?"

"Oh, we all go there," he gave back. "Mrs. Dinsmore is our life-saving station this year."

There is no duller place for the battleships than Dennisport. The officers are always thankful for anything to do or any place to go.

"You see she's on here marrying off her daughters," he explained. "There's Yolande — she's nineteen — and the younger ones, Vivian and Phyllis. Some fancy names, eh? A wonder, that woman! She's got a seventh sense, or else she has a private dossier of the resources and standing of all the officers of the Atlantic Squadron. She hasn't made one mistake yet in who she's asked to the house. That's why I'm sure you're going there this afternoon. You'll see that Mrs. Norris has an invitation already waiting."

Later in the afternoon I was standing on the beach, with my wife and Petersham and Mrs. Rembaugh—she was a round little woman who wore thick glasses, brushed her hair straight back, and had a nose like a button. The talk fell on the Dinsmores again.

"The younger girls are really too young to be out," Mrs. Rembaugh gave out severely, "but I suppose the early bird catches the worm."

It was my wife's theory that Mrs. Rembaugh always spoke with special bitterness of Sidonie Dinsmore because her own sixteen-year-old daughter was so plain.

My wife jumped to Mrs. Dinsmore's

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defense. "It would be rather hard to say," she suggested, "just what worm Mrs. Dinsmore is trying to catch. She's been very careful, I think. She hasn't let any of the eligible officers attach themselves conspicuously to Yolande."

"That's because she's after Gris!" said Petersham.

To which my, wife answered, astonished: "Why, Sydney Griswold hasn't ever *been* there once. She doesn't know him, does she?" At which Petersham shot at her one of his swift lizard-like glances.

"Not yet," he gave out. "But I can tell you his family won't like it at all. What with Dinsmore — well, you know he's rather detrimental — and Mrs. Din.—she's nice enough, but rather sharp; on the make a little, eh? The girl's a sweet, lovely thing, but you know how it is in Syd's family—they're willing to let him have his fling, but they're keen to have him marry inside the fold."

Petersham was a poor cousin of Sydney Griswold's, and he basked himself in the light of his cousin's grandeur, who for money and position was certainly the most eligible young officer in the Navy.

My eyes had followed Petersham's to where Sydney Griswold was sitting on the edge of the wharf beside a good-looking art student. His legs were hanging off the wharf and he was letting the girl do all the talking. There was about him the attitude of one who permits himself to be pleased.

Perhaps one ought not to blame him for this. He had been run after so much on account of his money and position by those who knew who he was, and on account of his charm and his looks by those who didn't. For he was handsome in his magnificent, indifferent way, and one had to forgive him his arrogant attitude toward women because it was unconscious and sincere. Men, however, liked him and respected him, and he had a real passion for his profession.

"There come Mrs. Dinsmore and Yolande now," said my wife. I looked and saw my girl of the wharf. The woman with her, her mother, had a strange, elusive resemblance to her, the resemblance of brass to gold, the resemblance of a commonplace copy to an original. If one did not contrast her with Yolande one would think of Mrs. Dinsmore as a pretty woman, but not the type of which one would have suspected daughters. One would rather have imagined her to have indulged in flirtations with the officers on her own account. It was difficult to see just what made one feel that she was hard, or what gave one the impression that she was in some spiritual way on the defensive. These things, however, I felt later. What struck me at first sight was that tragic resemblance and the look of yearning affection with which she covered Yolande.

They were talking together earnestly, and the look she turned upon the girl had in it at once something timid and adoring. The child was evidently her heart's heart, the sun of her life. Later I saw her sometimes looking at Yolande with an odd little look of surprise on her face, as though she were wondering how she had come by such a daughter.

They seemed to me both of them infinitely touching, the older woman in her passionate absorption in her child, and the girl because of her beauty and her nobility. I couldn't bear the thought of careless tongues bandying her name about. This look of Sidonie Dinsmore's was poignant enough to touch all of us, and it made my wife exclaim:

"Anyway, you can't deny that she is a good mother!"

No one seemed disposed to dispute that.

Then Sidonie said something to Yolande. The second picture in my memory of Yolande is her progress down the wharf, her white clothes molding her figure in the breeze like that of some Tanagra figurine. She walked into the range of Sydney Griswold's vision, her head held high, a living poem of youth.

Of course he had heard of her, since the whole fleet was talking about her. The air was full of incense burned to her. Though I don't suppose he had wondered why he hadn't been asked to their house, for, because of his very real arrogance, it didn't matter to him.

We could see that he turned his head sharply toward her and was staring at her. Yolande, quite unconscious of him,

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"I'LL SEE YOU TO-MORROW, WON'T I?"

delivered a message to a woman sitting near, and went back.

By the time she was half-way down the wharf Sydney Griswold rose slowly and sauntered down after her.

"I want to meet Miss Dinsmore," he told Petersham, with his arrogant directness.

"The bull's-eye!" Petersham murmured, and at this Griswold stared at him insolently. His eyes were the soft and angry eyes that one sees in some animals. His glance now warned his cousin against impertinence. He merely answered:

"Get a move on!"

Within five minutes after Yolande's progress down the wharf Sydney was walking with her, and Petersham with her mother. Sydney had answered to his cue as unsuspiciously as a child might have a card forced upon him.

Even now Sidonie didn't ask Griswold to the house at once. She had evidently planned to go slowly. But she had reckoned without Sydney Griswold and with Yolande herself.

In a week every one was talking about them. I suppose the whole affair wouldn't have seemed so murky if it hadn't been that all of us, men and women alike, cared for Yolande. Who could have helped loving her? She herself shed the sunlight of her affection all about her. She was forever dawdling about the water-front, talking now to a small boy or to an old sea-captain, or playing with the babies in the sand, for in a shy, dim sort of way she was a most social being.

Mrs. Dinsmore's methods seemed the more cold-blooded since Yolande hadn't even been given the ghost of a chance to find out for herself whom she liked. She seemed to be deliberately offering Yolande up to position and money.

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It was at a dance at one of the battleships that I had another talk with Petersham. Yolande's loveliness had got even through his thick skin.

"It's a hateful mess!" he said, "whichever way you look at it. That kind of a lovely child shouldn't have to marry into a family that doesn't want her; and, on the other hand, who knows that Syd won't walk off some fine morning and leave her with a broken heart? He might, you know; he's that kind. How parents like hers came by such a thoroughbred!" He went off, shaking his head.

Later that evening I heard Mrs. Rembaugh giving some one a picturesque and detailed description of what she called the "Snatching of Griswold." She was screened on either side by some bunting—part of the decoration of the dance. I arose and walked away, not caring to hear any more of her hateful gossip. Mrs. Rembaugh was dotting her i's and crossing her t's. I heard her voice trail after me as I left:

"Sidonie Dinsmore certainly has pulled it off—she's turned the trick!"

As I walked away I saw Yolande at the other side of the bunting which screened her from Mrs. Rembaugh, sitting out part of a dance with Petersham. As I passed them by they got up and danced off together. When the music stopped he came to me.

"Deuce take it!" he said. "I don't know whether or not she heard what that old buzzard said! She was tired and wanted to sit down, and of course I couldn't get up and go at once. I tried to drown her out with my own chatter—but who knows?"

When Yolande hunted me up after a moment I thought I did know.

"I'm feeling tired," she said. "I don't know what's the matter. Can't we go somewhere where it's quiet? Do you mind? Don't you know a place where no one can find us?"

I admitted I did, but I warned her that I should be the most unpopular man in the whole North Atlantic Squadron.

"I'll take the blame," she assured me.

When we sat down she didn't seem to be tired, but rather to be thinking with intensity. Her head was up, too, with a curious little air of resolve. She forgot me entirely.

It was quite a time before any one found us, and then it was Sydney Griswold. He stood before her with a speculating earnestness that nevertheless held no reproach.

"This is our dance, I believe," he said, with gravity.

I don't suppose for a moment that it *was* his dance, but, after hesitating the fraction of a moment, Yolande went with him. As I watched them it seemed to me that she had for the moment utterly given herself up to him, and there was a look, too, on his face which made me understand why women liked him. He had a flashing, brilliant smile which came like sunlight, but the look he now turned on Yolande was the heart of tenderness, and I imagine that all women must have felt that he had this look for some one and sought for it perpetually. It was touching, the way they both gave themselves away completely. Nothing existed for them except each other and the music. It gave me a heartache because such poignant beauty was over for me forever.

Before the music stopped I saw Sidonie Dinsmore getting ready to leave—she never stayed too late. I was helping her with her things when Yolande and Sydney said good night, and Yolande said good night as if she were saying good-by forever. At the time I merely smiled over the intensity of youth. Sydney, with this new air of his, in which was all tenderness and humility, held her hand a moment as he said:

"Good night—I'll see you to-morrow."

To this Yolande looked into his trustful eyes and answered, "Good-by!"

"I'll see you to-morrow," he asked again; "won't I?"

"Good-by!" repeated Yolande, and took her place in the launch.

All of those who had noticed them that night were prepared for some dénouement. I know that Mrs. Dinsmore must have been. Certainly, with the instinct of a perfect artist, she had snatched Yolande away at the climax of the evening. She was so sure of the situation that she was perfectly ready to give Sydney Griswold time for thought.

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Certainly she must have been prepared for anything but what happened.

I saw the curtain go up on the next act.

A number of us had the habit of taking tea at Mrs. Dinsmore's, and the next afternoon Griswold, who had been detained on his vessel, was rather late. When he flashed into the room Yolande was sitting barricaded between some of the older men.

His eye fell upon her with that look which had so surprised me, and of which I had not believed him capable, and Yolande smiled at him wistfully, it seemed to me. I wish I could describe exactly what her attitude toward him was. She didn't greet him as a stranger and she didn't deny their friendship—there was nothing either wounding or challenging in her manner, but after a moment it was apparent that she had no intention of getting up to speak to him.

She instinctively took a charming attitude with older men—not daughterly enough to be unflattering. I think one of the loveliest things about Yolande was the way that years had so little significance to her. Most young egoists will only waste time on men with whom they flirt, or who are possible suitors, but Yolande liked all men; that is, all men worth liking, though she had a certain candid frankness and reality about her which made her pass by posers and unreliable men alike. She had a sort of sane, fresh instinct for what was good, which was so deep in her that I don't suppose she had ever given a moment's thought as to why she took to this one and not to that one.

I saw Sydney's radiant look fade into a hurt surprise. He was not used to being denied anything. During the next several days he was astonishingly patient, when you consider everything. It would be hard to say just how she evaded him. It was a very curious and almost ghastly game of hide-and-seek they played, with the game always to Yolande's advantage, and she kept it up until Sydney's vessel was ordered away to Newport—he didn't even have a chance to say good-by.



WHEN HE FLASHED INTO THE ROOM, YOLANDE WAS BARRICADED BETWEEN SOME OF THE OLDER MEN

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By this time I noticed a change had come over Yolande. She seemed dimmed; that was the word for it. Her sweet, infectious gaiety had gone, and after awhile, as time went on, she seemed like something drooping and wounded. I missed her gaiety that had shone with a sort of dim radiance as I might have missed the light of a soft lamp.

While he was away, though she danced now and then with the younger men, she gravitated to the older ones, but she did this so naturally that I don't think anyone thought about it—I know I didn't—until her affair with Armstrong.

Armstrong was a widower with a little girl. He looked older than he was; he was a quiet, scholarly man and very simple, and, like many of the others, he thought her the loveliest thing on earth. He was a nice fellow and a conscientious officer, but gentle with a gentleness that didn't mean strength, and his psychology was that of age. Yet for a while Yolande was constantly with him. Of course everybody gossiped, though they had not noticed how she had eluded Sydney Griswold. It was all dark to me, for she kept it up after Sydney was back.

He stormed ashore like a school-boy. He had thrown aside all his pose of indifference, and, though Yolande greeted him kindly, she went off to walk, right under her mother's eyes, with Armstrong.

The only way one could account for it was that she just simply had, after all, no more than a passing fancy for Sydney, and that over some deep sunken reef of the spirit had sounded a warning bell, and that she had turned to Armstrong, Sydney's opposite.

A day or so after that I saw light. Petersham and I were talking with Yolande, and Petersham said something about Armstrong being a widower.

"A widower?" she said. "A widower? Why—I thought—he was married!"

Petersham laughed.

"Why; of course," he said; "he *was* married."

"Oh!" she said, blankly. "Oh!" Her candid eyes were troubled. Some shadow had fallen on her, and from that moment she avoided Armstrong with the same tenacity with which she avoided Sydney. And then I saw through the darkness as with a searchlight.

She had realized what her mother was doing. She had seen herself offered up for sale—and through what mire of shame this had dragged her spirit I could only guess. She had only one defense and that was to talk only with the older men, or the married ones.

Sidonie, I knew, was subtle and ambitious, and Sydney could toss obstacles from his path like an onrushing stream. But Yolande's fiery shame and her pure pride were stronger than either of them. You see, she was no God's fool; she had an extremely good mind, and after Mrs. Rembaugh's words had drifted to her, a thousand little details must have flooded her as corroborative evidence, and, rightly or wrongly, it had turned her against the very thought of marriage.

I realized then what that last dance with Sydney Griswold had meant to her—that for a moment she had abandoned herself to loving him, and that her good-by that night had been as real as though she were going off to some far distant country where she could never see him again. She evidently thought of him as one tricked and entrapped, if she thought of his side of it. Anyway, on these terms she would have nothing of him.

It was not possible for her forever to avoid a conversation with him, and, naturally, Sidonie helped him. It seemed my fate to be always about at crucial moments, and so I happened to be the only one there one evening when Griswold came. And when he asked her to go out to walk and when Sidonie urged her to go, for a moment Yolande seemed like a wild thing entrapped. Then she looked at Sydney with gravity.

"Very well," she said. And by her accent she conveyed that she was consenting to something against her will. Very well her manner implied, "If you must have it out—if my actions haven't been plain enough, you can have words, too." There was something in her expression so noble and so courageous

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SHE SEEMED LIKE A WILD THING ENTRAPPED

that it was no wonder Sydney Griswold looked at her as he did.

I think they were gone a scant ten minutes, for Yolande had used the knife and had used it quickly. They both came back pale as the specters of youth. Their glances crossed, Sydney's full of a hurt anger and Yolande's full of enigmatic resolve, and in a moment he had bowed his good night and had gone. I would have gone with him, for I knew that Sidonie longed to cry to her daughter:

"What's the matter? What have you done with him?" But as Yolande let fall:

"I'm a little tired. If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go up." Sidonie, as she followed her, implored me by a gesture to stay.

She came down before long, and it was as though she dragged the weight of years with her. She always had held her head gallantly, but, in spite of her glittering hardness, she was young-looking. Now the shadow of age had her as she sat down beside me; she had the air of one who had received some mortal wound. I waited for her to speak.

"It's all over," she said. "I asked her, 'What have you done?' and she answered me in that quiet way of hers, 'I made him absolutely know that I wouldn't see him again if he came.'

"'You made him know?' I said. 'Why?' I wish you could see the steely glitter in her eyes when she answered me.

"'Why? For the reason that I told *him*, when he asked me "Why?" I told him I couldn't bear him! I told him I *hated* him!' You know there was a queer triumph in her voice when she said it." And Sidonie Dinsmore looked at me as though she wanted me to read the riddle of it all.

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But I couldn't tell, could I, what was the matter? I couldn't possibly tell her that she had wounded the child that she herself had made so perfect. Then she turned to me again and said:

"I thought—I was sure—she cared—and that she would be married—and then—I would have my leave to go in peace. Oh, I don't know how I can go on! I don't know how I can go back to my husband again." And it is difficult to describe the intensity of horror that was in her voice.

"I've only lived from day to day, from year to year, waiting for the time when Yolande would be married and I could be free." She stood before me very straight and rather stern, an unconscious figure of tragedy. "I suppose it seems to you a terrible thing that a woman should continue to live year after year with a man toward whom she feels as I do toward my husband when everything that is in me shivers away from him. I suppose you wonder why I've kept it up.

"It's been on account of *them*. You see, my own mother was divorced and I know what that means to sensitive girls. It shatters their lives. I used to feel queer—people were always asking where my father was—and then, the awful bleeding pity I used to have for my mother. I married as soon as I could get away from the shadow. I wanted them to have all the things I didn't have when I was young. I wanted them to be without worry, to have real youth, the way you can't if you go through horrors."

She paused, and left me to wrestle with what her words had done to my point of view. It was like coming out on the other side of the moon. I saw what I had not understood before—how she had been able to make Yolande so perfect. I understood the strange phantasmal resemblance between them.



THE DIFFICULT TASK OF NOT BEING THERE AND BEING THERE AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME

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In Yolande she saw her own innocence, her own unspoiled and untainted youth. Yolande was all the things that she had never been able to be. After a time she said again:

"I know I'm hard—I have had to be; but I'm not hard toward *them*. They couldn't be the way they are, could they—if I were?"

She appealed to me as for some ultimate justification, but the words were choked in my throat, and I could think of nothing to do but take her hand in mine.

"You see, you do a difficult thing for a long time and your strength wears out. He—he takes pleasure in using his power over me. It's a strain to carry it through so they don't feel it more. He helps me put it over—he doesn't want them to know. He's a good deal of a sport, and proud of the girls, too. He just takes it out on me." Again she paused. Her voice was somber when she spoke again. "Some people might think one had no right to do such violence to oneself. Sometimes I think so, too, but I look at them—and I have to go on."

It's a truism, of course, to say that you cannot judge a case, but of course Sidonie Dinsmore's actions had seemed as simple and unequivocal as the nose on your face. She had done it so well that no one could have suspected. It was her very gallantry, her inability to ask cheaply for sympathy, that made us misjudge her as we did. No one who could have heard her that night could have denied that she had kept faith with herself magnificently. The desire of her heart was to have at least one of the girls marry while she had strength to play her ghastly part in life. She had lived that they might be spared what she had suffered, and just as she had seen her dreams about to come true they had ended.

I confess it seemed a blind *impasse* to me. In a tone of indescribable dreariness:

"I'll go on, of course," she said, and there was gallantry in the pose of her head and a purpose in her eyes which inevitably recalled Yolande.

That was one side of it. What Sydney Griswold's side of it was I learned from Petersham.

"Well," he said, "the impossible's happened—Yolande has jilted Sydney Griswold. I thought he had got tired of the whole affair, and, like an ass, I started joking him, and he turned on me very stiffly and said:

"'You're quite mistaken. I asked her to marry me and she refused.' And I—of course I was surprised—and just said:

"'*Refused—refused you? Why?*'

"'*She* said it was because she hated me,' he told me, and he seemed so broken up that I couldn't think of anything to say except:

"'Never mind, Syd; you'll get over it.' It was a stupid thing to say, but, somehow, I had to say something. He looked at me in that queer, dark way of his and said:

"'Will I?' in a tone that made me darned uncomfortable. And so I said:

"'Why, there's some mistake about it. It's some whim of hers. Don't let it go like that!' Yes, there I was, actually urging him on! He gave me a black look.

"'No girl can say what she has to me and change her mind,' he told me. 'Besides, I do her the credit of believing her to be absolutely sincere. There wouldn't be any use in going back.'"

Then Petersham said that Sydney had folded his arms like an opera tenor, and, though he had looked a little absurd, he had also looked very young and forlorn—and somehow his youth and his absurdity and his forlornness frightened Petersham. There was an intensity about him that didn't tally with Petersham's experience in life, but he just realized that he was in the high altitudes of emotion where the ordinary rules of conduct in life no longer held, and where anything might be expected.

"Then I understood," Petersham explained, "that his cynicism had its roots in wounded idealism, and that he was the sort that commits follies for love. I didn't know that there were such people."

"Well?" I said. After all, I wondered why he had been telling me this. Although Petersham was a gossip, it wouldn't be for nothing that he would tell me that Sydney Griswold had been jilted by Yolande, and I wondered what he wanted of me.

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"Can't you do something about it?" he asked me. "I suppose it's absurd; I suppose it's just that Syd's got me buffaloed, or that I've been to the movies too much, but I just feel I don't know what's going to happen next, and that whatever does happen is going to be darned unpleasant for his family. I thought you might somehow or other make her understand."

"And if she did, you wouldn't expect her to go to him—when he said himself he couldn't be whistled back. What about his mother," I suggested, "if she talked to Yolande?"

"Oh, his mother," said Petersham. "Like a meddling fool, I wrote her about Yolande—as a menace! She'll be here to-day. When she comes, there'll be just one more unbreakable pride to add to theirs."

And that's the way it looked. There was manifestly no appeal to them—as well appeal to the immovable object, or the irresistible force; and as for Mrs. Griswold, she was one of the most beautiful and at the same time one of the most high-handed women I have ever seen. Between their separate prides there seemed to be no answer to the situation which was assuming the outlines of a tragedy.

Yolande and her mother had been closer to each other than mother and daughter often know how to be, and suddenly the door had closed between them. Yolande could not now go to her mother for help. She could do nothing but carry on her strange game of solitaire. She hurt one to see in these days, she was so full of courage—and so lonely.

Sydney Griswold watched her from a distance. His gaze, which held in it anger and love, followed her always, and she must have got some poor comfort from this.

There was in the air a sense of disaster, as if Sydney were getting near the breaking-point, when into this swept Mrs. Griswold. She was a tall woman with a beautiful complexion and hair prematurely white. She had strange blue eyes that were full of malice and laughter and kindness.

I suppose it had never occurred to her in her life that she couldn't have what he wanted. She swept down upon me.

"Petersham's ship has gone out," she told me, "and I only had a moment with him. He told me that you would tell me all about it. Who is the girl with whom Sydney is infatuated?"

"She's one of the loveliest creatures I've ever seen," I told Marion Griswold, "and it's a great pity she won't marry Sydney."

At this she stared at me, betrayed for once into surprise. "Won't marry *him?*" she repeated. "Why, it was just to prevent Sydney from marrying *her* that Petersham got me here."

"Since then, you see, she's refused Sydney."

We were standing on our piazza. She had got out of her car and swept down upon me, and hadn't given me even time to ask her to be seated. Now she sat down in one of the wicker chairs and laughed. She laughed immoderately. It pleased her to think there was some one in the world who could jilt a Griswold.

"Why did she do it? Doesn't she like Sydney?" she questioned next.

Then I told her everything. I told her about Sidonie Dinsmore and her husband. I told her about the dance on the battle-ship, and my interpretation of the whole thing. She didn't interrupt me once, and when I had finished the malice and laughter had gone from her eyes, and she looked tender as only a woman of pride could look.

"Could I see her?" she asked.

I told her this should be easy. We got into her motor and drove along slowly, and, as luck would have it, we met Yolande coming down the street. One of the neighbor's children had her by the hand, and she was talking to it. The sun was behind her and a light wind blew her hair about her face like a vague little halo. This was another of my pictures of her.

She saw me and smiled and bowed, and for all her gallant courage there was a vague little air of wistfulness about her.

"She would look like that," Marion Griswold said to me. "Poor child!" Then she said, with slow intensity, "Sydney's a fool!"

"To like Yolande?" I asked.

"To let her go!" she flashed. "To have so little pride as to let such a sweet

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thing go. That kind of girl, he should have known, doesn't play fast and loose. That's the sort of girl to go through fire with. I hate a man who lacks spirit. Where's Syd?" she demanded, as though I had him in my pocket.

She had, you see, the pride that is beyond the pride of youth, the pride that knows no humiliation, and that will not accept defeat.

"I want to speak to her," she said. "I want to talk to her now." She got out of the motor and sailed down on Yolande, towing me along like a tender in the wake of a white-winged boat.

I introduced them, and for a moment Yolande stood like a wild thing at bay, and then the affection in the older woman's eyes was reflected in her own. They understood each other, those two.

I drifted off behind them, having the difficult task of not being there and being there at one and the same time. I don't know what Marion Griswold said to her, probably the simplest thing in the world, probably that she could not bear the thought of some misunderstanding coming between her and Sydney.

But this I do know, that it was that sweet and clear outflowing of affection, like an outgushing spring, that one woman of a high and splendid type may feel for another. Put those two together and there was no chance for pride any more and no chance for misunderstanding. One had got to an altitude then where the fears of petty pride no longer exist. There was something so young about the two of them, as they talked together with their instant upflaming sympathy, something like little girls. Then suddenly I saw Marion Griswold, with a quick, impulsive gesture, put her arms around Yolande and kiss her. They turned to me.

"Do you suppose," Mrs. Griswold asked me, "you can help Yolande and me find Sydney?"

The Wanderer

BY BRIAN HOOKER

OH, my heart is weary all the days of me,
Wherever in the world I roam,
For the firelight, and the rain on the window-pane,
And the roses by the doorway blossoming again,
In the home I'll never see
That was meant to be
My home.

Yonder in the valley where the hills hang blue,
Or far across the cold salt foam,
There's a cottage, East or West, where I dream of rest,
And a woman . . . yes, a woman with a baby at her breast,
And the home I never knew
All my lone life through—
My home.

Lord, leave my body to the sun and wind,
Or bury me in churchyard loam;
Yet I'll wander evermore on the golden shore,
And be seeking, seeking, seeking what I'm hungry for—
For the home I'll never find—
No, nor leave behind . . .
My home.

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Mark Twain's Letters

Arranged, with Comment, by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

IN 1884 Mark Twain had abandoned the Republican party to vote for Cleveland. He believed the party had become corrupt, and to his last day it was hard for him to see anything good in Republican politics or performance.

He pinned his faith to no party, for he knew too well the doubtful phases of office-seeking and office-holding, and the shortcomings of his race.

A letter to Twichell, written when Mark Twain was approaching seventy, takes up politics and humanity in general in a manner complimentary to neither. Mark Twain was never really a pessimist, but he had pessimistic intervals, such as come to most of us in life's later years, and at such times he let himself go without stint concerning "the damned human race," as he called it, usually with a manifest sense of indignation that he should be a member of it. In much of his later writing—*A Mysterious Stranger*, for example—he said his say with but small restraint; and certainly in his purely intellectual moments he was likely to be a pessimist of the most extreme type, capably damning the race and the inventor of it. Yet at heart no man loved his kind more genuinely or with deeper compassion than Mark Twain, perhaps for its very weaknesses. It was only that he had intervals—frequent intervals, and rather long ones—when he did not admire it, and was still more doubtful as to the ways of Providence.

To Rev. J. H. Twichell, in Hartford:

March 14, '05.

DEAR JOE,—I have a Pudd'nhead maxim: "When a man is a pessimist before 48 he knows too much; if he is an optimist after it, he knows too little."

It is with contentment, therefore, that I reflect that I am better and wiser than you. Joe, you seem to be dealing in "bulks," now; the "bulk" of the farmers and U. S. Senators are "honest." As regards purchase and sale with *money?* Who doubts it? Is that the only measure of honesty? Aren't there a dozen kinds of honesty which can't be measured by the money-standard? Treason is treason—and there's more than one form of it; the money-form is but one of them. When a person is disloyal to any confessed duty, he is plainly and simply dishonest, and knows it; knows it, and is privately troubled about it and not proud of himself. Judged by this standard—and who will challenge the validity of it?—there isn't an honest man in Connecticut, nor in the Senate, nor anywhere else. I do not even except myself, this time.

Am I finding fault with you and the rest of the populace? No—I assure you I am not. For I know the human race's limitations, and this makes it my duty—my pleasant duty—to be fair to it. Each person in it is honest in one or several ways, but no member of it is honest in all the ways required by—by what? *By his own standard.* Outside of that, as I look at it, there is no obligation upon him.

Am I honest? I give you my word of honor (private) I am not. For seven years I have suppressed a book which my conscience tells me I ought to publish. I hold it a duty to publish it. There are other difficult duties which I am equal to, but I am not equal to that one. Yes, even I am dishonest. Not in many ways, but in some. Forty-one, I think it is. We are certainly *all* honest in one or several ways—every man in the world—though I have reason to think I am the only one whose black-list runs so light. Sometimes I feel lonely enough in this lofty solitude.

Yes, oh yes, I am not overlooking the "steady progress from age to age of the coming of the kingdom of God and righteousness." "From age to age"—yes, it describes that giddy gait. I (and the rocks) will not live to see it arrive, but that is all right—it will arrive, it surely will. But you ought not to be always ironically apologizing for the Deity. If that thing is going to arrive, it is inferable that He wants it to arrive; and so it is not quite kind of you, and it hurts me, to see you flinging sarcasms at the

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gait of it. And yet it would not be fair in me not to admit that the sarcasms are deserved. When the Deity wants a thing, and after working at it for "ages and ages" can't show even a shade of progress toward its accomplishment, we—well, we don't laugh, but it is only because we dasn't. The source of "righteousness"—is in the heart? Yes. And engineered and directed by the brain? Yes. Well, history and tradition testify that the heart is just about what it was in the beginning; it has undergone no shade of change. Its good and evil impulses and their consequences are the same to-day that they were in Old Bible times, in Egyptian times, in Greek times, in Middle Age times, in Twentieth Century times. There has been no change.

Meantime, the brain has undergone no change. It is what it always was. There are a few good brains and a multitude of poor ones. It was so in Old Bible times and in all other times—Greek, Roman, Middle Ages and Twentieth Century. Among the savages—all the savages—the average brain is as competent as the average brain here or elsewhere. I will prove it to you, some time, if you like. And there are great brains among them, too. I will prove that also, if you like.

Well, the 19th century made progress—the first progress after "ages and ages"—colossal progress. In what? Materialities. Prodigious acquisitions were made in things which add to the comfort of many and make life harder for as many more. But the addition to righteousness? Is that discoverable? I think not. The materialities were not invented in the interest of righteousness; that there is more righteousness in the world because of them than there was before, is hardly demonstrable, I think. In Europe and America there is a vast change (due to them) in ideals—do you admire it? All Europe and all America are feverishly scrambling for money. Money is the supreme ideal—all others take tenth place with the great bulk of the nations named. Money-lust has always existed, but not in the history of the world was it ever a craze, a madness, until your time and mine. This lust has rotted these nations; it has made them hard, sordid, ungentle, dishonest, oppressive.

Did England rise against the infamy of the Boxer war? No—rose in favor of it. Did America rise against the infamy of the Philippine war? No—rose in favor of it. Did Russia rise against the infamy of the present war? No—sat still and said nothing. Has the Kingdom of God advanced in Russia since the beginning of time?

Or in Europe and America, considering the vast backward step of the money-lust? Or anywhere else? If there has been any progress toward righteousness since the early days of Creation—which, in my ineradicable honesty, I am obliged to doubt—I think we must confine it to ten per cent of the populations of Christendom (but leaving Russia, Spain and South America entirely out). This gives us 320,000,000 to draw the ten per cent from. That is to say, 32,000,000 have advanced toward righteousness and the Kingdom of God since the "ages and ages" have been flying along, the Deity sitting up there admiring. Well, you see it leaves 1,200,000,000 out of the race. They stand just where they have always stood; there has been no change.

N.B. No charge for these informations. Do come down soon, Joe.

With love,

MARK.

There was always a run of reporters at Mark Twain's New York home. His opinion was sought for on every matter of public interest, and whatever happened to him in particular was considered good for at least half a column of copy, with his name as a catch-line at the top. When it was learned that he was to spend the summer in New Hampshire, the reporters had all wanted to find out about it. Again, when the summer was ending, they began to want to know how he had liked it, what work he had done, and what were his plans for another year. As they frequently applied to his publishers for these details, it was finally suggested to him that he write a letter furnishing the required information. Certain portions of his reply, handed to Mr. Duneka, of Harper & Brothers, who was visiting him at the moment, are full of interest.

Mem. for Mr. Duneka:

DUBLIN, *Oct. 9, 1905.*

. . . As to the other matters, here are the details.

Yes, I have tried a number of summer homes, here and in Europe together.

Each of these homes had charms of its own; charms and delights of its own, and some of them—even in Europe—had comforts. Several of them had conveniences, too. They all had a "view."

It is my conviction that there should always be some water in a view—a lake or a river, but not the ocean, if you are down on its level. I think that when you are down on its level it seldom inflames you with an ecstasy which you could not get out of a

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sand-flat. It is like being on board ship, over again; indeed it is worse than that, for there's three months of it. On board ship one tires of the aspects in a couple of days, and quits looking. The same vast circle of heaving humps is spread around you all the time, with you in the centre of it and never gaining an inch on the horizon, so far as you can see; for variety, a flight of flying-fish, mornings; a flock of porpoises throwing summersaults, afternoons; a remote whale spouting, Sundays; occasional phosphorescent effects, nights; every other day a streak of black smoke trailing along under the horizon; on the one single red-letter day, the illustrious iceberg. I have seen that iceberg thirty-four times in thirty-seven voyages; it is always the same shape, it is always the same size, it always throws up the same old flash when the sun strikes it; you may set it on any New York door-step of a June morning and light it up with a mirror-flash; and I will engage to recognize it. It is artificial, and it is provided and anchored out by the steamer companies. I used to like the sea, but I was young then, and could easily get excited over any kind of monotony, and keep it up till the monotonies ran out, if it was a fortnight.

Last January, when we were beginning to inquire about a home for this summer, I remembered that Abbott Thayer had said, three years before, that the New Hampshire highlands was a good place. He was right—it is a good place. Any place that is good for an artist in paint is good for an artist in morals and ink. Brush is here, too; so is Col. T. W. Higginson; so is Raphael Pumpelly; so is Mr. Secretary Hitchcock; so is Henderson; so is Learned; so is Sumner; so is Franklin MacVeigh; so is Joseph L. Smith; so is Henry Copley Greene, when I am not occupying his house, which I am doing this season. Paint, literature, science, statesmanship, history, professorship, law, morals—these are all represented here, yet crime is substantially unknown.

. . . . . .

The nearest railway station is distant something like an hour's drive; it is three hours from there to Boston, over a branch line. You can go to New York in six hours per branch lines if you change cars every time you think of it, but it is better to go to Boston and stop over and take the trunk line next day, then you do not get lost.

It is claimed that the atmosphere of the New Hampshire highlands is exceptionally bracing and stimulating, and a fine aid to hard and continuous work. It is a just claim, I think. I came in May, and wrought 35 successive days without a break. It is possible that I could not have done it elsewhere. I do not know; I have not had any disposition to try it, before. I think I got the disposition out of the atmosphere, this time. I feel quite sure, in fact, that that is where it came from.

I am ashamed to confess what an intolerable pile of manuscript I ground out in the 35 days, therefore I will keep the number of words to myself. I wrote the first half of a long tale—"The Adventures of a Microbe"—and put it away for a finish next summer, and started another long tale—"The Mysterious Stranger." I wrote the first half of it and put it with the other for a finish next summer.[1] I stopped then. I was not tired, but I had no books on hand that needed finishing this year except one that was seven years old. After a little I took that one up and finished it. Not for publication, but to have it ready for revision next summer.

Since I stopped work I have had a two months' holiday. The summer has been my working time for 35 years; to have a holiday in it (in America) is new for me. I have not broken it, except to write "Eve's Diary" and "A Horse's Tale"—short things occupying the mill 12 days.

This year our summer is 6 months long and ends with November and the flight home to New York, but next year we hope and expect to stretch it another month and end it the first of December.

[No signature.]

The year 1905 closed triumphantly for Mark Twain. The great "Seventieth Birthday" dinner planned by Col. George Harvey of Harper & Brothers is remembered to-day as the most notable festival occasion in New York literary history. It was Mark Twain's first public appearance since his wife's death in 1904. Other dinners and ovations followed. At seventy he had returned to the world, more beloved, more honored than ever.

He did not return to the lecture platform, though constantly urged to fill engagements. Finally he decided to retire officially, and publicly, and in a good cause.

The series of letters which follows was prepared by Mark Twain and Gen. Fred Grant, mainly with a view of advertising the "farewell lecture," which Clemens had agreed to deliver for the benefit of the Robert Fulton Monument

[1] This was a second version of the *Mysterious Stranger*. The first (the one finally published) was written in Vienna seven years before.

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Association. The association had really proposed to pay him a thousand dollars for it. The exchange of these letters, however, was never really made outside of Mark Twain's bedroom. Propped against the pillows, pen in hand, with General Grant beside him, they arranged the series with the idea of publication. Later the plan was discarded, so that this pleasant foolery appears here for the first time.

PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL
(Correspondence)
Telegram

ARMY HEADQUARTERS [date].

MARK TWAIN, NEW YORK.

Would you consider a proposal to talk at Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the Robert Fulton Monument Association, of which you are a Vice President, for a fee of a thousand dollars?

F. D. GRANT.
President,
Fulton Monument Association.

TELEGRAPHIC ANSWER

MAJOR-GENERAL F. D. GRANT,
Army Headquarters.

I shall be glad to do it, but I must stipulate that you keep the thousand dollars and add it to the Monument Fund as my contribution.

CLEMENS.

LETTERS

DEAR MR. CLEMENS,—You have the thanks of the Association, and the terms shall be as you say. But why give all of it? Why not reserve a portion—why should you do this work wholly without compensation?

Truly yours,
FRED D. GRANT.

MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT,
Army Headquarters.

DEAR GENERAL,—Because I stopped talking for pay a good many years ago, and I could not resume the habit now without a great deal of personal discomfort. I love to hear myself talk, because I get so much instruction and moral upheaval out of it, but I lose the bulk of this joy when I charge for it. Let the terms stand.

General, if I have your approval, I wish to use this good occasion to retire permanently from the platform.

Truly yours,
S. L. CLEMENS.

DEAR MR. CLEMENS,—Certainly. But as an old friend, permit me to say, Don't do that. Why should you?—you are not old yet.

Yours truly,
FRED D. GRANT.

DEAR GENERAL,—I mean the pay-platform; I sha'n't retire from the gratis-platform until after I am dead and courtesy requires me to keep still and not disturb the others.

What shall I talk about? My idea is this: to instruct the audience about Robert Fulton, and . . . Tell me—was that his real name, or was it his nom de plume? However, never mind, it is not important—I can skip it, and the house will think I knew all about it, but forgot. Could you find out for me if he was one of the Signers of the Declaration, and which one? But if it is any trouble, let it alone, I can skip it. Was he out with Paul Jones? Will you ask Horace Porter, And ask him if he brought both of them home. These will be very interesting facts, if they can be established. But never mind, don't trouble Porter, I can establish them anyway. The way I look at it, they are historical gems—gems of the very first water.

Well, that is my idea, as I have said: first, excite the audience with a spoonful of information about Fulton, then quiet them down with a barrel of illustrations drawn by memory from my books—and if you don't say anything the house will think they never heard of it before, because people don't really read your books, they only say they do, to keep you from feeling bad. Next, excite the house with another spoonful of Fultonian fact, then tranquilize them again with another barrel of illustration. And so on and so on, all through the evening; and if you are discreet and don't tell them the illustrations don't illustrate anything, they won't notice it and I will send them home as well-informed about Robert Fulton as I am myself. Don't be afraid; I know all about audiences, they believe everything you say, except when you are telling the truth.

Truly yours,
S. L. CLEMENS.

P.S. Mark all the advertisements "*Private and Confidential*," otherwise the people will not read them.

M. T.

The lecture was given in Carnegie Hall, which had been gaily decorated for the occasion. The house was more than filled, and a great sum of money was realized for the fund.

In May, 1907, Mark Twain was invited to England to receive from Oxford

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the degree of Literary Doctor. It was an honor that came to him as a sort of laurel crown at the end of a great career, and gratified him exceedingly. To Moberly Bell, of the London *Times*, he expressed his appreciation. Bell had been over in April and Clemens believed him concerned in the matter.

The story of Mark Twain's extraordinary reception and triumph in England has been elsewhere told.[1] Perhaps one of the most satisfactory incidents of his sojourn was a dinner given to him by the staff of *Punch* in the historic offices at 10 Bouverie Street, where no other foreign visitor had been thus honored, a notable distinction. When the dinner ended, little Joy Agnew, daughter of the chief editor, entered and presented to the chief guest the original drawing of a cartoon by Bernard Partridge, which had appeared on the front page of *Punch*. In this picture the presiding genius of the paper is offering to Mark Twain health, long life, and happiness from "The Punch Bowl."

A short time after his return to America he received a pretty, childish letter from little Miss Agnew acknowledging a photograph he had sent her, and giving a list of her pets and occupations. Such a letter always delighted Mark Twain, and his pleasure in this one is reflected in his reply.

To Miss Joy Agnew, in London:

TUXEDO PARK, NEW YORK.

Unto you greetings and salutation and worship, you dear, sweet little rightly-named Joy! I can see you now almost as vividly as I saw you that night when you sat flashing and beaming upon those sombre swallow-tails

"Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

Oh, you were indeed the only one—there wasn't even the remotest chance of competition with *you*, dear! Ah *you* are a decoration, you little witch!

The idea of your house going to the wanton expense of a flower garden!—aren't you enough? And what do you want to go and discourage the other flowers for? Is that the right spirit? is it considerate? is it kind? How do you suppose they feel when you come around looking the way *you* look? And you so pink and sweet and dainty and lovely and supernatural? Why, it makes them feel embarrassed and artificial, of course; and in my opinion it is just as pathetic as it can be. Now then, you want to reform, dear, and do right.

Well, certainly, you are well off, Joy:

3 bantams;
3 goldfish;
3 doves;
6 canarys;
2 dogs;
1 cat;

All you need, now, to be permanently beyond the reach of want, is one more dog—just one more good, gentle, high principled, affectionate, loyal dog who wouldn't want any nobler service than the golden privilege of lying at your door, nights, and biting everything that came along—and I am that very one, and ready to come at the dropping of a hat.

Do you think you could convey my love and thanks to your "daddy" and Owen Seaman and those other oppressed and downtrodden subjects of yours, you darling small tyrant?

On my knees! These—with the kiss of fealty from your other subject—

MARK TWAIN.

In his philosophy *What Is Man*, and now and again in his other writings, we find Mark Twain giving small credit to the human mind as an originator of ideas. The most original writer of his time, he took no credit for pure invention and allowed none to others. The mind, he declared, adapted, consciously or unconsciously; it did not create. In a letter which follows he elucidates this doctrine. The references in it to the "Captain" and to the kerosene, have to do with Captain "Hurricane" Jones and his theory of the miracles of "Isaac and of the prophets of Baal" as expounded in "Some Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion."

By a trick of memory, Clemens gives *The Little Duke* as his suggestion for *The Prince and the Pauper;* he should have written *The Prince and the Page*, by the same author.

To Rev. F. V. Christ, in New York:

REDDING, CONN., *Aug.*, '08.

DEAR SIR,—You say "I often owe my best sermons to a suggestion received in reading or from other exterior sources." Your remark is not quite in accordance with the

[1] *Mark Twain: A Biography*, Chapters CCLVI–CCLIX.

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facts. We must change it to—"I owe *all* my thoughts, sermons and ideas to suggestions received from sources outside of myself. The simplified English of this proposition is—"No man's brains ever originated an idea." It is an astonishing thing that after all these ages the world goes on thinking the human brain machinery can originate a thought.

It can't. It never has done it. In all cases, little and big, the thought is born of a suggestion; and in *all* cases the suggestions come to the brain from the outside. The brain never acts except from exterior impulse.

A man can satisfy himself of the truth of this by a single process—let him examine every idea that occurs to him in an hour; a day; in a week—in a life-time if he please. He will always find that an outside something suggested the thought, something which he saw with his eyes or heard with his ears or perceived by his touch—not necessarily today, nor yesterday, nor last year, nor twenty years ago, but *sometime* or *other*. Usually the source of the suggestion is immediately traceable, but sometimes it isn't.

However, if you will examine every thought that occurs to you for the next two days, you will find that in at least nine cases out of ten you can put your finger on the outside suggestion—And that ought to convince you that No. 10 had that source, too, although you cannot at present hunt it down and find it.

The idea of writing to me would have had to wait a long time if it waited until your brain *originated* it. It was born of an outside suggestion—Sir Thomas and my old Captain.

The hypnotist thinks he has invented a new thing—*suggestion*. This is very sad. I don't know where my captain got his kerosene idea (It was forty-one years ago, and he is long ago dead.) But I know that it didn't originate in his head, but it was born from a suggestion from the outside.

Yesterday a guest said, "How did you come to think of writing *The Prince and the Pauper?*" I didn't. The thought came to me from the outside—suggested by that pleasant and picturesque little history-book, Charlotte M. Yonge's *Little Duke*. I doubt if Mrs. Burnett knows whence came to her the suggestion to write *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, but I know; it came to her from reading *The Prince and the Pauper*. In all my life I have never originated an idea, and neither has anybody else.

Man's mind is a clever machine, and can work up materials into ingenious fancies and ideas, but it can't create the material; none but the gods can do that. In Sweden I saw a vast machine receive a block of wood, and turn it into marketable matches in two minutes. It could do everything but make the wood. That is the kind of machine the human mind is. Maybe this is not a large compliment, but it is all I can afford.

Your friend and well-wisher,

S. L. CLEMENS.

In June that year Mark Twain had established his household in Redding, Connecticut, in a beautiful home for which John Howells had made the plans. He named it "Stormfield," after one of his characters, and, despite the name, he found the place so comfortable that he remained there all that winter.

In a letter to Howells we get another glimpse of Mark Twain's philosophy of man, the irresponsible machine.

To William Dean Howells, in New York:

STORMFIELD, REDDING, CONN.,
Jan. 18, '09.

DEAR HOWELLS,—I *have* to write a line, lazy as I am, to say how your Poe article delighted me; and to say that I am in agreement with substantially all you say about his literature. To me his prose is unreadable—Like Jane Austin's. No, there is a difference. I could read his prose on salary, but not Jane's. Jane is entirely impossible. It seems a great pity that they allowed her to die a natural death.

Another thing: you grant that God and circumstances sinned against Poe, but you also grant that he sinned against himself—a thing which he couldn't do and didn't do.

It is lively up here now. I wish you could come.

Yrs ever,

MARK.

Miss Elizabeth Wallace, to whom the next letter is written, had known Mark Twain in Bermuda, and after his death published a dainty volume entitled *Mark Twain and the Happy Island.*

"STORMFIELD," REDDING, CONN.
Nov. 13, '09.

DEAR BETSY,— . . . I've been writing *Letters from the Earth*, and if you will come here and see us I will—what? Put the MS in your hands, with the places to skip marked? No, I won't trust you quite that far. I'll read passages to you. This book will never be published—in fact it couldn't be, because it would be felony to soil the mails with it, for it has much Holy Scripture in it of the kind that . . . can't properly be

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read aloud, except from the pulpit and in family worship. Paine enjoys it, but Paine is going to be damned one of these days, I suppose.

The autumn splendors passed you by? What a pity. I wish you had been here. It was beyond words! It was heaven and hell and sunset and rainbows and the aurora all fused into one divine harmony, and you couldn't look at it and keep the tears back. All the hosannahing strong gorgeousnesses have gone back to heaven and hell and the pole, now, but no matter; if you could look out of my bedroom window at this moment, you would choke up; and when you got your voice you would say—This is not real, this is a dream. Such a singing together, and such a whispering together, and such a snuggling together of cosy soft colors, and such kissing and caressing, and such pretty blushing when the sun breaks out and catches those dainty weeds at it—you remember that weed-garden of mine?—and then—then the far hills sleeping in a dim blue trance—oh, hearing about it is nothing, you should be here to see it.

Good! I wish I could go on the platform and read. And I could, if it could be kept out of the papers. There's a charity-school of 400 young girls in Boston that I would give my ears to talk to, if I had some more; but—oh, well, I can't go, and so it's no use to grieve about it.

This morning Jean went to town; also Paine; also the butler; also Katy; also the laundress. The cook and the maid, and the boy and the roustabout and Jean's coachman are left—just enough to make it lonesome, because they are around yet never visible. However, the Harpers are sending Leigh up to play billiards; therefore I shall survive.

Affectionately,
S. L. CLEMENS.

Early in June that year Clemens had developed unmistakable symptoms of heart trouble of a very serious nature. It was angina pectoris, and, while to all appearance he was as well as ever and usually felt so, he was visited by sudden attacks of acute "breast pains" which, as the months passed, increased in frequency and severity. He was alarmed and distressed—not on his own account, but because of his daughter Jean, a handsome girl, who had long been subject to epileptic seizures. In case of his death he feared that Jean would be without permanent anchorage, his other daughter, Clara—following her marriage to Ossip Gabrilowitsch in October—having taken up residence abroad.

This anxiety was soon ended. On the morning of December 24th, Jean Clemens was found dead in her apartment. She was not drowned in her bath as was reported, but died from heart exhaustion, the result of her malady and the shock of cold water.

Mark Twain had returned from a month's trip to Bermuda a few days before Jean died. Now, by his physician's advice, he went back to those balmy islands. He had always loved them, since his first trip there with Twichell thirty-three years earlier, and at "Bay House," the residence of Vice-Consul Allen, where he was always a welcome guest, he could have the attentions and care and comforts of a home. Taking Claude, the butler, as his valet, he sailed January 5th, and presently sent back a letter in which he said, "Again I am leading the ideal life, and am immeasurably content."

Through February, and most of March, letters and reports from him were about the same. He had begun to plan for his return, and concerning amusements at Stormfield for the entertainment of the neighbors, and for the benefit of the library which he had founded soon after his arrival in Redding. In these letters he seldom mentioned the angina pains that had tortured him earlier. But once, when he sent a small photograph of himself, it seemed to us that his face had become thin, and that he had suffered. Certainly his next letter was not reassuring.

To A. B. Paine, in Redding:

DEAR PAINE,—We must look into the magic-lantern business. Maybe the modern lantern is too elaborate and troublesome for back-settlement use, but we can inquire. We must have some kind of a show at "Stormfield" to entertain the countryside with.

We are booked to sail in the *Bermudian* April 23rd, but don't tell anybody, I don't want it known. I may have to go sooner if the pain in my breast doesn't mend its ways pretty considerably. I don't want to die here, for this is an unkind place for a person in that condition. I should have to lie in the undertaker's cellar until the ship would remove me and it is dark down there and unpleasant.

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The Colliers will meet me on the pier and I may stay with them a week or two before going home. It all depends on the breast pain—I don't want to die there. I am growing more and more particular about the place.

With love,
S. L. C.

This letter had been written by the hand of his "secretary," Helen Allen. Evidently writing had become an effort to him. Yet we did not suspect how rapidly the end was approaching, and only grew vaguely alarmed. A week later, however, it became evident that his condition was critical.

DEAR PAINE,— . . . I have been having a most uncomfortable time for the past 4 days with that breast-pain, which turns out to be an affection of the heart, just as I originally suspected. The news from New York is to the effect that non-bronchial weather has arrived there at last, therefore if I can get my breast trouble in travelling condition I may sail for home a week or two earlier than has heretofore been proposed. Yours as ever,

S. L. CLEMENS,
(per H. S. A.)

In this letter he seems to have forgotten that his trouble had been pronounced an affection of the heart long before he left America, though at first it had been thought that it might be gastritis. The same mail brought a letter from Mr. Allen explaining fully the seriousness of his condition. I sailed immediately for Bermuda, arriving there on the 4th of April. He was not suffering at the moment, though the pains came now with alarming frequency and violence. He was cheerful and brave. He did not complain. He gave no suggestion of a man whose days were nearly ended.

A part of the Stormfield estate had been a farm which he had given to Jean Clemens, where she had busied herself raising some live stock and poultry. After her death he had wished the place to be sold and the returns devoted to some memorial purpose. The sale had been made during the winter and the price received had been paid in cash. I found him full of interest in all affairs, and anxious to discuss the memorial plan. A day or two later he dictated the following letter—the last he would ever send.

It seems fitting that this final word from one who had so long given happiness to the whole world should record a special gift to his neighbors.

To Charles T. Lark, in New York:

HAMILTON, BERMUDA.
April 6, 1910.

DEAR MR. LARK,—I have told Paine that I want the money derived from the sale of the farm, which I had given, but not conveyed, to my daughter Jean, to be used to erect a building for the Mark Twain Library of Redding, the building to be called the Jean L. Clemens Memorial Building.

I wish to place the money $6,000.00 in the hands of three trustees,—Paine and two others: H. A. Lounsbury and William E. Hazen, all of Redding, these trustees to form a building Committee to decide on the size and plan of the building needed and to arrange for and supervise the work in such a manner that the fund shall amply provide for the building complete, with necessary furnishings, leaving, if possible, a balance remaining, sufficient for such repairs and additional furnishings as may be required for two years from the time of completion.

Will you please draw a document covering these requirements and have it ready by the time I reach New York (April 14th).

Very sincerely,
S. L. CLEMENS.

He sailed on the 12th of April, reaching New York on the 14th as he had planned. A day or two later Mr. and Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, summoned from Italy by cable, arrived. He suffered very little after reaching Stormfield, and his mind was comparatively clear up to the last day. On the afternoon of April 21st he sank into a state of coma, and just at sunset he died. Three days later, at Elmira, New York, he was laid beside Mrs. Clemens and those others who had preceded him.

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A Mistake in the Horoscope

BY EMERY POTTLE

THE bang of a door close by caused Appenine Byrd, poet, to jump agilely behind a chimney. Peering stealthily out, he perceived a head rising through a scuttle on the roof. The head had a scarlet cap. The body to which this member was, of course, attached rapidly emerged. It seemed to be that of an attractive youth, still in his teens, attired in very baggy blue knickerbockers and a full white blouse with low, rolling collar. He bore under one arm a pair of dumb-bells and under the other a little white woolly dog. Without ado he dropped the latter and with the former set to work in a most energetic fashion. So fascinated did Appy presently become that he forgot caution and protruded his head.

The slim little figure bent and rebent in sprightly measure; the dumb-bells rose and fell. It was a pretty sight. Never had Appy seen a handsomer lad—dark, with milky skin and peach-bloom cheek; flashing of eye, with rich, dusky curls. The white woolly dog caught sight of the intruder behind the chimney-pot. He set up a frenzied barking and flew straight for the tail of the cabalistic garment the poet unavoidably wore, offensively displaying itself beyond the bricks.

"Galahad! Stop it!"

Galahad, however, had by this time arrived at the shins beneath the shameful robe, which he so menaced that their owner instinctively backed into the open.

The dumb-bells fell with a crash. "Oh, mercy!" cried the startled youth.

"Good morning!" said Appy, as politely as one can with a white woolly dog at the ankles.

"Sick im, Galahad!" urged the owner of the infuriated animal, "*sic 'im!*" making as if to throw the recovered dumb-bells at the roof-walker.

"Oh, please!" protested Appy, skipping on to the soap-box for safety. "Oh, please, sir, I won't hurt you!"

Caught by the unmistakable note of sincerity in the voice of the intruder dancing like a dervish on the box, the athletic young person paused in the act of hurling the missiles and advanced a step nearer.

Now for the first time Appy was enabled, in the rapidly increasing light of morning, to see his companion clearly. A cloud of shame suddenly obscured his vision. The blood surged to his face in red torrents. With swift, mortified hands he tightly wrapped his flapping robe about his goose-fleshed legs, and, regardless of the enraged beast below, fled again behind the chimney. In that instant of clarified sight he had horribly become aware that he was in the presence of a female.

"I—I—beg your pardon," gasped Appenine, in a small voice from his shelter, turning away his abashed eyes from the outraged young creature who resolutely followed him.

"I should think so," she coldly retorted.

"Would you please ask the—the little dog not to—to bite me so—so incessantly? I—I should esteem it a great favor."

She considered a moment. "I see no reason why he should not bite you," she responded, severely.

"Excuse me," said Appy; "I'm sorry to trouble him."

She came a little nearer. "Does he hurt?"

"Yes, thank you, a—a great deal."

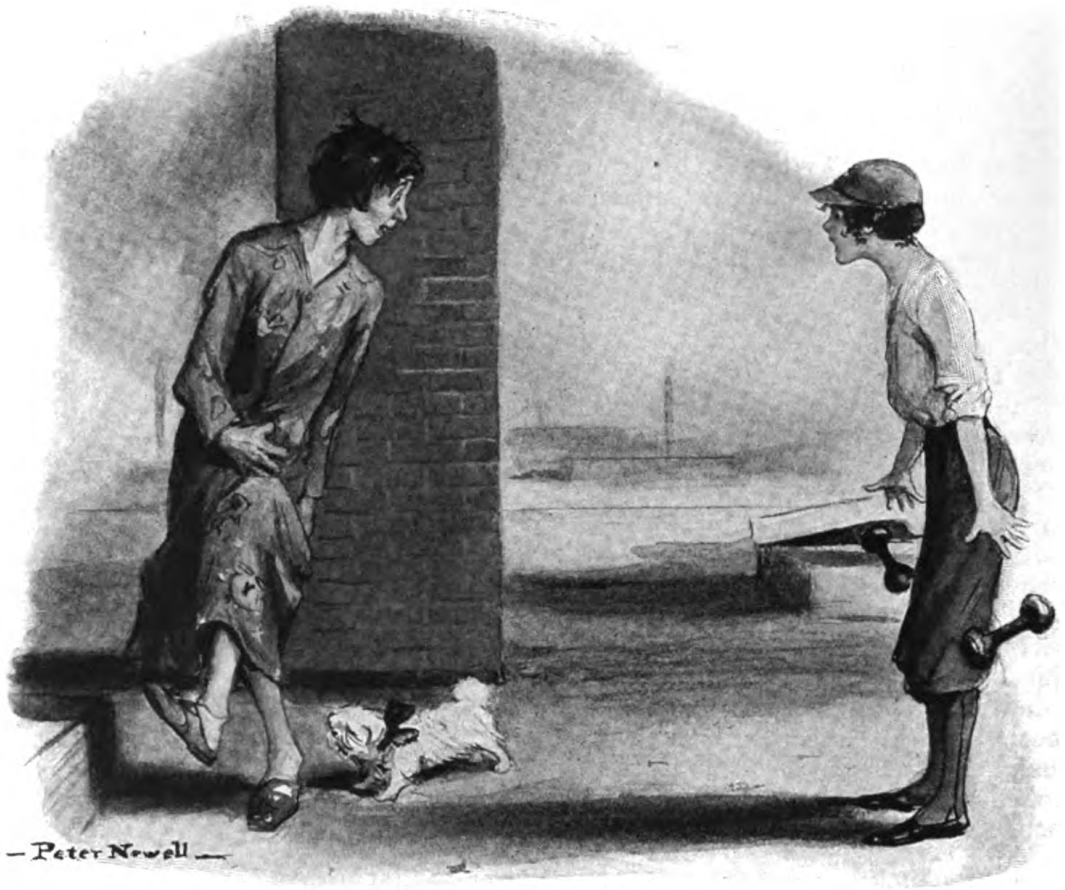
"He ought to."

"I suppose he ought, but it—it's very unpleasant, if I may say so."

"What will you do if I call him away?" she inquired, after a pause.

"Noth-nothing," he abjectly stammered.

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THE WOOLLY DOG FLEW STRAIGHT FOR THE TAIL OF THE CABALISTIC GARMENT

"What were you doing before I came?"

"No-nothing."

"*Noth*ing? What a silly thing to say!" She whistled to her dog. "Come here, Galahad! Heel!"

Galahad, with every sign of reluctance, left his prey and returned, growling, to his mistress.

"Now I wish to know," she proceeded, with great sternness, "what you are doing on our roof?"

Appy hesitated. "I—I am escaping."

"What?"

"Escaping."

"Where to?"

"I don't know, *ma'am*."

"Don't call me *ma'am*."

"No, ma'am."

"Where to, I said?"

"I don't know, ma—excuse me."

"Then how can you escape there?"

This question was obviously so unanswerable that Appy was fain to keep abashed silence.

Seeing she had him there, she took a new tack. "Whom are you escaping from?" she demanded, sharply.

Appy answered inadvertently without consideration of the scandalous nature of his reply. "From a—a woman."

She reddened angrily and retreated. "How dare you! Get off our roof at once. If you don't I shall send for the police."

"Oh," he cried, wretchedly. "Oh, you don't understand!"

"I don't want to. Go away."

"I can't go away."

"Why not?"

"Because there's no place to go to."

"Go back where you came from, then."

"I'll die first."

The tragic accents from behind the chimney impressed the girl in spite of herself. She advanced again. "You can't stay here, you know." Her tone was very decided.

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"I know it."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," he whimpered.

She approached him now more confidently. Appy dodged to the other side of the chimney. "Why do you do that, like a monkey?" she inquired, curtly. "Stand still."

"Please don't look at me, ma'am. It —it isn't proper."

"How impertinent of you to tell me what is proper and what isn't! As if I didn't know. Come out!"

"I—I haven't any—any—*on*, you know," he chattered in an agony of mortification.

"Come out, I said, or I'll sic Galahad on you."

After a painful hesitation Appy slunk into view. He was hunched miserably together to lengthen the skirts of the horrid garment which he clasped tenaciously about him with both arms. His hair was disordered and his eyes bloodshot; he shivered violently; his head hung in humiliation. The young woman looked at him hard for a long moment, then, unexpectedly, she burst into laughter.

"I'm glad you think it's funny," he remarked, stiffly.

"I think it's the funniest thing I ever saw," she got out between laughs. "Where'd you get it?"

Appy refused to answer. A deep shame was upon him. He realized how utterly impossible it would be to recount to this hilarious young woman the tragic story of how he came by his outrageous apparel. After all, he reflected, abysmally, there was nothing left for him now but suicide. He edged weakly toward the parapet of the roof.

"Where are you going?" she demanded, suspiciously.

"I'm going to jump off the roof," Appy broke out, violently. "I want to die!"

"Gracious!" cried the girl in alarm. After a moment of consideration she added, reflectively, "I can't say I blame you. If you could *see* yourself!" She began again to laugh. Appy went nearer to the chasm. "I can't help laughing," she went on.

"I don't care what you do," peevishly retorted the doomed Appy.

"You're awfully rude," said she, "and I'm going in. Besides, I don't want to see you jump off. Come along, Galahad!" She whistled imperatively to her dog and made toward the scuttle. "Good morning," she tossed back serenely.

One red leg was already on the descending ladder when Appy recovered his speech. If she left him he was lost, and he knew it. "Oh, please, please, please! Don't go! I don't want to die. I hate jumping. Don't leave me!"

She stopped. "I thought you didn't care what I did."

"I do — I care awfully. I'm very sorry. Oh, won't you help me?"

She hesitated a moment. "It's the most ridiculous situation I ever heard of," said she. "Where do you want to be helped to?"

"I want to go home."

"Where do you live?"

"In Virginia."

"Why don't you go there, then?"

"How *can* I, like this?"

"It needn't stop you moving, though I suppose you would be arrested before you got far. How did you get like—like that?"

Appy cleared his throat painfully. There was nothing for it. He had to tell. "The—the seeress did it," he desperately began.

"The *what?*" exclaimed the girl, blankly.

"The *seeress*. She—she—"

"See here," she broke in, "you won't be hurt if I ask you something? I think I ought to, for my own sake. Are you—insane? Because if you are I'm going in."

"No—honestly. I give you my word. If I were I should have said so at once."

"All right, I'll take your word. Go on."

"The—the seeress," stumbled Appy, "she—"

"What seeress?" inquired his companion, interestedly.

"Madame Seraphita."

"The one who lives in this block?"

"Yes—over there." Appy pointed a fearful finger.

"Go on. Don't stutter so. What did she do?"

"I—I was on the train. And she was on the train. I was coming to New

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York. I—I am a poet and I wanted to come to New York to—to have my poems printed, you see. And she began to talk to me." He shuddered. "I couldn't help it. She said it was our *fate*, you know. Then, when we got to New York— Oh, I can't bear to think of it! She forced me to get into a taxi—I can't explain how now—and she brought me here, and a horrible Swede shut me up and took away all my clothes—and I don't know any dark women. I want to go home."

The girl rested her chin in the palm of her hand and gazed meditatively at the unfortunate poet. "Well, I never should have thought it, never! It's the queerest thing I ever knew. It isn't at all what I expected. Not at all."

Appy stared at her. "I beg your pardon?"

"I say it isn't what I expected."



THEY SAW RISING FROM THE APERTURE IN THE ROOF THE HEAD OF THE SEERESS

—spanked me—and put this garment on me. And to-day she's going to—to—to—oh, it's awful!—to—"

"To *what?* Say it quick."

"*To marry me!*"

The young girl sat down on the soap-box. "To marry you?" she repeated, incredulously. "I never heard of such a thing! Never! Do you want to marry her?"

"I'd rather die."

"Did you tell her so?"

"Yes, but it didn't help any. She says there's a dark woman somewhere. I don't understand at all about it. And she keeps talking about Venus. I can't tell you how dreadful it is. She says it's in the stars. And she began it on the train. And she says my real name is Eduardo!"

"Did you say a dark woman?" she breathlessly demanded.

"Yes—at least she said a dark woman.

"What—what *did* you expect?" he asked, timidly.

"I hoped it would be a big, strong man—a kind of viking, you know. *She* said," pursued the girl, as if talking to herself, "that he'd be blond. But I didn't really believe it. I don't at all like poets. It's very strange. But I suppose I can't help it. It's very annoying, very, I can tell you."

"I'm very sorry."

"Oh, it isn't your fault," tartly replied his interlocutor. "It's *Venus!*"

Appy jumped at the sound of that detestable word. "Don't say that!" he cried.

"Say *what?*"

"That—that creature's name. I hate it."

She gave no heed to his protestations. "How did you get out?" she went on, eagerly.

"Through the hole in the roof, when

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they were asleep. I had to put on this thing. They took my—my—"

"Yes, I know. It was lucky you got away. She'd surely have married you. We must think what we can do now."

"You *will* help me? You—you—Oh, how good you are! I—"

"I've got to," she answered, mysteriously. "It is part of it."

"I—I don't understand."

"Of course you don't," she replied, impatiently. "How should you?"

At that moment there was a scraping noise at the farther end of the row of roofs. It came clearly in the morning air. A door banged. Apprehensively the hunted poet gazed in the direction of the sound. The girl's eyes followed his. They saw rising from the aperture in the roof a disordered, immorally blond head, an unmistakable, fatal head, the head of the seeress. Appy didn't hesitate. With the speed of a rabbit he made for the opening in the roof on which he stood.

The young girl gazed after him in great excitement. "You mustn't go there!" she cried. "I *live* there! Come back! Please come back! Oh, what will my father do?"

The heavy tread of Madame Seraphita shook the roof-tops. She was in her petticoat, somewhat soiled, but with rosy bows, and a brief, blossomed upper garment suggestive of trampled blood and oranges. The girl eyed her approach with fear. Suddenly she gathered up the dumb-bells and the woolly white dog and fled after Appy. The scuttle banged behind her, there was a sound of shooting bolts.

"Hussy!" screamed the seeress overhead.

The young girl peered anxiously through the partial obscurity of the hall into which she had so hastily precipitated herself. There was a moment or two before she could find Appy; he was huddled on the floor under a table. Indeed, Galahad first sniffed him out and was about to expand his intimidating growls into ferocious barkings, when his mistress snatched him up and firmly held his nose. The exhausted poet lifted an edge of the table-cover and gazed with agonized appeal at—if one may so use the word—his hostess. He was on the point of wild speech when she sternly laid her finger on her lips and shook a vigorous head. They regarded each other in uneasy silence for a considerable time. Above them, on the roof, they heard indistinct sounds which they rightly construed as curses. Presently they caught the thud of retreating footsteps. The young girl breathed deeply in relief. To Appy, who was already in a state of collapse owing to the hideous nervous strain of the past twenty-four hours and to an entire lack of nourishment, this respite came as the pardon to the condemned already at the gallows. In the reaction he swayed dazedly to and fro and was about to topple over in a faint when his companion rushed toward him.

"Don't you dare to faint away!" she hissed in his ear. "If you do, I'll—I'll *slap* you!"

Her evident sincerity revived in the slightest measure the waning forces of Appy. He attempted to get to his feet, failed, with ghastly face murmured, piteously, "S-s-sl-ap, pl-please," and was gone.

When he regained consciousness, he found himself still under the table. His situation was, however, vastly improved as he vaguely perceived as soon as his fluttering senses returned, so to speak, to their nest. His head was on the young woman's lap and she was stroking his brow with light, gentle hands which she dipped from time to time in a tin basin of water. A tremulous smile of gratitude flickered about his lips. "Did—did you slap?" he whispered.

She smiled in return. "Don't be silly," she replied, also in a whisper. "Certainly not."

"I'm sorry."

"I hope you don't mind being brought to by the water from Galahad's drinking basin?" she inquired. "There wasn't any other."

"It is very nice water indeed," responded Appy, politely.

"Can you get up?" she pursued.

"I think so," said he, with reluctance, for the cool hands on his brow seemed to him the most delightful thing he had ever known. However, he obediently struggled to a sitting posture, assisted by his restorer. He leaned weakly against her shoulder. They regarded

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THE COOL HANDS ON HIS BROW SEEMED THE MOST DELIGHTFUL THING HE HAD EVER KNOWN

each other questioningly. Unexpectedly the girl began to laugh silently. Stimulated by her pleasant mirth, Appy also feebly smiled.

"It's perfectly absurd. It's more absurd than Alice in Wonderland," she whispered. "But it's all very well to laugh. The question is, what are you going to do?"

"Excuse me, but—I don't know," said Appy, with a fresh access of agitation.

"I don't suppose you do," she answered, reflectively. "That's one of the drawbacks to a poet. But you can't sit here on the floor. And I can't turn you out into the streets like this."

Appy sighed heavily in his relief, and attempted to find one of the cool hands.

"And," she continued, jerking away her hand, "I daren't tell my father about you. He wouldn't believe your story for a second. In fact, nobody would but me. I hate to think what he would say to me, for letting a perfectly strange man come into the house at this hour, and, as you may say, without any clothes on. He's little, but very violent, and he tames lions. Goodness! how he swears sometimes! He's asleep now and the cook is getting breakfast. *She's* gone. So nothing will happen for a little while. But you can see yourself, if you have any sense of propriety, that it's a ghastly situation for me—and—"

Just then there was a savage roar from the floor below that would have unnerved bulls of Bashan. "Where in hell is my bath! I say where in hell is it?"

"Oh, dear, father is up," murmured the girl. "You wouldn't believe so big a voice could come out of so little a man."

Appy shuddered and sat closer. There were sounds of hasty feet and finally of a banging door. The girl heaved a sigh of relief. "He's got it. It's all right for a half-hour now." She rose to her feet. "There's only one thing for the present. You'll have to hide in the trunk-room. I'll lock you in. And then I'll try to think what can be done. Come along now. Don't waste an instant."

She seized Appy by the hand and led him quickly to a tiny, stuffy room filled with trunks and cast-off clothing. There was a detestable smell of moth-balls. "Get in, quick. It's the best I can do. I'll come back in a minute." She pushed him in and hurried away. In the briefest space she was back again with a tin box of biscuits, a carafe of water, and a picture puzzle.

"It's the hardest one I ever saw," she remarked. "The puzzle, *not* the bis-

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cuits. It took me three days. Good-by, and for pity's sake, don't move around any. I'll come back when I can. My name is Rose Marie—I won't tell the other because it is so awful. Good-by."

She smiled so encouragingly that Appy had a strange, new, disconcerting desire to kiss her. The consciousness of it made him blush visibly. "My name is Appenine Byrd—and I—I—I don't know how to thank you," he began, helplessly. "I—I think you're the nicest girl I—"

"Oh, bother!" said she, departing abruptly.

The key turned outside and once more Appenine Byrd was a prisoner. His wan face was lit with a sentimental glow as he munched the biscuits. When he finished them, he took the bits of the puzzle from its box and vaguely stirred them about on the floor. But he had fitted only two of the pieces together when weariness overcame him and he sank incontinently into a profound sleep.

The door of Appenine's retreat was hastily opened an hour later, and Rose Marie precipitately entered. She shook the slothful poet without ceremony. "Get up!" she commanded in a low, tense voice. "The worst has happened! *The seeress is down-stairs!*"

The mere mention of that fatal word recalled, in every horrid detail, to Appy his terrible condition. He jumped wildly to his feet and made as if to flee.

"Here! Don't do that! Listen! The kind of scene that is taking place between papa and the seeress in the drawing-room would frighten a bartender. I've been hanging over the stairs to hear it. His language would make a parrot faint. Sometimes I really love to hear papa swear. And *she*—well, you've never heard anything like it. She says we're harboring her insane brother, you know, and she's got on the most awful flowered clothes and her hair needs the bleach again. Well, she says she won't leave the house till she's searched it. And papa says he'll— Oh, I couldn't repeat it—only he's got the maid to call up the police-station. So when they get here of course the whole place will be hunted. Now do just as I tell you. It's the only chance. If it fails why then you've lost, that's all. Put on these things *quick* and come out on the roof. Go to the next scuttle and if it is unlocked climb down and I'll be there. If it isn't, you'll have to jump—or—marry her. *Hurry!* You can't lose a second. Here's the key. Lock the door after you—that will put them off." She dropped a bundle of clothes at his feet and hurried away. "I never thought it would be a poet," she inconsequently murmured as she went. "I'd sooner have expected a baseball pitcher."

With trembling hands Appy fumbled at the bundle. As it fell apart he recognized the gymnastic costume of Rose Marie. He threw off his despised robe without a moment's hesitation and, so used had he become to the vagaries of life, proceeded unquestioningly to clothe himself in the new outfit. At least, he thought gratefully, it had a semblance of masculinity, though the waistband of the bloomers pinched him cruelly. There was a pair of slippers, and also a little coat which, though not that of a child, presented much the same effect once it was on him. But there was no time for such considerations. Again he set wretchedly forth to the roof-tops. It seemed to him, as he stole out, that he had been doing nothing but escape over roofs all his life.

As he hurried through the hall the sounds of altercation from below rose to his affrighted ears. "*Crocodile!*" he heard, and "*Ant-eater!*" and "*Zebra!*" "*Hell-hound!*" pursued him faintly as he climbed the ladder. He shivered. With hammering heart he hurried to the next scuttle. He tried it. It was tight shut. His head swam. He struggled with the little door as a dog digs in the ground, until he gave up in sheer exhaustion and squatted miserably beside it. The minutes were centuries. He heard sounds of feet at the street door and believed that the police had come. . . .

And then the trap-door slowly raised! Rose Marie appeared in the opening.

"Come," she called, with a radiant smile. "I've done it!" She gave him her hand and led him down, carefully bolting the door behind her. "I've told her you were my fiancé, you understand," she began, briskly. "So you'd better try to act like it, if you can. Heavens! how funny you look in those

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clothes! . . . You see, I don't know the lady here at all. We've just moved into this block. But she looked so sentimental, you know—I heard she was an old maid and kept a parrot—that I thought I'd try it. Well, it was just touch and go. She's awfully shocked, and if I hadn't behaved like an actress and wept perfect rivers, she wouldn't have given in and have let me open the scuttle. I told her we were engaged and that papa wanted to kill you and that if he did I should kill myself, and all that kind of thing, and— Oh yes, I said you were a poet. She loves poets, and she's telephoned for a taxi."

All this she poured somewhat disjointedly into the ears of the now utterly stupefied Appy as she conducted him down the stairs. "Hold my hand," she whispered as they were entering the drawing-room. "Appenine, darling," she went on in a voice rich with emotion, "this is our preserver! This is Miss Gumbs!"

With no more self-possession than a sinner at a revival, Appy scuffled toward the lady who stood rigidly before them in the center of the room.

"Good morning," he essayed, distinctly, and then sneezed violently five times. "I hope your husband—that is—I mean *my* husband— Oh, *our* husband, I would say, is quite well?" He smiled feebly.

The female retreated in agitation. She was a spare creature with a very thin, high nose, reddened at the tip by an unfortunate malady of the skin—and bursts of frisky curls at her temples. She wore a canary-colored silk gown of an antiquated fashion, very tight at the bosom, very billowing at the skirt.

"Sir!" she gasped.

"He is exhausted by the terrible strain that he has been enduring," hastily put in Rose Marie. "You must forgive him. Oh, Miss Gumbs, if you could see him when he is writing his poetry. It's the sweetest sight you ever—"

"I should be very happy to, indeed," primly replied Miss Gumbs. "He—I trust I do not seem indiscreet—appears to be in a state of extreme agitation. I think it will be more fitting of me to retire. I . . . if you wish diversion you will find the albums of Swiss views most attractive, and may I ask of you not to feed the goldfishes?" With a refined bow she rustled away from a scene that she felt was too intimate, too amorous for the eyes of the unmarried.



ONCE MORE APPENINE BYRD WAS A PRISONER

Rose Marie, in a paroxysm of silent laughter, at once collapsed on a sofa. When she regained control of herself

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she gazed at Appy, still standing passively, abjectly, before her. "Don't you think it is funny?" she demanded, with some irritation.

"What is?"

"*It!* The whole thing. Miss Gumbs. You. Papa. The seeress."

"No," said Appy, candidly.

"What do you think it is, then?" she inquired in amazement.

Appy raised his eyes to her, and once they were on her he could not remove them. And as he gazed, a glow like that of a rich cordial spread through him. She seemed to him the most beautiful being he had ever seen.

"What are you staring at?" she said.

"At you," he answered, simply.

The color mounted to Rose Marie's pink cheeks. She got up hastily and went to the window.

"Oh!" she cried in sudden excitement, "a policeman is going into our house and a big Swede is at the door. And I think I can hear papa. Goodness! it's awful! Don't come. . . . They might see you!"

Appy tiptoed to her side. As he leaned over to look, something turned him giddy. Seized by a strange, weird impulse, he put his lips to the pretty pink lobe of her ear.

"Mm!" cried the girl, jumping back. "You tickle! . . . How dare you kiss me? It's perfectly horrid of you!"

Appy hung his head. "I—I—I never did it before," he stammered.

"I should think not," she retorted.

Tears of shame stood in the poet's eyes. Rose Marie slightly relented. "Oh, well," she added, "it doesn't matter so awfully, I suppose, as long as we are going to be married."

"Wha-wha-what did you say?"

"Married was the word I used," she answered, calmly.

"*M-m-married?*"

"Yes."

"Wh-whom to?"

"To each other, silly. Why?"

Appy pressed his hand to his brow in a vain attempt to still its mad throbbing. He tried to speak, but his voice refused to come.

"Of course," continued Rose Marie, haughtily, "if you don't want to be, you needn't. If I could help myself, I shouldn't have chosen a poet, I can tell you." Seeing that he made no reply, she demanded, impatiently: "Why don't you say something? Don't you want to marry me?"

Slowly, beatifically, blissfully, as breaks the sun through a sodden day of gloomy rain, a smile lit the poet's gentle face. "I—I—I'd love it," he whispered, softly, "Rose Marie."

She smiled in return. "Then come. Here's the taxi, and they've all gone into the house. Let's run for it." She gave him her hand. "It's all the fault of that silly old Venus, you know."

"What did you say my name is?" asked Rose Marie, interestedly. They—she and Appy—were seated in a taxi which edged hazardously up through the traffic of Broadway.

Appy grinned foolishly. "Byrd," he whispered, "Rose Marie Byrd. Oh, it's so pretty! Say it, please say it."

She repeated the name softly, nodding her head at each word. "It is pretty, isn't it? Fancy! It used to be *Spink*."

The young man sat closer and ventured to take her hand. "I'm so happy!" he murmured, rapturously.

Rose Marie smiled and did not withdraw her hand. "You said Virginia!" she continued after a considerable silence. "I don't want to seem curious, but if one is married I suppose it is just as well to know something about one's husband. I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all, thank you," beamed Appy.

"Promise me one thing," she demanded, suddenly, a fresh note in her voice. "Promise me that you will only write poetry twice a week. I don't like to be unpleasant, but I can't bear poetry. It's better to tell you so at once. We might make it Sundays and Thursdays, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind at all." He added, shyly, "I sha'n't want to write poetry if —if I have *you*."

"That's very sweet of you. Perhaps I'll get to like it better later on—I mean the verses," Rose Marie generously replied.

There was another long silence. With painful effort it was broken by Appy. "You won't think me rude or—or

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prying, will you, if I ask you something?"

"Of course not. You were so nice about the poetry."

"Then—then wh-why did you—m-m-marry me?"

Rose Marie burst into the most delightful laugh. "I may as well tell you," she began, frankly. "It was this way. Last week I went to the seeress's to have my horoscope cast—I'm awfully superstitious, though you might not think it—and she said there was a blond man, a poet, in my life. That I was going to meet him unexpectedly, and that there was going to be an awful mess and that if I could triumph over a dangerous blond woman I should marry him, and"—she dropped her eyes—"and be very happy. And—well, I won't tell the rest now. You see Venus is the planet that is the leading lady, so to speak, in our two horoscopes. So when you said you were a poet, I knew at once what was happening. And I made up my mind that I wouldn't be beaten by a horrid old golden-haired fortune-teller. And I wasn't. Of course, it is awfully risky. We don't know a thing about each other. But, after all, it doesn't matter much. When people get acquainted properly and engaged and all that, they don't know much more. One is always so polite, you see, that one conceals one's real nature till afterward. But I saw immediately that you were nice, because you let Galahad bite you. So I didn't feel very nervous about it. I hope you'll like me."

The young man drew a long, tremulous breath. "I-I-I'm so—in—love—with you that I can't-can't-can't—"

"Please don't kiss me again," Rose Marie cried, forestalling his design. "You've no idea how it scratches when you aren't shaved."

The driver, at this moment, demanded roughly, "Where to, lady and gent?"



"APPENINE DARLING, THIS IS OUR PRESERVER"

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THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY THE SEERESS HERSELF

The voice seemed curiously familiar to Appy. In a vivid flash it occurred to him that the very person who was driving his nuptial taxi was no other than the brute who had, the night before, assisted the seeress to kidnap him. He had been too confused to recognize him in the flight to the mayor's office and the subsequent marital exit. Before Rose Marie could reply, he put his head out of the window. "Scoundrel," said he, drive us back to the seeress's house."

The driver laughed coarsely.

Rose Marie regarded her consort with a frowning eye. "You sha'n't go there! I won't have it," she said, quickly.

"Rose Marie," returned the young man, and there was in his voice an accent imperative and stern—"Rose Marie, I am *going* to the seeress. I must beg you not to talk to the chauffeur. He is not a person that I wish my wife to converse with."

Rose Marie opened her lips as if to speak, shut them again, gave a quick, furtive glance at her husband's unyielding face, reflected an instant. "But—" she began, less confidently—"but I do not wish—" She hesitated. "Very well, dear," she meekly finished.

The taxi bounded recklessly on. Rose Marie kept aggrieved silence and there were clouds in her dark, lovely eyes. Then of a sudden she smiled radiantly and patted Appenine's hand. "I didn't believe you could do it," she confessed. "I'm so glad."

He looked at her questioningly.

"Boss me, you know," she supplemented.

A thrill of pride electrified the young

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man; for the first time in his life he tasted the immortal joy of possession, which is the prerogative of the male. Despite the ravages of the past night, his disordered hair, his unwashed face, his soiled, bruised hands, his absurd costume, he was the conqueror. He sat up straight. His chest involuntarily expanded. His proud, delighted eyes encountered those of Rose Marie. Slowly he bent forward, slowly, until his lips met hers. And there they rested.

It was the driver who recalled them sharply to the sterner aspects of existence. With a flourish he brought his vehicle to a stop at the curb. "Here you are, old sport, at the nut farm," he called, jovially.

"Oh, dear," sighed Rose Marie, "now I've got so far I'm afraid. I am. I'm just as scared as I can be. Do you think we ought to—to—"

"Rose Marie, don't you be afraid. I shall protect you. Come." And Appy courageously assisted his timorous spouse from the cab.

The door was opened by the seeress herself. "Well, wouldn't it jolt you!" was her first remark. "Come—come in," she proceeded, cordially. "I ain't fixed up much for company, but I guess Eduardo won't mind much."

This unexpected quality in her greeting disconcerted to a degree the young poet who had nerved himself to Homeric struggles. "Woman," he began, sternly—"woman—"

The seeress giggled. "Now, Eduardo, don't you get on your high horse." She drew the two inside and shut the door. "Come right into the parlor," she urged, hospitably.

"I demand my personal possessions," said Appy. "I—I—"

"Ain't he chesty?" laughed Madame Seraphita to Rose Marie. "Mercy! Eduardo, I don't want your duds. You'll find 'em all right up-stairs in your little room. And if I was you I'd get out of that boy's size fancy dress about as soon 's I could. Ain't he a chicken in it, Miss Spink?"

With outraged dignity Appy drew himself up before the seeress. "Mrs. Byrd, if you please."

The seeress sat down heavily on a small chair and was seized with convulsions of laughter. When she had in a measure regained control of her heaving mirth, she gasped: "I knew it. I knew it. Oh, that Venus, she's a devil, she's a devil!"

Rose Marie and Appy stared at each other in speechless bewilderment, while Madame Seraphita wiped her flowing eyes.

"Bless you, my lambs!" she cried in muffled congratulation. "I know you both think I'm a devil, too, and I am, but don't you be afraid. You done just right, my dear, to pinch him when you could. I don't blame you at all. And I may as well tell you that I made a mistake in the calculating of the events. I done my horoscope over this morning again, and I see it wasn't never meant for me to get him—not never. My affinity is a lion-tamer. I seen it plain. He's guided by Mars."

Rose Marie started visibly. A malicious smile flickered at the corners of her mouth.

"Oh," she said, dryly.

"Eduardo," pursued Madame Seraphita, "you go and fix yourself up. You'll find me an' your wife in the consulting-room when you're through. Come along, my dear, an' let's talk. I can tell you a thing or two. I've been married three times myself."

Appenine hesitated. "Go, dear," said Rose Marie. "It's all right. I want to talk to Madame Seraphita."

The seeress put her arm through Rose Marie's. "I never in my born days heard a man swear like your pa, dear. It was just like hearing Sousa's band."

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The Honeymoon Trail

BY ALICE COWDERY

I HAD rashly let B—— out of my sight for a few moments before we left New York on our trip, and he had returned wearing the most exotic combination of dark green felt and straw that the mind of male milliner could evolve without crossing the limit of sheer abandon.

Didn't I think it becoming? If not—dramatic gesture of renunciation on B——'s part. I had immediately admitted the thing outrageously becoming, but I had endeavored to delicately qualify my admission by suggesting that it did not, to say the least, tend to minimize a certain exaggerative tendency I found at times in himself. So later, when we had changed cars at Buffalo for Niagara, I knew what criticism rankled still under the rakish tilt of that hat, for he fixed my eye with stress and dignity and said:

"Mind, I don't say that the Falls are even there. Possibly they have dried up. I only assert that, if my imagination did not deceive me upon the occasion of a previous youthful visit, they *used* to be there, and their grandeur was such as I have been, possibly exaggeratively, stating."

They are undoubtedly there. I keep my eye upon them as we drive over the bridge where the sentries patrol and the customs officers lay emphasis on that intense moment when the very universe seems to draw dubiously back before the reminder of what is yours and what is mine. They are there waiting, I know, like some tremendous challenge to a response that I feel guiltily unable to give, so obsessed am I by the vision of a gigantic and composite picture postal with a colossal megaphone attachment, roaring for all the hackneyed superlatives to which popularity has accustomed it; so obsessed am I by a sort of obstinacy against being expected to admire. Or is it that out of the violent movement of these days immensity, like horror, has become a commonplace of life, and one's mind, in a certain numbness, grasps at the trivial for a temporary refuge?

However, that moment of doubt and analysis sinks back before the look in B——'s eyes as he turns them from a long stare at the Falls to me. It is as if he announced that he and Niagara had mutually justified themselves and invited me to share that triumphant satisfaction. I hope I make them feel that I do.

B—— has procured rooms on the Canadian side, right opposite the Falls, so that we may have them every minute. He has no compunctions now in the matter of superlative. He reminds me, at intervals, of the roar, as if he assumed a sort of uneasy responsibility that my ideals in the roaring line be for once fully achieved, and he caps his own enthusiasm with a guide-book quotation to the effect that "if all the lions that have ever lived since the days of Daniel could join their voices in one 'Hallelujah Chorus' they would produce but a whisper in comparison with the deep diapason of this most majestic of all nature's pipes or organs. It can be heard for fifteen miles."

B—— also offers me the climax of a moon. There should obviously be one. He searches the heavens every night of that week for it. He seems to feel its dereliction as an implication of niggardliness on his part. I assure him that a roar unseen is much more effective, but his attitude remains one of injury toward, and apology for, that celestial body.

I believe now, however, that any further delay on the moon's part can cast no darkness either on the Falls or on the romantically inclined. Bridled and thoroughly efficient, those Falls, at

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the turn of a switch; but buck as they may they cannot, night or day, throw off hungry eyes.

We hang above the railing, that first morning, in the sunshine and the mist, staring across at them, and B—— tells me of what has gone over, with epic gestures that summon pictures of great lakes and burning steamers, Indian maidens and athletic gentlemen in barrels. Then, turning to take in the panorama, he sees the British flag floating from our hotel. B—— is Irish and by way of being an American, so what might be called a doubly hyphenated burst of patriotism merges into the climax of personal enthusiasm, and with a fervent "God bless her!" he lifts and waves his hat, the gay, swashbuckler hat. Immediately a little breeze whirls it from him and wafts it languidly over the rail and down the precipice. What the guide-book designates as the "umbrageous growth" swallows it. Consternation, more poignant than all Niagara's roar, holds us appalled. As I raise my eyes and encounter B——'s, my next impulse, which has been toward mirth, is checked. It is not only that I have already learned the tactlessness of mirth in such crises, but my sympathy is aroused for one who can so courteously restrain a righteous anger. I hear his muttered farewell—it is our first parting—and behold him run down an incline, leap a wall, and disappear, swinging from bush and vine. I confess to a vague uneasiness, but I saunter into the little souvenir booth that hangs over the edge and mention, not without a touch of thwarted merriment, the circumstance to the people who keep it.

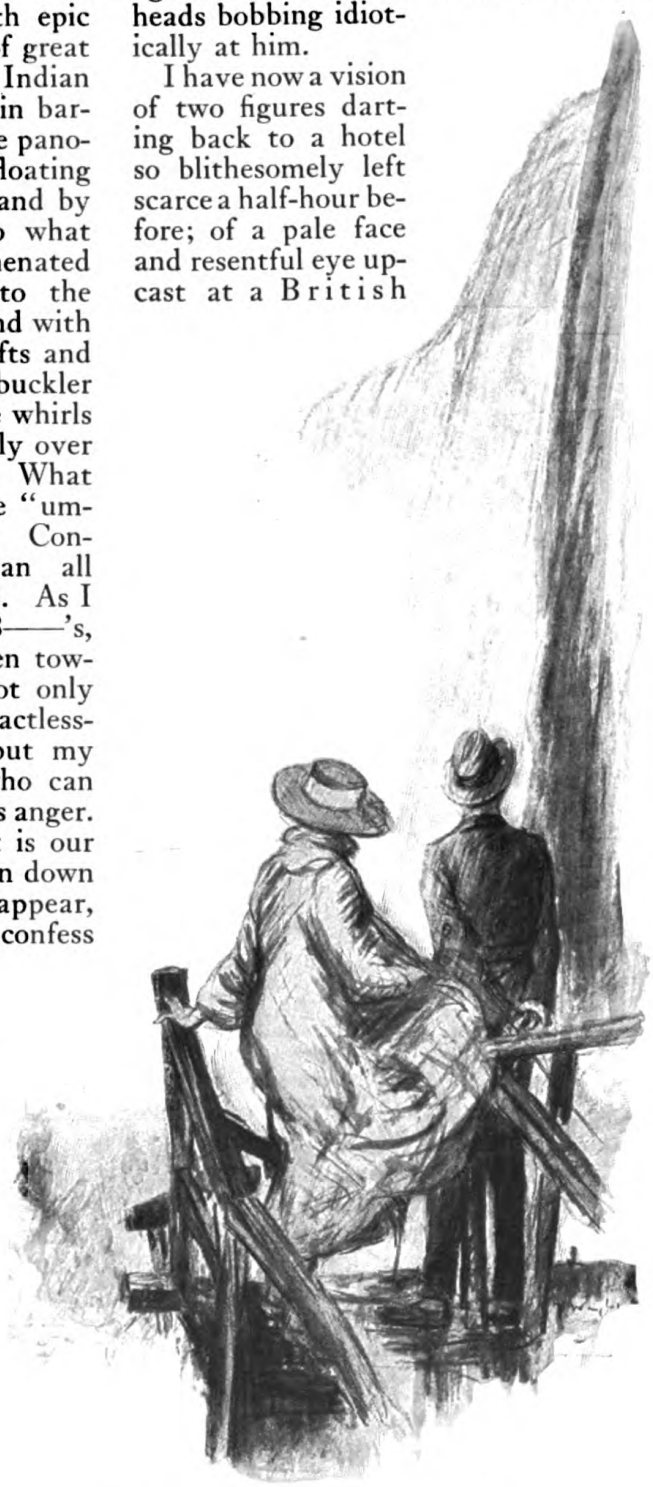
"But, madam, all that is poison-ivy!"

After many ages B—— crawls over the wall, grasping tightly his abominable hat. He is very warm. He pants up the incline, wiping his forehead, but the gleam of achievement is in his eye. He stands before us, ready for congratulations. His gaze becomes inquiring as it meets the gloom in ours.

"That," I repeat, brokenly—and it is my turn to wave an epic hand—"all that is poison-ivy!"

Nodding heads confirm my statement. In fact, we all stand like the crockery figures of Chinese mandarins, with our heads bobbing idiotically at him.

I have now a vision of two figures darting back to a hotel so blithesomely left scarce a half-hour before; of a pale face and resentful eye upcast at a British



THE ROAR OF ALL THE LIONS SINCE DANIEL ARE BUT A WHISPER TO IT

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flag en route; of agitated clerks and boys hopping for alcohol; of B——, emerging at last completely regroomed (as if, to the casual hotel guests, he had been indulging in some sartorial orgy), emerging chastened and aseptic, but bearing the weight of all burning, swelling possibilities on his mien—to lead



HE DISAPPEARS, SWINGING FROM BUSH AND VINE

me forth on the trail of a cap, one that should anchor so firmly on the brow that concentration must focus on its removal.

The dread ravages, I may add, did not appear, but they hung, as it were, in the offing, lent piquancy and reminder that the joys of life come in snatches. Who knows what the next hour may bring forth!

We are shot down an incline to the Whirlpool Rapids, and are welcomed by an elderly gentleman in a frock-coat and broad felt hat who implies that life for him has but led up to this moment when he might have the privilege of photographing us, "the grand scenic environment being utilized to fill in the picture!" Finding us cold before that proposition, he offers, as the climax of his appeal, to graft on beside us, without extra charge, either Sir Thomas Lipton or Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, or, desperately, as he sees us sidling away—both!

We gaze and thrill (guide-book directions) at the Whirlpool—"it was near this spot that Blondin crossed on a rope, with a man on his back, and won world-wide fame"—and we find above our path a baby falls, a very pocket edition, doing its trickling best among tiny mauve and pink and white blossoms. A falls, we decide, to take home and put in a garden. Beneath on the rocks, and eaten into the near-by observation booth until it has become like the shell of some vast colony of burrowing worms, the conglomerate tourist has left his hieroglyphic. One has a vision of a many-handed monster, its back to the Whirlpool, biting and clawing in a passion of self-immortalization, and drawing back at last with a sigh of complacency that says, "Well, I am I, anyway, however rapidly this old pool may whirl."

"We now turn [again the guide-book] from the sublime to the winsome," and linger in the souvenir booth above the rapids as we wait for our trolley. There I acquire a necklace that imprisons the essence of moonlight on flowing, misty waters. It is B——'s last souvenirish defiance to the moon that wouldn't rise. My eye also lingers on moccasins de luxe of white kid, artfully embroidered with colored grasses and bound with white fur. A feeling of responsibility for B——'s extravagances contends with the attitude of an acquisitive but economic cat sighting the classic cream. I see B—— exchanging mysterious glances with the Englishwoman in control, whose smile has been somewhat too obviously blessing us, and I know he meditates surprise. In his present ardor B—— will be sure to underestimate the size of my foot.

"They're too small except for ornaments." I refer to the moccasins.

"We have all sizes, madam."

"Really!" Wistfulness and practicality nicely modulated in my voice, I wander outside, but I make my foot as

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A VISION OF AGITATED CLERKS AND BELL BOYS

conspicuous as possible, trusting to her uncompromising feminine glance. After these Machiavellian manœuvers B—— reappears, an edge of parcel protruding from his pocket and a dim sense of blessing still upon him.

Nor does the guide-book mention the red of cherries, tied in bunches like rosettes, that the boys offer when our trolley, circling through woods and along the river, stops; nor the red of a single lily in the Canadian woods like the memory of a vivid blood-drop on the soft green gray of woods and water. Below the bridge Niagara gleams for one transcendent moment of perspective, and then we go over it again and the moccasins are, prematurely and reluctantly, exposed to my astonished gratitude and the eye of a jolly customs officer, whom I bribe with popcorn, as the most conclusive evidence that they were purchased on the Canadian side—which they were indeed!

Strange how, among the trivial words one writes, rise protests against evasion. Perhaps the casual picnickers, casting an eye on immensity between bites of sandwiches, longed, as I, to open their souls to awe—to push things away; push away power-plants and biscuit-plants, trolleys, bridges, and parks; sweep off two towns; topple over souvenir booths; wipe off tourists, ourselves included; yank up the *Maid of the Mist*, and sit with unleashed imagination and a supply of thundering adjectives above that first wilderness where those first Indians plunged to death, swirling magnificently from their canoes. Perhaps the memory of beauty, soaked in under all the crowding urge of personalities, may wait, a hidden glory, for some immense and solitary moment.

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Off for Lewiston and a respectful wave toward General Brock on his hill. A guilty sense of evaded historical significances has been cropping out at intervals on our trip, but we agree that it is at least very historical, from our own private viewpoint, to be gliding from Niagara River into Lake Ontario. Our fellow-passengers on that boat are divided, for the most part, into twos—new, glaringly new, twos. The bride under the pink-tulle hat may ease her self-consciousness by the delusion that blooming headgear is merely an appropriate compliment to the mild spring sun, and the mouse bride may play at incognito in an old tailor suit, and they may all sit about on their little deck stools, correct, too carefully correct, but they know in their hearts that by their own glamour they are exposed. There are a few family groups, to be sure, cluttering up this Cyprian galley with children and things, and a woman in black, like a popular cinema vampire, moves restlessly about, throwing out from behind her swathing veil a sort of sullen skepticism. There is a sense of speculative interest, combined with tolerant superiority, in the glances exchanged between the various dualities, but, guard as they may their consorted eyes, they meet, sooner or later, in a gaze that cuts off the rest of the world like a dropped shutter, and registers, "We two—only we two."

Dinner in Toronto and then aboard the boat for the St. Lawrence. Golden moonlight at one end and wine-purple sunset at the other, and the oily black shadow of the ship's thick smoke trail on the water. Anywhere, a million miles from anywhere, and then against the night a shower of diamonds flashing, sparkling, radiating into gyrating, geometric forms, swung like some haunting mirage. It can't be, but it is, a Luna Park!

We touch at Kingston the next day. Stretched comfortably on our chairs in the stern, we watch the passengers hurry forward.

"Good to have the deck to ourselves," B—— murmurs, dreamily.

I see a line crossing the gangway to another steamer, and I remark that it seems not only good, but odd.

"You're sure, of course," I add, with emphasis, "that this boat goes through to Montreal?"

"Quite sure."

B——'s tone implies that it is he who pilots our trip. I reflect a moment on the delicate readjustment necessary when a woman, accustomed to making her own way about, is shifting responsibility to male care—the way a vine must feel, once intent on twining its own string, fated to leave that support and twine about another vine. A more jolly and companionable lot, but somehow more precarious.

Then a sense of unnaturalness seems to strike B—— or possibly a remembrance of former fallibility. He gets up and wanders nonchalantly forward. I watch the gang-plank swinging slowly up with mingled feelings. Suddenly there is a wild but familiar yell, and B—— and a cabin-boy appear, rushing and gesticulating, with bulging suit-cases and dressing-bags. I follow, picking up the overflow of intimate apparel that strings itself along in their wake. The gang-plank is lowered again and we plunge, thus accoutred, into the delighted stare of some fifty others en route on the *Rapid Prince* for Montreal.

B——'s spirits have been dashed by this little setback in the rôle of guide and protector, but he extracts a certain solace, I can see, from the thought of my superior prudence, which is now, presumably, shining for him alone, offers me the Thousand Islands and a promise of hair-lifting rapids, and recovers poise.

So we drift among the Thousand Islands, and on every one not otherwise occupied we plan a country home. The really nice couple opposite, whom under any other circumstances one might be glad to know, appear to be figuring, with pad and pencil, along the same lines. We have a feeling, almost of panic, that they may get ahead of us and choose the very same darling dot of island—mustard yellow in the center, with a rim of trees—that we eventually select.

It is a Sunday afternoon and there are boating parties along the shore. Suddenly a motor-boat skims out, like a buzzing dragon-fly, touching the water occasionally, circling us again and again.

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It excites B——, makes him discontented with the slowness of country homes and *Rapid Princes*. A motor-boat! That's what we'll have. Life shall be one grand skim and fly—but for the present there will be rapids. We lunch on the lower deck.

"But where are the rapids?" My impatience seems to imply to B—— a hint of latent distrust.

"If the geological structure of the St. Lawrence channel has not altered since my time," says B——, "we should strike the first ones about here."

I arise skeptically from the table and put my head through the door, and the waters of Long Sault arise also and do the striking, firmly and efficiently. It is my turn to retire for regrooming. B—— greets me on my return with almost patronizing confidence:

"You wait for Lachine."

We wait, but on the upper deck.

Montreal lies, pearly gray, in the distance, and on the nearer American shore cluster the squat brown Indian huts of Caughnawaga. The waters ahead seem very strong and choppy.

B—— and the guide-book have promised an Indian guide for this grand finale. I have formed a vision of a stately chief at our helm, a cynical lined and haughty Geronimo in blanket and towering head-feathers. My eye turns back to the pilot-house. The pilot beside the captain has a stern and falcon eye, I am pleased to note, fixed intently on that flat turbulence before us. But alas, poor B——, he is no Indian.

"Well," B—— insists, "I shot those rapids in a canoe with an Indian once, and I wouldn't do it again for a thousand, five thousand, ten thousand—"

The *Rapid Prince* begins to shiver and buck, like a morsel of quivering bronco caught on colossal writhing lips, foaming and snarling back over bared brown teeth. I admit that B—— wins. It is primevally satisfying enough for the most critical. Then, like a long-drawn sigh, we glide down under the great bridge where the line of cheering soldiers could swing out a foot and touch our floating Union Jack as we pass under. A brisk stimulant, like Lachine, and then the glide at sunset—that is the way to enter a new city.



SHOT DOWN AN INCLINE, WE ARE WELCOMED BY AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

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The couples bestir, the vampire lady slips by; we dock and are taken willing captives into a little landau with fringed green-silk valance hung from its top, by a driver whose brogue, after a glance at B——, grows so intense that it creeps into B——'s own pure Dublin English. We are adopted, and he becomes henceforth our jarvey—B—— insists on the word—jogging us through a new old France and a new old England.



GLIDING FROM NIAGARA RIVER INTO LAKE ONTARIO

Sometimes it seems that places, like people, offer their personality the more vividly the less one knows of their tradition and history. You may weigh and judge and satiate curiosity with the minutiæ of their lives, but it is from the first encounter that the essence of their appeal springs. A comfortable excuse, B—— thinks, for being weak on history. But so in this bride's-eye glimpse of Montreal—love at first sight, and the tantalizing memory of all too short a glimpse; of the sense of a leisurely modernity, of quiet juxtaposition of old and new, each content to let the other live; of appeal that wipes out ancestral interludes of Puritan New England and my own wild West, and catches me back to the Old World fountain stock. I want to live long months there and prowl about with understanding; to wind again through cobbled place and paved from France into England, weaving the two motives, to drive again up Mount Royal and see the city cresting a sea of green with spire and dome—the color of terra-cotta and mellowed brown, white and gray tones of convent and monastery, cathedral and college and skyscraper. And I always pick up the memory of black-frocked priests with broad, black hats and stick it in for the emphatic note.

Delightful, that impression of stately old houses, on almost every one a balcony that juts out where the tall tree columns lining the streets flourish into leafy nests. I could fancy a whole population swinging into them at will. I did not, to be sure, ever see any one on them; but if I lived there, every day, when not prowling, I should sit on a balcony in the tree-tops.

With a sudden impulse toward botanical data, I asked our jarvey whether the trees were elms or maples. He had been lolling sidewise on his seat, flapping languid reins (hired by the hour), his roguish eyes twinkling with zest of his own garrulousness, his hat crooked at the Irish angle B—— had once affected. The tone of my innocent query must have conveyed to him an earnest but secret preference on my part for one or the other species—a preference that might possibly change my enthusiastic attitude toward Montreal and his credit as entertainer, for he stared at me with a moment's rigid and reproachful consternation not unlike that on the face of a confiding baby who has been treacherously slapped. For one awful second I awaited nature's gathering cataclysm of tears. Suddenly he gathered up the reins and pointed briskly with his whip.

"There's the Prince o' Wales Terrace!" he cried, vivaciously and urgently, as if that stately row was on imminent point of vanishing. We were

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RISING, HE SHAKES HIS HAND IN TRIUMPH

both relieved, and he became his old informed self again, winking at passing cronies—his very back seemed to wink—but sitting very proudly, nevertheless, his whip swaying in scepter-like dignity over us and Montreal, his voice raised with assurance once more as he rolled off his itinerary.

"Hi, Jerry!" out of some building in construction came a shout.

Jerry's back assumed an added stateliness, evidently meant for dignified repudiation of unseemly interruption and the group of grinning Hibernian faces.

"Hi, Jerry! Tell 'em who I am!"

Jerry is forced to admit the point with a grin, he struggles to maintain hauteur, but as the full force of this scathing satire, implying our gullibility and the belittling of his own protectorate, strikes in, he is goaded beyond control, and, rising in his seat, he shakes his fist in abandoned triumph and shouts to a waiting universe:

"There's the mon that's been in jail more times than anny mon in Montreal!"

The English cathedral leaves me cold as the row of white statues outlined above its façade, as its bleak, pale interior, until we come on two nuns measuring for altar-cloths, with a surplus supply of pins held in their mouths for all the world like seamstresses at home. Somehow I had never thought of nuns before with pins in their mouths.

That poignant touch we take out into the warm sun again, where our jarvey, evidently expecting less expedition on our part, sits before a delighted audience of two small boys, in my seat,

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manipulating my forgotten fan with an elegant out-quirking of his little finger and an inimitable effect of boredom and languor, evidently assumed to represent mine. At our approach, he is back on his seat with a simious leap. His face is scarlet, but his geniality unimpaired.

Years ago B—— was a student in Montreal. He grows reminiscent, as we pass through the French quarter, of an apothecary with whom he boarded. He was ill and the apothecary's wife nursed him. He describes her lovely maternal kindness and the way she had of saying, "*Mon pauvre petit*, he ees so seeck!" Like that—very tenderly on B——'s lips. Closer inquiry discloses the fact that she was young and fair as she was warm-hearted, and that the apothecary had mildly protested against her tone, purely compassionate, but, nevertheless —just like that. B—— longs to see them again, after so many years. I, too, feel that I should like to do honor to that apothecary. I feel in him a discretion most applaudable. But, after searching many clues, we find at last that he is back in the French trenches. I had almost forgotten.

I had accepted the sentries on the bridges for part of the pictures, stringing themselves along. More poignantly still, I remembered late that night, when the drum drew me to my balcony. The street below is shadow-dim, and empty and silent except for the muffled drum and the shuffle of the company marching toward Valcartier. They enter and pass my little outlook, like a section of ghost figures across a dream. A few women march beside them and hands cling to hands. A few civilians march, too, helping with knapsacks. And one keeps pace beside the line with a child on his shoulder. Two carriages, with drawn shades, follow like a funeral—a funeral of immortal wraiths, shuffling still, to a ghostly drum, toward some far doom.

A section of a dream—or was it a dream, rather, that world that I had found so beautiful, that for a moment I had forgotten?

Notre Dame! What instinct makes us save it for that last morning of our stay? We are alone within it, but in all that vast interior there is no sense of being alone. It is as if the wanderers of the ages, finding therein some brooding refuge, had left their impress still lingering in the warmth of its colorful shadows. We sit at the foot of the altar. We are alone, but others have been before us and lighted wax candles in a cluster of shining white and gold. Tall candles with their wavering flames of prayer uprising and candles flickering down once more. They dim, in their brief moment, the steady glow of the altar-lamp. And B——, the skeptic, so long removed from the traditions of his house and boyhood, leaves me, and thinking, I know, of those who sent him out and passed, lights his two golden prayers.

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Mobilizing the Women

BY IDA M. TARBELL

AMAZING things happen when men go to war. Look at Washington to-day. The Administration is riveting together the extremes of our social and political thinking. The ablest conservative talent and experience we have is working night and day carrying out the most radical notions of our times—and the undertaking passes almost without comment, such is its appeal to our common sense.

The governmental agency under which these new and revolutionary relations are working out is called the Council of National Defense. No matter when or how it came to be, it is enough that it is an agency authorized by Congress and that the Administration is using it with breadth of imagination as well as calm daring.

One of the many innovations of this Council of National Defense is an entirely original attempt to use the woman-power of the country. Here again it is not necessary to trace the origin of the experiment. The important thing now is the experiment itself. The point is that, voluntarily and experimentally, the Government should have called together a group of women to sit through the war and to devise practical schemes for using women in the work of national defense.

This experiment started last April when, quite unexpectedly to themselves and certainly to the dismay of some of them, nine women of the country were informed by the Secretary of War, who is the chairman of the Council of National Defense, that they were wanted in Washington.

If these women had been called in times of peace, it is probable that they would have felt that they had a right to say no, if their judgment so dictated. But this was war, and it seems not to have occurred to any of them that it was a possible thing to say no, any more than it occurs to the honorable-minded boy who is drafted to rake up reasons why he shall not go into the Army.

The women promptly appeared in Washington. What were they to do? The best that they could get out of those who had brought them together was far from definite. Three words, arresting and arousing to the imagination—good words, full of possibilities—constituted, as far as they were able to discover, what the Government had in mind when it decided to call them. An advisory body was needed, they were told, something that could tell the council how the woman-power could be made effective. A clearing-house was needed; a place where projects could be sifted and accepted or declined. A channel was needed; a channel which would carry to women the requests of the Government. Fine words, of course, but how to translate them into as fine action—that was the problem for the Woman's Committee, as it at once began to be called.

The practical sense of the women who had been brought together, among whom were some of the most experienced organizers of women's work in the country, led them to say to one another at the start that if it was their business to co-ordinate the woman-power, to be a clearing-house and a channel, they must organize.

The plan of organization they worked out looked extraordinarily well on paper. It aimed to do one particular thing, and that was to take in every woman. It proposed to do this by asking the leaders of every organization in each State to come together in a preliminary meeting and there to form a permanent executive committee on which all these groups would be represented. It arranged that these central State groups should be duplicated in every town and every county. It asked these groups to pass

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on the word to the unorganized women everywhere that they were expected to co-operate. If this plan could be realized there would exist in each community groups of women made up of representatives of all of the clubs and associations, of all of the churches and social agencies, of all of the teachers and all unorganized individuals. These groups, by way of the State executive committee, would be kept in immediate touch with the national committee and would receive direct from it such requests as the Government might make of them.

But could such an organization be made practical? Would the women rise to this all-inclusive appeal? Would they see it? The amazing and encouraging thing is that they did see it, see it much more clearly and go after it much more enthusiastically than the most sanguine of the committee could have expected at the start. State organizations have so multiplied since the plan of organization of the Woman's Committee was sent out in May that to-day the committee is organized in all the forty-eight States. Not only that, but Alaska, Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, and Guam have the nucleus of groups. In some of the States the organizations are practically perfect. This is true in Illinois, but is to be expected there. It is true in Wyoming, where every one of the twenty-eight counties has a chairman, and every community a local chairman. For instance, in Albany County there are forty-two local chairmen. This organization is so complete that when it came to asking the women of Wyoming to sign the Hoover pledge card, the Food Administrator of the State declared that every woman in the State could be reached. That is, in the State of Wyoming there is to-day a division of the Woman's Committee so perfect in its organization that any piece of information or any request that Washington should have to make can be spread over the State in twenty-four hours' time in a way to reach practically all of the women. This is what the committee had in mind in planning its organization, and this is what it hopes to have soon in every State in the Union.

The extraordinary response which multitudes of women's organizations gave the plan of the Woman's Committee from the start—something which more than one cynical onlooker declared impossible—is worth thinking about. What was behind it? Why did they at once come in? The organizations are in some cases antagonistic in purpose; they are often rivals, and, moreover, most of them had already plans of their own for war service developed when the Woman's Committee was put into the field. Why should they sink their ambitions, forget their rivalries and their animosities, and call themselves one in war work? The answer lies in the enlarged sense of nationality that we have been acquiring in the last twenty-five years.

A certain degree of the alacrity in the response came from an appreciation of the fact that this was the first time in history that a government had called a country's woman-power into co-operation. The summons made its impression. It was "recognizing" woman. The women rose to the recognition.

The cavilers have denied that such a thing as nationality existed in the United States, but the war shows us—men and women—acting almost as one, and this can be said without forgetting the hostile demonstrations that have kept the secret service busy.

The country fell in line when diplomatic relations were broken, and from that time on it has agreed that if we were to succeed it must be by the largest-scale co-operation, the most perfectly centralized action. Nothing else can explain the almost unanimous response that has been given one after another of the tremendously revolutionary measures the Administration has proposed: "We must get behind, stand together, follow our leader." These are the phrases one hears everywhere. It is "our war" now, and the common verdict is that we shall win it only by organized co-operation. As a method of doing things on a large scale, co-operation has gained a powerful hold on this country in the last twenty years, and it is that which we believe will carry us through now.

Women generally have been rather slow in accepting co-operation in practice, however willing they may have been to admit it as an idea. It has

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made way very rapidly with them in the past decade. Their clubs have been federated, their enterprises centralized, often in a very complete and significant fashion. This fact helped them to see the feasibility in the proposition that all war work be centralized and carried on co-operatively.

If now and then a society balked at the idea, failing to see the reason for it, it was no more than happened at first in the efforts to co-ordinate and centralize the defense activities of several of the States which had been forehanded in preparing for war. These States saw no practical reason why they should unite themselves to the National Council of Defense. They were ready! It did not take long arguments in most cases to persuade these independents that, however far they had carried preparedness, their efforts would count for little if unrelated to the national system; that if they expected to be really useful, they must fit themselves into the Government's plans. Not a few women and groups of women went through a similar experience in relation to the Woman's Committee.

The women had scarcely grasped the full measure of co-operation required of them before they discovered that they were to work under orders—the orders of men! Here was the situation: The Council of National Defense had formed a Woman's Committee. Its business was, like that of other committees, to advise the Council of National Defense as to any measures which ought to be taken to make more effective the woman-power of the country. It could advise as to how they could serve best, as to what was necessary to unify their spirit; to increase their understanding of the war situation and their relation to it. It could not, however, in the nature of the case carry out any measure until the council pronounced it wise. It was in exactly the same relation to the council as the Shipping Board, or the Commercial Economy Board, or any other committee. These various committees and sub-committees, numbering at least a hundred and enlisting the assistance of possibly a thousand of our ablest men, none of them have the power to carry out their own suggestions. Take, for instance, the aviation program. The board in charge of aviation spent weeks perfecting the plans. It could not, however, take steps to realize them until the council had accepted them and Congress voted the funds.

This relation to the council created a fresh crop of problems for the women. Some of them arose from the defense work that had already been undertaken in the States. As already said, there was more than one State in the Union that was practically ready to go to war. On a few of these State Councils of Defense women had been appointed. Here comes a new committee launched by the Government, asking that women everywhere co-ordinate their work under its direction. How to adjust this national undertaking to the existing committee in the State Council of Defense was the problem.

Soon after the Woman's Committee was appointed, the National Council of Defense called to Washington representatives of all the State councils for the purpose of centralizing efforts. At this gathering the Woman's Committee was presented to the State councils and the practical suggestion was made that where States had already appointed a woman she be selected as chairman of the State Division of the Woman's Committee. As far as practical this has been done.

The response that the State councils have made to the suggestion of co-operation has been, on the whole, generous. In Massachusetts, where for many months a Committee of Safety had been fully organized, but where the women were not represented, provisions were at once made to take them in. Quarters were given them in the State House and an appropriation was put at their disposal. With practically no friction or misunderstanding the relation was immediately established and the machinery set in motion. Something of the same kind happened in New Mexico. It happened in Wyoming and at least partly accounts for the completeness of the organization there.

The adjustment was a new experience for women as well as for men. In the last twenty or twenty-five years particularly

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the women of this country have become past-masters in developing nation-wide organizations. The groups which they have formed sometimes number as many as a million women. They take great delight in the perfection of their machinery. Much of the social awakening among women, the desire to improve their surroundings, comes from the stimulus and the education they get from their organizations.

But these organizations, it should be noted, are voluntary. They are directed to some purpose which appeals particularly to the group. Each stands on its own feet—that is, they are not co-operating organizations; and again, they have nothing to do with men. Go to one of their national gatherings. You will see meetings conducted with a zest, an order, a directness which throws in the shade almost any men's convention I ever saw, and not a man to be seen anywhere!

Women have had comparatively little experience in working with men in large organized efforts. Here comes a Woman's Committee to take in not only all the women, but all the women's organizations of the country—a good-sized problem in itself, and on the heels of this undertaking comes the necessity of working with men. To be quite frank, there was more than one place where the women did not like it any more than the men did, but to the honor of both let it be said they usually swallowed whatever disinclination they might have had and have loyally and gallantly stood by. Here is an example of what happens! It was at the end of July that one hundred and twenty-five chairmen of local units of the New Hampshire Division of the Woman's Committee held their first joint meeting in the Capitol at Concord. The State Council of Defense met with them at the same time, and the Food Administrator also met with them then. There was no suggestion of "I am a man and you are a woman, and therefore we cannot do these things together." It was as natural as a church supper.

It is a very pretty and complete piece of machinery that the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense has set up. It is as democratic as the flag itself. It is nicely adjusted both in Washington and in the States to the masculine groups with which it must co-operate. But what is it for? A fine, well-regulated channel, but what is to be sent through it?

There were not a few people who asked this question with a cynical shrug. It was superfluous in their judgment. All that women could do in war was already well provided for. There was the Red Cross; there were the many active and ably managed relief societies; there were many classes for special training. What more could women do in war outside of their homes? What could they do other than what they had always done—carry on the forsaken activities, weep and pray?

If one compares the old notion of the work of women in war with the program the Woman's Committee laid out at the very start, without opposition from any one of its members, and with the practically unanimous approval of the council, he will have a very convincing demonstration of how minds have broadened in the last twenty years in regard to social service and individual responsibility. It was taken as a matter of course that plans should be laid for fitting women into every stage of the war program—as a matter of course that their co-operation was going to be needed, not only for raising money and making bandages, knitting garments and preparing comfort-kits, nursing and feeding, but in the great economic and social readjustments, reforms and undertakings. Indeed, the program that the Woman's Committee submitted was almost unconsciously shaped along advanced social ideas—that is, it did not follow the old notion that woman's work in war is an affair only of the hands and the heart. It made it clear that it is also one for brains.

Quite naturally the first consideration was food. That was the emergency of the moment. Moreover, the women had already sensed that it was the emergency and had made it their chief war activity—outside of the Red Cross and relief-work. By the 1st of May it is probable that there were fully 50 per cent. more gardens in or planned for than ever before, in the country. A great part of the increase was due to the

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energy and enthusiasm of women. It was very interesting as one went about the country or studied the reports of women's doings to observe how naturally and immediately they had seized on the increase in the home supply of food as real war work.

Here, then, in food production was a department ready-made by women themselves. The Woman's Committee did not hesitate to put it at the head of their program, feeling that much as had been done this year, more must be done next and as long as the war lasts.

With food production went conservation. Here again the women were already in action, busy laying their plans for conserving what of their produce they did not use. Canning had already become a staple of conservation. Indeed, it has been true ever since the war broke out that a group of women of whatever circumstances cannot be together ten minutes without discussing canning and canning experiences. I should say that the most popular publication among women in the last six months has been Benson's "Home Canning by the One-Period Cold Pack Method"!

As the Woman's Committee looked at it, all their voluntary effort needed to be tied to the Agricultural Department and the Food Commission in order that it might be developed and used to the best possible advantage. It became the business of the committee, therefore, to establish working relations with these agencies. A good beginning has been made. The Agricultural Department has generously assigned an expert as adviser to the committee. A member of the committee is in daily touch with the food-administration.

One danger that has threatened the food campaign has been "too many cooks"—most of them very good! Here were the established national and State agricultural departments doing admirable work, and speeding it up for war needs. Here were all sorts of excellent volunteer undertakings, and now comes along the Food Commission with its special war authority. Also a Woman's Committee charged by the Government to co-ordinate women's efforts. It would have been easy to make a mess of it. If there had been less sense of the gravity of the situation, less realization that success depended on the combined efforts of everybody, there would have been a mess.

There has been much patience exercised, however, in tackling the problems which presented themselves. The handlings of the appointments for State Home Economics Directors is an illustration. The Woman's Committee had decided at the start it wanted one in each State. When the Food Commission appeared it naturally saw it must have one. There were, of course, in most of the States excellent home Economic departments in connection with public or private institutions. To make it possible for all of these interests to pull together was no simple matter, but it is being accomplished by selecting one director acceptable to all. A difficult but not impossible thing when everybody is intent on the cause—not on his personal choice. The food administration and the State chairman of the Woman's Committee are colleagues. The State Council of Defense co-operates with them. It looks as if efficient centralization was sure; as if, so far as food is concerned, the channel the Woman's Committee is digging would carry whatever the Government has to send.

The same kind of relation that is developing between the Woman's Committee and the food forces is coming with other departments of the Government. Almost from the start it has co-operated with the Commercial Economy Board of the Council of National Defense in its campaigns to reform the machinery by which the households of the country are served with bread and meat and with groceries and clothing. It is a complicated and wasteful machinery not built to do simply the necessary work of delivering at regular hours that which people cannot conveniently carry. It is built as a competitive tool—something to entice trade by its willingness to encourage whims, lack of foresight, effort, and responsibility.

In the case of bread it was proved that the method of handling it caused a waste of between 4 and 5 per cent. of all that was baked—enough to feed daily

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thousands of children. In the case of grocery deliveries it was found that we were employing one hundred men and as many horses and trucks, where a well-organized system would not require half the number. A reform of grocery-stores alone would free fifty thousand men. But such reforms depend on the understanding and the backing of women. It was therefore to the Woman's Committee that the appeal for co-operation was made by the Commercial Economy Board.

The case was laid before the State divisions with the request that they pass it on to their local units for discussion and action. What was asked was that women put their minds on the system by which they are served, refuse to avail themselves of its wastefulness, find out how it can be reformed, demand and support only that. It is a piece of practical, economic work, interesting and useful in times of peace—absolutely imperative in this time of war. Nothing yet asked of women would so surely ease the strain on the industrial situation as the prompt freeing of the men and equipment tied up in the inefficient and unnecessary machinery which brings us daily what we need and want.

Here the Woman's Committee is asking something much more difficult to push than gardening and canning, making comfort-kits and establishing classes for training. It is really a high order of reform *propagandum*.

There is much effort of this character before the Woman's Committee; some of the most appealing and essential concerns the fate of children in war. It has seemed to the committee that it was especially their business to protect the child from the disintegrating influences which war always loosens; to insist that he have his school, his playground, his wholesome and developing influences. Naturally it sought here the counsel of the Children's Bureau. The head of that bureau, Julia Lathrop, has become the committee's adviser. It could have none so able, so understanding.

The committee is putting itself behind measures which require persistent watchfulness if they are to protect the child. One is the enforcing of the Federal law requiring all children of fourteen and under to be in school. There is always a temptation to feel in a great catastrophe like war that the organized forces of peace are of a lesser importance. Peace is a dream. Why keep up the fiction? Life is war and war is brute force. Why so much ado about training the mind and heart? The child, most sensitive of creatures, is easily invaded by the sense of the futility of civilizing influences. It responds to the war spirit. Schools always fall off in war times.

It is possible to prevent this to-day. We are warned. We have the law at our back. A general executive committee of women such as the Woman's Committee advises for every community can, by co-operation with the schools, reduce non-attendance to the minimum. To make the machinery for looking after the children through the war the most efficient possible the committee urges that teachers everywhere be represented on the organizations. Particularly in the country districts must they be depended upon to carry to the women the ideas, the information, the requests that they ought to receive directly and promptly from Washington.

Here, then, is a hint at the functions of the Woman's Committee as they have developed during the few brief months of its existence. What more it will do no one can say. That will depend entirely upon the course and the needs of the war itself.

The practical outcome of organization is, of course, the test of its usefulness. Unless it can do permanent things, it is little more than an entertaining exercise. Are there signs in this wholesale co-operative undertaking of women of new, practical, and permanent developments? It is natural that if there are it should be in connection with food. It was to the cry for raising more food that the women first answered. It was to the cry for conserving food that they answered, even to the extent of pledging their written word to do all that the food administration asked of them. Their operations have varied according to their localities. What was necessary in the city was unnecessary in the town. What the country needed was a different thing from what the rural district required. Out of it all, however, may

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emerge, in the not remote future, permanent food centers and exchanges in city and country.

It looks as if these exchanges might become thoroughly co-operative community affairs, their expenses borne by the community, their operations conducted for the benefit of all classes of the community, by a managing board. The first problem of the food raisers was how to take care of their stuff. They must can not only for their own households, but for the emergency relief of their communities and of course to contribute to our armies and to our allies. But any such wholesale canning meant a community canning center, and in many places community canning centers were started.

Another imperative need was to take care of the over-crop that the patriotic zeal of the farmers and gardeners had brought into existence. The canning center took on another function—gathering up this surplus and bringing it in to be put up. Right away, however, it was discovered that it was practical not only to can this over-production, but to exchange it. Thus the canning center became a food exchange.

The question of storage began to puzzle the women, and in more than one place the canning center had become not only an exchange, but also a storage depot where in the towns the poor with little room may keep what they have themselves canned, or where they can buy at low cost the canned surplus; where the charities may look for help, and where the Red Cross may keep its jams and fruit butters.

Nor does it stop here. When the thing assumed this proportion it became apparent to the thoughtful in certain localities that they must not dislocate the commercial life of their community, but they must somehow work out a practical scheme of co-operation with the marketmen and dealers in fruits and vegetables, and they were asked to become members of the food board. In more than one place the community food center takes over at the end of the day what the marketman or dealer has on his hands that it may be either exchanged or canned or given to the poor.

In one center I found the women keenly interested in the problem of prices, and they were beginning, with the dealers in their town, a co-operative study of the price-fixing of food. It is easy to see how these women whose minds have dealt so keenly with the successive food problems may become dangerous opponents of food speculators and food hoardings. "Why," I heard a woman say, "should we have to pay sixty and seventy cents a dozen for eggs through the winter months? As I see it, the only reason is our own stupidity. Why should we not buy as the egg kings do when eggs are abundant and cheap and store in our community food center?"

If we can build up democratic all-serving food centers, why can we not intellectual and social centers where all women may grapple with community and national problems? It is nothing less that the Woman's Committee aims to achieve. Certainly there was never offered to women so wonderful an opportunity for the exercise of practical, voluntary service. It is a call to the ideal citizenship—the citizenship unmixed with politics—action for the sake of the whole, without reward or recognition, based on a sense of national need and national good.

It is fair to look to this attempt for a better realization by women of what disinterested co-operative democracy means. The merging of great groups, the willingness to put aside, for a great national demand, our special and precious activity argues that, after all, we have in the bottom of our minds a comprehension that Democracy is a spirit, a faith; that it is not this or that cause, or this or that tool. It argues that, perhaps better than we realize, when the test comes we are willing to give up all lesser things and exercise the faith—let free the spirit. It is possible that what we have been needing is some tremendous call upon our faith and spirit, something so much bigger than any of the tools or causes for which we fight that there would be no question but that we should, not necessarily sink them, or forget them, or be less active in them, but that we should sense their relation to our faith.

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A Point of Honor

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

JUST here in the highroad the afternoon sun shone on the snow, but a few rods off to the left the day softened into the abiding twilight of the forest, only an occasional pure star of radiance flecking the drifts between the boles of the hardwoods and the rich, fat, black muffs of the conifers. A branch road, striking off at right angles with the highway, ran only a dozen rods or so before its steep, virgin floor was lost to sight among the boughs on the breast of the mountain. It might, indeed, have escaped a casual notice altogether, had it not been for a galvanized mail-box fixed on a post beside the trunk-road—a mail-box without a name.

The young man standing beside this mail-box seemed to be waiting for something to happen or for some one to come. Now and then he stamped the snow from his new mountain-boots, or, shifting his rabbit-gun into the crook of his right arm and pulling off his left-hand glove, drew out his watch to see the passing of time. Occasionally he whistled in the clear, prickling air, bringing his dog to heel out of the near-by undergrowth. At such a moment, with the comely, tan-and-white creature sitting at attention before him, and his clean, new Mackinaw jacket cutting a bright pattern against the cathedral dusk of the woods, he might have stepped out of one of those *Sporting Life* calendars "in full color," which hang, like the ark of another covenant, over the desks of anemic clerks.

Presently the thing for which he had been waiting happened. Without any sound or warning, save for a fine spray of snow-particles cast ahead, a little roan horse emerged from the mouth of the mountain track, taking the last of the pitch at a run, cut a wide circuit out across the highroad, up the bank beyond, swung around facing the woods again and came to a halt beside the mail-box, blowing, shaking his shaggy head, and staring white-eyed at the unexpected huntsman.

Behind the horse was a bob-sleigh, and in the sleigh sat a man with a fair, rectangular beard, thick, mouse-gray eyebrows, and narrow eyes of the color of water under an easterly wind. His broad shoulders were made to seem yet broader by the jacket of sheepskin he wore, wool side in; on his head was a cap of beaver with flaps covering the ears. He sat erect, silent, and guarded in his nest of bear-robe, the reins loose in his mittened hand, his eyes fastened on the curving dash before him, and seeming, after a first flashing glance, to ignore the presence of the stranger with the rabbit-gun and dog.

Bomeister found it hard to know what to say. He had figured on almost anything but this. He cleared his throat suggestively once or twice, but without effect upon this impenetrable Centaur creature with the upper and heroic proportions of a man and the nether extremities of a bob-sleigh. Touches of red appeared on his clean-shaven, slightly sallow cheeks. Finally he said, with an effort:

"I beg your pardon, but this is the right road into the Footstool, isn't it? I was told—"

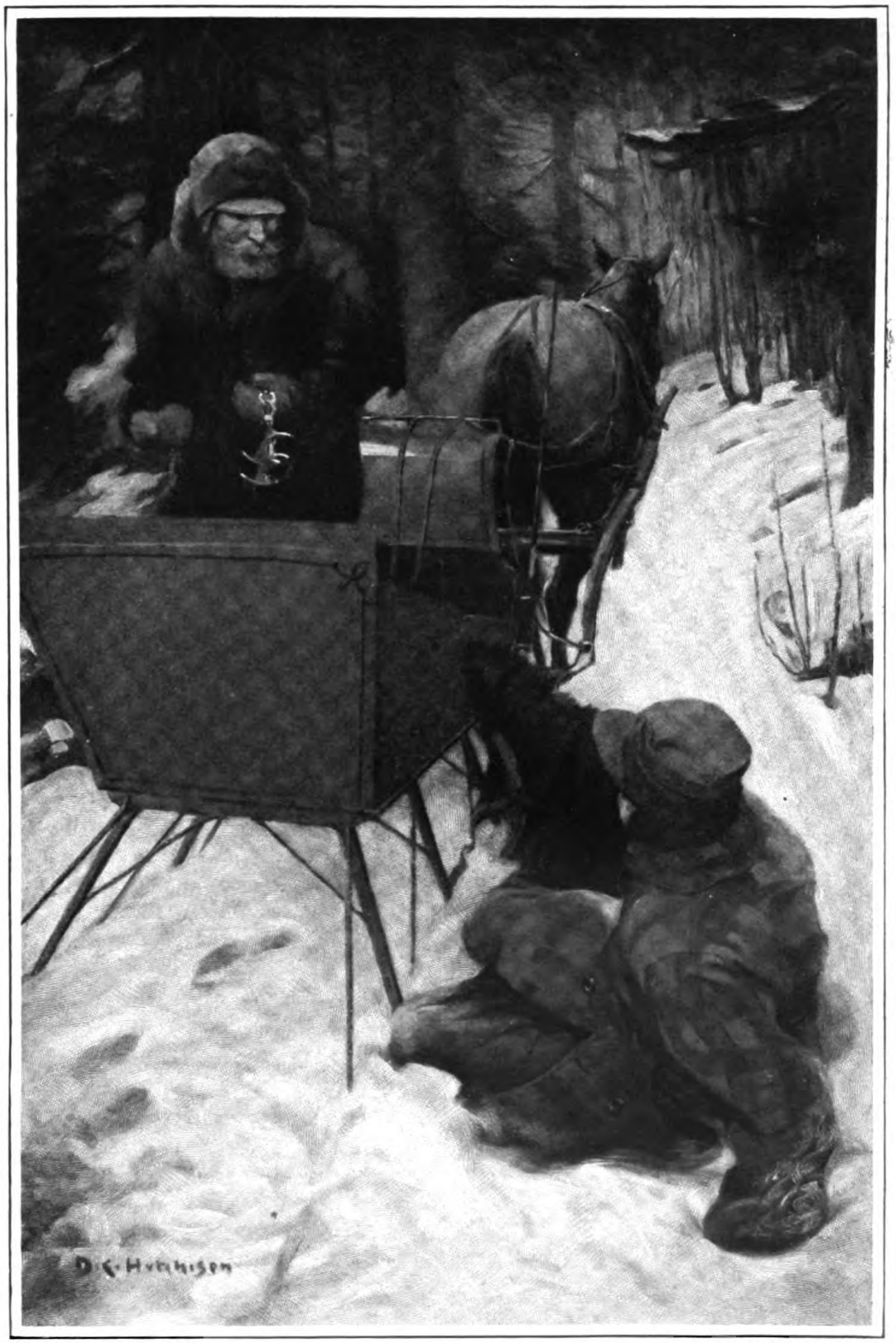
The bearded fellow answered in a deep, clear, non-committal voice, without raising his eyes: "There's others just as good."

Leaning from the seat, he lifted the lid of the mail-box, swept up a thin sheaf of letters and papers in his mitten, and tightened the reins over the little horse's back. The animal threw up his head, but Bomeister was standing in front of him.

"See here," he cried. "You're Mr. Pouder, aren't you?"

The reins went slack again, and the

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Drawn by D. C. Hutchison Engraved by H. Leinroth

"YOU FOOL—'TISN'T YOU I'M AFTER! IT'S SANDS!"

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mountaineer returned his eyes to the dash-board. He became quite inert, a single cord standing out like a wire in either cheek being the only flaw in his play of self-absorption. After a moment he raised his eyes and looked squarely at Bomeister for the first time.

"What makes you think I'm Pouder?"

"Oh, there's no mystery about that."

Now that the ice was broken, Bomeister approached the side of the sleigh and continued with a fluent optimism: "The rural delivery man brought me up this far. He told me it was you who always came down for the mail."

"I see. I see." The other nodded his head. The cords had softened in his cheeks and he seemed more at ease.

"And he told me, too, that he thought I might get the rent—er—the loan—of a bed at your place for the night. 'You'll get it at Pouder's place,' he told me, 'if you get it anywhere.' Was he right? Eh?"

The man in the sleigh nodded again, thoughtfully. "Yes," he said, "he was right. You'd get it there—*if you got it anywhere!*"

As if to point the irony of the last, the speaker brought down the lash of his whip on the little horse's flank and was off in a smother between the tree-trunks. Bomeister brushed the spray of flung snow from his eyes and stared after the sleigh, diminishing swiftly and in silence up the twilit tunnel. The skin of his face had turned gray; his lips, losing their fresh fullness, lay flat against his teeth. Perhaps that youth of his had been an illusion. Perhaps, after all, he was nearer forty than twenty-five.

Slinging the gun under an armpit and calling sharply to the dog, he started along the narrow track himself, putting his feet in the holes left by the horse's hoofs. Awkward and laborious as this way of going was, he made good speed because he went forward steadily, not pausing even on the steepest pitches, although his sharpening face and the slowly widening gap between his lips told how hard it was. It was odd that he should be so intent upon the killing of rabbits.

The sun had set now for the lower levels; only the upper mountain continued to burn in the dying, rose-colored light, a beacon among the tree-tops. Pursuing the dusky corridor, the man and the dog looked very small, ineffectual, and frail in the face of nature—antthings on the creeping errands of ants. The man *was* frail, in a sense—not so frail, perhaps, as he might have been. For even in the wrack of a vanishing democracy there is still one here and there who, by taking thought, does actually add a cubit to his stature. Bomeister was one of these, a man who grew by continually overreaching himself.

On a long hill a walking man will beat a burdened horse. Bomeister, coming around a bend where the road turned into the mountain's heart, caught sight of the sleigh perhaps a hundred yards ahead, resting on a "thank-you-marm" in the middle of a sharper rise. It was beginning to be night now under the woods, but there still remained light enough to know that the bearded man's eyes were turned back over his shoulder. Without warning, and by just that quiet gesture of vigilance, a definite, queer relationship was established between the two—of pursued and pursuer.

The sleigh whipped up and vanished once more among the higher trees. Bomeister came on without pausing. After another five minutes there was another encounter, separated by not quite so many rods of road as before. Bomeister was blowing, but so was the little horse.

Upon the third occasion of this sort there was no "thank-you-marm" for the sleigh to rest on. It lay diagonally across the steep road, an effectual barricade. That it was so intended became evident when it continued to wait while Bomeister approached. He came to a halt ten or twelve yards off and, resting his weight on the muzzle of the gun, stood exhausted, his whole frame heaving with the labor of breath. For perhaps sixty seconds there was silence, while the two men's eyes encountered across the blue-gray space. Then the mountaineer spoke in his slow, deep-toned voice:

"Stranger, there's no shooting up here in the Footstool—not to amount to

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nothing. You'd do better somewheres else, stranger."

Bomeister said nothing to this, but continued watching, prepared to listen. The other shook his shoulders a little, as though it were only by a strong exercise of the will that he bound himself to this parleying. After a moment he resumed, making no effort to conceal the sinister moral of the episode:

"There was a couple of young fellows from Mickster come up here a year ago last fall, looking for deer. They sep'-rated, the two of 'em, each taking one side of a ridge. By and by each one of 'em started a deer in the trees, and each one of 'em let go, and each one of 'em made a hit. . . . Their folks got 'em out in the spring, what was left. . . . You see, stranger, it was this way: Each one of them young fellow's deers was the other young fellow."

Bomeister nodded. He said, "Yes, I heard, down below—" And then, closing his lips, he refrained from finishing the sentence he had had in mind—"that *that* was the way the folks in the Footstool told the story."

The other tightened the reins and got the little horse around into the straight going. Turning in his seat, he concluded, "That's about the only kind of game you'll find in the Footstool, stranger."

Then he touched the animal with the whip. When he glanced back after a minute or so and found the huntsman coming along behind him, hopping from hoof-print to hoof-print, indefatigable, business-like, he lifted one mittened hand and passed it slowly across his brow and eyes, as if he thought. Then he pulled up and waited while Bomeister approached. It was the latter who broke the silence this time.

"I was just thinking," he laughed, "that I could hardly be expected to mistake myself for a rabbit. . . . And, besides—" He had a moral of his own to convey—"and, besides, if such a thing *should* happen to occur, you know, I might say—*I should be got out a long while before spring.*"

The mountaineer raised his whip. For an instant it hung in the dusk, and then it did not fall on the little horse's flank. The man lowered it slowly and returned it to the socket on the dash-board.

"Look-a-here, stranger," he said, in another voice. "If you're bound to go, why don't you take a lift, eh?" With the words he moved over on the seat and raised the bear-robe.

"Oh, thanks," said Bomeister.

He came and got in. As they drove on, climbing steadily into the sky, Bomeister's youth returned upon him. He admired the glimpses, snatched through gaps in the forest walls, of the world's purple carpet spreading away beneath them, and commented with something like exuberance upon the fine stand of the timber itself.

"We'll be getting into it, come next winter," his companion informed him, nodding and gesturing with an air of unexpected sociability. He said that the sawmill, a portable one, was only a little way ahead of them now. The stranger might be interested. That queer relationship of pursued and pursuer, which had been so real, became the memory of an absurd illusion.

"It's strange," Bomeister was saying, "how small a place the world is, after all. I'm always running across people I know in the most unexpected places. I see you've got a letter there in your lap for a 'D. Sands.' I used to know a 'D. Sands'—Donald Sands. I don't suppose, though, it could be the same fellow—"

The half-question hung between them. Bomeister was watching, expectantly, out of the corner of an eye. The bearded man was thinking of two odd circumstances. One was that it was too dark for his companion to have read the address on the letter at that distance, and the other was that the letter happened to be turned face down.

"What kind of a looking fellow is this 'D. Sands'?" Bomeister inquired casually after a moment, above the soft beating of the horse's hoofs. Without any warning, he found himself struggling and crushed in the embrace of two strong, angry arms.

The silent and unequal battle continued but a moment in the dark gallery, and then Bomeister, flung out heavily, picked himself up at the edge of the trees, ghost-gray with the powder of the drift that had swallowed him, and stood with his hands clenched at his sides,

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his head thrust forward, and his teeth sunken in his lower lip. Anger confronted anger. The bearded man, kneeling on the seat of the sleigh with the rabbit-gun shivering pistol-wise in his right hand, continued to reiterate in a voice thick and drunken with passion: "I'm going to blow y'r head off—blow y'r head off—" In his left hand, scarcely discernible in the gloom, he held aloft the narrow steel handcuffs which, in that instant of conflict, he had snatched from the pocket of Bomeister's Mackinaw. An animal madness was on him and pink froth drooled down his beard. "Blow y'r head off—" he kept saying, over and over.

Bomeister bawled at him: "You damned fool—'tisn't *you* I'm after! It's *Sands!* Do you hear me, Pouder? *Sands!*"

There was a wire of flame in the dusk, and thunder. The crazy shot went wide; in the preternatural hush behind it there was a whisper of broken twigs away in the woods. The two men remained precisely as they had been, stunned and sobered by the ineffectual act. By and by the mountaineer dropped his eyes to the blue, warm weapon hanging in his hand, stared at it for a moment, wondering, and then let it down in the sleigh-bed behind him.

"What's wrong with Sands?" he inquired. His voice sounded small.

Bomeister came forward a step and spoke with a concise frankness, feeling that the time served now for nothing else.

"He is wanted by the Federal authorities on seven counts. Three of them are post-office breaks; another is assault with intent to kill on Frederich Uhlan, postmaster at Raine, Pennsylvania; another is resisting an officer in Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania; another is assault with intent to maim on the same. Wilkes Barre has a count of bigamy against him, too, but that's none of my business. His name, by the way, is not Sands. It's Donno Sanderson. . . . Pouder, take my word for it—he's no good!"

He advanced another step with the last, flinging out a hand, in the manner of counsel before jury. The gesture escaped the man in the sleigh, who sat hunched over on himself, brooding ahead, and, after a vacant moment, muttering:

"The Footstool looks out for the Footstool."

"I know," Bomeister took him up persuasively, "but this fellow doesn't belong to the Footstool. Why, Pouder, look here. You never laid eyes on him till a couple of months ago. He isn't the Footstool any more than *I* am."

The other turned his eyes slowly. "Didn't you know any better 'n to come up here alone?"

"Why—no."

The premeditated "cheek" of it was amazing, unsettling. The mountaineer made room on the seat; Bomeister mounted without hesitation; and the little horse, rested by the prolonged halt, tossed his head and dug his hoofs in the soft going. For a while they climbed in silence. The rent of a clearing appeared on the side of the road down-mountain, discovering the world below as a wide gulf peopled only with scattering lights, like the reflections of stars, and occasional dim islands, where the sky still illuminated faintly the crest of a ridge.

In the clearing, near at hand, was the sawmill of which the man had spoken, a straggling, skeleton affair, partly covered by a tar-paper shelter and partly open to the weather, all black and dead save for the spot of a single lantern burning beside the saw-blade which shone in its rays, round, sharp-edged, and glinting coldly, like a ruthless moon. A dune of sawdust to the left bore on its crest the figures of two seated men, their shoulders fallen forward, their hands hanging down between their thighs, motionless and inexpressive as images. Below them, in a kind of gallery of stumps, other men were seated, transfixed in the selfsame posture, gazing in the same direction.

At sight of the sleigh in the road above, one of those on the sawdust waved a hand and called something to the driver, but his words were broken by a crack of the whiplash and a grunt as the startled horse jerked forward between the thills. A roadside thicket swept past, obliterating the clearing, the mill, and that strange dark company,

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sitting so quiet and staring so long at the saw-blade in the light of the lantern, like devotees at the foot of a heathen and monstrous altar.

Bomeister turned his head suddenly with a hint of mistrust. "What's the matter?" he asked. Reaching out to touch the other's shoulder, he found it trembling. The man's whole frame was shaking, even the hands which held the reins, racked with a preposterous, silent merriment.

Bomeister withdrew into his own corner of the seat and watched. His nerve, up to this moment, had been amazing. He had endured many things. He could not quite endure laughter.

"What's the matter?" he repeated, losing another shade of his assurance.

As anger had done before, now amusement gave the man's voice a drunken blur. "It's a joke."

"On—me?"

"Mebby it's on—Sands."

The little horse, finding his hoofs of a sudden on level going and sensing the proximity of a roof and a manger, put down his head and ran. The cold, clear air rushed between them. A scattering of tar-paper cabins flitted by, and abruptly the sleigh came to a halt in the road, with a tumbled-down barn on one side and a tumbled-down dwelling-house on the other. The decay of the place was evident even in the starlight, which was now established. Once a mountain farmstead, more or less prosperous as mountain farms go, it had lain fallow and desolate for years, till the need of the lumbermen, eating their way across the mountainside, had warmed a corner of the barn and an ell of the house with a momentary afterglow of life.

The man got out of the sleigh, stamping his feet on the packed snow and slapping his arms across his chest.

"This is my place," he said. "Sands is here."

Inadvertently, or perhaps with some obscure purpose of disdain, he had left the manacles lying on the seat. Bomeister slipped them into his pocket. He took up also the gun, but, after an instant's consideration, laid it down again. Empty-handed, then, and filled with a curious and uneasy sense of mockery, he followed his host up the little bank toward the covered porch on the left-hand ell.

At first sight, this had appeared as dead as the rest of the house, but now a light appeared in one of the windows. The man stopped at the foot of the steps and raised his voice, just a little.

"Elvira!" he called. "Elvira!"

A door opened, discovering a woman with a lamp held aloft in one hand, an attenuated, crushed, stark creature, as colorless as the starlight on the mountain, and vaguely pretty. Her eyes, ringed with dark, peered into the night. She spoke at random:

"What?"

"Come outside," the man directed her in an undertone. When she had set the lamp on some hidden piece of furniture within, stepped out obediently and closed the door behind her, the three stood again in darkness, a darkness struck through for a moment with the silence of waiting and of occult communication. The man spoke, still in that undertone of discretion: "Wife, this is Mister—Mister—"

The new-comer shuffled his feet uneasily. "Bomeister," he supplied.

"Bomeister, wife. He's come up to get Sands. He claims Sands went to work and robbed a bank or something, somewheres, and Mr. Bomeister's a law-officer. . . . I told him Sands was here, in the house."

The woman made no sign. After another moment the man added, as if with a sudden misgiving, "He hasn't gone out—while I was away?"

The woman's head moved in a scarcely discernible negative. There followed one of those odd silences.

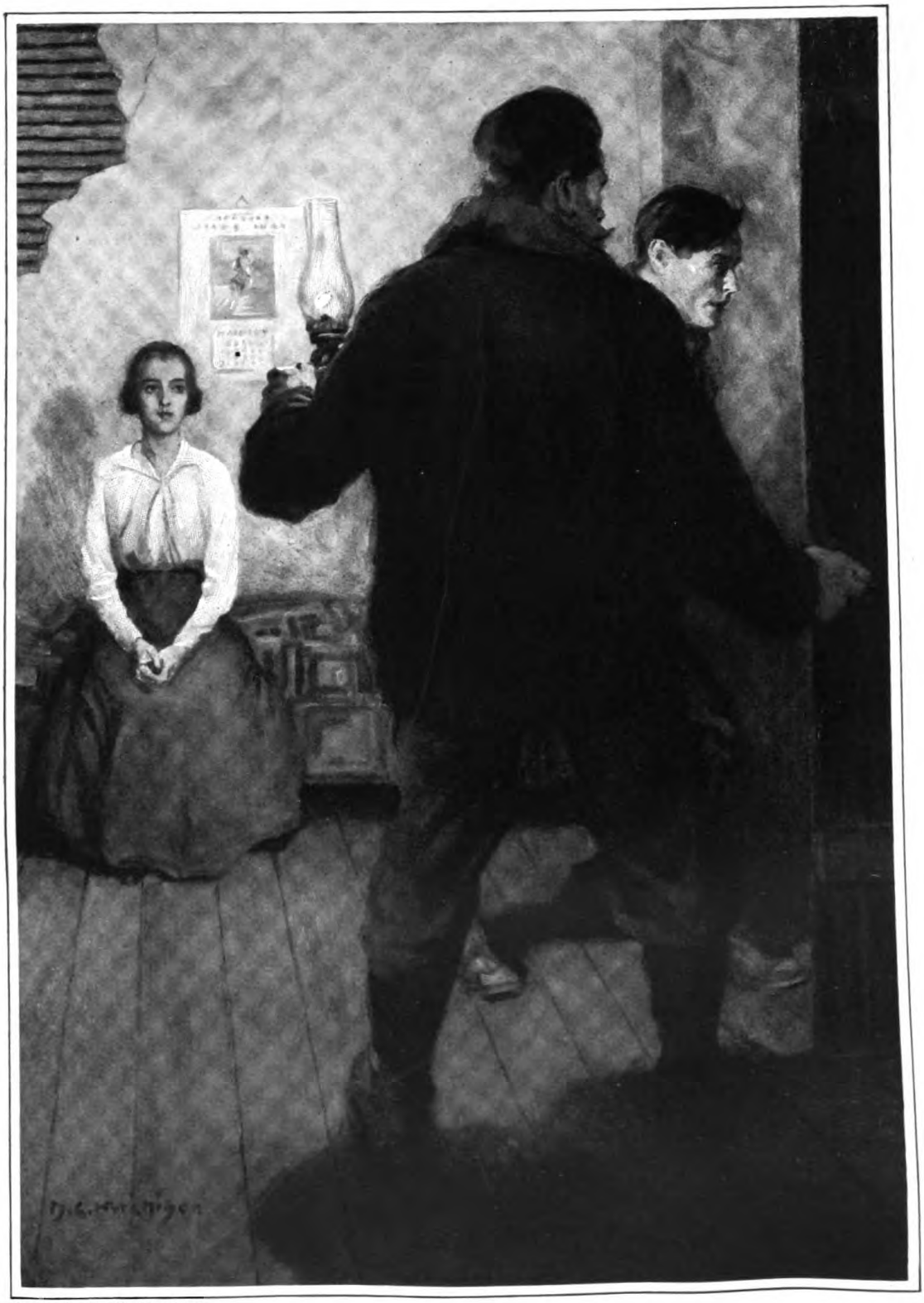
"Well?" said the man.

The woman echoed him with a hidden strain of something which might have been protest, warning, or defiance. "Well?"

Between them Bomeister seemed to see something hanging in a ghostly balance. A man accustomed to the straightforward and external aspects of achievement, this sense of being the pawn of subterranean discussions and decisions oppressed him. He strove to assert himself, and challenged them peremptorily with their own word:

"Well?"

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Drawn by D. C. Hutchison

"IT'S ALL RIGHT, HE WON'T HURT YOU"

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The man waved an arm. The woman, turning, opened the door and led the way in.

The room in which they stood had been a bedchamber, perhaps, in its first intention, but in its present incarnation it served nearly all the needs of migratory man. There was still a bed, or, rather, a shapeless pallet covered with a dusty print, in one corner; against the opposite wall, innocent of plaster and displaying the fine old hand-wrought laths, stood a camper's cook-stove of sheet-iron, flanked by a cracker-box stuffed with miscellaneous provisions. Other cracker-boxes, set on end as chairs, and a rough-hewn table of boards, completed the furnishings of the room, whose single touch of color was afforded by a Horse Remedy calendar of a previous year, transfixed by a tenpenny nail on the wall above the bed. The effect of the whole was rendered doubly pitiless by the rays of the unshaded lamp which the woman had taken up again.

Bomeister looked about him and, seeing no sign of another occupant, murmured, "Yes?" He wet his lips with his tongue.

"Sands is in the other room," the man told him, nodding toward an interior door and keeping his eyes all the while on the woman. Her face had grown extraordinarily white and thin, like a paper mask.

"Elvira," he said, speaking slowly and with an odd smile, "show Mr. Bomeister in, will you?"

This time the woman did not move. She seemed fascinated by the man's regard, and at the same time there was about her something of that false menace of a creature at bay—a tiger, perhaps. Her lips parted on her even, cream-colored teeth, but her words of protest, warning, defiance, remained unuttered; only her breath, visible in faint, quick jets on the chill air of the room, discovering the labor of her lungs.

Bomeister said, "Oh!" aloud, but without disturbing the others. He had suddenly remembered about Sanderson—what had been told him about Sanderson's ways with women, especially with married women. Things unexplained, acts, words, turns of thought hitherto mysterious, tumbled abruptly into order, rearing a structure of circumstance, melodramatic, sordid, and scandalous. Pouder was a mountaineer of the Footstool, hot-blooded, thirsty-handed, impatient of outside meddlings; he was, at the same time, a husband.

Bomeister raised his eyes with a new understanding to the quiet conflict before him, a conflict which had become a deadlock. The man broke out of a sudden, as though it were the end of a sustained harangue:

"Well, gi' me the light, then!"

The woman surrendered it without lowering her eyes, and, turning away, walked to the bed in the corner, where she sat bolt upright and stared at them. The man told Bomeister to come, opened the door into the farther room, and, holding the lamp high and muttering, "It's all right; he won't hurt you," allowed him to enter first.

There was a bed in the naked room and a couple of boxes, nothing else. A man lay on the bed under a soiled and ragged quilt, his boots alone visible, sprawling from the lower edge in the care-free way of drunkenness.

The man set the lamp down on one of the boxes, and taking hold of a boot shook it roughly, calling: "Sands! Sands!"

Bomeister thrust out a hand. "Look here," he exclaimed. "There's no great need of waking him yet, is there?"

The other clapped a palm over his own mouth. The cheeks above it were congested, as if with a smothered mirth.

"No need," he agreed. "And no fear—"

Reaching up, he lifted a corner of the quilt. While he held it so, for what might have been one second or a hundred of them, Bomeister felt his knees doubling and letting him down on the box which did not support the lamp. And he heard his own voice saying, "Don't! Don't!" far off.

The man let the quilt fall back again, covering the ghastly remnants of a human frame. And then, by and by, Bomeister heard the man's voice, far off, saying:

"It was the saw done it. This morning."

So that was why those men had been

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staring so long and so si'ently at the saw, altared in the lantern-light. This was the "joke." This was the reason he had been allowed to enter the Footstool, then, alone. Not quite alone, for he had had a dog at his heels. He heard her on the porch now, crying for him, and the peculiar desolation of the hound note striking through those chill and ruinous chambers did something queer to his soul. Staring at the bed and the shrouded corpse, he experienced an overpowering impulse to cry out against Sin; to take from him who had not even that which he had; to add the insult of a homily to the supreme injury of death.

This feeling embarrassed him. He tried to get rid of it by shaking an ironical head and returning to his pocket those absurd manacles of steel. He said to the man, who still stood erect at the foot of the bed, "Well, I guess that's about all," coughed, and put his cap on his head, but yet he did not rise to go. He had not got rid of it. The consuming need for pointing a moral clung to him. He began to speak: "It doesn't pay, after all, Pouder, does it? Crime is a losing game; you take it every time and watch it. The law is bigger than the biggest thief alive. It will get him in the end—"

Absorbed in his special brief, he seemed to have forgotten for the moment that it was not the hand of the law, but the tooth of a mountain sawmill that had done the thief to death this time, and quite gratuitously, in the day's work. Perhaps it came to the same in the end. He went on with an increasing fervor, conscious of another auditor now, for the woman had crept to the door behind him, her face, crowded against the jamb, showing gray on the background of darkness.

"Look at him now," he said, with a nervous gesture. "And he might have gone as far as the next man, if he had been willing to go straight. That's right, Pouder. He was a bright fellow. Norton told me. He was the man on the case before me—the one Sanderson laid up in Wilkes Barre. He told me Sanderson had everything to go on—everything—brains, health, good looks. *Good looks!* And see him now! Maybe if he hadn't had his good looks— He was a great hand with the women, Pouder. Maybe that's what started him. It's what carried him, I know for a fact. It's women, and nothing but women, Pouder, that's kept him out of our hands for upward of three years now—almost like an underground railway. Respectable women, some of them. One of them's in a cell to-day for it, and her husband doesn't know what to do. Another one's in her grave—"

"Proud of 'emselves?"

There was something arresting and abominable in the quality of the question thrust out of the darkness behind him; Bomeister seemed to feel the faint breath of it passing over his scalp. His jaw hung down. For the life of him, he could find no words. And as if his muteness were the answer she had looked for, the woman spoke again. It was not an oath; it possessed none of the figurative and casual make-weight of profanity; rather one felt the primitive fact of the word, woven with the reek of heated flesh and glimpses of the shades and gesticulations of infernal acolytes.

"*The damned fools!*"

It ran through the dead air, came back from the naked walls; a confession as unequivocal as it was brief. For she would not have spoken it so had she not been conscious that she was one of them.

It was too much for Bomeister. He wanted to do something violent to that echoing silence, to shout out loud, "I knew it all along!"—to stamp his feet on the rotten boards. Sheba, the hound, was crying again, to make a man's nerves sing. He jumped up, exclaiming: "Look here, I've got to run. It's a long ways down to Mickster."

"You have a bite," the man suggested without fervor. His expression through it all had not changed.

"No, no, thanks. I'll get something at Mickster."

His words sounded angry, but it was only that he wanted to get out of that house. The man seemed to understand, and, taking up the lamp, ushered him out through the front room, where the woman, returned once more to the pallet in the corner, watched them with unblinking eyes.

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It was like coming home from a strange country when Sheba leaped to his chest on the porch outside. A round moon had arisen. The man went down into the road with him and handed him the rabbit-gun out of the sleigh. Bomeister wondered how he felt. There was no formality of leave-taking beyond a "good night" mumbled on either side; Bomeister turned on his heel and walked away down the pale road, his tenuous, eager shadow running far in the van.

The man stood still watching him go till a bend of the road took him out of sight. Then, as he had done before in the sleigh, he passed a hand slowly across his brow and eyes, and turned back toward the house, where the light had been extinguished. Noticing this, the man laughed under his beard.

A yard or so from the steps he paused, his eye attracted by a pair of dark objects lying on the snow. Putting his hands on his knees, he bent to examine them. They were not his own snowshoes, for he had broken one of his the day before and thrown the two away. These belonged to the dead man in the house. The queer part of it, and the part whose meaning came to him slowly as he continued to stare at them, was that they had been put there since he and Bomeister came down the steps—thrown there—from the doorway in the darkness beneath the roof.

After a moment he raised his head, without taking his hands from his knees, and peered into the porch.

"Elvira!" he said.

He could see her dimly, standing in the open doorway. He had to speak her name a second time, with another shade of uneasiness, before her voice came out to him, flat and lusterless:

"Yes, put 'em on."

He stood up straight and folded his arms.

"I know what's the matter with you," he said. "You've gone to work and swallowed that fool's line of talk—about the women—like a sucker. *Like a sucker*, Elvira!"

Her tone was monotonous. "You made me say he was you."

"What of that? For God's sake, what of that? You never wasted any love on your husband—not lately, anyhow. You didn't care nothing for Jim Pouder—"

"I don't play tricks with the dead."

Anger shook him like a reed. In the moonlight the marks of teeth showed on his nether lip, and red stained his beard.

"You're jealous!" he flung at her, careless with passion. "Jealous, by God!"

"Jealous?" There was no anger, no scorn, no fire of any sort. Her words came one after another like the stale breakers of a dead sea. "Don't you s'pose I knew the kind you was, Don Sands? I knew. You've fooled women. Maybe I've fooled men. I'll give you this, though—you could have done anything you wanted with me—"

The man broke in. "I made you kiss me yesterday, and you liked it. And, by God! I'll—"

"You ought not to 've made me say he was you."

The man advanced a reckless step, and then, struck by her dark immobility, he hesitated, thrusting his head forward.

"You've got the gun there?"

"No. I've got my bare hands."

An hour later Donno Sanderson, who had brains, health, good looks, and a way with women, came out among the scattering trees on the crest of the mountain and paused to breathe for a moment, a solitary dark fugitive supported between the twin luminosities of the snow and the sky, before he set the snowshoes upon the steep descent into the valley of the Footstool beyond.

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Revivals Past and Present

REFLECTIONS ON SOME OF THEIR PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.

Physician to the Neurological Institute of New York

NEW YORK witnessed, during the spring of the present year, an experiment in "soul-saving" which, viewed retrospectively, appears more interesting and more remarkable than it seemed when viewed actually. Approximately one million people gathered, during the course of ten weeks, to listen to the exhortations of a man who had established a national reputation for both sanctity and grotesqueness, and who makes no apology for realizing that even in religion "it pays to advertise." His sponsors claim that during that period he succeeded in leading upward of seventy thousand of those who forgathered in the tabernacle from sin to righteousness and "to hit the trail that leads to God." The thoughtful man, whether he be student of human affairs, interpreter of psychological phenomena, or well-wisher and advocate of religion as a dominant power, cannot fail to be impressed by this spectacle. It is natural that he should attempt to interpret its significance and seek to evaluate its social and moral results. To do this, it is only necessary to forecast, in the light of past experience and of human nature, what the probable results of such a carefully manipulated effort are likely to be.

It needs no argument, no marshalling of facts, to convince either the most devout or the most skeptical that religion has been losing the sort of hold upon people that it had in past generations. Although the loss in this country is scarcely comparable to what has occurred in other countries, current literature is replete with the testimony of clergymen to its effect; churches with empty spaces testify to it on the Sabbath; the conduct of men and women corroborates it on both week-day and Sunday. Many attempts have been made to explain a condition profoundly regretted by countless sincere, devout persons, who keep alive the conviction that the life of the spirit is the one important thing in this world, and who get inspiration from what measure of this Christianity gives. Some attribute our unspirituality to the sudden accession of great wealth by hosts of individuals who have neither inherited nor acquired the capacity to handle wealth properly or to use it wisely, but who are filled with the desire for the power that such possession gives them, and the inclination to use it to win or compel the admiration and excite the envy of their fellows. Others point out that the influx of peoples of all nations, recruited largely from the lower strata of society, the ignorant and the undisciplined, which reached its high tide nearly a generation ago before the advent of wiser immigration laws, is responsible in a great measure for our present-day irreligiousness. The universal dissemination of education, and particularly of the kind of education which exalts exact knowledge, teaches reverence for facts, emphasizes the importance of the sciences, and suggests directly and indirectly that a statement must be proved before it can be believed, affords an adequate explanation for others. Just in proportion as facts have been established and a knowledge of them disseminated among the masses, dogma, and dogmatic statement unaccompanied by evidence, have become unacceptable. All that which is spoken of as social unrest; the political progress of the working-classes, their insistence upon what they call their rights; the dissemination of a knowledge of hygiene

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among the masses; the astounding ascendancy of sports and all forms of activity done in the name of pleasure; the unparalleled and almost fabulous prosperity of the country and of the people—are sufficient demonstrations of a current setting strongly toward materialism. Furthermore, the "plain people" are "sizing up" the church and finding out that men and women in what are called superior walks of life—superior socially, financially, possibly intellectually—are not always presented with the choice of displaying the conduct which is compatible with membership in the Kingdom of God on earth as a necessary alternative for withdrawing from its fellowship.

Lately, in the view of not a few, a new rival to godliness has appeared, to which the name Efficiency is given. This new worship seduces men, women, and children from their devotions. It teaches that man was put into the world to be an efficient partner of an efficient deity—not to live just so as to escape from wrath in the train of an atoning Saviour, but to display buoyancy, courage, and initiative in saving a world for himself and others by striving to the limit of human capacity for the realization of a higher self. Against all this is set the simplicity, the humanity, and the joy of a primitive Christian faith, and to it we are summoned to return as the only safe and sane program for spiritual beings.

Now in all this there is nothing new. From the early days of the Christian religion there have been periods when the sap seemed to be drying up in the fruitful vine, and the flower of life, of faith to be fading. In these periods the progress of the soul seems to be at a standstill. But always these periods of religious stagnation have been followed by new propaganda for the regeneration of faith, and expression of it in profession, in good deeds, in sacrifice and self-renunciation.

When these quickenings of movement in the spiritual life take a definite form, and a number of persons living in original or acquired sin, which they tacitly or frankly admit, congregate to listen to an individual who tells them of their wickedness, and to be exhorted to accept God, to profess Him, and renounce by word of mouth their evil ways, this experience is called a revival. Always the major characteristic of the revival has been an access of emotion. Its psychological level of movement has been that of the crowd, and its actuating motive that of escape from a deliberately awakened fear of the consequence of wrong doing and living. The leader of the crowd flashes a spark into it, and the current which engenders "feeling" and subordinates reason is liberated. Fear of hell, fear of the wrath of God, fear of free trade, fear of protection—such are the sure sparks that are used by preacher or politician to call forth the current, to vivify or revive, the mass of inert souls.

We, the people of these United States, have always been peculiarly susceptible to this sort of appeal. By and large we are a suggestible people. Like Mr. Dooley, we believe anything if it is told us often enough. We are also an emotional people. We display this at one time in unpremeditated advocacy of free silver, at another in birth control. We make no preparation for instituting changes that are so radical, fundamental, and far-reaching that no imagination can forecast their effect. We start in "to do the job" without counting the cost or estimating the result. With a one-time favorite prophet we believe that we can lie down at night a peaceful people and arise in the morning a nation of soldiers.

We remain emotional, even though we are less uniformly so than in the eighteenth century, and though we express our emotions in different terms. In Georgia and Tennessee, and even Illinois, we can still muster as much emotionalism for a lynching or an "experience meeting" as Salem did for a witch-burning, or Northampton for the Great Awakening.

It is not strange then that revivals persist and have a good deal of popularity in spite of occasional periods of seeming decadence.

With us they go back to Jonathan Edwards and to about the year 1735. Once in fifty years or thereabouts since then they have had a more or less brief popularity. One of these revivals resembles another in all essential characteristics

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the variations being particularly in the tone of the revival, which is an index of what may be called the temper of the times. They rarely last longer than the active period of the chief revivalist's lifetime, ten to twenty years. They have been invariably followed by what may properly be called religious lethargy. Their occurrence constitutes a cycle made up of the revival; the apathy or emotional bluntness that follows it, characterized by the ascendancy of materialistic display; then a period of crass neglect of religion, apparent deafness to the exhortation of its sane, temperate, earnest advocates, and, finally, the revival again. In fact, revivals run a course almost parallel to a mental disorder that is usually known as maniac depressive insanity. It has its period of quiescence, its period of boundless activity, its period of depression and inadequacy, its period of comparative normality, and its period of indifference and neglect of what has transpired in the past and of comfortable assurance that the future will take care of itself, and then the deluge again.

In countries where people are less emotional and less heterogenous than ours, wars often take the place of revivals, and it is a well-established fact that they display themselves in a similar cyclical way.

Jonathan Edwards was a man of mature and comprehensive mind, of commanding presence and imperious personality, of great faith and true piety, possessed of boundless confidence and self-belief. He took it upon himself to redeem the lost estate of religion. The scene of his activity was Northampton, and the result was the Great Awakening of 1740–1750 which, under George Whitefield, spread throughout Massachusetts and New England. Edwards frightened his auditors into abject terror. The strong fainted; the valiant wept; the indifferent became anxious; the weak were prostrated, convulsed, or lost their reason, and all probably visualized hell, to which "the greater part of men who have died heretofore have gone," and to which "some persons that now sit here in this meeting-house may go before to-morrow morning."

About 1800 the second great revival occurred in this country in a section far remote from New England, but among an equally interesting people, the Scotch-Irish of Kentucky. We need not here sound their praises nor recount their accomplishments. Posterity has done them adequate justice. Theodore Roosevelt in the *Winning of the West* writes:

> there was a large influx of people drawn from the worst immigrants that were perhaps ever brought to America, the mass of convict servants, redemptioners, and the like, who formed such an excessively undesirable substratum to the otherwise excellent population of the tidewater regions in Virginia and the Carolinas. Many of the Southern crackers, or poor whites, sprang from this class, which also in the backwoods gave birth to generations of violent and hardened criminals and to an even greater number of shiftless, lazy, cowardly cumberers of the earth's surface.

It was these people that James McGready, Finis Ewing, and Peter Cartwright exhorted.

The third great revival in this country occurred about 1850, and the dominant figure was Charles G. Finney, the most potent and most intellectual of all the revivalists after Edwards. The widespread dissatisfaction with the pragmatic efficacy of the Christian religion as then practised, and the suggestibility and emotionalism of the people in certain sections of the country which were responsible for Mormonism and other forms of crass immorality masquerading under the cloak of religion, were apparently its sponsors and progenitors.

The latter part of the nineteenth century witnessed a new kind of evangelism, and a new type of revivalist in the person of Dwight L. Moody. He was not censorious and uncompromising like Edwards; not implacable and terrorizing like McGready, who "could so array hell before the wicked that they trembled and quaked, seeing before them a lake of fire and brimstone yawning to overwhelm them while the hand of the Almighty is visible thrusting them down to the horrible abyss"; not so vituperative, mandatory, and imperious as Finney. He was a kindly, tolerant, earnest worker in the vineyard of the Lord,

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who had a remarkable genius for organization, and who preached the boundlessness of God's love and not the limitlessness of his hatred. He showed his remarkable capacity for effective organization in the institute which he developed at Northfield; his knowledge of human character in the men whom he gathered around him there to carry out his work and the broad-mindedness of his purpose in the development of institutions for the advancement of Christianity now connected with various organizations throughout this country.

The revival which is now at its zenith differs in many of its aspects from preceding ones, without differing in kind. In the first place, it is accomplished by a definite organization, conducted on strictly business principles, and including for the first time in the history of revivals a definite provision for the entertainment of the audience. In the second place, there is a definite attempt to substitute familiarity for fear; and in the third place, there is a very modern effort to offset the neurotic worry that is bred of a mixture of sin and fear with a strong dose of cheerful and robust commonplaceness.

The evangelist is the Rev. William A. Sunday, or, as he prefers to be called, "Billy." The powers behind the pulpit, are Mrs. Sunday and seventeen directors of departments, secretaries, and advance agents. They work in conjunction with employers of labor, the pious rich, and countless serious-minded persons who, dissatisfied with the spirituality of their fellows, believe they can be exhorted into being good, and with the evangelistic clergy. To a certain extent the movement is backed by the so-called liberal branch of the "Church."

No one will deny that the time is opportune to take stock of our religious assets and to invite mankind, in every walk of life, whether in the workshop or at the round table, to the profession and practise of a life of light and love, of peace and good will. Probably nothing has more perturbed the faith of the average man than the critical state in which the world is to-day. The time is therefore ripe for a genuine revival. The question that one naturally asks is this—Have the sponsors of such desired revival chosen their chief performer wisely?

We pride ourselves on our culture. We admit that our manners are not so polished, our civility not so universal, our address not so courtly as that of some nations, but we solace ourselves by saying that we are more sincere. We speak reverently of good form; we put a premium on breeding; we recognize and claim intimacy with *comme il faut.* Our children are carefully brought up; our youths are meticulously taught to think straight and play fair, and we recognize the importance of moral and intellectual growth, of the cultivation of a social consciousness. We frown upon familiarity. We shiver at arrogant display of possession. We believe that a certain amount or degree of formality is essential for the proper conduct of any relationship in life, social, religious, or political, and we practise it—more or less. We despise vulgarity. We are a self-possessed, self-contained, self-confident people, and we haven't our tongues in our cheeks while admitting it—or maintaining it. We concern ourselves a great deal with heaven, and have confidence that we will attain it if our life is directed by love and illumined by light; we are concerned not at all with hell, which most of us do not believe to exist, save hell on earth.

But "we" are not "the people," whereas the million individuals who looked up reverently to Mr. Sunday *were* the people. It has often been charged against Mr. Sunday that he is intemperate of speech, irreverent, profane, vulgar, undignified. Juries determine guilt and judges pass sentence. Mr. Sunday has been tried by a large jury throughout the country and they contend that, though technically he may be guilty, he has more than atoned for the offense. I do not discuss the question of his sincerity, his honesty, his spiritual genuineness, nor am I concerned with Mr. Sunday so much as I am with what he accomplished, and it is generally accepted that, though these qualities are desirable in a successful evangelist, they are by no means essential.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Sunday lacks much in the accurate statement of facts, at least as far as one can judge from

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his "sermons." If he knows the value of logical reasoning it is still his secret. If he is able to evaluate testimony and weigh evidence, he refrains from making a display of it. His success is not to be wholly accounted for by any individual possession, but a very considerable part of it is dependent upon his talent as a platform entertainer, his unusual vituperative capacity, his skill in denunciation, and his understanding of applied psychology. Unlike his great predecessors, Whitefield, McGready, and others, he cannot picture hell so as to make man shrink from it, or describe heaven so as to make one long for it. He has a faculty for winning the crowd while apparently disdaining to appeal for popularity. Like Bernard Shaw he has persuaded himself that it is necessary to hurt in order to heal; that the only way to encourage men is to discourage them, and that it is necessary to be thoroughly disagreeable in order to persuade them to agree. He impresses his audience as being genuine, and he maintains it; he appears to be fearless, and he admits it. There is nothing in the world so uniformly approved and applauded as fearlessness. Fearlessness is courage, bravery, valor, confidence, trust, equanimity—all combined. Mr. Sunday's congregation sees in him the embodiment of this possession. They know that his campaign is supported by the rich and by the evangelistic churches, and yet Mr. Sunday assails these very classes and tells them of their shortcomings, and generally holds them up to scorn for their own good. They know that in each audience there is a large number of men and women who play cards, go to the theater, and to plays that are not of "The Old Homestead" type, and yet Mr. Sunday doesn't fear to alienate their support by telling them frankly that they are doomed to hell.

Mr. Sunday realizes that when a crowd is accused, those in it who are guilty convince themselves that he is referring to their neighbors and they exalt the accuser, admire his courage, applaud his effort, and regret that they also cannot be articulate. Not to applaud would be to accept guilt and stand convicted. They know that he has been accused of being mercenary, but he tells them of his benefactions, recounts them for their admiration, and his "congregation" takes up the cudgels in his defense, refutes the charge, and apparently confuses his accusers.

Mr. Sunday has a comprehensive understanding of the workings of the average human mind, especially its working *en masse*. He realizes that the great motive powers in man, the forces that sway him and condition his conduct, often his destiny, are desire and fear. Whether or not he appreciates that the third great motive in reasoning man, especially in man whose life is a pursuit of knowledge, is spirituality, or what is commonly spoken of as service, I am unable to say, but I have seen only the smallest indications of this kind of spirituality in Mr. Sunday or evidence of his feeling it.

The desires of man are bound up with his instincts—with self-preservation and the preservation of his kind, and with obtaining for himself and for them everything that will contribute to their pleasure, welfare, and esteem. Mr. Sunday does not preach suppression of physiological desires. He yearns for their regulation by law and by convention, and, as the vast majority of people agree with him, he rails against infraction of them to the manifest satisfaction of his audience. Indulgences that are pleasurable to him are proper for others. He likes golf, but tennis is "too sissified." He enjoys motoring, and baseball is a noble sport, but horse-racing is anathema. Dancing is kindergartening for hell. Card-playing and theater-going are but a prelude to permanent perdition. Those of his congregation who play cards or who go to the theater solace themselves with the assurance that he is mistaken about this. He is right in many of his contentions, and probably in any event he does not include an innocent game of hearts, or playing auction without a stake, and he can't include all actors and theaters in his denunciation, for he admits that a few of his personal acquaintances among stage people are, or were, "all right." This admission is sufficient refutation of the idea that Mr. Sunday is bigoted or narrow-minded, for "every one" agrees that some plays

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are immoral and that the intimate life of some actors would not bear close scrutiny. Hence the broadsides of Mr. Sunday do not seriously offend, or, if they do, only a negligible few are moved to hostility by them.

Mr. Sunday is himself an actor. Indeed, it may truthfully be said that he is a great actor. He has a technique founded in original adaptability and perfected probably before the mirror. He is a natural mimic and he has cultivated this accomplishment assiduously. It always amuses a crowd to see such pantomime, just as it amuses them to see depicted upon the stage the manifestations of vanities and frailties—intoxication, for instance.

Mr. Sunday amuses his audiences. They like to see him crouch on the platform, knock on the floor and shout out an invitation to the devil to come up and take the medicine the evangelist has ready for him. When the invitation is not accepted the audience shares with Mr. Sunday the delight and satisfaction that is manifest in his victorious smile and his conquering pose. Undoubtedly, many of the audience are convinced that the devil enhances his reputation for wiliness and cunning by not accepting the invitation. So many know in their hearts that they have essayed such encounter and have been vanquished. They cheer the pillar of physical strength and tower of spiritual righteousness who solicits the combat.

In addition to being a psychologist and remarkable actor, he is a versatile anecdotist. He is also an opportunist. He watches out for the "psychological moment" to say something that will ingratiate himself with his audience and testify to his patriotism, to his mission, to his morality. During his campaign in New York he displayed his desire to stimulate interest in the Liberty Loan by such appeal as this in a sermon to "women only": "Now get down into your old socks, and drag out the money to buy a Liberty Bond and help Uncle Sam along." When a burst of laughter greeted this intellectual output, he remarked, "Oh, I know where the savings-banks are."

He is versatile and quick-witted. He shows it in innumerable ways. The evening of the day when the young men of this country were required to register for the draft, he suggested that every one who had registered that day should stand up. So few stood that no impression was made upon the audience, but he converted defeat into instant victory by saying, "Every one who would like to have registered but couldn't, stand up!" and the audience rose to its feet as one man.

Mr. Sunday shows himself a practical master psychologist most convincingly by the manner in which he hooks and lands his recruits. The first twenty rows of seats immediately in front of the pulpit are always occupied by reserve ushers, and others connected with the revival. When Mr. Sunday has finished his sermon and concluded with a prayer, he invites those of the audience who feel kindly disposed toward him and toward the cause to come forward and shake hands with him. The occupants of the first rows initiate the movement and communicate to others, and especially to those near them, the most potent of all psychological forces — namely, suggestion and imitation. After they have grasped the evangelist's hand, or, rather, after he has grasped theirs—for he knows also the power of engendering the feeling of fellowship and comradeship through the virile hand-grip—ushers standing beside and immediately beneath him direct the steady stream of "trailers" into the seats that have been vacated by the reserves. There they wait until the handshaking is over and Mr. Sunday obtains from them in very general terms a profession of faith.

The scoffer calls all this hokus-pokus, but I cannot see that it is not as laudable and legitimate as any other method of recruiting souls, except that which excites by education and example a boundless love of God because of His radiation toward animate beings and His unutterable Presence in all inanimate nature, and engenders an immeasurable confidence in His wisdom and mercy, which are manifest in a world of constantly diminishing misery, disease, and sin and correspondingly increasing health, happiness, and sanity.

Whether Mr. Sunday is a theologian or not I do not feel myself competent

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to decide. He announces frankly that there is much in the Bible which he does not understand. He professes, however, to teach that Christ died to save mankind and that His life and conduct were models after which the man or woman seeking salvation should fashion his or her own. In his appeals to the Lord, however, we see little that convinces us that he considers Christ the Fountain of Love, Light, Sympathy, and Forgiveness. In his prayer of May 30th, speaking of Germany, he said: "Oh, Lord, damn a country like that. I don't pray for them; the sooner we damn them the better off we are. Prayer couldn't stop this war. Gosh! we've got to use bullets now." It is quite conceivable that the Saviour of mankind might have said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The most striking features of Mr. Sunday's make-up intellectually, emotionally, and spiritually spell what is technically called infantilism. He is boastful of his strength, of his prowess, of his possessions, and while boasting disparages the possessions of others. He is extremely distractible. The slightest noise in the audience disturbs him. He is timorous and fearful of beginning a campaign in the enemy's country, but as soon as he finds the enemy is not critical or cruel he becomes as brave as a lion and he roars loudly. He is emotionally very unstable, and goes quickly from tears to laughter without indications of the ordinary affective accompaniments of either. He is irritable, petulant, vindictive, and strenuous or relaxed, reasonable, tractable, and submissive. He bears false witness, but without malice or forethought. He assumes to speak authoritatively about matters of which he has no real knowledge. He makes statements which are not founded in fact and which are readily susceptible of disproof. He is submissive to discipline—when it is administered by Mrs. Sunday. He is credulous and readily believes what he is told, providing it is pleasing to him and he wants to believe it. He is at the same time predatory and generous. His reactions are all of the simplest character. He is incapable of mental or emotional elaboration. He plays and works until he is exhausted and then he lets nature restore him.

Mr. Sunday is the archetype of the modern promoter, plus morality. He believes himself; he professes to be indifferent to what any one else thinks; he radiates self-belief; he is redolent of complacency.

No comment on Mr. Sunday and his revivals should omit to consider his audience in relation to him. One cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that they foregather to be amused as well as to be edified. They break into loud laughter or hearty applause when the presence of delegation so-and-so is indicated by the jingle of a sheep-bell, deeply symbolic of return to the fold, or the chanting of a doggerel in praise of the revivalist which has been put together laboriously on some suburban Parnassus.

Others go to be instructed. A few go out of curiosity. Some have given thought to the futility of their life, its obvious aimlessness; and many are depressed and overwhelmed by their sheer inability to formulate any satisfactory plan of living. The majority of these, I fancy, return from the tabernacle in the same dissatisfied yearning frame of mind as when they went. If they are persons of education and culture who have accustomed themselves to the psychological processes known as mental elaboration, it is likely that Mr. Sunday leaves their emotions untouched, their reasons unstimulated; indeed, he may have excited a decided antipathy. Those who find God through taking thought, after saturation with the anodyne of humility, are not benefited by Mr. Sunday. They are much more likely to find Him while alone in the darkness, or after some illuminating experience which testifies that there is a power helping us to combat the evil within and without us, and which gives us a peace of mind, a serenity, and a courage that surpasses anything ever before experienced or imagined, than by listening to recitations of the qualities of God the Punisher and God the Avenger. It must, however, be admitted that persons of this type make up a small part of Mr. Sunday's audiences and are a negligible quantity in his propaganda.

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The vast majority of his audience have little knowledge of the way in which the Christian religion developed, and if they were told in simple, comprehensible language of the formulation of the Council of Nicea, and of the birth and development of dogma, they would not believe it.

Religion does not influence their daily life, which, to the overwhelming majority, is a monotonous grind, an eternal contention with desires that are considered sinful if externalized in other than channels ordained by convention and guarded by the law, and they live under the necessity of discharging humanitarian, social, and political obligations imposed upon them or assumed without recognition of their entailment. They realize if they do not discharge them they are brought up with a sharp turn, by public opinion, by the laws, by disease. They do not kick against the pricks any more than the horse on the treadmill who, if his bodily wants are satisfied, makes no protest. Their philosophy is "what can't be cured must be endured." The majority of them were taught in their infancy and youth that they were God's special care and that He would provide for them. While they were provided for by their parents they didn't question it, but as soon as it was borne in upon them that they must not only provide for themselves, but for those that were the result of satisfaction of one of their most dominant instincts, they realized that the promise was symbolism, not literalism. They were taught rules known as Commandments, but for the majority seeing is believing, and every day they saw these Commandments broken apparently with impunity, save when the law said "Thou shalt not," and the most flagrant violators of them frequently singled out for approbation and often exaltation. They see life estimated in materialistic terms in practically every walk of life and they have rarely been made to realize that, although it is stated that all men are born free and equal, the statement does not mean anything. The few are born with the endowment of efficiency, the many with the endowment of inefficiency. The former and their descendants administer the affairs of the world. They are the powers behind the real and figurative thrones. They do not need to be told who shall inherit the earth.

The plain people are dealing with a concrete problem; how to satisfy their desires and not give offense to their fellows, how to fulfil their obligations and still have time and means to indulge their desires, how to keep fear out of their lives and to cope with it should it come. They have found, perhaps, that the Church has not helped them as they hoped with this concrete problem, therefore they have forsaken it in large numbers, not brazenly with clash of drums, but by merely withdrawing their presence and their support. It is to these people that Mr. Sunday makes appeal. It is for many of them that he has a message which he delivers effectively. No one can deny it. Whether the end iustifies the means is another matter. He is himself the type of individual to whom he appeals. He tells them if they stop drinking they will find favor with God. Many try it. Immediately they feel better and the promise is fulfilled. They are told to open their hearts to God and to profess Him and they will experience a peace and serenity from which they have long been separated. And that, through God, we can inhibit the passions and weaknesses that get the better of us, distress us, injure our self-respect, there is no manner of doubt, and the experience is subject to adequate psychological explanation.

Assertion and reassertion, assurance and reassurance, positive dogmatic statement, whether the statements transcend understanding or not, are always successful with the sane mind, and especially when aided by the desire to believe. To the insane mind they make no appeal. The thoughtful man inquires who it is that makes the dogmatic statement, what right he has to do so, and why he should be believed? But the history of all teachers and prophets is to show that they do not have to justify themselves or their assertions.

A very considerable proportion of Mr. Sunday's audience is what may be called potentially religious. They have a lukewarm, rather arid faith, which they like to have freshened up, and they get

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a feeling of life and reality from Mr. Sunday and particularly from his ingenuity and vivacity. He is a genuine "revivalist" in the sense that he has both the skill and the talent to give new life to old ideas. He is not so foolish as to put new wine into old bottles, and he spares no pains to warn his hearers that the old wine is the best.

The substantial fact at the bottom of Mr. Sunday's success is that there are a great many people who are so constituted that they want to believe in a religion that tells them how to live, and who have no curiosity to find out the secrets of this good life for themselves. To many of them the only difficulty with the religion of their fathers is that it is embedded in language and ideas that seem to them antiquated. They do not want to replace the old faith with one that can never lose its freshness; they merely want the flavor of the old one restored, and meanwhile to have it given a more modern formulation.

The first thing that strikes one on entering Sunday's tabernacle is that there is an extraordinary homogeneity of the audience; without there are long rows of private automobiles indicative of the pilgrimage of the luxurious and the richly clad; the 'buses, the street-cars, the Subway, have been pouring hundreds of what seem to be individuals through the portals of the tabernacle. But when they are gathered, seated in rows, their eyes turned toward the platform, they seem to lose their distinctive facial and emotional expressions. Scrutinize them as carefully as one may, they display a like-facedness that never ceases to be a source of wonder to the perspicacious, sympathetic onlooker, and the more their conduct is observed the more one becomes convinced of their like-mindedness.

I have watched the tabernacle fill up as one watches the rise of the water in a modern coffee-percolator when the spirit-lamp is applied to the reservoir. As the people come in they seem to display their individuality in face and form and feature, but when once they get together, side by side, row upon row, their faces turned upward, and especially when Mr. Rodeheaver, the official chorister, but the *de facto* optimist and professional welcomer, appears and begins his inquiry for delegations, then some mysterious power effaces individual personality, and molds it into a plastic homogeneity.

The most distinctive characteristic of Mr. Sunday's audiences, next to their like-mindedness, is their amiability. They are amiably disposed to good thoughts and deeds and they respond amiably to Mr. Sunday's amiability. Amiability is the saving grace of mediocrity. Much of the stability of any free community is dependent upon the prevalence of natural good will among the people. Mr. Sunday has had his greatest successes in big cities like New York and Boston because the number of amiable, like-minded people is proportionately larger in large cities.

It may well be that the quality which we call goodness is increasing and becoming more widely disseminated with the distribution of wealth and knowledge and the increase of health. But the number of souls who are able to find God by their own search is perhaps not increasing so rapidly. Mr. Sunday regards it as a case of "A free field and a fair count," to reach this constituency of religiously disposed people, and psychologically speaking he is correct in the identification of his constituency and more correct in his method than most of those with whom he competes for the enrollment of those who are, on the whole, eager for enlistment.

His congregations forgive him his vulgarities, discount his extravagant statements, make allowances for his intemperate characterizations because of his "sincerity" and the "good" that he does. Just as we overlook vagaries of conduct in a prima donna, condone the ethical infractions of the great artist, so do we make allowances for this modern evangelist because he is unlike any other. But granting him an artist's license, one should expect statement of fact from him when he discusses concrete matters, especially those susceptible of proof. When Mr. Sunday's statements do not seem to have versimilitude, he is prone to say: "I don't care whether you believe it or not. I tell you it's so." Whether he accepts his statements at

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their face value or not it is difficult to say. In reality he probably doesn't give them a second thought.

The entertainment which is provided to get the audience into a condition of emotional receptivity favorable to grace is furnished largely by Mr. Rodeheaver and "the choir." Mr. Rodeheaver himself deserves more than a paragraph. He is a host in himself. He radiates geniality. He is the personification of equanimity and self-possession. Good-fellowship and good cheer fall from him as the petals fall from a full-blown rose without detracting from its indescribable beauty until it finally falls apart. His cheery "Glad to see you fellows!" "What hymn do *you* like?" "Ah, yes, that's a good one; we will sing it for you soon," please and cheer the particular delegation. It doesn't detract in any way from their happiness that fifty other delegations are welcomed in exactly the same way, nor do they seem to feel they have been misled when Mr. Rodeheaver does not have the choir sing the hymn which they testified they liked best. Mr. Rodeheaver would be a force for good in any sphere, but I like to think of him as director of a large institution to which the mentally unfortunate are taken, that his winning smile and rugged health and boisterous optimism might lift one after the other of them from the slough of despondency. But he is an excellent choir-leader and he contributes materially to the success of Mr. Sunday's revivals.

Now that we have had Mr. Sunday "in our midst" for some years, it would be worth while for a properly constituted committee to attempt a statement of the results of his activity—that is, to estimate the quality of the good that he has done, and its permanency. Employers of labor testify that their workmen are more industrious and more efficient after Mr. Sunday has conducted a revival because they consume less spirits. It is of course important, especially to their employers, that they are more sober for a week or for a month. The question is, what is their attitude toward drink six months or a year after their redemption? Were I, as a physician, to report the cure of a disease, commonly held to be incurable or very rebellious to treatment, after a few weeks' or months' cessation of symptoms, I should deserve the epithet of charlatan. The Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology sets forth that the Shakers of Puget Sound, the most revolting of all revivalists, make vigorous onslaught against the two great Indian vices of drinking and gambling, and possibly Mr. Sunday does not accomplish more.

It should not be difficult for the evangelistic clergy of Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Paterson, or other cities in which Mr. Sunday has conducted revivals, to state the evidence of his activities as it shows itself in their churches. Has he enhanced the vitality of Christianity, and if so, is it manifest in religious practice or in religious ideas? There should be no difficulty in obtaining data on these points.

How many of those who "hit the trail" experience an awakening of the fuller and keener self-consciousness and are cognizant that there has been born within them a social instinct which leads them to reach out and feel their lives one with that of the larger social, political, and spiritual worlds? What are the evidences of growth after conversion and what are the manifestations of sanctification? The phenomena attending both of these are susceptible to accurate psychological study, and if the William A. Sunday Evangelistic Association is sincere in its efforts to revive Christianity, and honest in its statements of the results which they obtain, they can easily call to their aid this branch of science, which will furnish them with facts, if facts can be fashioned from the material they submit.

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A Strike in the Mines

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL

THE Ridge school-house stood a little way down the slope toward the valley. Outwardly, it bore close resemblance to scores of district schools scattered through New England. The clap-boarded sides of the small, box-like building had been white once; two doors opened on the front, through which the boys and girls marched, each on the appointed side, as solemnly separated as though they had not freely mingled in their play. Between the entrances waved the flag. The immediate precincts were trodden bare and hard, but at the rear the woods crept close. Here were shade-dappled retreats for the noonday lunch, convenient tree-trunks, adaptable roots, drifts of brown pine needles, and all the fragrant undergrowth of the forest. It was here the younger children played in the long recess, while the "wee biters of the cones, the red blossoms of the knolls" chattered, flourished their plumy tails, and dared the human world to the very limits of impudence.

But if the Ridge school-house differed little in looks from the rest of its kind, its spirit had received an accession of pride which lifted it far above the ordinary level. Heretofore its teachers had been graduates from high schools or a possible academy, who hitched their modest wagons to stars of mere self-support and humble necessity. Now it was to bear a distinction which quite justified it in switching its figurative skirts in the face of its less fortunate neighbors.

"It has been the inestimable privilege of Turkey Ridge School," stated the *Chronicle*, "to secure the services of Miss Eleanor Shelby as instructor in its hall of learning. Miss Shelby, we understand, has not only the proud distinction of being able to write those significant letters—A.B.—after her name, but she has also specialized in the profound subject of Child Psychology. Miss Shelby, a niece of one of Lincoln's influential citizens, has had her work in the broad field of education interrupted by a severe illness, and while she is seeking complete restoration in the health-giving atmosphere of our Hill she has consented to educate our youth along the lines of the best modern methods. We regret the cause of her enforced retirement from the larger world of action, but we congratulate ourselves and the Ridge School on our fortunate acquisition."

"Well," remarked Miss Barcelona McAllister, as she laid down the paper, "kinder sounds as if we was goin' to have somethin' happen to us! I'm 'fraid it 'll take more 'n them letters, whatever they mean, to make some o' the boys stan' 'round. There's times when they'll need somethin' more convincin' than the hull alphabet."

That afternoon Miss Barcy was in her little front yard, picking the dead leaves and faded flowers from her plants. "It's reel cheerin' to have them red an' yeller zinnias bloomin' up so gay when everythin' else is 'bout through," she said to the little boy at her side. "It's like sinkin' at sea with all your colors flyin'."

"Is this the way to the school-house?" asked a pleasant voice from the fence.

At the gate stood a very girlish young person, the western sun striking the gold in her red-brown hair. A flower of the garden was no more graceful of stem nor delicate of petal.

"It's jest down the road a bit," directed Miss Barcy. "But you won't find nobody. School ain't keepin' yit."

"I want to look around a little," explained the young woman, with a bright smile. "I'm Miss Shelby, the new teacher."

Miss Barcy came forward, brushing the soil from her strong brown hands.

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"IS THAT ONE OF MY LITTLE PUPILS?"

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With a quick glance she took in the slender figure in its pretty gown, the fit of which spoke of aspirations undreamed of by Miss Tole, the dressmaker of Turkey Hill.

"To be sure," said Miss Barcy. "But I wouldn't 'a' guessed it."

"Why not?" The laugh on Miss Shelby's red lips disclosed her even white teeth.

Miss Barcy laughed, too. The small boy peered cautiously from behind the shelter of a big bush.

"I dun'no' as I can tell you," answered Miss Barcy. "Somehow you don't look 's though you come from college; you're pretty young, an'—well-favored."

This time Miss Shelby's laugh rang out loud. "I'm glad you think all that," she retorted, frankly. Then, as though suddenly remembering her high calling, she sobered. "Is that one of my little pupils?"

Her tone would have done credit to the oldest pedagogue. It did not frighten the little boy, however. He had seen the blush and the white teeth and the gleam of the brown eyes like the glint of sun on the brook. He had heard the merry laugh, and the little heart of him recognized the vision as one of the daughters of the gods whose bidding sways the world. Therefore, when Miss Barcy called him, he came unhesitatingly. Miss Barcy laid a hand on the small shoulder.

"This is Little Luther Butts," she said. "I've adopted him an' we're shipmates, him an' me. I hope he'll give you satisfaction, Miss Shelby."

Little Luther, placing a small, grubby hand in the rosy palm held out to him, then and there yielded up his innermost citadel. Henceforth the path of learning stretched soft and flower-grown beneath his willing feet, and Teacher led the way.

But a shade of doubt lingered in Miss Barcy's shrewd, kindly eyes. "You look kinder slim to tackle the Ridge School," she said. "Some pretty rough boys goin' there this year."

Miss Shelby's smile held a hint of conscious superiority. "We don't govern by physical strength," she answered. "A trained mind will do more than muscle."

Miss Barcy's eyes twinkled a little, but all she said was, "My name's Barcelona McAllister."

"I know," returned Miss Shelby. "I've seen you and your cart; everybody knows you and the 'Rolling Jenny.'"

"Pa named it arter his last vessel. Yes, I s'pose a peddler gits pretty well known 'round, an' Lincoln ain't so fur but even Bolter can git there, give him time 'nough. Well, I'm glad to make your acquaintance. Little Luther 'll have to bring you in to supper some day."

Miss Shelby smiled down into the eager little face; then once more the instructor swallowed up the girl and comrade. "Thank you. I shall be pleased to know my pupils in their homes. It will help me get at their reflexes better."

"Oh!" returned Miss Barcy. But she was too honest to let it go at that. "I dun'no' what they be," she acknowledged, "but I hope you'll git at 'em jest the same."

Miss Shelby had not traveled far enough from her study of systems to allow this opportunity to pass. She mounted her steed with alacrity. "You see, we don't look, nowadays, on children as empty little bottles to be filled up from outside. We think the best knowledge is within them, if we can only draw it out. They are little mines, and all we have to do is to get at the ore. We wake their interest and they respond. That's what we call getting at their reflexes."

"That's a new idee to me," said Miss Barcy. "Seems as if childern was more like the mines that bust than the kind you dig outer. It's live an' learn, ain't it? How do you go at it, if you don't mind my askin'?"

"In the first place, we encourage them to ask questions."

"I guess you won't find no trouble with Little Luther that way," commented Miss Barcy. She was thinking of the times when summoned patience struggled bravely against small persistence.

"We try to make them express all that is in their little souls," went on Miss Shelby. "It only needs to be

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drawn out and directed. We sit at their wise little feet."

Miss Barcy regarded Little Luther's stubby extremities with a doubtful expression. She could not quite see herself in the attitude described.

"It's a solemn task," continued Miss Shelby, with a professional sigh. "Don't you pursue some method with your little boy?"

"I reckon I don't," answered Miss Barcy. "Leastways, I've never knowed it if I have. I've jest took things as they come 'long."

"It's better to have a system. Now we carry kindergarten principles right through to college."

"I went inter a kindergarten onct," recalled Miss Barcy. "They was playin' chickadee. They looked as if they was enjoyin' it, but I guess it was sorter hard on the teacher—she warn't reel young an' spry. Do you keep 'em hoppin' till they hop inter college?"

Miss Shelby smiled indulgently across the gulf which separated her from ignorance. "In spirit we do," she explained. "We make things so dramatic that they learn without knowing it."

"Well," returned Miss Barcy, "I dun'no' how it is with city childern. I guess our young uns need more 'n twitterin' an' chirpin' to git 'em along. They run ag'in' reel things early up here. I wish you well, Miss Shelby. There's nothin' like studyin' an' thinkin' out things, 'less it's puttin' the ideas to work."

A quizzical little twitch played around Miss Barcy's mouth as she walked back to the house. "It's funny how long the world has to wait sometimes for somebody to set it to rights," she remarked to herself. "I'd jest like to know what that pretty little girl 'll say when she gits Willie Leavitt to express all he's got in his soul!"

Little Luther lingered in the garden. The ship of his dream had sailed out on a new sea of fancy, and the breeze which filled his sails came from rosy, laughing lips. He regarded his little toes doubtfully. She had said something about feet. Perhaps she did not like them bare. He would wear his shoes to school. Some days they would be hot and heavy, and the boys would call him dude. But he would wear them.

The first day of school is an event of moment to the small victim caught from the freedom of long vacation, and scrubbed and brushed into a semblance of propriety. Little Luther trudged down the road with heart astir. He was very tidy. His face shone pink with faithful washing. His feet were tipped with flame, for he had polished the copper toes of his stout little boots until they caught the rays of the morning sun. Clasped in one hand was a bouquet for Teacher. Little Luther had brushed aside all proffered help in the selection of this offering. Unassisted, he sought for a fitting tribute. His choice had been a late rose and a few slender heart's-ease, known to him as "Johnny-jump-ups." No flaunting flower should be laid at Teacher's shrine.

One cloud lurked in Little Luther's sky, one spider threatened his small dumpling. The school at the Center, being overcrowded, had taken advantage of the unusual opportunities offered, and sent some of its older scholars to the Ridge. Little Luther knew them of old, in the days when he lived with his aunt, and the memory was not pleasant. However, Teacher would be at hand, and that knowledge encouraged a warm sense of security. He even whistled a few weak, quavering notes as he stubbed through the dust and watched his twinkling copper tips. It seemed to him that Teacher must instinctively divine that those well-blacked shoes were symbols of his service.

When Miss Shelby faced the roomful of children, it must be confessed, she felt an inward qualm. Her wisdom came not from an accumulation of experience. To tell the truth, this was her first school. All her teaching had consisted of practice work under an instructor. The personal equation had not presented itself to her until now, as she looked down on the rows of the mines awaiting her figurative pick and spade. However, system was on her side, and the knowledge stiffened her straight young spine. She had never dreamed that the boys would look so big nor the girls so impertinent. She must seek the gold beneath each stupid, grinning countenance. Method could not fail at the crucial moment; therefore she took heart.

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"Children," she began, with that studied interest and exaggerated cheerfulness which is supposed to carry instant conviction to the young soul, "I am very glad to meet you, and I hope you are glad to meet me. Let us begin our school as good friends. I want to help you and I know you want to help me. We want to love one another and all the beautiful things about us. We will find all sorts of things to love and know about in the books we have, and we can go out under the trees and find a great many more things. That's what I'm here for, to help you find things you will love."

A subdued ripple ran along the benches. Miss Shelby interpreted it as pleased expectancy; Little Luther, to his mortification, knew it for mirth. In their scramble for seats, some of the big boys had crowded onto a bench which stood against the wall back of the teacher. They were perfectly quiet now, but Willie Leavitt held his slate up for the facing scholars to see its large, lettered inscription, "This ain't no sundy scool." The next boy displayed a rival signal. He had written with more directness than attention to orthography, "Teecher luvs me."

The blood surged to Little Luther's cheeks and he hung his head in his shame. By and by he ventured to look up; Teacher had not seen, and he breathed freely once more. The forenoon passed without any outbreak. There sometimes lies an unexpected force behind a frail exterior, and therefore the insurgent element waited to obtain the measure of its natural enemy. But Little Luther, running home to dinner, felt hot anger in his heart.

"I hate Willie Leavitt!" he cried, rushing into the kitchen.

Miss Barcy looked down on the flushed little face. "I guess I wouldn't say that," she said, quietly. "He's your own relation."

"I don't care." Little Luther's tone was not as impudent as his words; it was simply convinced. "I hate him! He was real mean to Teacher. I'm goin' to let inter him next time I see him."

"Let inter him!" repeated Miss Barcy. "Now, what do you mean by that?"

"When you let inter a feller," explained Little Luther, "you draw back your arm—so—jest as fur 's you can, an' then you let him have it in the middle!"

"Land!" cried Miss Barcy. "Why, thet would hurt him."

"That's what you do it for," returned Little Luther. "That's why I'm goin' to let inter Willie Leavitt. I *want* to hurt him."

"I guess you better be thinkin' 'bout somethin' else," was all Miss Barcy said. But when Little Luther had gone back to school she considered the matter.

"I guess it's in every last boy," she concluded, "but I'd never thought it of Little Luther. I can't have him fightin', an' Willie Leavitt could tip him over with one hand. I dun'no's I'm sorry to see him kinder spunky—standin' up for his teacher like a little fightin' cock! Now whatever can I do?"

Miss Barcy might have spared her anxiety. Late that afternoon Willie Leavitt came scuffling down the road, the very set of his sulky shoulders inviting trouble. Little Luther was playing in the yard when Willie's discordant whistle struck his ear. He crept to the gate and looked warily out. Then he retired into the friendly arms of the lilac-bush until Willie was quite out of sight. The coast clear, he resumed his play.

The tragedy of the next month lay in the waning faith of the little teacher of the Ridge School. Were Turkey Hill children cast in a different mold from the rest of young humanity? The Book of Method provided for no such contingencies as they presented. They fulfilled no expectations, they responded to no efforts of the system. A conviction dawned in Miss Shelby's heart that the essential being of the child is not, necessarily, altogether lovely. She had extracted little gold from her mines, but she had uncovered many other products which did not even glitter. Her chief solace lay in Little Luther; his allegiance never wavered. In school he was her ready page; at home he played the part of troubadour and sang his lady's praise; with his mates he tilted valiantly against scorn and adverse criticism, all to the great discomfort of his shrinking little soul. It took large courage to face

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the horrid cries of "Teacher's Pet!" and, even worse, "Teacher's Beau!" With a child's reticence, he said nothing of these matters to Miss Barcy, whose shrewd intuition told her that the boy was sailing in troubled waters. She held her peace, however, responding generously to whatever confidences he vouchsafed.

"We're studyin' grammar," announced Little Luther at the supper-table, spreading his bread and butter with a liberal supply of apple-sauce.

"You *are* gittin' on!" returned Miss Barcy.

"We learned verbs to-day. We went inter the woods to find 'em."

"Well, I declare! I never 'd 'a' thought o' lookin' fur 'em there."

Little Luther kicked his heels against the rounds of his chair. "We found 'em!" he cried, joyously. "The trees blowed, the sun shined, an' the worms crawled."

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Miss Barcy. "An' you clumb up the trees?"

Little Luther's face fell. "No," he answered, despondently. "Some o' the fellers did. Teacher told 'em not to, but they kep' on, an' threw things down. Verbs are pink," he added, after a pause.

"I'd never 'a' guessed that," remarked Miss Barcy.

"Yes, they are. Teacher writes 'em on the board, an' they're allers pink. That's the way I know they're verbs. I dun'no' how I'm goin' to tell 'em in books," he continued, doubtfully. "All words have colors."

"I should think it would be a heap easier jest to plain remember 'em without havin' to think 'bout their color. Seems like tackin' when you can sail straight with the wind."

"Teacher says that's the way!" insisted Little Luther, to whom such reason was the conclusion of the whole matter.

One early afternoon, as Miss Barcy was harnessing Bolter to the "Rolling Jenny," Little Luther dashed into the yard, a small, excited figure of woe. The panting of his little lungs, combined with his choking sobs, rendered him inarticulate. Miss Barcy checked his efforts. She sat down on a near-by wheelbarrow and drew the shaking little body on to her lap. "Don't try to say nothin', Little Luther, till you're all quiet. There ain't a mite o' hurry an' nobody 'll trouble you."

Presently Little Luther regained his voice. "It's awful down to school," he gasped. "They're treatin' Teacher awful, an'—an' she's cryin'!"

"Cryin'?"

"She's got her head right down onter the desk an' she's cryin'. Willie Leavitt's got her hat on. I don' want Teacher to cry!" and Little Luther's tears added more streaks to his dirty little face.

Miss Barcy put the boy down very gently and rose from the wheelbarrow. "Little Luther"—she spoke cheerfully—"you s'pose you could look out for Bolter, all yourself, while I go down to school for a minute?"

"Ye-es." The sobs were still struggling for mastery.

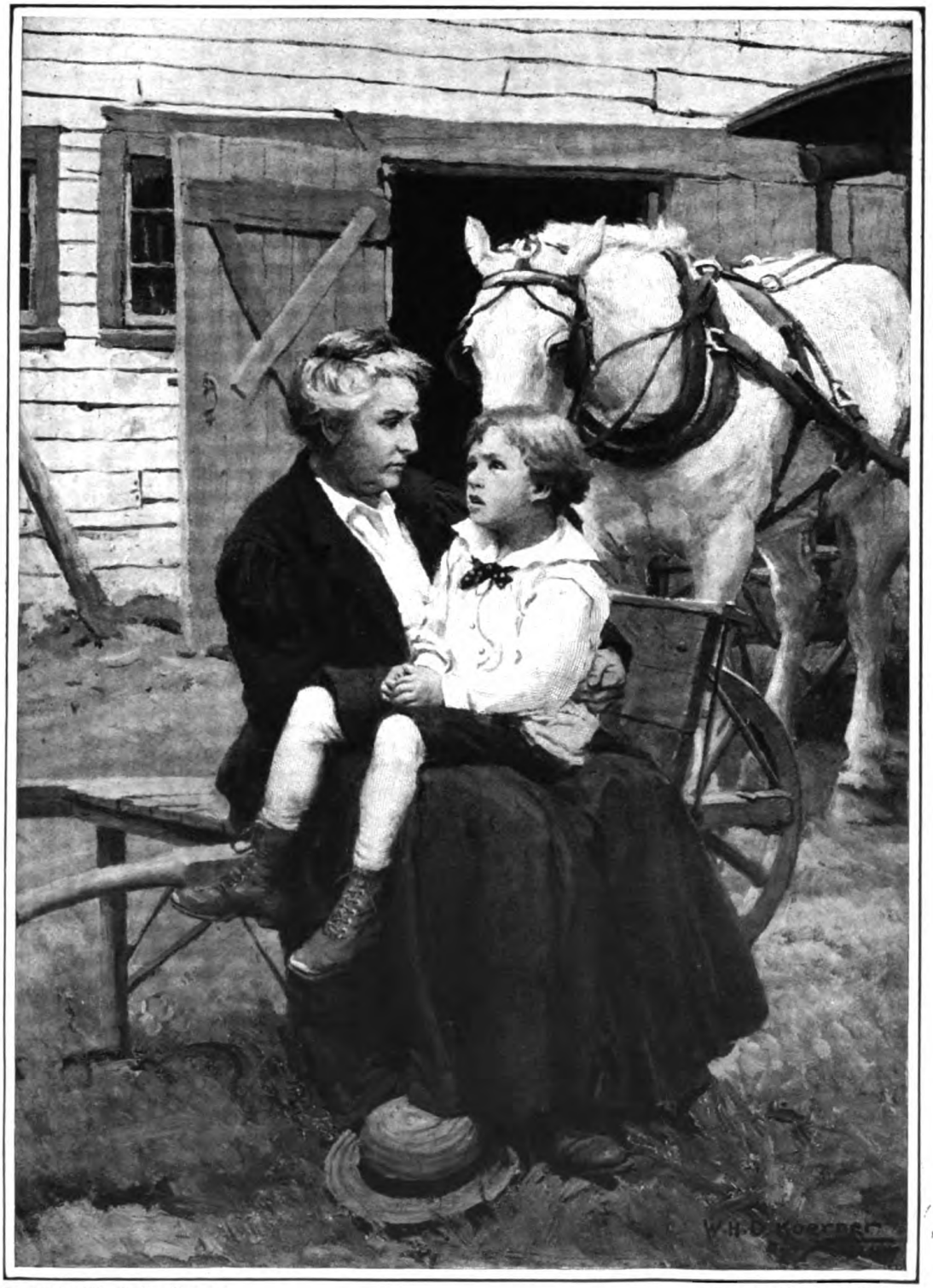
"Bolter ain't had a mite o' sugar to-day an' I guess he better have three lumps. Don't let him eat 'em too fast. Then I wish you'd climb inter the cart an' count all the tin pans. We're goin' to Greenville to-morrer, you an' me, an' they're allers wantin' pans over there.

"It's 'bout what I've been lookin' fur," thought Miss Barcy, as she hurried down the slope. She entered the school and stood in the doorway unobserved. The room was in an uproar; boys and girls bounded from bench to bench in a mad, purposeless revel, led by Willie Leavitt, the teacher's flower-trimmed hat on his rough head. A few of the youngest pupils cowered in the corners, half-crying, wholly excited. At her desk sat Miss Shelby, helpless, her pretty brown head bowed before the storm, her face hidden in her hands.

For a moment Miss Barcy remained motionless. Suddenly one rebel spied her. Others became aware of her presence. Willie Leavitt was the last to realize the situation; when he did he came down with a thump and stared stupidly. Miss Barcy smiled inwardly as she noted the consternation. When the last belligerent had subsided, she walked calmly up the aisle to the desk and laid a steady hand on Miss Shelby's shoulder.

"I guess you're reel tired," she said,

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"IT'S AWFUL DOWN TO SCHOOL," HE GASPED

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quietly. "I'm goin' to spell you a bit. I want you to go up to the house an' tell Little Luther to fix you nice on the sofy, an' bile up the kittle so's you can have a cup o' tea. I'll keep school the rest o' the day." Then she turned to the rows of subdued figures. "Willie Leavitt, you come up here!"

Willie sheepishly stumbled forward.

"I guess you've got somethin' to give back to your teacher," said Miss Barcy. "You needn't say you're sorry, 'cause I don't believe you are, but I reckon you can ask her pardon without tellin' lies."

Willie restored the hat with a few muttered and wholly unintelligible words.

"Now take your seat," ordered Miss Barcy, and Willie took it.

When the little teacher had gone, Miss Barcy seated herself in her chair; there was a fascination in her unruffled gaze, and yet the guilty eyes fell and the heads drooped. Finally she spoke:

"I guess nothin' I can say 'll make you 'shamed if you ain't 'shamed already. But I jest want to tell you that *I'm* 'shamed of you. You little childern can run home; the rest o' you can take your own seats an' git out your g'ographies."

Impelled by a force, strange and uncomprehended, the school obeyed.

"You can turn to Ashy," went on Miss Barcy. The school turned to Asia. "There's a good many rivers in Ashy," said Miss Barcy. "You can learn 'em all, big an' little, an' them that flows inter them. You can learn every last one of 'em."

Through a long afternoon the School occupied itself with Asiatic water-courses and their tributaries. Over and over the long list went the weary children. They said them forward, they said them backward, they said them skipping about; they said them individually and they said them in chorus. To his or her dying day Miss Barcy's pupil of that session turned to the rivers of Asia as the one piece of sure, unequivocal information the memory of which never dimmed.

The sun dropped to the west, and eyes sought the clock with longing; still Asia's rivers ran to the sea. Finally Miss Barcy laid down the rod of authority.

"You can go now," she announced. "An' go *quiet*. If they ask you to home why you was late—you can tell 'em!"

The next day Miss Barcy was driving slowly through the village when she was hailed by Deacon Mayo. She reined in the willing Bolter and gave her hearty greeting. The deacon's eyes were twinkling.

"Well, Miss Barcy," he said, "I hear you're a great teacher. My boy's hardly said his soul was his own sence yestiddy. I can't find out jest what you done to 'em, though."

Miss Barcy settled back comfortably on the seat. "Land! Deacon, I never teched one o' 'em, though I must say I itched to git a grip on that Leavitt young un. I jest helt 'em to the wind a bit."

The deacon gave a sympathetic chuckle. "I reckon Miss Shelby mistook her job," he continued. "She's a pretty leetle creetur, but she looks jest about old 'nough to be playin' with her Teddy bear."

Miss Barcy shook her head. "I dun'no' 'bout that. She's got a lot o' good ballast aboard, soon 's it's settled an' made fast. It was like puttin' a leetle butterfly inter a cage o' monkeys to give her that Ridge School. When she gits shet o' some o' them fancy notions she's been fed up with, an' ketches onter what things reely be, she'll do all right."

"She gone back to Lincoln?" inquired the deacon.

"No; I'm keepin' her a bit. Her uncle's kinder put out, an' she needs chirkin' up. She can practise on Little Luther. I dun'no' as I shall send him back to school this term. I don't want to mollycoddle him, but you can't shove a leetle boat inter deep water till it's well calked — an' Little Luther ain't!" added Miss Barcy.

"However did you think o' them rivers as a means o' grace?" asked Deacon Mayo, his mouth twitching with humorous appreciation.

Miss Barcy laughed as she gathered up the reins. "Well," she answered, "barrin' they're made o' water, they was the *driest* things I knowed."

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Diplomatic Days in Mexico

BY EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY

THIRD PAPER

January 27th, 1912.

A MOST amusing lunch here to-day, the Gallic sparks flying in all directions! The De Gheests, De Chambrun, the Lefaivres, Allart, and our Anglo-Saxon selves as listeners.

De G. was most amusing about some business rendezvous with Mexican banking associates. One important meeting fell through because the banker's little granddaughter was having a birthday. The second came to grief because another luminary's wife's aunt's sister-in-law, or some sort of remote relation, had died, and, of course, it's a rather far journey from Paris to Mexico to find oneself tripping over family occurrences.

He also told the story which his son, after the manner of sons, prefaced by saying, "Here is one of the family classics"—about their Indian butler. He disappeared some three days before an important dinner party, returning ten minutes before the hour with thick, black hair sticking out in all directions, garments torn, but receiving all reproaches with a grand air, saying, "*Señor, vengo de la carcel*" ("I come from prison"). He had virtuously tried to separate two men who were fighting; they got off, of course, and he was jailed. De C. cried, "Blessed are the peacemakers," and capped it with his own classic about the way they make up fresh beds in the Hotel Diligencias at Vera Cruz.

Then we got on to the eternal land question. There's a lot said about the 80 per cent. speaking out and asking for land, but *vox populi* here bears very little resemblance to *vox dei*, and it's only confusing when a few (generally oppressors, not oppressed) do begin to mutter.

Madero walked to the Presidency on the plank of the distribution of land, which he promptly and inevitably kicked from under him—it didn't, couldn't hold. It appears that he bought from one of the computed two hundred and thirty-two members of the family a large tract of land in Tamaulipas, but when it was parceled out it came so high that no Indian could buy it, and wouldn't have known what to do with it had he bought it. He loves his adobe hut running over with children and surrounded by just enough land, planted with corn, beans, and peppers, not to starve on, when worked intermittently, as fancy or the rainfall indicate. Anybody who has been to Mexico, however, knows that the Indian of the adobe hut has little or no qualification to permit of his being changed into the scientific farmer by the touch of any wand.

February 5th, evening.

Quite a flutter in town because of orders from Washington yesterday for mobilization, or what amounts to it. The United States warns Madero that he must protect Americans and American interests from injury by rebels, and Mexican ears are to the ground, listening for the possible tramp of American feet this side of the Rio Grande. The Government is distinctly discomfited. They need to know exactly where they are "at" with the United States, *On ne fonde pas sur un sol qui tremble.*"

Poor Madero! Uneasy lies the head that wears the Mexican crown, except in the case of Don Porfirio, who had a genius for meeting emergencies, increased by his vast knowledge of men and conditions, acquired during the hazards of his career before he became President, and doubtless by the responsibilities afterward. Anyway, the Mexicans are stepping lively, with their weather eyes out. The old adage that the only thing they hate more than an

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American is two Americans, seems to be to the fore. From the viewpoint of Mexican history, we do rather appear as their predestined natural enemies, and not to be trusted along any line.

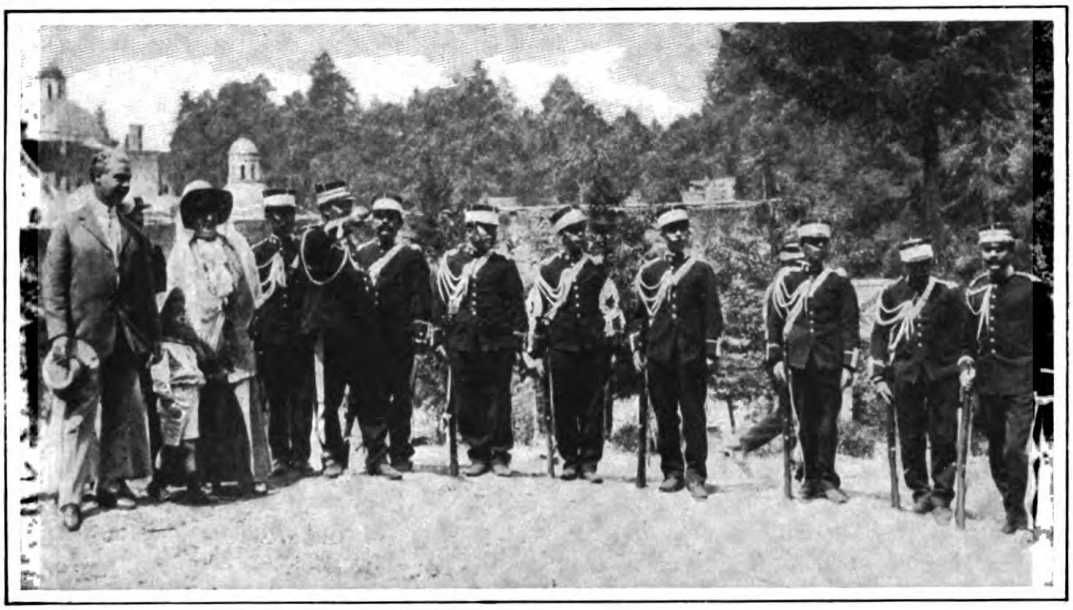
February 7th.

Orozco denies any disloyalty to Madero, or that Chihuahua is about to secede, but he does say in Spanish, probably still less elegant, something to the effect that Madero can't do the "Mexican trick."

Vasquez Gomez, a day or two since, proclaimed himself provisional President, and had quite a tidy following with the "seat" of Government in Juarez. It would seem the Presidential bee buzzes under any hat! More and more I ask myself why try government according to our pattern? I can't see that ours is just the cut for them.

There is another cold wave, or *onda fria*, as they call the dreadful things. This one timed itself for a little dinner I was giving for Mr. Potter and Mr. Butler. The dining-room, into which I cast a glance before going to the drawing-room, looked very conducive with its flowers and shaded lights. The stove appeared a model of heat-giving. Well, we had just got to the fish when it not only emitted a column of smoke, but it blew up! As we were leaving the dining-room somebody remarked that there was a smell of burning, and in the drawing-room the oil-stove's mate was found to be doing the most awful things in the line of Popocatapetl when Cortés passed by the first time. It was also removed.

Madame Lefaivre suggested at this point that we had better frankly accept *le temps comme le bon Dieu l'avait envoyé*, so scarfs and shawls were brought, with suggestions of overcoats. Everybody began to smoke and we got out the bridge-tables. They refused to play bridge, however, with my nice Vienna pack of cards, which are innocent of numbers at the corners. After a while, with the smoking, the process of digestion, the jokes, the companionship in misery, things got better, and the little party broke up only at one o'clock, very late for Mexico. They said they were too cold to go home. It was a fine sample of the "tropics."



A DIPLOMATIC EXCURSION TO EL DESIERTO—MEXICAN TROOPS IN ATTENDANCE
Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and her son Elim are at the left of the Mexican guard

February 22d.

This auspicious day was celebrated here by the unveiling of the large monu-

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ment in white marble of George Washington in the Glorieta Dinamarca. The official Mexican world was out in force, also the diplomats, and all Americans, in whose hearts he was, indeed, first that day, watched the falling of the cloth from the face and form of the immortal George. Platforms had been built all around the circle, the police kept beautiful order, and it might have been an "unveiling" anywhere, except for the outer fringe of peaked-hatted *pelados* (skinned ones), who gather wherever any are gathered in any name. The President gave a short address, and Mr. Wilson made one of his finished speeches —a happy combination of Stars and Stripes and eagle and cactus.

February 28th.

I am feeling a bit fagged this morning after the interesting, but quite exhausting, official "picnic" yesterday, to the celebrated pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan, offered to the *Corps Diplomatique* by the *Gobierno*.

The weather was the usual lustrous thing, only to be matched in beauty by what we had had the day before, and what we will have to-morrow. I looked about the various groups of señoras and wondered would they hold out, their garbs not being for such occasions.

The Mexican women were mostly dressed in semi-evening gowns, spangles, paillettes, passementerie, presenting all sorts of touches, as they caught the light, not connected in the Anglo-Saxon mind with picnics. They also wore small, high-heeled, patent-leather slippers, and were accompanied by *niños* of various ages.

You go out of the city by the hill of Tepeyac, where the Church of the Virgin of Guadalupe is. All along the road are still to be seen dilapidated "stations of the cross," relics of the viceregal days, among the shunting tracks and railway-supply buildings.

There was a certain settling down of the elements of the party, foreign and domestic naturally gravitating to their kind as we rolled out. The President and his wife, his mother and father, his two sisters, Madame Gustavo Madero, and various other members of the family, were with us. Also the Vice-President and his family. After about an hour we got to the little village of San Juan Teotihuacan, where all sorts of venders of all sorts of antiquities, little clay pots, masks, bits of obsidian, charms of bloodstone, were ready for us. We climbed down the steep embankment to get into various "buckboards," I suppose they would call themselves, without any "bucks," however, which were waiting to take us across a sandy stretch to the pyramids, which had seemed only insignificant mounds as we steamed over the glittering plain.

Our first destination was the Pyramid of the Sun, gigantic, impressive, as we neared it, and one of the few things giving a feeling of stability that I have seen in Mexico. The two principal pyramids, dwellings of the gods, were dedicated to Tonatiuh, the sun, and Miztli, the moon, but there are many smaller pyramids, supposed to be dedicated to various stars, and which once served as burial-places for remote, illustrious dead.

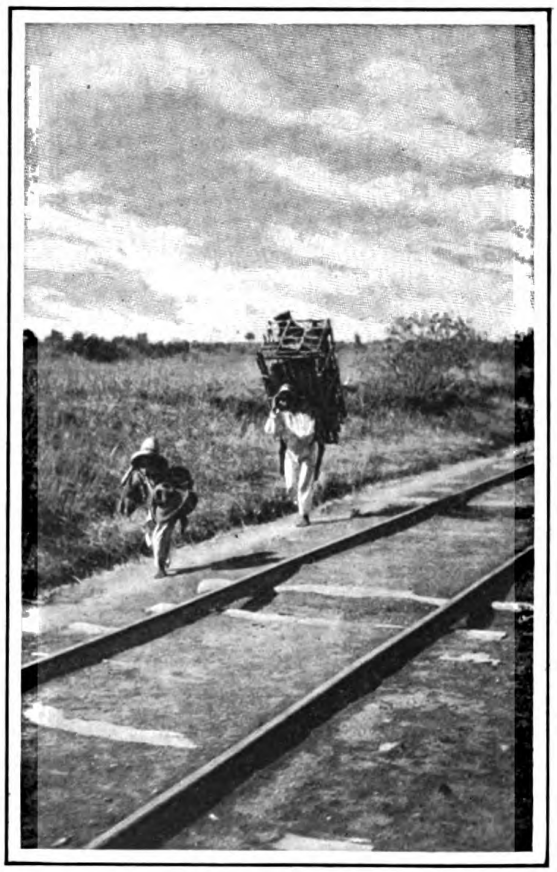
It was a magnificent sight, once up there; the solitary eminence on which we stood put everything in a wonderful perspective. Formerly on the apex of the pyramid there had been a splendid temple, containing a gigantic statue of the sun, made of a single block of porphyry, and ornamented with a heavy breastplate of gold, but I was more interested in Madero, once, at least, a demigod, viewing from this great height kingdoms and principalities given into his keeping.

His expression was soft and speculative as he gazed about him, not of one who is tempted to gather things *to* himself, *for* himself; and I must say that, as I looked, I entirely acquitted him of personal ambitions. He seemed strangely removed from the difficulties of his situation, as materially and spiritually lifted above them as he was above the shining plain; but in the city, glistening in the distance, intrigues and dissolving forces of all kinds were at work against him. The far and splendid hills to which he perhaps may some day flee showed horizons of cobalt and verde antique, and they, as well as we, were folded in a dazzling ambiency.

I had my usual horrid sensation of falling as I looked from that great height

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down those huge steps between me and the not less solid earth. Mr. Madero gave me his arm and, somehow, I got down. A fierce sun was shining on us and reflected upward from the dry plain as we made our way to the newly opened museum, where a very complete collection of objects, found around the pyramids, was carefully arranged in handsome glass cases; for some years, so el Señor Ministro told me, the Government had been excavating, and countless terra-cotta masks, similar to those which abounded on the Isla de las Mugeres, off the coast of Yucatan, had been unearthed, and there was a beautiful collection of jade objects, effigies, and masks of dead rulers; on the brow of one of the finest specimens was a diadem, or *copilla*, as the ancient Mexican crown is called.



TRAVELERS BY RAIL

After an hour in the museum, which seemed *quite* an hour, I must say, there was a welcome announcement of lunch, and we walked along a path called "Camino de Muertos"[1]—"walk of the *half*-dead," one of the foreigners faintly called it—and descended into the cool dimness of a great and beautiful grotto, where long tables, flower-decorated and elaborately spread, awaited us.

After luncheon we all repaired to the Pyramid of the Moon, which nobody had the energy to ascend, going over a sidewalk made of ancient cement still bearing traces of red color. One of the smaller mounds had been opened by Señor Batres a few years before, and he found around and over it a building now called the "House of the Priests."

At this special place even the most enterprising of the foreigners began to wilt, and some polychrome frescoes are the last definite impression I received before we started back to the buckboards. One minister, sitting too near the wheel, to politely make room, got jolted out, but we picked him up and soothed him by singing his national anthem as we went toward the train.

March 3d.

Yesterday Mr. Taft issued a wise proclamation directing citizens of the United States to comply strictly with the neutrality laws between our country and Mexico till there is a change in conditions, which gave rise to various expressions of satisfaction at a large luncheon at Madame Simon's.

March 7th.

At the Chapultepec reception to-day one felt the tension.

Madero was walking up and down the terrace with his new private secretary, Gonzalés Garza, clad in some sort of a dark suit, with a conspicuous peacock-blue vest, doubtless a family offering. His glance was more than usually visionary and introverted, his unacquisitive hands were behind his back; but can Mexico be governed by a well-disposed President from Chapultepec terrace? He has a way of avoiding facts, which, in the end, are sure to hit somebody as the

[1] Pathway of the dead.

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national destinies take their course. One can only hope his sterling honesty will see him safely through the snares that are spread everywhere.

As we stood on the sun-flooded terrace above the gorgeous valley, with all Mexican creation at our feet, though Madero had his usual smile, I noted many wrinkles as he stood bareheaded, and it was difficult to fix his eye, an honest eye. They say he sleeps with *Le Contrat Social* under his pillow.

Madero has a certain natural inclination toward the French, fostered by those years at the Versailles Lycée without, however, any of their logic or genius for facts, and he often converses vaguely, but admiringly, about the French Revolution. He has not a single suspicion even of the Anglo-Saxon mind, nor of that composite and extremely personal affair we call the national conscience; and still he is supposed to govern his country after our pattern. The whole seemed unrelated to the situation.

March 14th.

Secretary Stimson has poured oil on the troubled waters by saying there is no thought of intervention in Mexico for pacification and otherwise, but it's all a playing with fire—and a good many American and Mexican fingers are like to be burnt.

I must say I have some sympathy with Madero, for, having allowed him to "use" the border for equipping and organizing his revolution, he now naturally wonders at our coldness. It's all a puzzle, whichever way one looks. I keep thinking of Don Porfirio's watch on Mexico; what he knew would happen *is* happening. Prophets may not only be stoned, but justified, in their own country.

The Senate has wisely adopted a resolution authorizing the President to prohibit shipments of war materials into Mexico—at least *we* won't be feeding fuel to the Mexican fires.

April 26th.

Last night we dined at Mr. Walker's with our military attaché and Mr. Knoblauch; they are all keeping bachelor quarters in Mr. W.'s handsome house next door to the British Legation, in his wife's absence. The talk turned on oil. Though the Aztecs used it for their temple floors, the Spaniards left it in the rich breast of Mother Earth. Now it looks as if it were going to be the center of foreign interests in Mexico, replacing, in the inevitable evolution of things, its romantic mining history.

Mr. Doheny, the pioneer of the industry, has had one of those careers only possible to the man of genius. He appeared on the scene of the future oil-drama (the State of Vera Cruz), looked about him, installed a plant of many millions, and when *he* was ready, the oil gushed up—a sort of twentieth century striking of the rock—to say nothing of Moses.

Lord Cowdray's enterprise was not less spectacular, nor less profitable. Nature did not, however, wait on *his* preparedness, for suddenly from his lands the greatest oil-well in the world, Las Dos Bocas, gushed out, and for months burnt upward in a great column of smoke and fire, and flowed out to the sea, a burning waste of light and heat, before it could be capped.

Now that modern-sounding thing, an oleoduct, carries a vast stream from one of the other great wells (Potrero del Llano) to Tampico, to the sea, where navies and merchant-ships await it, and we have begun a new era in the mechanical activity of the world.

Mr. Walker enlivened it all with amusing tales of Indian laborers and their ways when driven by Anglo-Saxon energies, which know not the word *mañana*. Underneath it, is the best of world-passions and world-needs, and Mexico, lovely and uncertain, finds herself at once the stage of mighty interests —and their battle-ground.

The ambassador has always had the gravest doubts as to Madero's competency. Nothing any of us has seen, up to now, has been encouraging. It is one thing to inflame a country by promises of everything to everybody; it's another thing to rebuild a state, as he set out to do, from ruins, or even to sustain law and order, as he knew it, and benefited by it, in his youth. That dreamy face of his makes me think of the schoolboy's definition of an abstract noun, "something you can't see," and those

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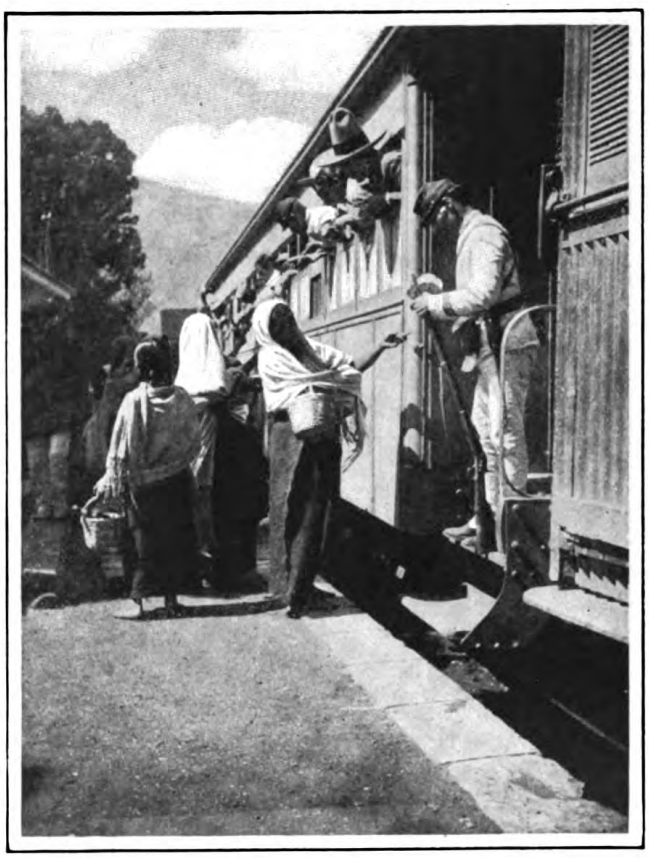
hands, with their soft and kindly gestures, are so unfitted for grappling with this special Leviathan — and consequences are pitiless. Alas for the *peu de politique et beaucoup d'administration* of Diaz!

April 29th.

The political mess thickens. So much might have been done, if all the efforts of the Government had not been expended on keeping in office. War-ships are announced, some of ours, and the English and French and Germans will take a look, too.

A curious complication about the railways has come to a head, involving not alone money, but life. Shortly after Madero came in he tried to get rid of the American railroad servants. They tried to get the matter taken up in Washington, and there was a lot of unofficial talk besides. Madero gave orders that, after a certain date, all orders must be written in Spanish; the trainmen, while speaking Spanish, in the majority of cases, could not write it sufficiently well for prompt and efficient service. Mr. W. has been so convinced from the beginning that Madero could not fill the position that he has lost interest in personal communications. So he sent N. up to Chapultepec to see Madero and explain to him the bad effect this would have. There were even threats of boycott on the northern frontier by union trainmen, who considered it would be an unjust act, as many of the men had been in Mexico since childhood, and there were many of them over age who couldn't get jobs in the United States. N. told him it was very impolitic, etc., etc.

Madero thought it over and said, in French, "You can tell the ambassador that the order very probably will not go into force," though it was impossible for him to revoke it. N. reported this to the ambassador. Several days afterward, on April 17th, he met Mr. Brown on the links. Mr. Brown said, with a smile, "That order went into force today" (Mr. B. had to sign it as president). N. hurried off to the ambassador, who was naturally very annoyed, and said N. must have misunderstood Mr. Madero. N. thought his goose was cooked; that Madero would go back on him and throw the interview in with a lot of other Mexican apocrypha.



GREETINGS AT A WAY STATION

But Madero was most decent about it all, and said, "Yes, I did tell Mr. O'S. so, but I was unable to prevent the order from going into force." The result has been that a large body of trained men who couldn't negotiate *la lengua Castellana* have been obliged to leave the country, to their own and Mexico's detriment.

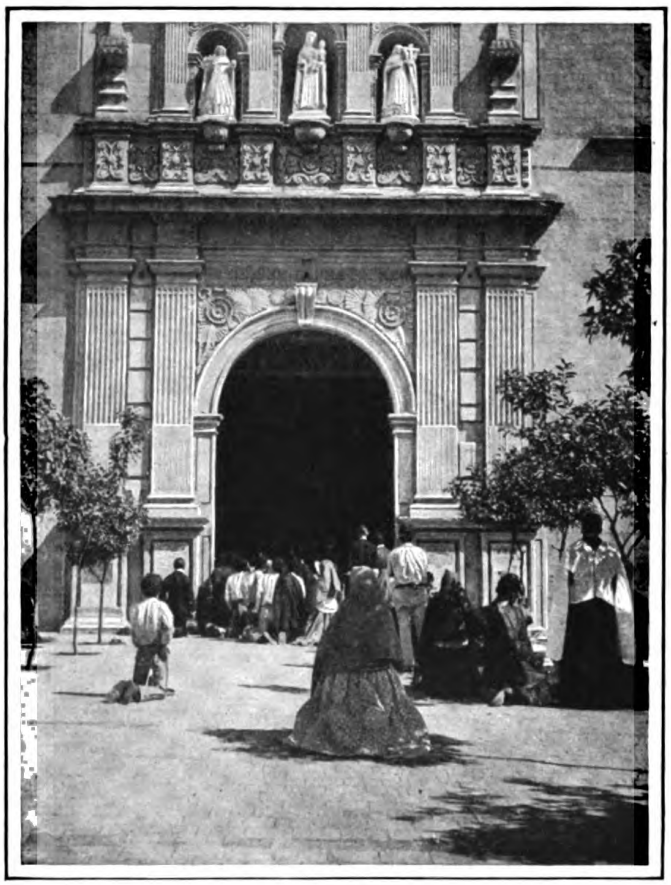
Madero's idea was to "democratize" the national railways—*i.e.*, to load the system with as many employees as possible. At the end of the Diaz régime

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there were a few dozen competent inspectors; under the Madero régime they had been increased tenfold.

BATTLE OF PUEBLA, *May 5th.*
(A year ago to-day we landed in Vera Cruz).

The town is flagged and there has been a big military parade, with the beautiful Mexican brass echoing through the streets. It is the most popular of the lay festivals, commemorating the victory of General Diaz and General Zaragoza over the French at Puebla (1862).



PALM SUNDAY DEVOTIONS—MEXICO CITY

There is a hint of "Prætorian Guard" creeping into the Presidential surroundings, and other signs that the "Apostle" is beginning to feel the need of armed forces at his back. Appeals to virtue are not proving any more sufficient for Government here than they would elsewhere.

May 7th.

Madero is as simple as a child in many ways, and as impulsive, but simplicity isn't the first requirement for manipulating government in the land of the cactus. A Spanish proverb took my attention the other day to the effect that "an official who cannot lie may as well be out of the world," and Madero is as honest as the day. If language is given to conceal our thoughts, he makes little use of the covering. It is complained of him that he is always revealing something to somebody.

June 20th.

Administration faces were wreathed in smiles at the reception; the Orozco revolution is not only dying the usual unnatural death, but it seems likely to be interred. General Huerta knows the value of a few well-placed blows, but nothing seems to stay "put" here. Nearly every shade of Mexican has fitted himself out with one or more grievances, and underlying it all is that quite peculiar organization of Latin-American society whereby one set of opinions may be uniformly expressed in public, while the intellectual classes, in secret, hold entirely opposing ones.

September 3d.

The Porfiristas—all the old régime—hold the United States responsible for Madero's success, because of our permitting him to organize and finance himself on our border, and there are those who think, rather paradoxically, that it is due to us that he has not had more success.

As for the Maderistas, they don't understand it at all, feel no obligation to us, and wonder why we don't do more. The active anti-Maderistas feel very bitter that in any revolt aimed against Madero they can't "use" the border. Nobody has any political love for us. We loom up as uncertain in our mode of action, but powerful as arbiters of destinies.

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September 11th.

The War Department orders two regiments of regulars to the Mexican border to reinforce the soldiers on duty, but they don't like it down here. The *Intransigente*, living up to its name, had an editorial which rather took our breath away, to the effect that nothing can be done while the American fist is threatening Mexico.

It speaks in the name of every Indo-Spanish nation, decrying the smiles of ambassadors and the hypocrisy of official notes, and saying our affections, at the best, can only be diplomatic; that we can have treaties to carry on commerce, etc.—anything where the spirit of the two peoples does not touch can be provided for. But "our soul is against their soul, their cupidity against our pride; our faith is the Latin faith, the faith of the Scipios and the Guzmans; theirs is the *fides punica* of the *Maine* and the Panama Canal!"

Now that what all really feel has been said, perhaps the air will clear for a day. I had some time since concluded, with Thomas Jefferson, that "the press is a fountain of lies," but this was for once the crystal truth. The *collégues* were quite excited about it, and I have no doubt the statement was sent in full to their various foreign offices as indicative of the underlying sentiments.

Mr. Stronge, who is most conciliatory, and a natural uniter of factions, in his soul a peacemaker, somewhat belying his Irish blood (when I asked him, "Irish diplomacy, what is it?" he didn't know the simple answer, "See a head, punch it"), considers this only a passing flare-up. But *quien sabe? quien sabe?*

October 1st.

We take the *Mexico* of the Ward Line on the 10th. I sit among open boxes in what will never again be my home, "things I have known and loved awhile." Through it runs my Mexican *étape*, my "rosary of the road."

October 3d.

The ambassador sent N. a really beautiful letter of appreciation. He has a quite perfect epistolary turn—finished off by a very *chic* signature, and has been all that a chief could be during the long, strange Mexican months, while Mrs. Wilson has been the kindest, most considerate of friends.

October 5th.

This morning I went up to Chapultepec to say good-by to Madame Madero. The President was standing there as I drove up, his auto waiting to take him to the Palace to a Cabinet meeting. I thought he looked slightly—very slightly—troubled, though I had a feeling that his head was still in the morning clouds of the dazzling day.

I imagine there has been little or no change in his psychology along the lines of practical statecraft. His true habitat is the world of fancy, where he feels himself protected and led on by benign powers as definitely as was Tobias by the angel. A state of mind like that can be very compelling, and he *may* witness what the unkind say is his pet ambition—his own apotheosis.

The dim progression of Mexican events seems to have left his spirits untouched. "One man with a dream at pleasure," but I felt like leaving him a pocket edition of *Le Prince*.

I thought Madame Madero showed the strain of that climb from obscurity and prison up the *via triumphalis* to the Presidential peaks. The flood of morning light, as we sat on the terrace, did not spare her worn and anxious face. I have an idea that she is very practical, but it is not her practicality, but her husband's dreams, that brought them to Chapultepec. It's a situation to discourage common sense.

She was, as always, courteous and friendly. We spoke of the work she is just now especially interested in, for the amelioration of the Mexican women's lot—the organizing of the lace and embroidery industry, *à la* Queen Elena, in Italy, several years ago.

I felt how frail her body, but how determined her will, as we embraced in the dazzling morning. About us were the perfume of the rare and lovely shrubs of the *patio*, the splash of the fountain, the singing of birds, the lustrous hills, the shining volcanoes; that crystal air enfolded us, closer than human touch, but beneath us was the restless city and the shifting will of the Mexican people.

[THE END]

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Germany in Defeat

A REPLY TO THE HON. JAMES M. BECK[1]

BY DR. KUNO FRANCKE

THE limited space which the Editors of *Harper's Magazine* have been able to accord me for a reply to Mr. Beck's criticism of my article in the September number on Germany's political future forces me to confine my answer to the most fundamental of Mr. Beck's arguments, the contention namely that I had based my whole view of Germany's political outlook upon the assumption that the war would end with a German victory.

I had purposely discarded the question of either victory or defeat from my discussion. For I am convinced that, victorious or defeated, the German people will reap from this war constitutional reforms embodying in permanent public institutions that wonderful union of monarchical leadership and socialized popular activity which has proved the salvation of the country in these years of unparalleled trials. But since Mr. Beck challenges me to state specifically what in my opinion would be the effect of defeat upon German public life, I shall attempt briefly to do so.

I do not believe with Mr. Beck that the German people more than any other of the belligerent peoples has been kept in ignorance about the causes of this war. The causes of this war are not to be found in any of the Blue or White or Yellow Books in which the various governments sought to throw the odium of the breaking of the peace upon their opponents. Least of all are they to be found in such documents as Sir Edward Grey's eleventh-hour arbitration proposal—the same Sir Edward who had kept Parliament in ignorance of the pledges of military co-operation he had given in 1912 to the Franco-Russian Entente. Far be it from me to exonerate German diplomacy from co-responsibility in not having prevented this world disaster. But to make German diplomacy alone responsible for it is simply shutting one's eyes to the vast imperialistic schemes pursued by all the great European powers during the last thirty years; it is shutting one's eyes to the policy of mutual jealousy and fear that resulted in the colossal armaments of every one of these nations. A defeated Germany, a Germany shorn of Alsace-Lorraine, blocked from her natural outlet toward the Orient, robbed of her colonial possessions, will more than ever be convinced of the correctness of these fears; and the German people will be disposed to place the chief blame for its ruin, not upon its own Government, but upon the overwhelming numerical superiority of the enemy armies.

Mr. Beck evidently counts upon popular misery in a defeated Germany as a means for helping to realize his hopes of a complete overthrow of what appears to him pernicious governmental autocracy. He forgets that this pernicious autocracy—a deceptive misnomer for what in reality is the rule of experts supervised by popular assemblies—he forgets that this peculiarly German system of public administration by experts has been the principal source of the extraordinarily high state of popular prosperity and well-being in imperial Germany. Is it likely that the German people, even if defeat in war should plunge them into financial disaster, will be so unmindful of the lessons of the past as to destroy the very foundations of a system of public service which has made Germany an acknowledged leader among nations in all movements for popular welfare and progress? I believe

[1] "*Is there to be a German Republic?*" *By Dr. Kuno Francke, with a Reply to Dr. Francke, by the Hon. James M. Beck,* appeared in the September issue of this magazine.

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Mr. Beck has a very imperfect conception of what a revelation this war has been to Germans of the sources of their own strength and of the fundamental solidarity of their needs. With the one exception of that small group of international enthusiasts led by Liebknecht and Ledebour whose courage is as undaunted as their views are visionary, there is not a party in Germany to-day which does not admit that the rounding out and building up of the new united Germany created by the war is the common task of the future and the only hope for a successful weathering of the threatening perils of international isolation. Unquestionably, in the decades after the war Germany will be largely thrown upon herself. She will have to develop her own resources, cultivate her own soil, organize her own labor, stimulate her own inventive genius even far more assiduously and methodically than she did before the war. She will do it in the same ways as heretofore, but with a higher spirit and with greater unanimity than heretofore.

No party, I believe, will do its share in this building up of a new Germany upon the existing foundations more effectively and whole-heartedly than the Socialist party. It is true, the German Socialist party protested in 1914 against the whole policy of imperialistic expansion—whether German or English or Russian or French—which was then about to plunge the world into common disaster. But immediately upon the declaration of war the party threw in its lot with the German side and has continued to this day to be one of the strongest supports of the Government in the prosecution of the war. With the inevitable democratization of German public life now going on, there is no doubt that the Socialist party within a few years will be the controlling power both in the German Reichstag and the Prussian Landtag. To assume that the party would endanger its peaceful triumph by forcing a rupture with the monarchy and thereby bring on internal disaster in Germany is crediting it with as little sagacity as patriotism. The attempt to dethrone the Hohenzollern dynasty or to eliminate monarchical power from German politics would call forth such an elemental upheaval of passion and fury in German life, it would consume the mental, moral, and material forces of the nation to such a degree, it would work such havoc throughout the whole structure of society, that its only result would be complete exhaustion and utter disintegration of national energy. No such suicidal attempt will be made by a party which throughout its history has distinguished itself by shrewd calculation of the attainable, and which now has it in its power, through an honest and frank compromise with the monarchy, to insure the orderly and steady advance of popular freedom. As to Mr. Beck's suggestion that the abolition of Hohenzollern rule be brought about by force from without, Mr. Beck has done well in support of it to invoke the authority of Napoleon. It is indeed worthy of the despot of Europe.

Whatever existence fate may have in store for a defeated Germany—however impoverished, however gagged, however mutilated—the spirit manifested by the German people in the martyrdom of this war gives assurance that even in a complete breakdown of its international position it will not deviate from adherence to its traditional ideal of the subordination of individual happiness to common tasks. This ideal will bind the monarchy and the parties, the Government and the people, more strongly together than ever before. It will sweep away caste monopolies, enlarge the sphere of parliamentary influence, and liberalize the authority of the expert functionary. It will convert defeat into a supreme demonstration of the moral forces that underlie the German conception of the state.

And in one sense even a defeated Germany will be victorious, for by sheer example she will force the rest of the world to adopt her own methods of socialized work.

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W. D. HOWELLS

"IF a man die shall he live again?" is the question asked so long ago in the history of the race that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. It presses at every moment and it is answered at every point with a confident *Yes* in Sir Oliver Lodge's memoir of his son Raymond—the beloved son who was killed in the war, and who comes back from death to convince and comfort his father. The same question haunts in tacit denial the whole course of Mark Twain's unflattering inquiry, *What is Man?* where we are found intellectually far less worthy of immortality than the ant or the bee, and breaks out in the cry of inextinguishable longing, at the close of his lament for his daughter, *The Death of Jean:* "Now Jean is in her grave! In her grave—if I can believe it! God rest her sweet spirit!"

It would not be just to turn this doubt of doubt against the latest and bravest of the deniers into the assent which it can only seem. His denial was of the past when we were moved by the wonderful discoveries and conjectures of the great Victorian years of triumphant science, and we bowed meekly, or bowed proudly, and

> "Omega, thou art Lord," we said.
> "We find no motion in the dead."

But now again we seem to find motion in the dead—a stir, a thrill which somehow seems to pervade literature, and by no means only the books which we happen lately to have been reading. Is it because the dead are superabounding now beyond the ratio of all the past pestilences and a most powerful people is dedicating itself, body and soul, to the destruction of human life in the most murderous war that ever was? Is it because the innumerable hosts of the slain, swarming up from scores of battles, miles long, weeks long, must needs return to the living and entreat them to believe that they, too, are living?

Something like this seems to be the argument of Sir Oliver Lodge's book, a most tedious and unconvincing book, we must own, as far as the means of approach from the other world is concerned; for this is the old, unintelligent, obnoxious mediumosity which we have been used to ever since the Rochester Rappings made themselves heard sixty-five years ago. Page after page, chapter after chapter, is given up to the report of sittings with the psychics, solemn or silly, who are educating themselves up to the science of interpreting the wishes of the departed, with the result which Sir Oliver frankly owns unsatisfactory in certain instances and quite unverifiable in others. At best the result is such as could appease only the bereavement hungering for some proof that the dead are somewhere living still, and willing to stay itself with the meagerest suggestions of probability. We confess that these sittings, reported in great detail, bring us no belief in the participants in either world, but they are pathetic in the appeal they make from the longing faith of those on the hither side. The communications are such as the reports of the Society of Psychical Research have familiarized us with from the beginning of its inquiries; and Sir Oliver Lodge is not the first great scientist to accept them as sufficing. They convinced the reason of Darwin's great fellow-discoverer of the Darwinian theory, Alfred Russel Wallace, and of the great chemist Sir William Crookes, and the great Aberdeen Professor of Humanity Sir William Mitchell Ramsay, with others whose names do not lend themselves to immediate remembrance; but none of these learned and able men has pushed his faith to such far inquiry as the author of this

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pathetically interesting, this pathetically tiresome book. No reader of it can do it justice without feeling the tenderness and beauty of a father's and mother's love and longing for reunion with the son who has just died in the war. They cannot rest from trying to seek him out beyond death by any means which offers itself, and they are willing to accept the apparent response which his equal longing seems to make to their question. They believe that he has tried from his first consciousness after death to rejoin them, and to have them trust that it is really he who is striving for communion with them, and not some pretender in or out of the mortal body.

Their eagerness to know not only that he is alive, but where and how he is alive, prompts them to questions not only of how and where he is, but what the conditions are in detail, and he tells them as fully and clearly as the strangeness of the conditions, and their essential difference from those of this world, will allow. There where he is, he says, you are not at once aware of being alive after you have died; seven days must pass before you regain your individual consciousness, and there are sometimes accidents of death which hinder the spirit in finding itself alive. One blown to pieces by a sudden explosion has a difficulty in gathering himself up from the fragments and resuming his unity and identity such as one dying more normally does not experience. Raymond, there in the other life, knows a man who had lost his arm, but now has got another. If people are burnt to death by accident, they "call a spirit doctor," and he "comes round and helps detach the spirit" from the body. But bodies "should not be burnt on purpose," for there is "terrible trouble, sometimes, over people who are cremated too soon. . . . They shouldn't be cremated for seven days. . . . He saw a man going to be cremated two days after the doctor said he was dead. But his spirit friends saw that there was going to be trouble for him, and they got a spirit doctor, who magnetized him and helped him out. There was still a cord, and it had to be severed rather quickly, and it gave a little shock to the spirit, like as if you had something amputated." Raymond wanted clothing at first like what he had worn in this world, but got reconciled to the sort people wear in the spirit world, where "mostly they wear white robes." No children seem to be born there. "People are sent into the physical body to have children on the earth-plane. . . . But there's a feeling of love between men and women different to that between two men and two women. . . . Raymond says he doesn't want to eat now. He sees some who do; he says they have to be given something that has all the appearance of earth food. People here try to provide everything that is wanted. A chap came over the other day who would have a cigar. But they have laboratories over here, and they manufacture all sorts of things out of essences and gases and ethers," and they were able to make what looked like a cigar. "The chap jumped at it. But when he began to smoke it he didn't think much of it, and now he doesn't look at one." It is so with strong drinkers, who get a semblance of whisky from the laboratories, but do not like it, and presently give up their old habit of drinking. Raymond says "he lives in a house made of bricks; but he cannot tell what the bricks are made of, but they seem made from sort of emanations from the earth. . . . There's something rising, like atoms rising, and consolidating after they come. . . . From the decay that goes on on the earth-plane all things in the spiritual world are fabricated, such as clothes, for instance. . . . Some people here won't get used to take this in even yet. They go on talking about spiritual robes made of light, resulting from the spiritual life they have led, and when we try to tell them that it is manufactured out of materials they don't believe it. They say, 'No, it's a robe of light and brightness which I manufactured by thought.' So we just leave it."

From all this, and rather more, it would seem that there is no spiritual life wholly detachable or dissociated from the corporeal, even beyond death, unless the terms of communion form no common language, but are only analogous expressions; and these expressions may be to blame for that sense of life help-

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lessly material, which they leave with the reader of Sir Oliver's book; a life inextricably trammeled in our present life. In one way this may be very well, for the life is always human life, but it is rather disappointing. When it comes to the moral, as distinguishable from the material side, it is less disappointing, but the account of it is not so novel. In a communication with his mother, Raymond says: "You gravitate to a place you are fitted for. No, mother, there's no judge and jury; you just gravitate like to like. I've seen some boys pass on who had very nasty ideas and vices. They go to a place I'm very glad I didn't have to go to, but it's not hell, exactly—more like a reformatory . . . and when you want to look for something better, you're given a chance to have it. They gravitate together, but get so bored. Learn to help yourself, and immediately you'll be helped. Very like your world, only no unfairness, no injustice; a common law operating for each and every one."

After other details, not very important, suddenly we are confronted with Mystery. "Mother, I went to a gorgeous place the other day." "What was it?" "Goodness knows! I was permitted, so that I might see what was going on in the Highest Sphere. Generally the High Spirits come to us. I wonder if I can tell you what it looked like!" But here the editorial good sense of Sir Oliver interposes, and he says, "Until the case for survival is considered established, it is thought improper to relate an experience which may be imagined, in a book dealing for the most part with evidential matter," and of the son's story to his mother, we are permitted to hear him tell only: "I felt exalted, purified, lifted up. I was kneeling. I couldn't stand up. I *wanted* to kneel. Mother, I thrilled from head to foot. He didn't come near me, and I didn't feel that I wanted to go near to him. Didn't feel I ought. The Voice was like a bell. I can't tell you what he was dressed or robed in. All seemed a mixture of shining colors. . . . No one could tell what I felt; I can't explain it. Will they, people generally, understand it? I know father and you will, but . . . I can't put it into words."

The passages chosen here not quite at random will not convince the reader, but we hope they will make him feel the lovableness of the family affection which pervades the narration. It is grossly material, helplessly grotesque in great part, with such a moment of exaltation as we have reported. But its baldness, its unpoetic outrightness, its effect of scientific practicality is in keeping with the methods of the inquiry which turned us from believers to agnostics when Evolution cut the ground of our old faith from under us forty or fifty years ago. Now, apparently, science, in the tolerant inquiry of a Lodge, a Crookes, a Wallace, a Ramsay, is willing to let us affirm our belief again, and is paying us the debt contracted two generations ago. The faith which it restores cannot be the religious faith that it took away; but in suffering us to say that our souls are our own, or even that we have souls upon any terms, science is doing something very interesting.

What is a little odd about such interviewing of immortality as Sir Oliver Lodge's book records is that he takes no note of the great, full, and most explicit affirmations of spiritual life by a most eminent scientific man who observed it a century and a half ago, and who has in these later days come into such satisfaction as his immortal spirit may enjoy from the recognition of his scientific forecast of the great principles supposed to be the discovery of much more modern inquiry. It is as if Emanuel Swedenborg's claims as a savant might have been invalidated through his acceptance as a seer by the followers who have made his religious doctrines their cult, or as if scientific research had ignored the results of his vast scientific learning in the proportion that religious inquiry had accepted the authority of his spiritual revelation. The investigations of none of the modern scientists in the region which he explored here seem to have suggested their recurrence to the vast mass of his spiritual memoirs, so abundant in circumstantial statement and so strenuous in deduction from the things he continuously claimed to have been seen and heard. Modern spiritualism has found something alien or averse

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in this mighty mystic who so unmystically unfolded the inmost and most recondite actualities of a life beyond this; and when science began to use the means of modern spiritualism in its researches into the unseen and the unknown, it may have been repelled by the serene adequacy of those inexhaustible confidences. But it would have been very interesting if science had shown at least some consciousness of them, and it could apparently have done so, and still kept every advantage of novelty in the disclosures now painfully and tediously made by the processes of writing, rapping, or tipping mediumship.

There is, in fact, nothing in the things reported from Raymond which may not be paralleled and amplified a thousandfold from the Memorabilia of Swedenborg. His one work, *Heaven and Hell*, is a storehouse of experiences and observations which, whether we allow them to be genuine or not, are still of an extent and variety which far transcend all subsequent communications. The things told by Raymond of the housing and clothing of people in the spiritual world, of their moral as well as spiritual conditioning, of the constitution and polity of a state where each chooses his destiny according to his life here and his preferences from it, are the commonplaces of Swedenborg's revelation and philosophy. Raymond's facts, if we may call his fragmentary and disconnected responses so, with the struggles of the mediums for intelligible statements, might all have been derived from the superabundant testimony of the books where every fact of a world neither unknown nor unknowable is so amply set down that curiosity is almost sated. It is true that the hunger for personal and particular reunion must remain unsatisfied; from the savant who mapped the unseen world as if it were some terrestrial region, and portrayed its civilization as if he were studying that of some planet in make and material like our own, it appears that they who sit in the dark and dole of immediate bereavement cannot have the comfort brought them by the broken messages directly sent them, with however little effect of credibility for those outside their sorrow. For those who outlived their anguish but have remained with the old, ever-new question, "If a man die shall he live again?" the circumstantial answer of the authority ignored equally by physicist and psychist may always have interest. One need not go to the works of the seer which voluminously report his experience and embody his doctrine; one may perhaps wholly satisfy the curiosity which Sir Oliver Lodge's book awakens in several summaries which exist and which we have ourselves since recurred to. There the reader may learn indefinitely more of the world of spirits, which is, comparatively, not more than glimpsed in the interviews with Raymond Lodge; he will be told not only how the spirits of men are awakened from death (in three days, not seven), and then follow to eternity the life they love best in the fellowship of those they like best; but also how they are housed and clothed in the heavens and hells; how they feast together as spirits may, and how they employ and how amuse themselves; how they commune with one another; how their abode is not a place but a state, which they characterize from themselves; with a thousand other details which shall make all other reports of the life after death seem poor and meager. If the reader chooses to dwell in these wonders, he may, but if he chooses he may learn all their meaning and the piety they embody and typify, in terms of such dignity as shall make the gibberish of the ordinary "control" of the ordinary medium seem an affront to the human intelligence. If they are hard sayings, and often too hard for our little faith, they are sometimes of such apparent authority, of such a supernal surprise, that one wishes to think twice before rejecting them, as one perhaps finally does in the despair that stays all assent to the everlasting question.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

AT different periods of human history, though with diverse meanings, a world-sense has impinged upon the consciousness of the more enlightened in important centers of thought and illumination. Delphi, seat of the great pagan oracle, was anciently regarded as the *umbillus*, or navel, of the world; and De Quincey applied the same term to Jerusalem. These were religious centers, imbued with this world-sense, as Tyre was, in this same ancient world, a commercial, and Rome an imperial center—all thoroughfares leading thitherward.

We can imagine how profound a world-sense concentrated at Alexandria, which perpetuated the name and fame of the great world-conqueror and world-civilizer, whose last years were devoted to vast schemes of geographical exploration, followed up by his successors and the Egyptian Ptolemies, at a time when, although the earth's sphericity was a recognized fact—availed of in the projections of cartologists—it was still regarded as the fixed center about which the sun and all the starry constellations revolved.

The liberty-loving Greeks called the whole habitable globe *oikomene*—that is, a world of households. Their world-sense was wholly human, with no feeling of empire. Alexander of Macedon, Greek as he was—in tutelage to Aristotle and a deeper tutelage to Homer—could hold Hellas in subjection, but could not inspire it with his dreams of conquest.

The conditions of politics in the foreign relations of the ancient world (we can hardly call them international) fostered extensive empires, especially those capable of establishing civilization and of wielding the arbitraments of justice. It was because the *robur* of Rome was a wall of protection about weaker peoples and the sanctuary of social amenities, more than because of her military strength, that she was able to maintain her empire for centuries. With such a hold upon the whole civilized world, so dependent upon her for further civilization, the sense of the world must ever have been present to her intelligent citizens, expanding their individual and collective consciousness and deepening the feeling of human responsibility.

Only with the advent of Christianity were the fountains of human sympathy fully opened and its possibilities for the world foreshadowed. The Master's face, in the maturity of His mission, was turned away from Jerusalem. Hence His injunction to His disciples, "Go ye into all the world." This worldward aspect of the new faith is clearly disclosed in the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles, whereas in the life and living words of Christ as given in the Gospels there is naturally more stress upon the strictly Judean environment. This faith, which, because it first of all appealed to the lowliest and must therefore be exalted in the seats of the mightiest, was one with the principle of social evolution and transformations for the integration of humanity.

Medieval institutions and ideals, even those of the Christian faith, could not express this principle by bringing it into the clear light of the general consciousness of mankind. In the influence and atmosphere of papal Rome as felt in medieval Christendom a more pervasive world-sense was developed than in the imperial Rome to which it was the successor. Its completely organized catholicity naturally promoted gravitation to its center, like that of Islam to Mecca. Thus it was always these two, Christian and Infidel, that came into conflict in Europe, and in the Holy Land, where the most sacred shrines of

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Christianity had fallen into the hands of unbelievers.

Extensive movements, such as pilgrimages and crusades, prompted by a religious fervor which had taken the place of ancient heroism for world-conquest, besides consolidating an ecclesiastical hierarchy, indirectly promoted general enlightenment and the sentiment of Christian confraternity. But in the medieval as in the ancient world the feeling of human sympathy was prevented from a disclosure of its real quality and of its dynamic possibilities by the conditions of the masses of the people everywhere. Where by nature and heredity they had a naïve culture all their own, which was of more real value than any mere sophistication, they were in all else only creatures of the state—political and ecclesiastical—with no initiative or leadership of their own. Their outward habit of life was, because of their intellectual limitations, constituted for them by arbitrary authority.

Medieval collectivism was absolute, and suffered from the lack of reaction from any strong corresponding individualism. There was little in its dogmatism, its scholasticism, and its notionalism real enough to create such a reaction. The manifestations of popular life in faith and art were in the open, projected outwardly in rituals, symbols, processions. The principal reactions against this externalization of life were mysticism and monasticism, not antagonizing ecclesiastical authority. The cloister, indeed, became a seminary of the faith and the center of missionary effort for its propagation.

But these reactions did not strongly develop individualism, though they helped to preserve the sources of such development in the brighter future through the Revival of Learning and the Reformation. The medieval world-sense, though lacking so much and overshadowed by popular ignorance and superstition, laid the foundations of a united Christendom; but, failing to integrate humanity, it sacrificed to the centralization of authority the independence of peoples left abject and inarticulate, and to the fervor of a common faith the clarity of that faith in the life and light of Reason. It was a world-sense which, if it had not been counteracted and broken up by another set of influences working invisibly within its own charmed circle, would have perpetuated its weakness, prevented the birth of nationalities, and buried the native vernaculars of Europe under the crushing weight of Latinity.

The foregoing retrospect, by the light of contrast, enables us to clearly distinguish between the modern world-sense and that of ancient and medieval times. The salient feature of this distinction is that of pre-eminent modern individualism, the complement of a freer and more enlightened modern collectivism. Humanity in this era—since the crystallization of the several modern nationalities in Christendom and particularly since the rise of the middle classes—has been committed as never before to the currents of change incident to the progressive specialization of a competitive civilization. The course of progress is punctuated by epoch-making inventions, like those of the printing-press and the mariner's compass—also by new discoveries in science directly affecting economic development and ever freshly awakening individual leadership in imaginative creation and heroic adventure. We can imagine what an impulse in this direction was created by the discovery of a new world! We note the buoyant pulsation of it in Elizabethan literature, in the poetry of Shakespeare and the essays of Bacon, as on the Continent in the fiction of Cervantes, as well as in the adventurous careers of Raleigh and Drake and of the great Portuguese navigators.

But for a long time individual genius was at the same time nourished by the patronage of aristocracy and overshadowed by its ambitions, as expressed in nationalistic rivalry for political and economic supremacy. Still more effectively all popular political initiative was suppressed. National crystallization, supplemented by the Reformation, had broken up the medieval centralization of a generally accepted Catholic authority in matters of faith and, to a large extent, in matters of European politics as well. With the concentration of all power in separate states the kind of

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world-sense which was associated with medieval conformity was dissipated.

In its very divulsion into conflicting racial segments independently acting and reacting upon one another and at the same time commercially interdependent, with ever livelier currents of intercommunication in things of the mind and spirit not less than in things material, the progressive collectivism in the post-Renaissance period developed a new and more vital world-sense, based on human sympathy, the possibilities of which for co-operative action could not be realized until the peoples of Christendom should come into the full exercise of their political and social rights and responsibilities. In the mean time the international competition for superiority of wealth and power and the exploitation of the weak by the strong resulted in more wasteful and destructive wars than those of feudal Europe. But the advance of democracy through the successive popular revolts against arbitrary power in England, America, and France showed evolutionary currents beneath this superficial confusion, hopefully foreshadowing a brighter prospect for humanity.

Modern nationalism represented as inevitable and as normal a specialization as that of individual living organisms. It was rooted in racial specialization itself, though it has not strictly adhered to its native radical origins.

The real complement of national collectivism is individualism, and the main distinction between modern nationalities and determinant of their several destinies is the degree in which they foster individualism and, through its leadership, have popular representative governments on the basis of political and social equality. Theoretically the line of distinction seems to be clearly enough drawn—that is, if we have regard merely to a notional definition of democracy and of autocracy—the one insisting upon the existence of the state solely in the interests of individuals as members of a commonwealth and the other upon the sacrifice of the individual to the state as the divinely allotted heritage of its ruling dynasty. But within the limits of a democratic state, through operation of selfish competition, political equality may not always insure social justice or protect the poor against plutocratic exploitation, while, on the other hand, in the internal affairs of an autocratic state the arbitrary but paternal authority may, through discipline and administrative efficiency reaching to minute details of social, educational, and economic organization, inure to the general material welfare, at least in times of peace. It is in martial conflicts growing out of international competition for economic and military supremacy that the vices of both democracies and autocracies are especially brought to light, because it is in their foreign relations that nations, whatever their form of government, are most irresponsible. This is more the case in Europe than in America, because there alliances of nations grouped together against opposing groups, with possible war directly in view, are more readily formed and secret diplomacy is more prevalent.

The current war, owing to its extent, violence, and duration, with at length the issue clearly drawn between democracy and autocracy, is so luminously illustrating all that is perverse in either that it has created a world-sense such as, in its character and tension, has never before existed. In particular, this sense has become for every nation a conviction of sin in its aims at self-aggrandizement.

We said at the beginning of the conflict that all wars are futile for the settlement of anything but the question of comparative might, but we have come to see that this war, in the stage which it has now reached, is not futile; that it is already an immense achievement in its convincing disclosure of the errors of a competitive civilization and of the only way to a real world peace through the resolution of past discords in international co-operation. The deep and mighty evolutionary currents which the war has brought to the surface should confirm our faith in the ultimate issue. It is not our privilege to conclude the evolutionary procedure in perfect harmony, including universal freedom. We can only with all our might assist the forces set in motion to this end.

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The Organization of Our New Army

AN ACCOUNT OF WAR-TIME CHANGES RECENTLY OFFICIALLY ADOPTED

BY COL. CORNÉLIS DE WITT WILLCOX, U.S.A.

IT is no paradox to say that we have never had an army in these United States of ours. We have had a United States Army—that is, troops, a collection of regiments of distinguished record, regiments in which any other country would have taken pride. We have had certain staff departments, of admirable personnel, of proved worth in many relations; but it is nevertheless true that we have never had an army as that word is understood now, and has been understood for many years by everybody, including ourselves.

An army is an organism, a whole composed of many parts accurately adjusted to one another for specific ends. Obviously, therefore, an army means numbers, the very thing that our army has always lacked. Nor do we necessarily mean by numbers the swollen effectives of the great European armies, but simply numbers sufficiently great to form the units whose relation to one another makes up the organism. From shortly after the close of the Civil War to the outbreak of our conflict with Spain our army was limited to twenty-five thousand men, barely more than enough to furnish, as far as mere numbers go, a modern division at war strength, and manifestly a number far too small on which to rest any organization worthy of the name.

Reasons, naturally, are at hand for this state of affairs, inherited by us from our British ancestors. We have never believed as a nation that war, real war, could ever be any concern of ours, and have therefore never felt the necessity of putting our military house in order. Moreover, the sentiment of the country has always been, and still is, fundamentally pacific. This sentiment is not incompatible with sound preparation, but its influence, in a country almost wholly devoted to the arts of peace, has been to blind the country to its possible international responsibilities. The Civil War had misled us as a nation. We needed no army because we could always get volunteers. We had nothing to fear on the north because war with Great Britain was inconceivable. The nations to the south were worse off than we (which is saying a great deal!), and as for those beyond the seas, why, there were the seas themselves protecting us on both flanks. And yet, in spite of all these dreams and reasons, we find ourselves in this year of grace engaged in war with the most powerful military nation known to history, and finding the seas as such no obstacle to our coming into contact with it! And now we need an army, are getting it, and are at last resolved that it shall be a real one in every sense of the word. Its constitution will be apparent from a brief review of the work any army is required to do, and of the units suggested by experience as best fitted for the purpose in hand.

Classically, every army comprises the three great arms—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. These three, applying what used to be called the "tactics of the three arms," an obsolescent expression, should co-operate in their efforts; the cavalry finds the enemy, the artillery shatters, or tries to shatter, him by its fire, and the infantry completes the effect by its own fire, followed if necessary by assault. Should the enemy give way, the cavalry takes up the pursuit, assisted by the artillery, while the infantry consolidates the positions won and prepares for further advance. But men and horses must be fed, hence the supply-trains; ammunition must always be at hand, hence the ammunition columns. Roads must be repaired, bridges built, and rivers crossed; this work is done by the engineers, who also, when the army takes up a position, are charged with

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the business of intrenching and of fortifying. After combat, the wounded must be cared for, and then sent to the rear, evacuated, by the proper hospital trains to the various hospitals and depots. This is the business of the medical staff. Whether an army advances or sticks perforce to its trenches, it must communicate with its rear, hence the great matter of communications with the supply and other depots, in which these take their start, and which form the army's base. Last of all and greatest of all comes the staff, preparing and directing under the control of the commander-in-chief.

Evidently the work so briefly indicated above would be impossible without a full application of the principle of division of labor; and so, like any other work, it calls for units adapted to the ends sought. The first of these is the captain's command, the company of infantry or of engineers, the battery of artillery, the troop of cavalry. Four companies make a battalion of infantry; two or more batteries a brigade or group (called battalion by us); and four troops a squadron. Each of these battalion units is in our service under a major. The next command unit is the regiment, whether of infantry, engineers, cavalry, or artillery, composed of three battalions of infantry—of a variable number in the engineers, of two or more battalions of artillery, and of three squadrons of cavalry—and commanded by a colonel. Two or three regiments (generally two to-day) go to make the brigade, whether of infantry, artillery, or cavalry. Passing to higher groupings, two brigades make a division of infantry or of cavalry (there is no artillery division), and two divisions (infantry or cavalry) make a corps or army corps.

A brigade with us is commanded by a brigadier-general, a division by a major-general. The higher grades of general officer—namely, lieutenant-general and general—are dormant, because they are usually reserved to reward the two or three commanders of successful armies, or, rather, groups of armies during or after war.[1]

Any combination of army corps makes an army, technically so called. There is nothing sacred about these numbers, but they represent the results of experience; in other words, organization has been to a certain extent standardized. In theory the ternary plan is perhaps the best, in which three units, beginning with the battalion, go to make the next higher, but it has not been generally adopted. We have now but to fix the numerical strength of the company in order to arrive at that of all the higher units; the strength of an army, as defined above, is, of course, arbitrary, because it depends upon the number of corps assembled under one and the same commander. We have, therefore, beginning with the company of 250 men, battalions of 1,000, regiments of 3,000, brigades of 6,000, divisions of 12,000, and corps of 24,000 infantry.

The brigade of infantry is the largest unit composed exclusively of troops of that arm; the infantry division, however, contains the other arms in addition, such as field artillery, cavalry, engineers, in sufficient number to bring up its strength, in round numbers, to 20,000. The army corps, therefore, a miniature army in itself, totals about 40,000 men, and in the war of movement constitutes the fundamental strategic unit.

It was by armies composed substantially of the elements just mentioned—field armies assisted by aviation—that the opening campaigns in 1914 were made. The classic idea held full sway—

[1] It so happens that our grade of brigadier-general exists in neither the French nor the British army. A French brigade commander, *général de brigade*, has the rank of our major-general; a French division commander, *général de division*, that of our lieutenant-general. In other words, all our brigadiers are junior to the French brigadier, all our division commanders junior to the French division commander. A French brigadier might indeed conceivably be senior to an American major-general with whom he was serving, or by whose side he was serving. In time of peace, with all our generals at home, this state of affairs perhaps makes no difference, though this is doubtful for reasons into which we shall not here enter. But as we have necessarily been guided by European principles of organization in shaping our forces for the present emergency, so it would seem proper to give our general officers the same grades as those held by their foreign comrades commanding the same sort of units, engaged upon the same sort of work, and shouldering the same responsibilities. The difference of grade noted may be embarrassing to our officers, and painful to a proper national pride. The remedy lies with Congress, and not with the War Department.

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infantry armed with the rifle and bayonet, cavalry waiting for its opportunity, artillery, on one side at least, chiefly of the field type. The airmen had come, however, and were taking a hand, and motor transportation, as had been anticipated, was employed from the first. But these two novelties, to call them such, made no fundamental change in the relation of the three arms nor in the character of the actual conflict. That change was to come when the race to the sea had ended in a dead heat, when the two armies first stood face to face on a flankless line, as they have stood ever since, intrenched. Now trenches are not new in the art of war, nor is the device of adding to their defensive qualities by the addition of obstacles. In particular, wire was employed in the Civil War, at Charleston and Richmond, as it was by the Spanish at Santiago in 1898. But no one had ever dreamed of such an extension of trench work as became the rule in 1914; no one had ever seen so wide an application made of barbed wire; never before had machine-guns played so important and decisive a part. These conditions rapidly affected not so much the principles of organization themselves as the relative importance of the units involved. Thus the corps still exists, but, robbed as it is of its strategic value by its enforced immobility, it has lost importance; it is more to the point to reckon in divisions. The division, it would appear, is a better unit for trench conditions. A corps, indeed, may now include all the divisions (even more than three, the greatest number ever contemplated before 1914) that hold a given section of the front. Certain it is that many of the elements that used to weld it into a powerful weapon of offense in the hands of a skilful commander have in part lost their meaning—they have not lost their value, but they now serve a position rather than a body of men. It is of moment to mark the effect of the new mode of warfare, or, rather, of the extension of an old mode, on the arms themselves.

In sieges, and we may regard the western front as an elongated siege, only three arms directly count—the engineers to mine and trench, the artillery to break down the defenses and silence the enemy fire, the infantry to assault enemy trenches and breaches when opened. In respect of the artillery, the change that has taken place is no less than an uprooting of old standards. Whereas in elder days, certain numbers of field-guns to each thousand of infantry (5, 6, 7, the number was always on the rise) were accepted as points of departure, these ratios are now meaningless. Each side simply gets up as many guns as possible. It is said that on the lines of the western front there is an artilleryman for every two infantrymen; in short, the artillery has ceased to be an auxiliary arm and has become the head of the corner.

The distinction between siege-guns, mortars, fortress, naval, and sea-coast guns, widely differentiated classes five years ago, is wholly broken down, in that all of these guns, of no matter what caliber and class, are used with the army in the field. Only two classes need be recognized now—field-guns and heavy guns. The artillery strength of an army now includes the heaviest calibers where recently only field types were taken into account.

Almost equally radical has been the change of infantry conditions; it can be stated in one short sentence. In trench warfare the magazine rifle is almost a thing of the past. Its place has been taken by trench weapons, by trench artillery, by the hand grenade, the rifle grenade—the grenadier has come into his own again. If rifle fire is needed, the automatic rifle, the machine-gun, worked by one man, can deliver it far more effectively than can one hundred infantrymen each firing his own piece. Hence bomb-throwers, automatic riflemen, machine-gunners, now form the important elements of infantry units. The individual rifle has not entirely lost its usefulness, but even in open warfare will never again have the importance it had before August 4, 1914. As compared with the artillery, infantry changes evidently bear more on armament than on organization, but that infantry organization will ultimately be affected, too, there can be no doubt.

The cavalry has apparently disappeared from the conflict; the horse and

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the trench simply do not fit. It were a grave error, however, to assume that this great arm is done for. If open warfare is ever resumed, the cavalry will again have its day in court, but with a changed armament. It will in all probability be armed with the bayonet, will carry grenades and a greatly increased number of cartridges per man, will employ a larger number of machine-gun sections, will be equipped with automatic rifles, auto-cannon, and automachine guns.

All the changes herein discussed may be regarded as the result, in their respective spheres, of the doctrine held by the German General Staff as to how war should be made. This doctrine imposes a certain procedure, materialized, if necessary, by trench work, in which the trenches shall be suitably covered; in the actual case, by barbed-wire entanglements animated by machine-guns. The extension of these entanglements and the enormous use made of machine-guns constitute, with aviation, the great features of modern warfare. Barbed wire will stop anything; if a body of troops, caught in it, can be taken under fire by machine-guns, it ceases to exist. Hence comes, in part, the development of artillery, to breach the entanglements so that infantry may get through. But, as it is worse than useless to expend ammunition without verifying the accuracy of the practice, so this condition has led to an entire department of aviation work, "spotting" for the batteries. And it is pertinent to recollect that the entire front from the North Sea to the Swiss frontier may be regarded, without any exaggeration, as a continuous battery, served by air squadrons told off for artillery work alone.

The foregoing sketch, however imperfect, gives some idea of the work our army will be called upon to do, and by so much suggests after a fashion what principles of organization it must follow. It is not the traditional field army that must be formed, that is forming, but one adjusted to the special warfare of the western front. It will be easy enough to pass to the conditions of open warfare should that be possible or necessary.

When Mr. Root was Secretary of War he did two notable things for the army. The first of these was to increase its size fourfold. Although this merely added numbers to the existing strength, increased the number of regiments, it was nevertheless a conspicuous achievement. Conspicuous as it was, however, it fell short of his second achievement; he created a general staff. For the first time in its history the army was statutorily endowed with a body of officers empowered to labor continuously upon questions of policy and organization affecting not merely its own small self, but the far greater matter of the nation's military resources and their conversion into available form when needed. With the vicissitudes of Mr. Root's creation we are not here concerned; what does concern us is that by 1917 we had a body of doctrine in respect both of our necessities and of the effort the nation should make to meet these necessities. The doctrine had indeed borne fruit before—the so-called National Defense Act of 1916 provided for a material increase of the army to be made in five yearly increments, and established ways and means of federalizing the National Guard and of giving the general Government better control of this element of the national defense. This act, with the draft enactment approved May 18, 1917, constitutes the basis of our present military establishment.

Under these two acts, when war broke out, the four remaining increments of the regular army were anticipated, and that branch of the executive brought up to a war strength of 300,000. By this step the infantry of the regular army was increased from 30 regiments to 64; the field artillery from 6 to 21; the cavalry from 15 to 25. The coast artillery was practically doubled, and the engineers got 7 regiments where before they had had none. Corresponding additions were made to the various staff corps. The National Guard, over 400,000 men, was taken into the military service of the United States, and the drafting of a third force of 500,000 enlisted men with necessary officers was authorized and later carried out. The Army of the United States therefore today consists respectively of the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the

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drafted men, known as the National Army; three different elements of different degrees of training, but all organized and officered in the same manner, and, so far as experience is concerned, all new to the business of war as now conducted.[1]

Now let us see what organization has been officially adopted.

The smallest unit of infantry is the company of 250 men, with two captains, one first and three second lieutenants, six officers instead of three as heretofore. If the first captain should be killed or wounded, his place is taken by the second, held in reserve for that reason. Each lieutenant commands a platoon. From all accounts, trench combat is what may be called close work, and this kind of work is essentially the affair of sub-units, especially trained for the particular object in view at a given moment. The organization of the company is made to fit the work. Accordingly, each company has a headquarters (2 officers and 18 men), and each of its four platoons includes one headquarters (2 officers and men); one section of bombers and rifle grenadiers (22 officers and men), two sections of riflemen (24 officers and men), one section of automatic riflemen (4 guns, 11 officers and men)—in all, 59 officers and men. The small number of riflemen proper at once attracts the attention—that is, of men whose principal weapon is the regulation rifle. Bombers throw the hand grenade; rifle grenadiers use the rifle grenade. This is a grenade connected by a suitable contrivance with the muzzle of the ordinary rifle from which it is then fired. A part of the equipment consists of the so-called "trench knives." At first sight it seems horrible to use this weapon, and it is horrible, but no more so, really, than to run a man through with a bayonet, which we all accept as a matter of course. But the bayonet, fixed to its rifle, is not so handy a weapon in trenches, in a mêlée, as the trench knife. The Roman Empire was carved out with a two-foot sword! Besides, there is the business of "mopping up" a trench, old in the art of siege warfare, but to-day much more thoroughly done. Special weapons are needed in this business, for the necessity of which the Allies are indebted to their Teutonic adversaries.

Four companies form a battalion, and the three battalions bring the number up to 3,000. To these must be added the machine-gun company, the supply company, the headquarters troops, so that our infantry regiment is brought up to over 3,700 men, as follows:

Units	No. of Men
Headquarters and headquarters company	303
3 battalions of 4 companies each	3,078
1 supply company	140
1 machine-gun company	178
1 medical detachment	56
Total	3,755

Two regiments form the brigade and two brigades the division. The division is organized as follows:

Units	No. of Men
1 division headquarters	164
1 machine-gun battalion of 4 companies	768

[1] "The regiments, brigades, and divisions of each arm of the above three groups will be numbered in a separate series and the first number of each series will be as indicated in the following table:

	Regiment				Brigade			Division		
	Infantry	Field Artillery	Cavalry	Engineers—Pioneers	Infantry	Field Artillery	Cavalry	Infantry	Field Artillery	Cavalry
Regular Army	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	...	*15
National Guard	101	101	101	101	51	51	51	26	...	...
National Army	301	301	301	301	151	151	151	76	...	...

* This is to provide for the organization of Cavalry divisions, either mounted or dismounted.

"The designations of regiments of the National Guard will show in parenthesis their present State designations, as, for example, ———th Infantry (1st Me.), ———th Field Artillery (2d Pa.), etc. The designations of regiments of the National Army will show in parenthesis the State from which each organization, or the bulk of it, was drawn, as, for example, ———th Infantry (W. Va.), ———th Field Artillery (Minn.). No parenthesis implies Regular Army, an ordinal number and State abbreviation implies National Guard, a simple State abbreviation implies National Army."

G. O. 88, WAR DEPARTMENT,
July 11, 1917.

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Units	No. of Men
2 infantry brigades of 2 regiments and 1 machine-gun battalion (3 companies) each	16,420
1 field-artillery brigade of 3 regiments and trench-mortar battery	5,068
1 engineer regiment	1,666
1 field signal battalion	262
1 train headquarters and military police	337
1 ammunition train	962
1 supply train	472
1 engineer train	84
1 sanitary train of 4 field companies and 4 ambulance companies	949
Total	27,152

Two things should be remarked in this organization: the absence of cavalry, for reasons already made plain, and the great increase in the artillery strength. Since the front lines of opposing trenches lie close to each other, and are so deep that they cover their occupants against any form of small-arm fire, the trench mortar has been devised (as the grenade has been resurrected) to launch a projectile that will clear one's own parapet, rise in the air and fall into the enemy trench. Trench artillery constitutes a class apart. Equally worthy of notice is the number of machine-guns; of these, each division will have 416.

Each army corps consists normally of one corps headquarters, three infantry divisions, and army-corps troops. The composition of these latter is not announced, but they include artillery, engineers, sanitary and signal troops, etc., over and above those normally included in the division, and are used by the corps commander as circumstances may demand.

Lastly, each army will consist normally of one army headquarters, three or more army corps, and army troops. These army troops are of the same nature and relation as the corps troops already mentioned. Corps and armies have not yet been formed.

Each general officer in command of troops has a staff. That of the brigadier is modest—two aides-de-camp, lieutenants (personal staff), and a brigade adjutant, captain. The brigade has no administrative affections; these begin with the division. The division staff, therefore, includes the officers, hereafter not to be above the grade of major, in charge of the various departments concerning the welfare and supply of the men. The composition of the division corps and army staffs has not yet been announced by the War Department, but probably will include, besides the Chief of Staff, Adjutant-General, and Inspector-General, officers in charge of quartermaster, artillery, engineer, ordnance, signal, medical, and legal duties. These officers in the corps will have the rank of lieutenant-colonel; in an army, that of colonel.

It may not be amiss to give here the insignia of the various grades of officers in our service. Second lieutenants wear no insignia of rank; they have a "clean" shoulder-strap and many years in which to fill it with the marks of the successive grades. These are: for a first lieutenant, one silver bar and for a captain two silver bars; for a major, a gold, for a lieutenant-colonel, a silver oak leaf; for a colonel a silver eagle. Generals wear stars—a brigadier one, a major-general two, a lieutenant-general three, a full general two and the coat of arms of the United States. These marks are carried on the shoulder-straps. On full dress and over-coat sleeves, grades are indicated by an ornamental knot of black braid, beginning with a single braid for a first lieutenant; each promotion adds a braid through the rank of colonel. Generals have two bands of black mohair on their overcoats and on full dress coat, a band of gold oak leaves, surmounted by one or two stars (brigadier and major-general). In field dress (coat) the only marks are those worn on the shoulder, and an olive-drab band around the cuff, the same for all grades; in the general staff this band is black.

The various branches of the army are distinguished by certain insignia, worn on the collar. Thus the infantry, the cavalry, and the artillery wear crossed rifles, sabers, and cannon, respectively; the engineers, a silver castle; the ordnance, a shell and flame; the quartermaster corps, a sword and key crossed on a wheel; the medical corps, a caduceus; the signal corps, crossed flags; the Adjutant-General's department, a shield; the Inspector-General's depart-

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ment, a sword and fasces crossed on wreath; the Judge Advocate-General's department, a sword and pen crossed on a wreath. Chaplains wear a Latin cross.

Grades and pay go together. A second lieutenant receives yearly $1,700; a first, $2,000. Captains, majors, lieutenant-colonels, and colonels draw, respectively, $2,400, $3,000, $3,500, and $4,000. This is the initial or base pay; it is increased 10 per cent. for every five years of service, up to 40 per cent.; this increase is known in the army as a "fogy." Lieutenant-colonels and colonels, however, stop at $4,500 and $5,000 respectively. The pay of a brigadier is $6,000, that of a major-general $8,000 respectively. Generals get no "fogys." Officers receive besides quarters, fuel, and light. The pay of enlisted men depends on their grades, ratings, and length of service; it is too complicated to set out at length here. A private, however, gets a base pay of $15 a month; a corporal, $21 or $24; a sergeant, $30 or $36; first sergeants, $45—all with increases for length of service. In addition, be it said, all noncommissioned officers and men draw clothing, and of course are fed. These rates have been materially increased during the present emergency. "Commencing June first, nineteen hundred and seventeen, and continuing until the termination of the emergency, all enlisted men of the Army of the United States in active service whose base pay does not exceed $21 per month shall receive an increase of $15 per month; those whose base pay is $24, an increase of $12 per month; those whose base pay is $30, $36, or $40, an increase of $8 per month, and those whose base pay is $45 or more, an increase of $6 per month."

We now have to take up certain elements necessarily hitherto omitted in considering our armies from the point of view of field service. An army in a country like ours is directly dependent for its existence upon the legislative branch of the Government. Moreover, its administration, the way it lives, moves, and has its being; the degree and progress of its instruction, its development, its supply—to mention only a few of the factors of its well-being—are matters confided to the special attention of certain units. In other words, there must be a War Department. In this department, the President, constitutional commander-in-chief, is directly represented by the Secretary of War, who is with us, normally, a civilian. His assistant is the Chief of Staff, who has under his orders the General Staff. The Adjutant-General has charge of records, of recruiting, and of personnel; all correspondence intended for the War Department passes through his hands. Orders are issued by the Secretary of War and signed by the Chief of Staff; they are made "official" by The Adjutant-General. The Inspector-General extends his inquiry into "every branch of military affairs, except when specially limited in [army] regulations or in orders." Questions of law fall to the Judge Advocate-General; of supply, pay, subsistence, and transportation, to the Quartermaster Corps; of sanitation and health of troops, to the Medical Corps; of engineering, both civil and military, to the Engineer Corps; of armament, to the Ordnance Department; of aeronautics and communications, to the Signal Corps. All these corps and departments are represented with troop units in peace and in war. To the foregoing must be added the Coast Artillery Corps, which is not a "department" as are the others, but a purely combatant body of men, represented in the War Department by its chief, who is *ex-officio* a member of the General Staff. This corps is not usually counted as a part of the "mobile" army, meaning by that term troops that can form regiments, brigades, etc., for field service. Its special duty is the gun and mine defense of our principal harbors. But in view of the fact that all our hard and fast notions in respect of artillery have been completely upset by European experience, it is clear that a wider field invites the Coast Artillery than mere service behind fixed guns in expectation of a naval enemy. It counts and must count as part of our effectives for service abroad.

Over all branches of military activity the aeronautical branch of the army literally spreads its wings. An army not provided with air-service is beaten before it has fired a single shot. It may not

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even get up to a point where a shot could be usefully fired. This particular branch of armed energy, intrusted as already said to the Signal Corps, is in process of development. We must have spotting planes, else our artillery fire were vain; combat planes, else our spotters and photographers may not be able to work; reconnaissance planes, else the enemy may spring a surprise on us. Aviation has dissipated the "fog of war"; no longer is a general required to guess what "is on the other side of the hill." The measure of the importance of aeronautics, of aviation particularly, is furnished by the grant of $640,000,000 to the Signal Corps to develop this department of military activity. This sum is none too great; no layman can realize the amount of work to be done by us under this head before results are visible. Indeed, this remark may be extended to include the whole army. We have adopted a thoroughly good organization, but with the vast majority of our officers and men new to the business, with equipment and material as yet lacking, an infinitude of labor lies before us.

It is too early as yet to say what effect this new enterprise of ours, a real war against a powerful enemy overseas, will have upon our national destinies. But certainly it is not too early to comment on the fact that we, a peace-loving, anti-military people, have accepted almost without protest the principle of the draft. It is not right, as a matter of policy, that our armed forces to-day should come from three distinct groups. Once under fire, these will become homogeneous, but homogeneity of origin would have been a valuable asset. If assured of it in the future, many difficulties will disappear; should our policies make the maintenance of armed forces a necessity, our army will then be a real United States Army, because it will be an army striking its roots deep down in the democratic conception of universal and obligatory service.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Greeks Bearing Gifts

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

JUD HOPPINGER and I had been having a little tiff; nothing serious at all, just such a neighborly misunderstanding as is an essential feature of suburban life in America. The quarrel arose out of auction bridge. Jud ignorantly maintained— But I shall not go into the merits of the controversy here. Suffice it to say that Jud was utterly in the wrong.

The thing did not come to an open breach, for we are not knock-down-and-drag-out sort of folk here at Elmside. The name Elmside we use for that restricted part of our suburban town where a few of us live who have a certain measure of self-respect. Six-cylinder kind of people we are, for the most part, with a light sprinkling of eights. There is hardly a man of us who has to go in to the city before the eight-forty-nine. When in a prankish mood we refer to ourselves as the eight-forty-niners. Out at the golf-links Lem Blakesly once spoke of Elmside as a sub-suburb. But Blakesly is an eight-thirteen kind of a man, and speaks accordingly. We have a fine little country club, but it is not as exclusive as one could sometimes wish. Financial reasons enter into this.

Since eight-forty-niners have to be an example, in a way, to the less fortunate, Hoppinger and I bowed when we met and our wives maintained a pretense of cordiality, but a close observer might have noted that Hoppinger got his lawn-mower fixed and ceased to borrow mine. This action was so pointed that I could not in honor ask for the loan of his sprayer. I did not go so far as to buy a sprayer—that would have been too deliberately unfriendly—but I borrowed one from a geographically more distant neighbor. Jud clearly saw me one Sunday morning spraying my fruit-trees with an implement that was not his. I fancy it gave him pause.

At any rate, he appeared a day or two later at out common back-yard fence with a flat box in his hand.

"Morg," he said, in his old friendly way, "how would you like to have some pansy



"MORG," HE SAID," IN HIS OLD FRIENDLY WAY, "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE SOME PANSY PLANTS?"

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THESE PANSIES WERE STERN TASK-MASTERS

plants?" He rested the "flat" upon the fence.

I did not especially care for pansy plants; other things being equal, I prefer motoring to gardening as exercise. But I was glad that he was making a peace-offering and (by implication) an admission that he had been wrong in his interpretation of the rules of auction, though he had one obscure authority upon his side. So I took the plants and spaded up a place for them. While I was doing so he brought me more. There must have been fifty of them in all. I had to come back after tea to finish the work and to omit my evening spin in the motor-car, though the Hoppingers went out in theirs.

The pansies responded to my unwilling efforts and before long had taken to blooming. Jud and I grew close enough in our relations to be partners in "hearts" on the train.

"Morg," he said one evening, "I hope you will excuse my mentioning it. Of course I have no authority over those pansies any more, but you ought to keep the blossoms cut regularly. Otherwise they will go to seed and stop blooming."

"Yes—yes, I must do that," I answered. Personally I should have been willing to let them go to seed and stop blooming, but I felt under obligation not to offend Jud, even though he had not openly renounced his sinister views upon auction. So I again omitted my evening ride and worked hard over the flowers. There were hundreds of blossoms to cut, water to be carried, and weeds and grass to pull. All the grass which had refused to come up in my lawn appeared in my garden. As Jud buzzed away in his car that evening, waving his hand insultingly at me, I had a suspicion that he had given me his plants in order to enjoy a care-free life, at the same time making trouble for me. These pansies were stern task-masters. My wife began to speak of our car as a stationary engine. I hinted that she bear a hand now and then at the flower-bed, but she said she was not going in for outdoor sports this summer. I replied that taking care of a pansy-bed was not, strictly speaking, a sport, but even this did not convince her.

As I worked, my mind was occupied with plans for retaliation, for I was now convinced that Jud's gift was malicious in its intent. My first act in a campaign of frightfulness was to buy his small boy a drum.

As I look back, I am not especially proud of this act. It did not have the subtlety that should mark our station in life; it was more the act of one who goes to town on the seven-fifty-three. Besides, the young man seemed to feel that he owed me entertainment in return for my gift, and he boomed away constantly near my window. An early riser he was, too. My wife spoke of the affair as a boomerang. I do not say that Jud sug-

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gested this procedure to his boy, but of course a person who holds subversive views upon bridge is likely to have other weak spots in his character.

The drum was soon broken, but Jud's next overt act was to lure me to a certain moving-picture show.

"Bully reel they have down at the Palace this week," he said. "The missus and I saw it last night. You'd better drop around while it is here."

At that time I still retained some faith in human nature, so in the evening after my pansy work was done my wife and I went to this recommended show. Before the evening was over I saw that this was to be a war to the finish between Jud and me. It was really rather dreadful. At no time did any actor conduct himself as people do in real life. Besides, we were the only residents of Elmside in the theater. The rest were a miscellaneous kind of people, and, as Lem Blakesly once admitted, "the population of the world is divided into two classes, Elmsiders and outsiders."

"I'll have to ask you," said my wife on the way home, "to excuse me from the actual fighting and bleeding. I don't think a woman was meant for this sort of thing."

"I shouldn't have dragged you into it," I replied.

"I wish you every luck," she said. "You have my loyal support. It's just that I personally—"

"I understand," I replied. "My mistake entirely."

I did not sleep that night until I had taken a step that would vindicate my honor. Drawing the blinds of my library windows, I deliberately searched through our books until I found one that would serve my dark purposes. I have no apology to make this time. The act was one worthy of the best traditions of an Elmsider and eight-forty-niner. I conferred this book upon Jud in his back yard before breakfast.

"We went to your movie last night," I said. "Remarkable film." Note that I did not say, remarkably good. "By the way, Jud, let me lend you this book. Something that will keep you up nights."

The poor dupe took the thing into the house. It was called *The Springs of Hope*. My wife said it might better have been called *Hoping Against Hope*, for it is one of those irritating novels that keeps one reading along under false pretenses, always vainly expecting something to happen.

Jud returned the book with suspicious promptness, but, true to the terms of our contest, he pretended to like the story. I gave him my unwilling admiration for the way he carried things off.

Jud is the kind of person who can smile and smile and be a villain. He gave me an automobile clock that he must have known would lose time and make me miss trains. So I sent a book-agent to him with a kind of combination encyclopedia, history of the world, and first aid to the injured; told you how to make furniture out of packing-boxes and how to cure warts—that sort of thing. Poor Jud had a hard time getting rid of the fellow. I could see the man backing away from the front porch, contesting every inch of the ground. I enjoyed many chuckles that evening as I labored over the pansies.

Now followed a period of guerrilla warfare in which we exchanged little presents which outraged the sensibilities at a low price. I learned to know the inner meaning of the phrase, "Beware the Greeks bearing gifts." I got so I dreaded the sight of Jud approaching with a parcel. Once it was a vase with some astonishing pink grapes upon a yellow background. My wife grew quite depressed at this gift.

"It is always the women who suffer," she said.

Yet through it all Jud and I remained outwardly friendly. Whatever our faults may be—for people who take the eight-forty-nine are only human—we are not longshoremen.

At last came my opportunity to administer a telling blow under the cloak of friendship.

Partridge came to me out on the golf-links looking despondent. Partridge is president of the club, and he used to go to town on the eight-forty-nine. Since the failure of his business he does not go in at all, but we feel that he is still an eight-forty-niner at heart.

"The Greens Committee is keeping me awake nights again," he said. "Blakesly has resigned. He says he is going into private life and try to win back some of his friends. I suppose you wouldn't—that is—no use asking *you*, of course. One doesn't know where to turn."

Every one who has ever missed a five-foot putt will understand how we feel toward our Greens Committee. We may trust them more or less in financial affairs and try to treat their wives and daughters with respect, but at the club the Greens Committee has no more friends than an umpire.

"Try Hoppinger," I whispered. "Play upon his vanity. He has a love of titles and office-holding. I believe you could land him if you went about it skilfully."

"May I tell him you suggested him?"

"Yes, if you care to." I wanted Jud to know, in the dark days that were to follow, that I am not a person to be trifled with.

The plan succeeded better than I could have hoped. Jud not only accepted the

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"THIS AIN'T NO SIGN," HE SAID, "THAT YOU AIN'T A ABLE MAN IN THE FIRE-INSURANCE LINE"

vacant place on the committee, but he thanked me for my support.

"It was awfully decent of you, Morg, after our little squabble over that auction business. More than likely I was wrong, anyway. If I can ever do you a good turn—" In short, the poor fellow was so grateful that I felt almost guilty. It only shows to what a man's vanity will lead him.

Within a day or two Lem Blakesly had shaken off the depression that had come over him during his office-holding days. He was courting popularity among the lower orders by advocating that the Greens Committee be hanged from that beautiful birch-tree near the seventh hole.

If Judd felt this hostile public sentiment, he gave no sign. He continued to treat me as if there had never been a rift in our friendship. On my part I felt that since he had all but renounced his vicious views upon auction, we could once more invite him into our home. My wife agreed to have them to dinner, only reserving the right to make him face the pink grape vase upon the sideboard.

"I cannot let bygones be bygones as easily as you," she said.

That night Jud paid a gracious little tribute to an article upon street paving I had written for the paper.

"Splendid piece you had in the *Argus*," he said.

"Oh, only a little thing I dashed off," I replied.

"You writers," he said, "must have an interesting time observing life."

I am not a writer, as he well knew (except a writer of fire-insurance policies), but the designation was not unpleasing. Jud, after all, was a likable fellow and essentially an eight-forty-niner.

"If one had time to go into the thing," I replied.

"Here is an interesting story," he said. "If I had half your ability I'd work it up into a play or something." He related an incident that had come under his observation in the wholesale imitation-pearl-button trade. "You are welcome to it," he concluded.

"Of course I would change the names and everything," I said.

The idea kept coming back to me again and again in the following days, and I could not rest until I had begun to set down my thoughts upon paper. I bought books about the science of play-writing. I familiarized myself with the wholesale imitation-pearl-button trade; I worked constantly over the play in my leisure hours.

In three months I had the "'script" (as we call it in the profession) ready for a manager to read. In another three I had succeeded in getting a manager to read it. He was not entirely discouraging about it.

"This ain't no sign," he said, "that you ain't a able man in the fire-insurance line."

Since then I have wasted so much time and money and energy upon the play-writing business that I have come to feel that Jud could not have done me a worse turn than to propose it. If we had not composed our differences I could almost fancy that his action was malicious. If so I can only say that it was unworthy of an eight-forty-niner. Sometimes I almost wish we could have it out, man to man, like people who go in on the seven-seventeen.

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MR. HIPPO: "*No more spring beds for me.*"

As Nature Made Him

SHORT-SIGHTED OFFICER: "It's all right, my man, you can take off your mask now; the gas has passed."

PRIVATE: "Beggin' your pardon, sir; I 'ain't got no mask on."

Qualified

TEACHER (*to the Sunday-school class*): "Children, can any of you tell me what Ananias did?"

LITTLE JOHN HENRY (*thinking that she referred to the gentleman's occupation*): "He wrote the weather reports!"

All She Wanted

MRS. NEWBRIDE: "I want to get some salad."

DEALER: "Yes'm. How many heads?"

MRS. NEWBRIDE: "Mercy! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad."

Unappreciated

EDITH'S uncle had come to pay a visit. After the first greetings were over, and he was comfortably seated with the child on his knee, he asked, as uncles always do, whether she was "a good little girl."

"Yes," said Edith, "but nobody knows it."

For Her Own Protection

"YES, madam," said a Chicago salesman, "this is the most exquisite dinner-set we ever handled. The price is $200."

"I'll take it," said the lady on the other side of the counter, "if you'll agree to mark it 'Imitation—Price $8.25.'"

"Of course, madam, but — er — that's rather an odd request."

"I realize that, but I want to deceive our servant-girl."

Cheap Enough

JONES (*as he treads on a tack*): "I wish you wouldn't be so careless in throwing tacks about, Mary."

MRS. JONES (*placidly*): "Henry, you are getting meaner and meaner every day. I can buy a whole package of tacks for a penny."

Higher Authority

"MR. BROWN is outside," said the new office-boy. "Shall I show him in?"

"Not on your life!" exclaimed the junior partner. "I owe him ten dollars."

"Show him in," calmly said the senior member of the firm. "He owes me twenty-five."

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THE TATTOOER: "*O' course ye can have initials if ye want 'em, but as you're goin' abroad, if I was you, I'd have two hearts with an arrow through em', or something kinder interchangeable like that*"

A Bargain in Babies

AMONG the deacons of a church in a New England town was an old fellow known as "Uncle Thomas," who, although too deaf to hear anything at all, was always in his accustomed seat at church, and who was untiring and zealous in his religious work.

Owing to a shortage in song-books in the Sabbath-school, some additional ones were ordered by Uncle Thomas, who advised the pastor of their arrival, and secured the latter's promise to announce the fact from the pulpit on Sunday morning.

The pastor made the announcement, among others concluding with this one:

"Parents wishing their children baptized will please present them at the conclusion of the service."

Whereupon the good deacon jumped to his feet and, in the loud voice peculiar to the deaf, bawled out, "Those who haven't one can get them at my house for fifty cents apiece!"

Land Fishing

AN Illinois girl, visiting a ranch in New Mexico, pointed to the rope coiled on the pommel of a cowboy's saddle and asked:

"What use is that line?"

"That's to ketch steers an' hosses, miss," said the ranchman.

"Indeed!" said the young woman. "And what bait do you use?"

A Misunderstanding

LITTLE Paul, who owned a pet cat named Tad, came home from school one day and was told by his nurse, very sorrowfully, that Tad had been run over by a street-car and killed instantly. She was surprised that the news, which she thought would break the heart of the child, did not call forth an expression of regret, or a tear. Paul went about his playing as if nothing had happened. When bedtime came, and the boy was ready for bed, his nurse heard him crying, and ran in to know what was the matter. He exclaimed, in the midst of his tears:

"Mother says Tad is dead!"

"But," said the nurse, "when I told you this afternoon, you didn't shed a tear."

"'Cause I thought you said *Dad* was dead."



"*Did you enter the races?*"
"*Yes; but I got scratched*"

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Outspoken

IN a certain town of Rhode Island they tell of an old gentleman whose habits and manners are somewhat primitive. He married twice. On his second wedding-journey he visited a business acquaintance in another town. On his arrival he presented his bride in this graceful way:

"This is Mrs. M. 'Tain't the other Mrs. M. I wish it was."

Classmates

MRS. ERWIN was showing Selma, the new Swedish maid, "the ropes."

"This," said Mrs. Erwin, "is my son's room. He is in Yale."

"Ya?" Selma's face lit up with sympathetic understanding. "My brudder ban there, too."

"Is that *so?* What year?"

"Ach! he ban got no *year!* He ban punch a man in the eye, und the yoodge say, 'You Axel, sixty days in yail!'"



THE BRIDE: "*Oh, Herbert, that reminds me. Perhaps you can show me how to make whipped cream*"

How His Honor Felt

IN a Western court not long ago the judge, of Celtic extraction, addressed a frequently convicted prisoner in these terms:

"Are you aware that for these repeated breaches of the law it is in my power to sentence you to a term of servitude far exceeding your natural life, and that, furthermore, I am very much inclined to do it?"



NEW COMER: "*Does a shell that size often hit a man?*"
"*Naw—only once*"

Too Much Gas

"IS the service nearly over?" queried the late arrival of the waiting chauffeur.

"Naw; parson's stuck in second," was the discouraged reply.

A Wise Youth

UNCLE BOB: "If I was to give you a cent, Tommy, what would you do with it?"

TOMMY: "I'd buy a postal card and write to you for a quarter."

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"Well, sir, which part of my paper would you like to read next?"

Defenseless

YOUTH is no barrier to real trouble. Historical controversies are creeping into the public schools, since in the larger cities there is such an increasing attendance of various races.

The class in history had been called and the teacher was giving a review lesson.

"Who discovered America?" she asked, directing her gaze upon little Tommy Noyes. The lad grew deathly white and showed much agitation. The teacher, in much surprise, repeated the question.

"Oh, please, ma'am," he finally blurted out, "ask me somethin' else."

"Something else, Tommy? Why should I do that?"

"The guys in back here was talkin' about it yesterday. Timmy Flinn said it was discovered by an Irish saint, Gustaf said it was a sailor from Sweden, and Tony Guerra said it was Columbus, an' if you'd seen what happened you wouldn't ask a little fellow like me what's got no gang."

Woman's Work

THE CHILD: "Mother, what is 'leisure'?"

THE MOTHER: "It's the spare time a woman has in which she can do some other kind of work, dearie."

She Only Half Tried

"MOTHER," said a twelve-year-old of Baltimore, "did you tell father I wanted a new bicycle?"

"Yes, dear," said the mother, "I told him; but he said he couldn't afford to buy you one."

"Of course he'd say that; but what did you do?"

"I told him how badly you wanted it, and argued in favor of it, but he refused."

"Argued! Oh, mother, if it had been something you wanted yourself you'd have cried a little and then you'd have got it."

Almost the Speed Limit

"AT Chattanooga," said a veteran of the Civil War, "one of the men in my company left early in the action, and no one saw him till after the battle, when he appeared in camp unwounded and unabashed. Some of the boys accused him of running away, but he wouldn't admit it.

"'I only retreated in good order,' he declared.

"I heard of the matter, and a few days later I asked him if he had any idea how fast he had 'retreated.'

"'Well, I'll tell you, cap'n,' he said. 'If I had been at home, and going after the doctor, folks that see me passin' would have thought my wife was right sick!'"

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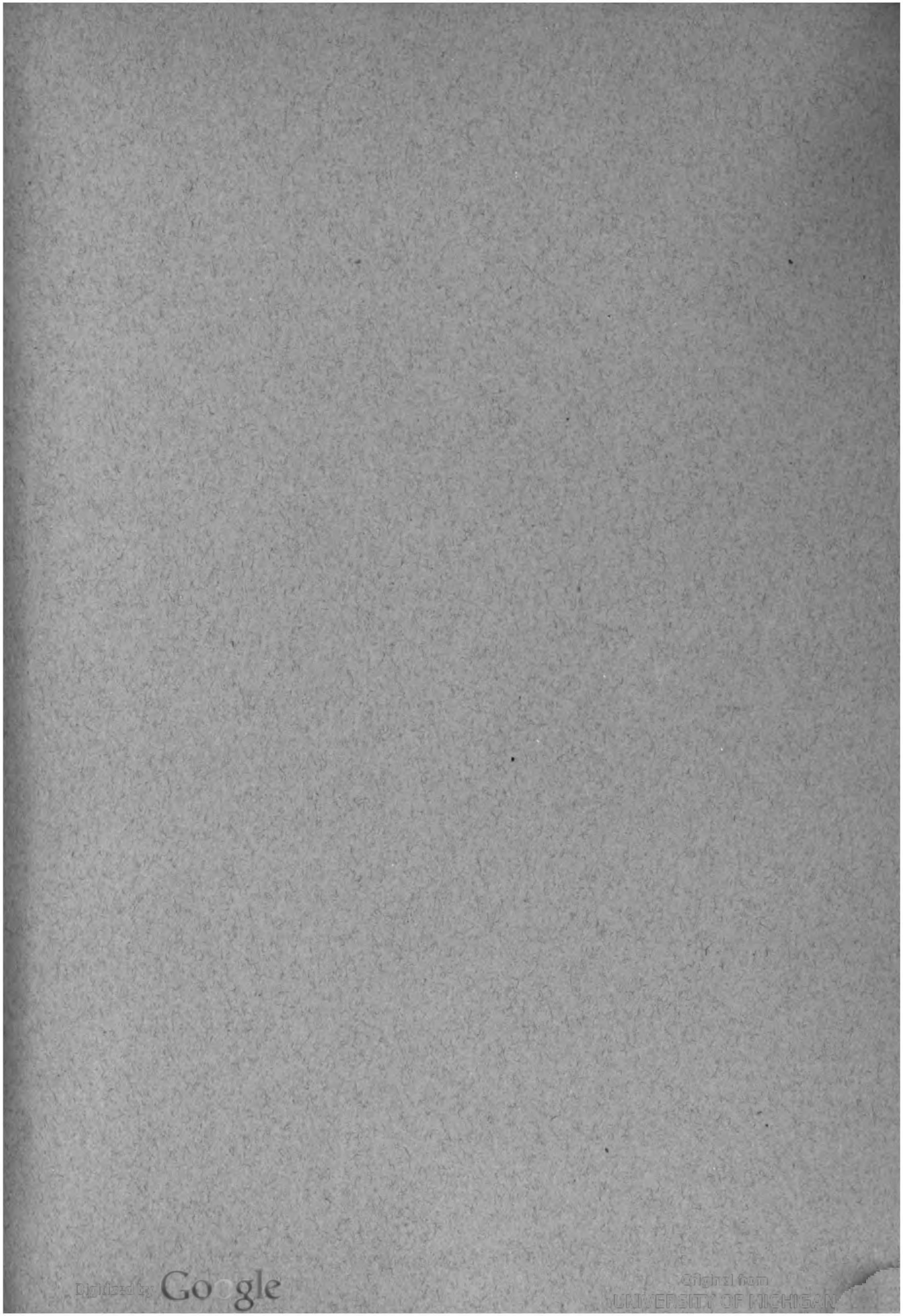
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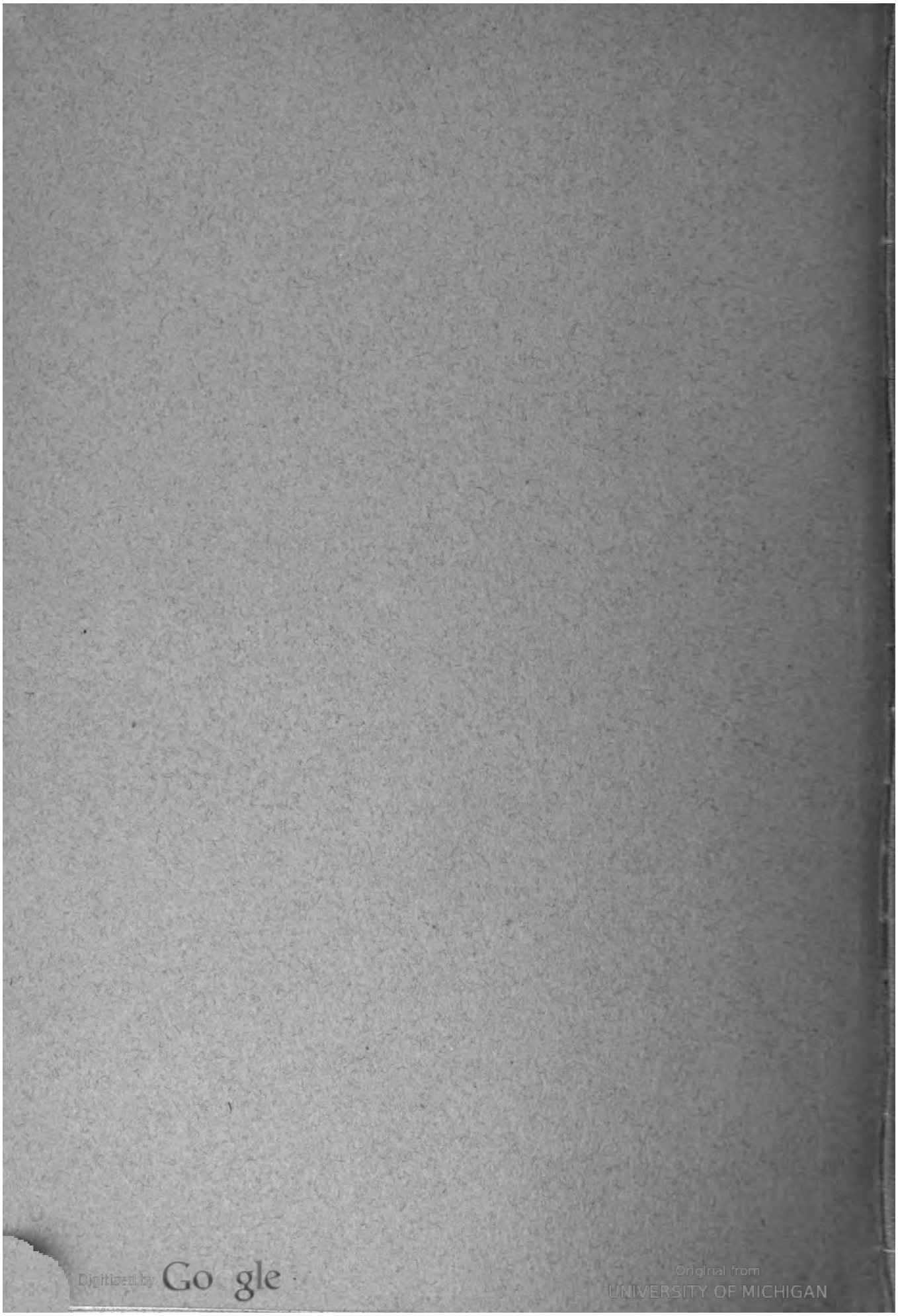
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